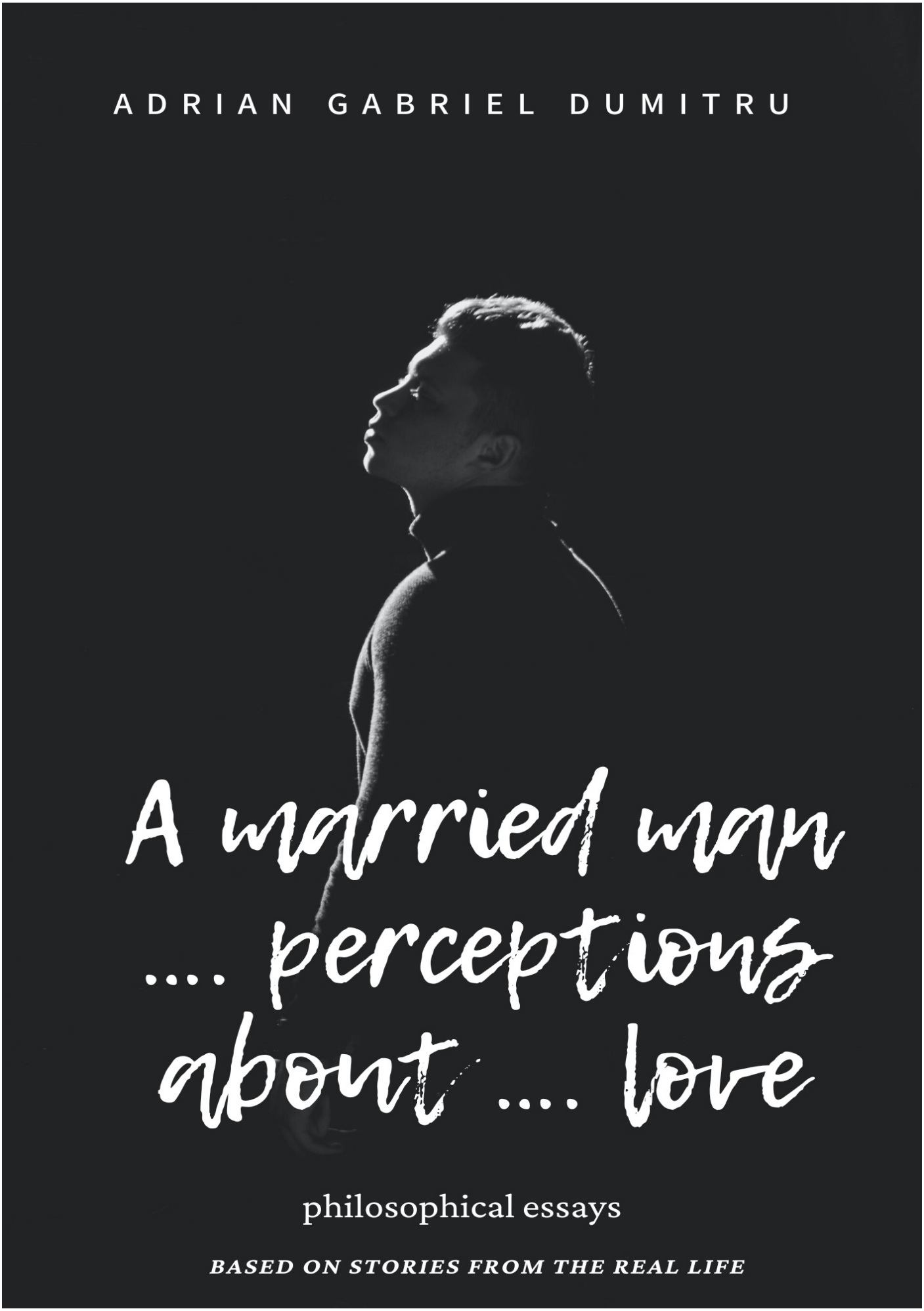
ADRIAN GABRIEL DUMITRU



A married man .... perceptions about .... love

philosophical essays

BASED ON STORIES FROM THE REAL LIFE

A MARRIED MAN … PERCEPTIONS ABOUT … LOVE

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"Keep smiling, because life is a beautiful thing and there's so much to smile about."

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

INTRODUCTION

And what if one day … after stop loving someone that you liked so, so much … you decide to replace that big whole from your soul with loving all the people from the timeline of your life?!

Today I believe that to understand the life itself we need to experience … love … in whatever form it might appear to us. It sounds weird, or even as a total nonsense … but in the end … following the paths of life …. I always realized that everything comes by itself.

Not so long time ago, before becoming 40 …. I heard lots of strange ideas about the change is happening in man's perspective about life … the next second he comes to this age.
In fact … the truth is that only 2 versions worth to be mentioned … and i saw that at all my friends that had this age.
One theory was that we start to have all types of medical problems … and the other one was that the man starts to be obsessed by love … love stories …. and all the women from the timeline of his life.

I never had medical problems in my life … so i totally ignored the first theory ….and on another hand, working in sales for more than 20 years … i met thousands of ladies … but never had the intention to cheat my wife.
So … i totally ignored both theories, but just few days before becoming 40 … a very beautiful lady … appeared in my life.
She was the most unexpected person i could dream that i would start a love story with … but … it happened.
The theory was right … or at least one of it.
I fell in love … with that amazing soul … and i started to write all my feelings and everything related to us.
I wrote so much … that one day i realized that i published 10 books carrying the word … love … inside of the title.
But … same as any other story from the history of the human being … my love story had a beginning, the story itself …. and the end.
Today … looking back in time, i see just the 10 books i wrote … but i would not like to read them again.
Never …
In my last book about love stories … "Loving, but not understanding where the love goes" … the last 2 essays i wrote tell everything it was in my heart and soul … "I miss you a lot, but i don't want you back in my life! Never again!" … and "Awakening can be obtained at the end of the love story!".
I left the love story dissatisfied of all happened … but still … i was chasing for love.
Getting back into her arms … was useless.
I knew it … and even if i lied myself for such a long time … she was the same as my wife … a shrew … or at least this is

how i saw both of them.
I decided to let my life continue … near my family, totally forgetting the love story …. but still not ignoring my huge desire for … love.
The smaller kid ….told me one day while arguing with my wife … " You are not allowed to leave us. You are our parents and you don't have the right to do that."
Ignoring those words … was equal with betrayal.
…. A huge one.
So i remained near my wife and kids … doing my duty, understanding the dharmic side of life … but still something was whispering me all the time …"love, love, love, love … love …."
I thought i need to find another lady … but my wife was paying attention now to any small detail … so i could not repeat the love story i had with that crazy lady.
I was meditating a lot.
On the scene of my life, i met lots of other people in the same situation as myself … that ended the love story and …. somehow started to be in a relationship with themselves.
They discovered a new path …. the one of self love.
But i did not know anything about the subject … and not even wanted to bother becoming more profound and connected to myself.
I actually did not wanted to start a new relationship either …. with someone else … either with myself.
I knew i needed something else into my life… but did not understood the new path i need to follow.
And i continued … searching.
On and on …. and on.

One day … a year ago … while having a fire at one of my properties … a heart appeared on the roof of the building.
Everyone saw the heart … except myself.
Later on … i saw it in the pictures taken by the people that were there at the time.
Again …. I thought that i should find a new mistress and have a parallel life again … without my wife to find out.
But … i was wrong.
So … damn wrong.
Time passed and … and the russian-ukrainian war began … and i started to host lots of refugees.
There were people that needed unconditional love and support … and i somehow connected to the all of them … realizing that i can be in a weird love story with all those women coming from Ukraine.
They were ladies of different age and personality … but i loved having them into my life.
I somehow started to understand that even if i thought that being in love can have only 2 options … loving a soulmate …. or yourself … i finally saw a totally new path …. and that was being in a lovely relationship … practicing another type of love …. with anyone was appearing in my reality.
That of course … could not offend in any way my wife …. and also could not affect the marriage i had … but …
Yes …. It was … an amazing trick … and i just loved it.
I finally understood what Dalai Lama or Pope Francis were saying … about … unconditional love for all the people from this world.
Reading their books … i even had moments when i thought the 2 of them were idiots …. but i was the idiot one.

My marriage … was indeed karmic … having nothing to do with love … but my youngest son learnt me the meaning of … dharma.
My mistress … which even if i loved so, so much … but don't even want to hear her name again … taught me … what love … means.
She was somehow a combination between karma and love … and saw her at the end of our love story more as a teacher …. than a soulmate.
Most probably i have totally different values as those 2 shrews … my wife and my mistress … but i am happy i met the ucrainian ladies.
The abstract love story i started with them …. all of them … no matter of age, personality, perspectives of life … was a much better path for continuing my life journey.
I finally understood that if i would know to connect to the people that appear on the timeline of my life … and love them unconditionally…. somehow that love that i was chasing so, so much … since i was a kid … will come back to me in infinite quantities.
I was looking for love … and i had to see the meaning of love story … from a totally different perspective.
But … now everything was clear to me.
I knew what i had to do … and which path to follow.
My expectation was as my wife to love me …. but she was a karmic character that i could not replace … or my mistresses to love me unconditionally…. but she was the teacher that made me realize what the concept of love … means.
My life journey … had to continue … and the ucrainian ladies showed me such a beautiful perspective … i never thought

about.
I was glad … of this awakening moment.
So … loving you?! … loving me?! … or … simple loving any soul that appears in our lives?!
Well … maybe from my position where i am now … being in a love story with everyone … is probably the best scenario i could live.
Am glad i see things today … as that.
Might be your perception … or not.
Might sound as a total nonsense all what i am writing …. but maybe it will be much interesting to hear weird ideas … than the boring ones.
So … let the journey begin … and we will see if i succeed to really connect to my real self … so … that i can find the inspiration to express myself clear enough … that in the end you will try at least one time … this kind of abstract love story … being in love with all the people from your life.

A man always wants more and more women … but a woman always makes the mistake of falling in love

Me and Nolene Sheppard are trying to write our perspectives … as a man … and as a woman … over this concept that we name love.
The challenge is even bigger as i am a married man and Nolene is a single woman … so we might even have contradictory views about the subject, but i believe that makes our writings even more interesting … or at least not so boring.
Today i somehow agree with many other important thinkers of the world that the human being has an important issue to solve on this planet and that is … dealing with the other souls … but also come closer to them … connect and why not enter in what we define as … love stories.
I also agree that i had over the years a large spectrum of ideas regarding the subject.
… totally contradictory ideas.
But i still meditate over the subject and probably i am much closer now of understanding the meaning of intimacy … and the connection itself between a man and a woman.
As a married man is maybe considered even immoral to talk about the subject and still let myself taste from the pleasure

of being in a connection with another lady … but I gave myself the liberty to experience whatever life has to offer to me.
I spoke over the years with thousands of ladies … about life and with many of them even about love.
I had an obsession of knowing a woman perspective about connecting on the vibe of love … and i had listened so many versions that in the end i still don't know what to think.
Probably i don't even know what to think about my ideas either … and i smile reading this … knowing that whatever we might think is not the absolute truth.
But i continued this journey … of finding out as much as i can about … love … knowing for sure that in fact … love is the gateway to the Spiritual Universe that we should explore more than we do it today.
All my thoughts … even if i define them as my own thoughts are probably mine … not more than 10% maximum.
Talking and exchanging so many ideas with so many people …. i am probably under the influence of many other souls that searched the absolute truth same as i do.
Recently … i was out in a coffee shop with Paula.
You see … she is a business woman … of huge success.
She is wealthy, extremely beautiful, elegant, very intelligent and has everything she ever wanted … except one thing … being in the right love story.
She smiles … while saying to me … "A man always wants more and more women … but a woman always makes the mistake of falling in love.
I do that all the time.
I am in love again … of a man that instead of being in

connection just with me… is always searching more and more women.
I know he loves me … same as the other one that loved me … but cheating me again and again and again is actually destroying the beauty of our relationship.
Can you please make me understand why men are so idiots … being obsessed all the time to have more and more women?!
I simple can't understand.
I just can't!"
I started to laugh.
"Paula … how the hell can i define that to you if in fact i am suffering of the same disease … same as all those men?!
Yes … we are idiots i think.
Instead of enjoying the connection and the love story itself …. we want new and new connections.
Most probably we are searching all the time that energy of beginning …. generated by the obsession of having a great vibe all the time.
We know that a new relationship is amazing when it starts … so maybe it's not a new woman that we are searching on and on and on … but that amazing feeling.
A new connection … with intimacy implications is always making us feel alive … and a man has always this weird desire.
It might sound as a nonsense, but behind the nonsense is always something weird that reveals hidden … facts."
"I will never be able to understand you … the men."
"Well … my dear … i will never be able to understand you … the women.

But i accepted that from a long time … cause i love being connected to beautiful feminine souls.”
“Gabriel … what can i do to make him realize that he needs to stop cheating on me??
You wrote a lot about love and relationships.
I need a real advice from you.”
“Well … my dear Paula … the only thing left to do … with that idiot that you love so much … proving in the same time that you are so damn silly … is to disappear from his life.
When you will do that … he will realize the illusion of the other connections … and that the real path for him … is the love story you have together.
It will be tough … to suddenly cut the connection you have together … but otherwise … the so called awakening that you expect on his side … will never appear.”
I continued my talk with Paula for many more hours … and still don’t know if that is the best advice i could give to her … but at least now she has a much clear perspective about how a man … is usually thinking.
It was not useless drinking the coffee together … but even if it might look useless … i adored staying near Paula … in that coffee shop with such a great vibe.

Yes … indeed … a love story can become a therapy for … the soul

The human mind is so chaotic … that i decided to not follow any rule or book architecture … when i write.
I simple … open the notepad app from my phone … and write.
I might look a totally unorganized person … cause i speak now about stars and galaxies … and the next second about how to get rich … or how to seduce a beautiful lady.
But if we should honestly analyze our daily thoughts … we would see this large spectrum of thoughts … or emotions.
Now we think or feel something … but few hours later we see everything in a totally different style.
Is almost a nonsense to define what we think or feel in a certain way.
…. Totally useless.
So … i somehow came to the conclusion that i should let my mind and heart … be wild … and have an unlimited freedom in absolutely any direction.
And that might be also the reason … why me … as a married man write about … love stories.
I mean … it’s ok to write about life … but love?!
How the hell a married man … can talk about love stories?!
Yes … a nonsense.

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

Or … maybe i haven't said the whole truth … and i really know what the love stories are.
Being married i somehow need to write as the writers from the communist times … writing always in an abstract way … so that will not be judged later.
I am still laughing remembering that a friend invited me when he launched his book with love poems.
When i arrived the first thing his spouse told me was …
"Don't worry! It's not what it looks like. It's a book of love poems with his feelings before we've met.
It's written long time before … just published now."
I had to be polite …. knowing the real truth ….saying to her for protecting my friend … "Yes indeed! I really thought so! Now makes total sense … cause i did not understood what love poems had to do with the one i know today. Is something from his past … when we … both of us … did not knew him yet"
Most probably … my friend would do the same for me.
.. but still .. my wife was not happy reading my books about … love.
Were books with love essays … telling the same story from 1000 perspectives … on and on and on.
And i always concluded that a love story … no matter if it's related with morality or not …. It's kind of a weird therapy. One for healing … our souls.
No matter of age, sex, nationality, profession, education etc etc. … the meaning of the love stories … even if they might look too abstract in certain situations … is to understand the concept of love … of loving … and connecting to another soul … in a totally unconditional way.

It’s a life lesson that looks in the end as a … therapy … somehow for becoming better souls.
… those souls that know what love is and its miraculous … powers.

Being unhappy is just a silly … option. No one ever bothered to tell you that you have many, many other options.

All the time when i start to write about love, i actually do it from the perspective of a married man.
If i would define the profiles of all the men i know … most of the married ones … i see them unhappy at home … most of the times.
Is something almost … illogical.
Many of them i know for many, many years.
I saw them before the marriage also … but now … vibrationally speaking …. they look like in the ultimate stage of an unhealed disease.
But what is funny with all those people, including myself … is that the next second when they leave their homes … no matter where they should go … they start being alive again.
So … they live in a weird emotional balance … of being unhappy in the connection with the spouse … and being … at least ok … after leaving their homes.
It's a total nonsense … remembering also that no one forced them to get married.
And … i see 3 profiles of married man … one of them being myself also.
Number one … the man becomes totally dominated by the feminine spirit.
It's a modern form of slavery.

Might sound …. one more time weird …. but that's the real truth.
Today i see them … like kind of robots that live their lives … being dead inside.
The connection with their own souls … is totally lost.
The second profile … is the one that saw the mental software of their parents years ago …. doing their dharmic job in this world … by taking care of children and family … but on the other hand allow themself to be … happy from time to time … when they go to a sexual massage session … or to an escort.
Or they flirt with any woman that … accepts that.
Basically … they accept the unhappiness as part of this scenario … called marriage … but also see it just as a temporary … option.
The next second when they leave their homes … seeing any sign of hope regarding happiness … they follow that direction … not being afraid of any consequences.
This is probably the profile that is judged most of the times … being defined by many … as a jerk.
The last profile is probably …. the most luckiest one.
Somehow … the Universe allow them to leave the connection forever.
Divorce becomes a blessing … and i saw so, so many people totally redefined after such an episode.
I laugh … seeing them crying … cause i know that their toxic life ended.
The path they follow now … is the one of therapy.
It's hard …. and the soul is crying all the time … but therapy is … always difficult.
But my real question is why those connections … that used to

be so beautiful into the beginning … they are so fucked up in the end?!
Why the first profile accepted to be totally dominated by those ugly energies?!
Why the second profile accepted to live between this emotional balance of happiness and unhappiness?!
But why the ones that are living the chance of a new life … are so afraid?! … and cry?!
Why can’t we have an analyze all the time of what is really going on … and simple redefine the connection with the spouse?!
Why do we bother to live toxic lives … and in front of the freedom of being alive again … we are so afraid … and cry?!
Well … maybe we are all idiots … same as the women are defining us by centuries …

Just do nothing … anymore … at least for a while! … my new hobby and perspective over life

I was on the beach.
I was watching at the sea and was connecting to the beautiful vibe induced by the wave.
I was even asking myself … what do i love more?! … the water or the waves?!
Or maybe the horizon line that i was trying to touch all my life.
I've felt a little bit stressed about the new book i started to write with Nolene.
I did not knew her well … but i've connected to her energy … and i just love her style.
But … most probably that style is totally contradictory with mine.
I will be soon in the position of having 30 books published … but after the 2 of them i abandoned the idea of having a plan for the them.
… or follow kind of a table of contents.
I actually just let my thoughts and feelings come out of myself … and it was such a chaotic process …. damn it!

But little by little … connecting to the waves of the sea … i started to be more relaxed.
I've been always … a weird person …. with weird thoughts … so at least … whatever i will write will not be boring … and maybe if i will be lucky enough … i will connect to some vibes that will inspire me ideas that will actually reveal beautiful truths about life.
So … i started to write … in my chaotic style.
But i am not worried.
I already read few pages written by Nolene … and i strongly believe that at the end … the balance of contradictory thoughts will be very interesting.
So … is it good??
Is it wrong?!
Well … who the hell knows.
There is no absolute truth anyway … so …
Nolene is a coach … a great one ….believing in the need of her profession in helping the people that are looking for a tremendous change in there lives … and i was the one that believed that after a certain spiritual level … connected with the inner soul … we can somehow start a process of … self therapy.
The sea … was helping me a lot.
I started to feel the energy of waves … and that became the fuel … for my writings.
And i was pretending i was a writer … but i was playing the both roles … being the patient, but also the therapist … my own therapist.
I wanted to find out what is the meaning of life, why are we here in this Universe … why do we pay attention to so many

details if all the great philosophers of the word ended their books with the conclusion … that all is … just illusory.
So … my main target … should probably be … to think how can i obtain the awakening … and the absolute truth.
But how can you get out of the illusion?!
Only few people from the history of the world … succeeded that …. and all they did … was to disconnect from the standards … and stop acting like the others around.
So … i had to do the same .. to start this process.
I could dare at least to think that … i will start this philosophical journey.
My new desire … was a little bit ridiculous… but that was my new plan … for my life.
The only problem was that i was not used to do nothing …. or think of nothing at all.
But again … the waves were whispering me … the new plan.
Doing nothing … had to become my new plan.
A plan … for revealing for myself and the others … the absolute truth about love.
Then i started to laugh.
The therapist from inside of me started to laugh … of this childish thinking.
The patient …. became annoyed.
"Why do you laugh of me?!"
"You silly boy … you succeeded everything by now in life … but … you'll never know how to adapt yourself … at doing … nothing.
You simple … don't have this ability.
You know why?! Cause you love … the chaos.
It helps you forget about … yourself.

But who knows … i'll let you continue this illusory journey of understanding …. The illusion of life."
Then … i said … "Stop! Just stop! Stop to any thought! I don't need any thought to understand the Universe!"
I simple need to connect to it …. and the beach and the sea … was the perfect place for starting that.
And i hope … the rest will come by itself.

The forbidden fruit is always very … sweet

Flirting is somehow … a way of connecting to the vibes that we like a lot … forgetting a little bit about morality

I had the chance over the years to meet lots of people … men and women … and to understand the spectrum of so different … philosophies of life.
I also had the chance in social media to connect with people from all around the world.
We might look different as color of the skin, religion, social interests, etc etc … but when we act in the connection with the opposite sex there is not such a big difference between someone that is living in New York … or someone from a african tribe.
We do act almost the same way … all of us.
And what i also realized is that there are not so many happy people on this plannet.
Many of us … in fact much too many …. started to believe that unhappiness is a non ending feeling … difficult to get rid of.
And even worst … that there is no medicine against that.
Until one day … when we give us the freedom to get out of this prison with invisible walls … and we realize that even if

it's immoral … we love to taste … the forbidden fruits of morality.
That might have on million scenarios …. and having a love affair with a married person, same as you … might be a very interesting one.
And everything is so damn … beautiful, cause gives such a powerful energy.
It's the amazing energy of the beginning.
Totally forgetting about unhappiness … life is beautiful again … and again … and again.
So why did they told us to not taste … this forbidden fruit of love?!
Just to keep us … unhappy forever?!
A simple flirt … that everyone is doing … is becoming more and more … and that energy is so, so … sweet.
So … we see it was all a way of connecting to beautiful vibes …. vibes that might be beautiful … even if deep inside us … we know they are illusory.
Some are just flirting … some find the courage to connect for real to those energies, no matter of the moral aspects of the story … but all … men or women … and i would say at least 99% … have in mind the desire for connecting to such stories.
So … my question is … what do we find behind the forbidden fruit that morality told us about?!
What types of energies?!
Should we taste the … forbidden fruit?!
I know that we are not allowed …. not even to do it … but still … the desire of sweet energies that will give us beautiful vibes … can't be deleted from our minds.

Maybe … sex … is about learning to connect to the present moment

I wrote so many books about love … but what is funny is that i almost never used the word … sex … in any of them.
I somehow conclude that what actually missing in my life was … love … but kind of infinite love … cause i still don't understand the meaning of hundreds of written pages about the subject.
All my other books … even if they have a motivational trend … and carry another title that might look totally irrelevant for love stories … are still about love.
I probably avoided the word … sex … from my books, even if i know its importance … but i always considered that we should keep the right balance between love … and sex.
Technically … we could have it with anyone of the opposite sex … but … maybe that's not all.
We should go deeper and deeper … and see the meaning of everything … and actually find out what … connection means.
And ask ourselves … why the hell we usually lose our focus so easy …. but when it comes about sex … we know to connect so easily to the present moment.
I smile remembering that in the book "Think and grow rich", by Napoleon Hill …. a full chapter is about sex and describes the fact that all successful people from the world were very

active when it came about sex.
And still … we don’t really understand the meaning … even if it is so damn clear.
It remains a secret … but it’s defined as a secret cause we hide it so well by ourselves.
We pretend we don’t know what it’s really about … but also that we don’t know either about keeping the right balance between love and sex …
Truth be told … we know everything … and even if we don’t have clear proofs … the intuition tells us in fact everything we need to know.
So … learning to connect to the present moment on and on and on … maybe we end up understanding the trick … of feeling and why not … being alive.
Analyzing all those details, starting to be a weird mix of therapist-philosopher … we somehow become aware of the fact that a change must be done.
But still prisoners of a reality that we actually hate …. we do … nothing.
So … the cure?! …
Maybe … more and more sex …. but who the hell knows …

Yes … i believe there is a chance to win at the lottery without buying a ticket

Me and my friend Paul … are discussing all the time philosophically stuff.
Sometimes we come to a point where we discuss about a mix concept of philosophy, spirituality … and motivation.
Me … seeing the events from my near past …. I somehow realized that if something needs to happen … it will happen anyway.
Recently Paul asked me … "How the hell you can win to the lottery if you don't buy a ticket?!"
I smiled and the answer came right away into my mind …"You can find the ticket on the street."
"Yes … but still … there needs to be one or more actions …. take it from the street, look at the results of the lottery… and then take the big prize."
Maybe i should better record a conversation between me and Paul .. to make you laugh.
It looks a lot with a dialogue … on a stand up comedy.
But the subject itself was … can we mix philosophy, spirituality and motivation in a totally new concept about how we should live our lives?!
You see i started this conversation about lottery … by talking

with Paul about Brian.
He is flirting with lots of ladies … but all what he is doing is a total nonsense.
He's flirting without wanting anything from those ladies.
Or if he really wants something is maybe just … socialize with them.
Like any man over 40 …. he started to be obsessed about admiring them.
It's almost a full time job for him …. but we can't see the meaning of all that.
We also know that behind the nonsense … there is a deep meaning … but what is that meaning?
Why Brian is socializing … and flirting with so many ladies … but he still does not want to divorce and start a new life from scratch?!
You see … Brian is even worst than the people that wants to win at the lottery … but never buy a ticket.
Yes …. he really is even worst.
It's like he buys the ticket, gets the winning ticket of the big prize … but he never collects that prize … whatever meaning of value it has.
Brian has a paradoxical behavior very difficult to be understood … but more me and Paul are talking about it … more we understand that we are all acting the same.
We all have dreams.
Many of us … really act on the stage of life to get that dream … which in many cases it means … a tremendous change … but we feel such a deep fear that … in the last moment … we stop … and run away.

It's totally illogical and looks like a total nonsense all what i am saying … but … being really honest with ourselves, analyzing and defining how we act on the stage of life … maybe we find one day the strength… to redefine the way we act …
Until then … we are simple enjoying the nonsense value of this journey on a … pathless path.

"Sir, if anyone had a problem with my drinking, at any time in my life, it was me. The only person I've abused in my life is myself."
Johnny Deep

I was laughing reading in media what this amazing guy said about alcohol.
Same as many others i also used to drink.
Not as much as Deep … but still i loved to have a bottle of read wine every night.
I wrote about 10 books under the influence of alcohol …. but on the other hand … i also remember the saying … "in vino veritas" … so that probably let me write exactly what i thought.
Today i am not drinking anymore … so i wonder myself … do i still have the same courage in my essays?!
But also … did alcohol was something good or bad into my life?!
Did anyone had problems because of my drinking?!
Or … the only person i've abused because of the alcohol …. was my inner soul?!
I believe the truth is … in the middle.
Alcohol was good …. or at least this was my perception about it.

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

It calmed me down …. for years.
I was not drinking the whole day … but i just loved … when the evening came and i could relax drinking my bottle of good wine.
It gave me the courage to write all what it was into my heart.
When i stoped drinking … all my thoughts changed.
I started to replace my love essays with philosophical and motivational ones … but maybe it was the perfect time to start a new chapter of my life.
…. who the hell knows.
But i am a different person today anyway.
The alcohol calmed my problems … or in fact made my perspective over those problems be much calmer.
Now … i need to deal with anything that intrigues me.
The therapy with alcohol … ended and i don't even know if someone suffered because of my love for alcohol ….
Maybe my readers …. the ones that read my thoughts about love.
Should i apologize to them?!
Hell … no.
Alcohol created kind of a blindness that makes you don't see anymore that you are … unhappy.
But the funny thing … after forgetting about this illusory medicine is that … seeing everything so clear … the real therapy starts.
Sort of …. what i use to name … self therapy.
Meditating … seeing all what is wrong … analyzing and defining your life … you realize you must not forget about your problems … but only redefine them in … why not … advantages … cause everything happens for a reason.

It’s better to understand the reason … than hide from the real truth.
I’ll always remember the pleasure of drinking my everyday bottle of good wine … but … i prefer today … as my mind to not be dominated anymore by alcohol.
And is not that i promised to myself only as never again in my life to taste alcohol … but … also … never again to read all those illusory essays about love stories.
But … was i acting as a drunk person … because of the wine … or because of love?!
How the hell could i write 10 books about love?!
… hmm!
It all remains a mystery!

The muse … a nonsense need of illusions?! … or a very deep desire of knowing there is someone in your life to make you feel alive?!

I once wrote a book called "The muse … a nonsense need of illusions."
Maybe i was mad in that day defining all those ladies i was admiring …. as simple muses … but ….
2 months later … Roger called me saying … "You know … one night i could not sleep and i was reading one of your books.
I decided to read the one about the muses.
The cover had much more sex appeal … and i loved it.
And guess what?!
Not so late after reading your damn book … i found a muse for myself.
And even worst … i found in fact more than one.
Same as you and as any other man of over 40 … i started to connect with all the ladies from the timeline of my life.
The only real problem … even if many of them like me … is that they started to define me as illusory.
All i am doing is connect with them and get the great vibe of connecting to their inner soul.
I do it with a weird hungriness …. but its all meaning is about connecting to beautiful vibes.

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

And there is one special lady … which i adore … and i like to connect at her most of the time.
She is always there … just to make me smile.
But the question is … is it moral what i am doing?! Is it wrong?!
Your book somehow influenced me with this desire of having my own muse … or why not … muses.”
I smiled listening to Roger, but i still don’t really know if having a muse is a nonsense … or a must for a man of our age.
I meditate a lot over its meaning … and even wonder if it’s good or bad that i share those thoughts with everyone … by publishing my book.
On the other hand … i also believe that we should share our thoughts … about the paths from our lives.
It’s a weird balance of believing contradictory ideas.
It might help … or it might influence wrong the people i am interacting with … but i have many moments when i live with the impression that gossiping a little bit … and sharing our thoughts helps.
It’s kind of a weird therapy … trying all those non standard methods … but …
Give it a try!

Just let the energy of waves … invade you

I've been looking at the waves.
Staying near the sea … i was still illusory searching for the meaning of life … but especially … the meaning of my life.
The dance of the waves … reminded me of the energies were coming to me from the outside world.
I felt invaded so many times … same like the waves of the sea were invading today the island.
I was smiling … watching the show.
And a philosophical question came to my mind … why the hell i could not enjoy all those energies that were invading myself over the time?!
I could simple … admire the show of this dance of energies … but …
I felt many times overwhelmed.
Also …. annoyed … dominated by some forces that i could not understand.
And i was looking for my spiritual and philosophical answers in all those … stupid books.
I acted so … illogical … and for such a long, long time.
Being afraid of being invaded … by entities that i did not understood …. I ended up not experiencing something that could be similar with the show offered me today … by the waves ….

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

Maybe i should start to change myself a little bit …. and stop being afraid.
In fact … afraid of being and feeling alive.

Honesty is the key to the true self

A guy goes to the therapist that was teaching his clients to practice self therapy.
For the ones that were not prepared yet, he was not telling them all the tricks, but the ones that knew a little bit of spirituality, philosophy, psychology … he was helping them with a great passion to practice it.
William came to him twice a week.
He was not divorced yet … but you could feel that deeply inside him he wanted to really change his life.
In fact Will wanted to be happy … and the marriage he had … was not that something to make him happy.
Even worst … he started to be ruined emotionally, because of that.
Coming to his office, the therapist welcomed him and says …
"Listen Will!
I know you recently met Gloria.
She's much, much younger than you and ….
but let's not judge things accordingly to the age … cause you have connection with her.
You want her … and she wants you.
You like each other a lot.
So …. let's do a new exercise today.
Write her … about the perfect case scenario.
Write her now!

I will be here …"
"Why not doctor … let's do it!" … Will says.
…. and he started to write:
"It says that there is a reason why two souls meet during a lifetime.
Some values are more important.
Some things seem illogical.
Some ... just life lessons.
Some bonds are stronger than others.
We just have to let things come by itself.
I believe it wil be illogical to be mad on me.
I am a little bit different than the standards ... and even might look weird, but ... once you will accept me in the way i am ... i will be an amazing company to you.
All you asked was honesty.
But i mix honesty with my wildness.
In front of you ... i let myself the liberty to ... be me ... the other self … the real one.
I am not wearing masks anymore ... those personalities that always hided who i really am.
But maybe this is the meaning of our relationship.
I see wildness in your eyes … too.
I want the meaning of our story to be …. helping each other to connect to the Infinity.
I want to become me … or maybe i should say …. re become who i used to be … and liked to be.
You are a very beautiful soul.
I feel in love with you.
I feel in fact an amazing attraction.
The next second i saw you … i dreamed about a love story

that will remain real …. at least an eternity.
And i know it will happen.
I feel it so … so strong … that it will happen.
You will reveal my beautiful side …. and i will always bring you amazing vibes to your soul.
It's going to be a story … which in fact … will reveal us the Infinite.
And we will love it.
…. but just give me some time.
I need to find the courage … to allow myself to enter … into our love story.
And i will find it.
Even sooner than you might think."
The therapist was smiling … "You see … Will … you could do it.
It was not so hard.
You told her that you like her … but also that you are afraid … or at least this is what you feel today … to enter into that story.
Or i should say … that … amazing love story.
You were … honest.
Honest to her … but also honest to yourself.
That girl is not just that she is extremely beautiful, but she is also very smart … and she easily convinced you … of a very simple thing … to become honest.
To practice self therapy …. to believe you can do it … should be useless … without honesty.
You need to be honest to yourself and all the ones around you.
It is the first time … since i know you … when i believe you

can become a practician of this method which i named … self therapy.
And is funny cause you come to me by one year and i taught you lots of things … but this amazing young lady … completed the whole process in only few days.
I smile … seeing her powers.
And i almost can't believe it.
But i like a lot her presence on the timeline of your life.
Find the courage … to be … yourself.
Life is not so long as we might … believe."

We always wonder which is the best path that could take us to … happiness. …. We have so many options .. and still …

He was … at a crossroads.
Turning right he could go to the city.
Turning left …. he could go to her.
…. but she was married and unavailable.
That road was also taking to his house … but he was married and unhappy at home .. so … turning left was kind of a pathless path.
He turned right many, many times for so, so many years in a row … and nothing happened.
In the last moment he sends her the picture … asking if he would turn left … and come to her.
But it was impossible… to meet him.
They were friends … by already a long time.
Started to knew each other quite well… but somehow they were afraid to explore … a possible relationship.
I mean … a little bit more than … just being friends.
In the end …. he arrives home …. where he fucks his vibe again.
Why it was not different?!

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

Why could not go and meet her?!
Touch her lips … and her beautiful hair … but also whisper her all those beautiful words that he told her on the chat.
What if he could decide to turn right?!
And meet … who?
The right was to the city … and there were millions of people into the city … but … still … no real connection to his lost soul.
He was like that for years.
Going to the left … or to the right … was everything he used to do.
Any direction … was a pathless path.
But why?!
Maybe because he lost his hope.
Yes … at a beginning of any journey …. we should probably have that childish naivety …. one that he does not have anymore.
So … he closed his eyes … asking for guidance.
He simple had to go to her … and find a trick to meet …. but they both analyzed so much … till they lost that chance.
Today it's a new day.
Maybe it will be different.
He needs her … cause he knows that the best therapy for a soul … it's a love story.
But he also knows that she … wanted that too.

"Keep exploring without the intentions of hurting yourself and others. I live to enjoy and tell the tale….or…. I live to enjoy and keep my beautiful secrets between myself and the one that was part of the experience…..both are bitter sweet….enjoy either way"

Nolene Sheppard

I've been accused recently by more and more people from my life … that i play games.
"Games?! What kind of games?!" … i said.
"Dirty games" …. they all replied.
Well … being so many … telling me that … i had to meditate a little bit over the subject.
And yes …. I was playing around.
It looked like … so illusory.
But maybe i was just exploring the boundaries of all those connections i was interested in … without any negative intentions.
And i was so … deep … that it all became so weird.
I started to feel that the indignation … from their side became one day … so annoying … that i need to stop the connection with them.

Temporary … or even forever.
I was simple … exploring.
It was no game … even if we might define it this way.
From the outside … it looked indeed that they were right.
My wife was right.
My neighbor war right.
My customer was right.
It looked like they all were right.
So … i was wrong … analyzing logically.
Or not?!
I smile …
I talk to you … but also with myself … to all my silly selfs from my inner soul.
But i dare to ask only one question … what they don't like at the fact that i was exploring the connections i have with them?!
Why exploring … ends up being defined as a dirty game?!
Why?! Please tell me why?!
Then i remember what Nolene told me … that as long as i was exploring without the intentions of hurting yourself and others… it is all ok.
So … i analyzed my intentions.
I liked those connections.
I could even say that i loved them … but too bad that exploring the boundaries … was seen as something … dirty.
Then Nolene comes again into my mind … while saying …. "I live to enjoy and tell the tale...." and the secret was that i loved to wrote about … all around me.
It was probably … kind of a weird … therapy.

There will be moments in life when only the abstract work … might express your emotions. And … should not even bother to explain the painting to them.

Recently i had the chance to talk to Ozlem Thompson.
She is Turkish artist based in the United Kingdom whose paintings have been exhibited in both England and the United States. Her works combine the dreamy scenes in her mind with the reality that she witnesses in nature. Thompson describes her vibrant compositions as being a vehicle for her subconscious which helps her connect with and understand the universe.
I watched how she is painting … the vibration of that passion … and i was amazed.
Truth be told, i don't know anything about art … but somehow … having the ability of connecting to those vibrations of the art work … i start to understand Ozlem.
I looked on and on and on at her paintings and then a philosophical question comes to my mind … "If i would have the talent of my new friend Ozlem … how would i paint life?! And how the painting of my own life would look like?!"
I close my eyes and i try to imagine that.
And indeed … i see 2 paintings.

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

One … which is a representation of my inner world … and looks like …. a painting representing the … life seen as a perfect case scenario.
But i look to the right … and i see the other one … and i simple dislike it.
Is a horrible…. painting.
In fact … could not even name it painting … but it is so abstract that i am forced to use the word … painting.
Unfortunately … that was representing my real life …. my reality.
I had lots of problems … which i had enough of … but they existed.
I had to accept their presence… cause i could not get rid … of them.
And suddenly … a brilliant idea came to me.
You see … i was mad … cause i had some problems with the city hall, with some constructions permits.
The mayor and the vice mayor … acting like 2 idiots from the country side where not signing me the papers.
A useless conflict … and even if i tried all my best to apply everything i knew about diplomacy … i failed.
No one was listening to me.
It was like i was speaking japanese …. but the problem was that i was in Europe.
All my efforts of explaining to them … my opinions … were in vain.
I was like a ghost … and they could not even see me … so why the hell … was i still hoping to be heard by those people?!

Then i remember that i my country … with money …. you can do whatever you want … no matter how silly you would think and act on the stage of life.
I was looking at the city hall and i wondered myself what if i could hire some artists to make graffiti on the right side of building with … Tom & Jerry and on the left one we should paint the mistresses of those people that were running the commune … and were actually dominating the minds and the souls of the mayor and the vice mayor.
Should that be too abstract for the 2 idiots i am talking about?!
So i even start to think of calling the chief of police and tell him my plans so that i could negotiate with him … the fine for that.
I was smiling and i wanted to write even to Ozlem … to ask an advice from her about that painting … but how could i bother her for such a stupidity?!
It should be a nonsense … and she is not painting such things.
So … could i dare … to ask her opinion?!
Well … Ozlem is a human being … same as me and the 2 stupid bastards which were running the city hall from the commune i was living it.
So … maybe she would understand my thoughts and … emotions.
Then i stop thinking about my conflict for one second… and i look again at the paintings of my dear friend.
She was so abstract.
But she decided to paint only the beautiful side from this Universe.

So … Ozlem … knew the trick for a beautiful life … and i was so blind … and could do that.
I only had to paint that inner world, same as my friend was doing … and ignore the outside world fucked up so many times by the idiots around us.
Maybe i was afraid that it was too abstract … but still … i had to continue painting it.
My inner world was so beautiful and i had to learn from Ozlem to express it … but also enjoy the passion of painting it.
That painting …. once finished will make the world … the one we call real …. much beautiful.
Or at least … maybe just make people forget for one second … the stupidity of this real Universe that we painted in such ugly colors.

Beyond the nonsense
… we'll find our deepest desires

I was in an amazing bar in the old center of the city … with Brian, Paul and few other friends.
All … just men between 40 and 50.
Everyone was drinking beer of different kinds and the atmosphere was amazing.
In fact … i was the only one that was not drinking … but still … i loved their company.
But guess what we talked about?!
Well … what the hell could be in the mind of such men …. except women.
Some were talking about love affairs with ladies from work, some about flirting with a young lady who is staying in the same building … and some even started to speak about their fantasies.
Brian was good about telling such stories.
He started to tell us his idealistic vision … about how could a man over 40 … be happy.
His dream was … and i apologize in front of the ladies for telling such story … to go in a vacation in an exotic resort, at a 5 star hotel, near the ocean …. with 3 young ladies.
And he starts to give us so many details, that i believe he could be such a great writer for erotic books … but because i

did not drink anything … i asked him … " Brian … why do you think you have such a desire?!
What is behind this fantasy?!
Why do we all from here … have such a dream when we become older that 40?!
What is the deep meaning of all that?!"
Paul … smiling … says … "Well … maybe we all dream of a life of a king.
All of us from here have similar fantasies.
Some of us admit it in front of the public … and some do not admit it … but … the fantasy itself, which looks as a nonsense … reveals in fact our deepest desires …. and maybe secrets also."
Paul was right.
Brian … told us about a story that is revealed at a man … over 40 years old.
When most probably … a man already achieved in life … almost everything he ever dreamed for … the fantasies start to dominate us.
Looks as nonsenses, but maybe it's not.
Or … maybe beyond the nonsense … we'll find our deepest desires.

Motivational questions are very important … if you want to evolve … but they are also annoying

(Adrian Gabriel Dumitru)

My question to you is - Ten years ago, how much of your current life did you plan for it to be the way it is? 60%? 30%? 90%?

Are you living the life you planned (married, kids, success in business) but now realise you are maybe not happy with it?

Maybe it's exactly how you always wanted your life to be but you crave for a little bit more now?

(Nolene Sheppard)

If you can't say what you really think in front of the life partner …. you are certainly in the wrong story

A writer i know by a long time told me recently his story.
Married, with children, having everything he ever wanted … but realizing he is not really happy … he started to write defining his thoughts.
And wrote so much … that one day he was in the position of having lots of books published.
He was just writing.
Everyday.
But actually what my friend was doing was that ….he became his own therapist … and worked together his own self … to have a cure for his unhappiness.
And he was analyzing and defining all what was going on … not being able yet to redefine in any way his life.
He started to love … writing.
The process became kind of … medicine … that was calming his soul.
But the huge problem was that one day, by accident …. his wife discovered his books.
And … read all those thoughts.
Totally annoyed, feeling even betrayed of staying near such a person … she started to be so furious that … wanted to end

the life together.
"It's not that you have 2 faces ….
I believe you have 1000 faces.
You are a sick … sick … man."
"My dear … i am not sick.
Or maybe i was … but i started to cure myself by a long, long time.
It's not about faces … masks …. or whatever you might name that …
All you read were my thoughts.
My contradictory thoughts.
… but all of them … my thoughts.
My feelings … my emotions …"
"You are a sick man …."
"Because i think … and i write?!
Hahahahahaha!
At least i have the right of being honest … with myself."
The argue continued … for hours.
She could not believe … that he is … a writer … and could not stand all those thoughts that she read … in his books.
If … before … the marriage could be defined as being fucked up … this was probably its funeral.
Actually she could not believe … that in the end he had the guts to define all those ugly energies between the 2 of them.
"How dare you … do that to me?!"
… she was repeating that on and on and on.
But … he was only defining into a honest way the present moment … not running away anymore by so called … ugly energies of life.
She was mad … but he was … honest.

He was … defining … the unhappiness itself … but she was still convinced that she needs to hide the real truth … cause happiness might … still re appear one day.
So … i was chatting with my friend … why do we run away … by the truth?!
What if the unhappiness is just a secondary effect of the fact that we hide ourselves by the real situations from life?!
Unhappiness itself becomes a barrier in front of happiness … but only understanding its causes … like my friend, the writer was trying to do in his books … we can probably end this journey on a … pathless path.
My friend … is a shy guy.
He did not even had to guts to define the real truth … with his life partner.
But he found in the end … the courage… to write his books.
And the question is … what about u?!
Do you have the courage to define the truth?!
Can you do that with your life partner?!
Are you afraid of telling to that person … what you really feel?!
… that you like and dislike that person … in the same time?!
… that you love and hate that person … in the same time?!
Should we have the guts of telling the truth?!
Should the life partner be mad on us?!
… on what we think or feel?!
Is honesty good … but also welcomed into a relationship?!
Well … we might also consider that truth hurts … but running away by what it really means … becomes the equivalent… of running away … maybe forever …. by the soul of that life partner.

It’s hard to choose the right path … i know … but honesty … whatever it means … is not wrong.
It’s a difficult path … indeed … but ….
So … ask yourself why … to be unhappy forever?!
Why not start the cure process?!
… and maybe we should also keep in mind that if you can’t say what you really think in front of the life partner …. you are certainly in the wrong story.

Synchronizing energies … a very important thing to do when you are in a story … and chase for happiness

I was in the train … on the way to Budapest.
Not having what to do … cause i was alone on that trip … i started to talk with the guy that was standing in front of me.
He presented me his wife … but also his friends.
They were going in a trip to Tunisia and at that time the plane to Tunis could be taken only from Budapest.
Everyone of them … had been so enthusiastic that … i could compare them with some school kids.
It was a very long way to Budapest … so Daniel started to tell me his life …but i was totally surprised that for him … his life meant his marriage.
Working in a bank … Daniel explains to me that one day he woke up and asked his wife:
"My dear! Just tell me … what do you expect from this life together?! Should we chase for money … and have all the material goods we ever dreamed about … or … simple chase for happiness?!"
Carla .. smiled .. and said to him:
"You know that i actually dream about lots of things, but most probably the wisest decision is as the 2 of us to

synchronize our energies and … have on the top list … the desire to be happy together.
Will we do it?!
Don't know it … but at least … let's try it!"
And … Daniel kept telling me his story.
His wife … was his Universe.
The meaning of that vacation was … to be together 24 hours a day, for 10 days in a row and explore the connection they had together.
At that time … about 15 years ago … i was seeing in front of my eyes … just money.
I wanted to get rich .. and did not cared about anything else … at all.
I was listening to Daniel … but it was like i was speaking with a great painter about … abstract art … and its meaning in our lives.
Yes … i was just listening … not understanding anything at all … from what he was telling me about his marriage, but also the importance of synchronizing the energies in a relationship.
They both were following all the important directions of life … a good career, have the necessary material goods a modern family is dreaming about, have enough money so that they could travel few times a year … but the main focus remained … the chase for happiness.
They always discussed what they actually need to do to achieve this objective … treating the subject as the most important one.
And they were probably happy together.
Not even bothered to take his phone number to call him in

the future for asking advices about how could happiness be achieved into a couple.
I could not see at that time the importance of such a thing.
I had only one purpose for my life … to get richer and richer, not really understanding at that time that the amount of money from my bank account is not in direct proportion with the happiness i would carry in my soul.
Even saw Daniel as naive … and a weak man in front of a woman that he was loving so much.
And i was so silly, that i treated the meeting with Daniel and Carla … as a simple meeting … not understanding the message the Universe was whispering to me.
I did not know at that time … the fact that there are moments in life when the Infinite Intelligence is speaking to us … using the people from the timeline of our lives.
So … 15 years ago … the message came to me… and I totally ignored it.
It was a secret revealed by an ordinary person, in love of his spouse … telling me about the tremendous power of synchronizing the energies.
Now … after failing in the relationship with my wife, i finally realize that getting rich was a nonsense objective.
But … once i understood the secret … i decided to start synchronizing energies with all the people from the timeline of my life.
And guess what?!
The trick … worked.
I could have listen that 15 years ago …. but i've been blinded by the wish of getting rich … not realizing that simple asking for happiness is a wisest decision.

The false imagine built just to impress the world … will simple disappear one day and the real truth will be revealed … so why should we bother so much about it?!

The mayor of the capital of my country had been arrested.
Of course … for bribe.
This is usually what all the mayors from all around the country .. and maybe other countries also … are doing for getting rich.
Basically…. If one person is mayor … or vice mayor …. you can see that they steal a lot.
And when i say a lot … i mean … millions of dollars.
But this guy .. i am telling you about was totally different.
He was a surgery doctor, director of an important hospital … and had the image of a … saint.
I was laughing reading the articles in the newspapers … describing the mayor that built for himself over the years the false image of a saint.
I was laughing cause the same media that defined him as an amazing person … wrote after being arrested that the guy is a thief, a person with a horrible character etc etc.
And it is so damn funny seeing … that this saint which meanwhile became a devil …. was the mayor of the capital for more than 10 years.

So who is lying?!
The mayor?!
The press?!
The judge that arrested him?!
What is the meaning of the false image in this equation?!
Then i remember that i heard so many times … at so many people that were in a couple …. that the partner became … a devil.
The same person defined in the beginning as a saint … ends up having the image of Satan.
But why?!
Is it just a perspective?!
If you would ask the persons that say that about their partners … they will certainly give you one million reasons for explaining their affirmations.
But what is the real truth?!
Why our perceptions about the people we like … or even love are metamorphosing in such a dramatic way?!
Why the Saint ….becomes the Devil itself?!
Are all those people i am telling about …so tricky?! … and they succeed to create so powerful false images about themselves?!
How should we define the moment when the truth is revealed?!
The awaking moment?!
Or just a simple day … with totally new perspective?!
I am certain today that even a cashier from a supermarket … has advantages also … same as a mayor of a capital … when everybody sees him as a positive character … but why this balance between the positive and the negative side of the

human being?!
Does the absolute truth really exists?!
Are our perceptions … illusory?! …. same as life itself?!
Well … who the hell knows … but watching so many scenarios that i see in the press, television or real life … i simple smile … and then i can’t stop myself from laughing.
I see the human mind … so damn tricky.
The mind … with all its thoughts … is playing around with us.
So … so … many times.

The dance of energies is so damn attractive … but also dangerous

Mahima wrote me today.
We are friends by years and i believe we had been friends in another lifetime also.
We talk about lots of things … but mostly about spirituality … the subject being so important for both of us.
She lives in New Delhi, but now she was in village close to the city, visiting her relatives for few days.
Analyzing everything around is like an obsession for her … and not having what to do in this short vacation … Mahima started to look at that small universe from the country side.
She started to compare the life from New Delhi … with the life from there … believing in the beginning that living in a village is something quite boring … like it used to be many, many years ago.
But going out at the swimming pool with some other girls … she observed that all of them were chatting or speaking on the phone all the time.
And she asks herself what was going on?!
Days were passing … and little by little the informations were coming to her.
She starts to understand that those ladies …. some of them married, some of them not married … were chatting with

other men.
All of them.
Everyone from the village has been involved into that.
… the priest, the director of the school, the mayor, the chief of police … and of course all the beautiful ladies from that area.
Everyone was speaking and flirting with everyone … believing in the unicity of that story.
Some were … even in love, but the problem was that there were so many temptations around …. that they keep wondering if it's real love.
The final question became …. It is love or lust?!
Or even something more difficult to be understood … the desire of not having a boring life anymore.
In Mahima's mind were lots of questions and not so many answers … so she calls me telling the story and also asking …. what is really going on?!
How should we define this?!
My friend became the observer of an universe … which she found … abstract.
Telling me the story … i try to become an observer of more than her perspectives about that story.
And i smile … seeing that it's all a dance of … energies.
… men and women …. chasing for a different life … a much beautiful one.
But i also see their weak side ….of not being able to totally connect to those energies that they liked so much.
It was all about … flirting … and maybe about … love affairs.
Virtual … and real … love stories … dominated by the desire of connecting to beautiful energies.

But it was all … just a dance … and nothing more.
My friend also finds out about happy people … living parallel lives … but also about people that destroyed their marriages because of this dance.
But they continued … dancing … in the chase for beautiful vibes.
The meaning of a dance looks useless … but it's a process that might help connect our souls to high vibrations.
… but in the desire for happiness, blinded by the unhappiness from inside of us … we don't really understand who the partner is.
And people were connecting to beautiful, but also ugly energies.
They lived beautiful stories … but also stories with an unhappy end.
I was laughing with Mahima …. defining this life in the country side …. cause we believed for such a long time that life is much interesting in the city … ignoring the advantages of an environment where everyone is knowing everyone.
Playing this immoral game … the dance of energies is so damn attractive … but also so dangerous … but maybe we should not judge those people … as we do now … defining them.
We should respect the right of the human being of hoping that this Universe can get them the so wanted … happiness.
Immoral or not … we have the fundamental right to be happy.
No judging. Analyzing …. maybe yes.
And maybe me and Mahima … should copy that model also … to have a much interesting life.

"I see so, so many signs … but i just can't focus on love anymore"

Few days ago … i've met Anna on the streets.
She almost did not noticed me.
Was walking …. thinking …
Certainly …. She was not in this world.
"Anna! Anna!" … i call her.
Smiles seeing me … forgetting for a second about … her thoughts that made her look so unhappy.
"How are you …. my dear friend?!"
We hug each other … so happy of seeing each other.
"Listen … Anna …. you don't look so happy. What is going on with you?!"
"I am not happy anymore by a long, long time … yes … but i an happy now cause i see you."
I knew Anna for more than 20-25 years.
We used to be close friends … but … the time did not let us anymore to see each other how we used to do in the past.
"Listen … Gabriel … i somehow lost myself.
And is not that i can't see any reason to be happy … but … i simple had enough waiting and waiting and waiting …as a change to appear in my life."
"So … you don't love him anymore."
"It's not that i don't love him, but the connection is … fucked

up.”
“So … why you don’t restart your life?!”
“Well … i see so, so many signs everywhere … but i can’t focus on love anymore”
I smile … listening to my dear … Anna .. so i say to her …
“You know i wrote so many books about love. What if i should give you love lessons in private?!”
Anna started to laugh.
“So .. how those love lessons should be like?! Will we have sex also … to learn about the passion of being together?!”
“Well … we will do whatever love is about.
But i could be your teacher … and you could be my teacher.
Even if it sounds as a weird experiment … it might help us a lot …. both of us.
You see … i believe that most of relationships fail because of the lack of informations about what a relationship really is, but also means for our souls.
With the right knowledge … but also being connected to the soulmate … everything goes in the right direction.
And … we should have some sex sessions also ….to explore the meaning of passion … of connecting to the partner … of wanting to be together …. of becoming one.”
Anna smiles again.
“You are crazy … as you always had been like that … but you know what?!
We should do it.
We are so good friends by such a long time … so i will not have any risk to fall in love with you.
Love lessons … yes … amazing idea.
Me your teacher.

You … my teacher.
Or we should say … therapist?!
Oh no … does not sound good.
Teacher is a much better term for that."
"Yes.
So let's choose a hotel … and meet there.
Needs to be a beautiful one … with a big room … a large balcony also … to see and enjoy the view of the city from there."
Anna smiles one more time.
I succeeded to make her forget about her … unhappiness.
It all looked like i was the devil, speaking about the temptation of exploring a dangerous … game.
It was almost like i was inviting her to play … a role in a love story … but still … we were both wondering … what if in one point we will believe that the story is … real?!
But on the other hand … we both needed those love lessons in private.
We failed so, so many times … in the real life, in all the love stories … that we were involved in … so this idea could probably be a great …. trick.
And still … what if i would fall in love of my live teacher?!
The question was repeated in my mind on and on and on ….

You are so damn beautiful, but you … look so unhappy

It might sound so immoral …. but over the years i probably chatted with hundreds or even thousands of ladies.
And i did that with … joy.
… and still do it … with joy.
I love to write about all those ladies.
They inspires me all the time by so many years.
But … truth be told … Luiza is different and a special person for my soul.
Saw her instagram story today …. and she is so damn beautiful.
If you would see her on the street … you would fall in love with her … in the next second.
And if i am honest enough … i should admit that i like her … a lot.
There are also moments … when i adore her.
But even if she is so, so beautiful … the paradox is that she is looking … so unhappy.
Always caring a fake beautiful vibe … I somehow see behind that mask … and i can’t see anything that has to do with happiness.
She is a beautiful woman.
… gorgeous i should even say.
She carries indeed a fake beautiful … vibe.
And she really is a beautiful … soul.

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

That's why i adore her … but still … behind that beautiful mask … the unhappiness is revealed for me …. so, so easy.
And i write her a message …. with beautiful compliments … but wondering why the hell … such a gorgeous lady … is so … so unhappy?!
As usual …. Luiza sent me a smile.
… a smile … revealing her unhappiness … again … and again.
She certainly knew that i was right.
For both affirmations … that she is not carrying in her soul … the real joy of being alive … but also her beauty as a woman.
But … i loved staying connected to her.
It was always a pleasure … to admire her.
I really saw …. In her eyes a symbol of feminine beauty.
And i continued thinking …. what about all the other ladies i know … being also extremely beautiful?!
How they really are?!
What value has the beauty if it does not have the right combination with … the joy?!

Sometimes sex … can repair what is … broken. But sometimes is too late … and even sex is … useless

Once .. a plastic surgeon doctor told me after his divorce ….
"Listen … the connection between us was so bad at that moment, that even having sex was … horrible."
I looked at him … and wondered myself … how the hell sex can be defined as … horrible?!
Then … i had the chance to experience that also … years later.
It was absolutely … a total nonsense and i could not understand what is going on.
So …. I've asked myself …. what if my friend was …. right?!
What if the connection … being fucked up … everything has to do with that person … is a total mess?!
And i agreed … that there are also situations when sex can be … horrible.
I could not believe that this nonsense situation … could be real.
But why?!
Well … truth be told sometimes sex can repair what is broken …. but sometimes is just too late.
We brake connections cause we accepted into our hearts … to hate, to be annoyed, to betrayal … to let the negative side of

us to overwhelm us.
Sex …. Is not making sense anymore.
Simple … becomes … useless.
And you understand in that moment that there is only one cure … or maybe 2.
One is let the time heal everything …. and most probably stop being in contact with that person for a long, long time.
Second path … which is actually the most difficult one … is make a total shift … and replace hate and all the other negative emotions with … love.
… unconditional love.
And don't worry … cause results will come soon.
What you started to define as .. horrible … becomes again a nice experience, then good … and in the end it can be redefined … one more time as … amazing.
We somehow realize that sex … tells everything about the connection … if it's good, bad … or broken.
It measures it in an amazing way … and those feelings are always telling the truth … the real truth.
So … just pay attention to that detail.

A secret love story … the secret place where we can hide by the unwanted reality that we dislike so, so much

It does not happen so often that we hear someone that could say with real honesty that is happy.
… that everything is … perfect.
It's not that happy people are not existing or they never existed on this plannet.
We should really not see them as an …. unreal concept, cause i really believe that happiness exists for real.
The only problem is that happiness is not a state that last … so long.
… unfortunately.
But why?!
I always had this damn question in my mind.
The good part is that unhappiness is not lasting forever either … even if it takes usually much longer time to disappear.
So …. what can we conclude?!
How can an adult have a life … lived in a non ending state of happiness?!
Can such a story be real?!
Well … well … well …
But maybe we should start from the question … what stop

happiness to be eternal?!
Maybe the outside world?!
… all the energies that surround us?!
So … a weird idea came into my mind …. what if we should live also in a secret parallel Universe?!
… like a love story … that should be kept totally secret … totally protected by influences came from the outside world.
Could be … with a person that you like a lot … or … even a love story … with your own soul … practicing solitude as much as possible.
But i am sure … it sounds so … weird … that we should not even dare to think of such a scenario.
And still … this balance between happiness and unhappiness is so annoying … especially cause is mainly dominated by ugly energies came from … what we name …. reality.
We continue analyzing… on and on and on.
Defining reality … in the end … becomes so obvious that happiness should last much longer in the absence of the exterior factors.
So … ?!
Does the theory with a secret love story … worth to be tried?!
Can we also think about solitude as a love story with our inner soul?! … helping us to live in a parallel reality much better than the one from the real world.
Maybe all those ideas … are not simple nonsense theories … but real nice tricks … for creating a perfect world … that can make us remain in a non ending state of happiness.
So … maybe we should try it …

Some do not leave because they have to split their fortune …. and others because they have nothing to leave with

Peter was accidentally met Anna at the train station.
He knew her from the high school, but they did not had the chance to talk so much over the years.
And even if they liked each other … still … it looked like it will be no connection between them in this lifetime.
But Peter found the guts to go to her and say …. "Hey Anna! Nice to see you again after so many years! How are you?!"
Anna was … sad, but tries to send a smile to Peter:
"Hey Peter! What to say?! I had better days as this one.
I am going … to nowhere … cause i don't really know where i am going.
I simple have no destination.
I will just take the first train and go to the unknown.
And in fact i don't even care where i go, as long as i am not staying in this village anymore."
"Hahaha!
You know what?! I was so unhappy before meeting you … but now i am laughing.
I had a big fight with my wife and … i came to the train station to take a train to … nowhere.
It looks like we go in the same direction. … so we can go

together."
"You are joking … Peter"
"No … i am not."
They started to laugh … then … of the situation itself.
It was certainly weird to go to the train station and plan to go to … nowhere.
"Peter … why you came to the train station … what do you really plan?!"
"Well Anna … to tell you the truth … i have few businesses and if i would divorce … i should be in the position of splitting this fortune with my wife .. which i really hate.
I worked for so many years and she never helped me with anything at all.
So … the only option i have today is to … run away from home and …"
"I know .. same as me.
But i am in the opposite situation.
Some do not leave because they have to split their fortune …. and others because they have nothing to leave with.
So my only option today is indeed going to … nowhere.
What can you do without money?!"
"So well said … Anna … what i can tell you is …. that with or without money …. the situation is the same."
And indeed the same situation … even if it has totally different perspectives … it might be about the same thing … the courage we have in front of a big change.
But still … is so damn easy to blame … circumstances.
Being in the position of having a miserable life … we do believe that going to … nowhere … is the only option.
Nowhere means … the decision to follow no destination … or

delay one more time everything … until the Universe will decide to help us.
Nowhere also means … the indecision … to accept that the big chance you have to do is … a must.
But … you see … it's much easier to delay …
And the question is …. until when?!

Always tell a … beautiful story

I've been driving.
I was in the city center … and suddenly i see a pauper dressed as Charlie Chaplin.
He was looking so, so much like him.
My wife opened the window and gave him few pennies … impressed of the idea.
The kids were smiling … adoring him.
The guy made all of us … smile and then laugh.
And i was thinking … how the hell can a pauper be so brilliant?!
And i call him brilliant cause … for only few pennies he offered us … joy.
He knew how to tell a story … into a beautiful way.
He could pretend that he had a disease, or that his family is starving … or that his house burned out …or any other lie …. but he decided to act as a cute pauper that is bringing joy to the people that are driving into the city center.
For a second i really had the illusion that i met Charlie Chaplin …. for real.
And it was a pleasure seeing him.
Then … on the way back to our home … i was thinking on and on …. what if all of us could be so brilliant as this pauper?!
Cause somehow … all of us are … paupers.
We ask all kinds of things … money and lots of other possessions … or love … but we always ask for something.

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

And if no one is listening to what we ask … we start asking to the Universe.
On and on and on.
But what if before asking anything … we could bring a little bit of joy in the soul of those people that we interact with?!
Acting differently …
Smiling …
And sending … beautiful vibes.
Most probably we should not even ask … cause they will offer us anything we dream about.
Might be an interesting test … but too bad we are so dogmatic … and we can't really understand the example of that pauper disguised in Chaplin.

The connection between 2 souls can't be defined in a theoretic way … unless those people interact into the real world

My friend Will calls me from time to time telling me about his love stories.
He actually likes my theory about … analyzing, defining … that in the end to redefine whatever we don't like on the scene of our lives.
It happened that in the last time Will was trying to start a new love story with Emma.
But after 2 years … still … nothing happened.
It's not that in that time he did not any other dates … but he was still dreaming about her.
Talking to me …. Will suddenly realized that that he don't even have her phone number.
Had thousands of numbers in his mobile phone … but he never saw that a very important one is missing.
They were actually talking for years … but treated their relationship into a theoretical way.
It was nice communicating one with another … but the real meeting was always delayed.
And my friend … but also Emma … keep wondering

themselves … how a relationship between the 2 of them would look like?!
Was it a good connection?!
… or just looked like a good one?!
Would everything come by itself?!
What if the connection just looked perfect … and in fact it was no connection at all?!
Why was she afraid to meet him for real … besides the fact that they were both married?!
But the final question Will had for me was … should we analyze and define a connection with another soul … if we don't have the chance to interact with that person in the real world?!
Well … the truth was that they liked each other.
The long talks on chat … the looks from the few occasions when they met in traffic … everything was saying that it was something interesting between the 2 of them … but … why should we bother to define everything into a theoretical way … when we can taste life for real?!
Having the guts to live … to enjoy the beautiful connections with the other souls is actually an experience that we should have … anytime the chance is appearing to us.
Yes … i have to admit it … analyzing and defining it … without tasting the connection … is useless …

Unfortunately sometimes … a perfect case scenario is ending up because of stupidity …

We lose so much time defining and dreaming about perfect case scenarios …. but somehow we always fail when it really happens.
And saw it for real … on the timeline of my life, but also had been seeing so many people around me … living the same scenario.
Sometimes … it was repeated on and on and on … but we cannot really understand what is happening.
I also believe that in fact we cannot accept that perfect case scenarios can be part of our lives …. and if it happens we treat it as an illusion that we must get rid of.
And we start to let our stupid side … to fuck up everything is going on.
Not believing that what happens can be real … we act in a way that redefines that scenario.
We simple … act so stupid.
We .. betrayal … and we do so, so many other things … that destroy the beauty of that connection … till the moment when the only thing left to do is … leave that story.
I smile remembering my philosophical talks with my dear friend Clara …. when i was telling her about a beautiful love story ended because of her betrayal … but also of what i used

to define as … her stupidity.
Clara smiled listening to me …. but replied so ironic … "Yes! This is how all the women are … stupids. And we love betrayal."
I could not believe that she agrees with me … then … later on … i saw the irony.
Most probably she was right.
Both men and women …. act stupid on the scene of life.
And being so naive … i thought that only the women do that … but the men … were acting the same.
The human mind …. even if loses so, so much time making plans, defining so many beautiful scenarios … has not the ability to enjoy the life itself.
We are … ridiculous…
Perfect case scenarios can be real … but … we are so, so silly to connect to them … cause when it happens … we start dreaming of another perfect case scenario … not knowing to stop and taste that moment of perfection …

Driving to … nowhere …. my private destination

She loved to drive … and also loved her beautiful car.
In fact every time i saw her with a good vibe … it was when she was driving … listening to beautiful music.
And i kept wondering myself if it was because of the vibes induced by her car … or maybe it was the music?!
But i somehow realized that i was doing the same thing.
In fact … it was kind of a hobby … driving to nowhere … everyday.
I was analyzing my dear friend Emma, but it was like i was actually looking in a … mirror.
We looked so much alike … as souls.
Driving … somehow was similar for us … with running away … and the vibe of music gave us the gut to …. to do it.
But still … we were acting so … silly.
Nowhere …. was not a real destination … even if for us became … a hobby.
I was chatting few times a day with her … and i was smiling all the time when i was seeing the similarities between the 2 of us, even if somehow it looked like she was living in a parallel universe …. cause we never succeeded to meet.
One day … while meditating … and thinking of Emma … trying to understand her … and still having the hope that i will understand myself also … i realized that "going to nowhere"

… was actually a hidden desire of searching for … our lost souls.
I was smiling while i was watching Emma … cause it was so damn easy to look, analyze and define her …. but when i was coming back to myself … i've been so blind …
So … Emma became my teacher … for deeply understanding this daily nonsense journey that looked like i was looking for … nothing.
And to be honest … and tell you the truth … i loved to watch her ….
I was admiring her beauty … realizing that probably the day when i will see her stop going to nowhere … being actually a mirror of myself … i will see my life changed also.
… or at least this is what i hoped …

"When it comes about sex … please remember i have a bed at home too. So … use your fantasy better … "

Long time ago … i had the chance to meet an amazing lady from Berlin …Ella.
She was blond … and very, very beautiful.
If i would cheat my wife … i'd love to do it with her.
100% i won't feel sorry for that.
But you see … somehow me and Ella became great friend … and we had the chance to define together how a woman and a man sees the world.
Totally different… perspectives that i never thought about … and it was really helpful for me to understand from her … the feminine way of seeing the life itself.
One day me and Ella started to talk about … cheating … but also about totally redefine things when we start a new relationship.
She wanted to hear my opinion about … why do we cheat and … why should we look for the same things that we have at home also.
Or … why should we start a new love story that is looking a lot with the last one?!
Ella was smiling saying ironically to me "Listen! Let's hypothetical imagine that i would want to cheat my boyfriend with you …. and i am sure you would love this example.

So … by cheating … we understand most of the times … having sex.
But when it comes about sex … please remember i have a bed at home too.
So … use your fantasy better … my dear Gabriel.
And now the questions are … why should i cheat my boyfriend doing with you the same things that i do with him … or why should i start a real relationship with you … in the same parameters like with him?!
And when i am telling you all those things …. I am speaking like a woman … from a feminine perspectives.
Maybe my crazy side would tell me one day to do it … but i would love to be totally different.
I would dare to say that i dream to have sex in the car … in a forest … or maybe in the parking from the mall.
Or … in the elevator.
Somehow …. my wild side is saying … everything needs to be totally different.
Otherwise … what sense should it make?!
I know you are dreaming about a fantasy with me … since the first moment we've met … but … try to make an effort … and use your fantasy better.
Think different … otherwise it's all a total nonsense."
I started to laugh … hearing Ella.
"Your example is …. so fucking nice.
I love …. your theories … and i do understand that it's all a philosophical game … all what you are saying.
You are right.
But we are non sense practicians.
And it's not about cheating … even if it is such a good

example all what you just said.
The worst part is that we don't see the meaning of the past relationships.
We just can't see it.
We don't understand the meaning of the sex in the car … in the forest … or in the parking from the mall.
We forget about adrenaline …
Yes … we are so fucking idiots … starting new stories on and on and on … but acting in the same boring way.
I am a writer that writes fantasy … and i am so damn silly that i dreamed of having sex with you … but totally ignored the concept of adrenaline and its meaning.
We are boring creatures … acting in a repetitive way on and on and on."
Ella was right.
I finally got her message … which by the way was not about sex, but about how borings we are as creatures.
We know the theoretical concepts about … fantasies … but we act just repeating old stories on and on and on.
Ella had spoken on my language … telling me about sex … defining my silly fantasy with her … but reminding me that we always forget … to start acting differently.
Or maybe we should allow ourselves … be wild … at least from time to time.
Cheating is not so immoral as it might look like … but it's somehow about bringing a new type of energy into our relationships … an energy that we usually don't know how to control … and we even end up being dominated by it.
What we define as immoral by thousands of years is actually the fact that most certainly we might bring bad vibes at

home … but for all the ones that know how to deal with energies … everything is seen totally different.
Today … i personally believe that what we named as immoral … starts to be seen as a nonsense.
Well … there are lots of voices that will say something against my affirmations … but … i strongly feel that i know what i am talking about.
You see … all stories …. even if they start in a good way … unfortunately the time is eroding everything.
And what used to be a positive story that was bringing us good vibes no matter what was going on …. becomes a story that is showing us the negative side of life.
So … how everything continues?!
Well …. the individual is running away … in someone else's arms … for a short time … but ….
And the feeling is so … damn good.
Feeling alive again … in fact feeling that amazing energy of the beginning …
Then that person is coming back.
With a great vibe … we even have the hope that … the relationship from home can be somehow reinvented … cause we just remembered how it was the beginning.
The meaning of cheating was mainly … a reminder.
It all looked so immoral, but after 2-3 times it all looks like some private lessons about how to manage things so that you can keep a beautiful relationship with the partner.
And i am laughing writing and reading … that.
But after analyzing and defining so many situations like that …. my perspectives were totally redefined.
I somehow understand that no one would cheat if everything

would be ok … in the story with the partner.
And truth be told cheating will always be a way of … surviving.
An escape … that is bringing a totally different energy.
In the end it all becomes a story of dealing with energies.
But can energies be redefined?!
Can we bring the right ones for the couple?!
What is the best way we should act in life?!
Should we accept cheating as an option?!
Or … just define it as immoral … and reject dealing with those energies, hoping that the time will somehow redefine everything for us into a positive way?!
Well … the questions look so contradictory and i don't even want to hear all the answers …
They will be so, so … different … and actually annoying for listening all those theories.
The truth is …. that there is no absolute truth.
What we define as immoral… cause we've been taught like that from thousands of years ago … might be a thought that needs to be redefined.
Anchored a in a certain energy … being maybe the prisoner of it …. cheating becomes an option that allows us to restart ourselves … to understand the game of energies … and to learn how we can redefine our lives … cause a big part of this story called life means …. the relationship with that person that might be or not … the real soulmate.
Or maybe we are in the life …. when karma and dharma are more important as anything else … so being always in the "wrong story" … is just a silly perspectives … not realizing what is actually going on.

So …. I would even say today … with lots of courage that cheating can be medicine … very good for most of the relationships … cause we know that many of them simple … don't work.
"Changing … the air" … just a little bit … will probably redefine everything, but it's only your decision if you take from those episodes the good or the bad vibes …

Just let the silence … begin

There are lots of times when we feel that we lost control on everything means our lives.
And we try to solve all those problems …. but it's all useless.
No matter what we should try … nothing is improving the situation.
Just saw few minutes ago a movie on tik tok with a dear friend of mine.
She was at the beach, drinking champagne and waiting as her lover to come and join her.
Her last few months were just … horrible.
Lots of problems in her carrier, with some close friends … and even with that person that she loved so much.
She tried more and more … to redefine all those things that she did not liked in her life, but still … all the efforts were in vain.
But one day she woke up … took her bag with clothes, went to the train station … and left to the seaside.
On the train … watching the window … she started to have a new perspective over all what was going on.
And … on the beach, hearing the waves of the sea … totally disconnected from what she defined as her curent life … realized that what she has was not the real life that she wants to have.

Started to feel calm and totally forget about the silly desire of controlling a reality that is never the way she dreamed about.
She abandoned … all her feelings and emotions …. and suddenly felt silence in her soul.
Asked someone to create that amazing reel that inspired … inner and outer silence … and posted it on social media.
She hoped that her lover will see the second glass of champagne and will move his ass and come and join her right away.
Closing her eyes … she connects to the Universe and the secret was revealed to her.
And suddenly… she realized how silly she was believing that those problems from the timeline of her life … were real.
But in a totally different environment… feeling that the silence was dominating her soul … her perspectives were totally redefined.
She felt great again … disconnected of the reality from home.
In fact … it was only one thing missing … that she wanted from the scene from home … and that was her lover.
She loved him … and he loved her also.
In fact … they adored each other.
And to enjoy the beauty of life …. they simple needed another environment for that.
You see … the beach, the sea, the champagne … were creating the perfect environment … for their love story … and she made the mistake of connecting and remained connected to her reality from home … for such a long, long time.
She totally forgot about this trick of switching environments … and in the end of switching realities … but … she was

happy now.
And everything started to be the way she dreamed about … in the moment when the silence overwhelmed her new scene of life.
So … just connect to the silence … and embrace it.
It will induce the … perfect scenario … right away.

Many times in life we act so silly that we lose our main purpose

I saw over the years so, so many people in love.
But … unfortunately i also saw them failing to act in the proper way into that love story.
And even if it all looked like they lived in another Universe …. a place totally different than my Universe … things changed.
To make you smile … i can tell you that … even after so many years of analyzing and defining those people … i still have in my mind their stories.
It happened like that … cause i admired them … a lot, but only until one day when i started to laugh seeing how they act in that story …. knowing actually the end of that scenario.
And maybe i should say that i know all about those kind or stories … first … because i made the same mistakes also.
On and on and on.
Later on … i discovered it … after analyzing and defining all those people, but also myself … that the main problem is that we don't know how to act on the scene of life.
We simple act.
… and we act so, so silly.
And unfortunately…. we somehow lose our main purpose … to be ok in a beautiful connection.
Probably we forgot … what we actually wanted from that relationship, cause usually the normal way we are acting … in

most of the cases … is simple ruining the connection.
No one ever bothered to teach us … how we should act in a love story.
Even if in the beginning … something from inside of us is dominating our behavior, our words … our everything … and the story itself looks like the perfect case scenario … the balance between the 2 worlds starts to appear.
Today we act … nice.
Tomorrow … we look as negative characters.
Then this game continues as that on and on and on.
And … indeed we lose the main purpose … to be happy … and protect the beauty of the connections with those special people from our lives.
Acting silly … is the best definition of all what we can do.
The result?!
Unfortunately… not a beautiful one … but maybe it's all a lesson that keep repeating on and on and on … till we understand the difference between how we act in the real life and the universe from the love story.
And as long as we know to keep separate those stories …. life will remain beautiful.
Otherwise …

Just …. one more time.
… truth be told some connections we love so much that no matter what is going on … we want to come back there on and on and on.

I wrote many books with love essays.
And i loved writing them.
Maybe it was the same story defined from one million perspectives … or the love concept itself.
But you see … it's a little bit funny … cause today i started to believe that maybe it was just about the connection.
I use to talk a lot about this concept.
With my readers, but especially with my dear friend Carla … which pretends that she does not know what a connection is.
She is in an unhappily marriage, but still remembers the beautiful moments that she spent with her ex lover.
She's always repeating to me … "We lost so, so much…"
"You lost what, Carla?!"
"Well … we lost so many beautiful moments …"
I love when i have the chance to talk with her.
Like that, i start to understand the meaning of the feminine perspective about life itself.
And she is so abstract … while describing me her thoughts

and … feelings.
Sometimes i cannot understand her …. but helps me a lot the fact that i feel connected to her soul … and somehow i feel what she tries to explain to me … not from her words … but from the vibes that she is sending to me.
Yes … i have to admit it.
It's too difficult to understand a woman and probably the only chance to understand something it's by connecting to … her soul.
And i was watching Carla …. while she was explaining me her theories … but i suddenly realize that she was in a weird balance between karma and dharma.
But still … even if no word was saying it … i felt that she really wants to taste …. at least one more time from the connection with that weird guy that she used to love so much.
So was it love?!
Was she still in love with him?!
Disappointed by the husband, but also about her lover … she was still chasing about … the connection.
You see … things are again … so abstract.
I try to understand Carla … and again … i just can't.
The real question is … why should she come back in the arms of that lover … if she was disappointed so, so many times by him?!
Maybe he is not capable of understanding what … she wants.
Carla smiles to me … "Gabriel! You will never understand us … the women.
You just can't.
Like that idiot that i loved so, so much.

You see …. I felt the connection in his arms.
But it was the connection with … the Infinite.
He made me have feelings that i will never have in my real life … and i never had with my husband.
That jerk … my dear lover … even if he disappointed me one million times … let me see the gateway to another universe … the one of love.
So … that is the reason i always want … just one more time to be with him.
I want the connection again.
And when i can't stand reality anymore … i just say … damn it … and i go and meet him again.
He makes me feel alive.
So i ask you … what if the meaning of our lives …. if we can't feel alive?!"
I smiled listening to her … balancing between understanding and not understanding … my dear Carla.
And then … I kept wondering myself …. what the hell is this weird connection about?!
Why there are days when i understand it … and days when i just can't understand the concept?!
Or maybe i should say … that i have days when i am connected and days when i am not connected … to the Universe.

He only wanted her from time to time … but why?!

I was at the coffee shop with Paul and Brian.
But i was so absent …
I was with … my thoughts.
As always they were talking about … ladies.
Brian was showing us a pictures of an amazing lady from instagram … asking rhetorically … "How would my life look like … if i would meet this amazing soul from time to time?"
Paul smiles … asking … "How would my life look like if i would wake up every morning near such a lady?!"
Well … such a different perspective.
Brian wants to eat a cake from time to time …. but Paul ….
Or maybe Paul … loves cookies more than Brian.
So … i continue meditating, drinking my lovely coffee …. and asking myself … should we taste life everyday … or just from time to time?!
Are we allowed to connect to the power of pleasures all the time ... or the whole meaning of this illusory concept … is just to taste it occasionally?!
I look again at the picture Brian showed us.
The lady was looking like … an angel.
But maybe she was just disguised into an angel … being in fact … a devil.
Maybe Brian wanted to taste only that beautiful side the 3 of

us saw at her.
He was not really believing that her beauty was …. real.
And maybe Paul … was more optimistic … or simple loved … the illusions.
I started to laugh realizing how silly we are.
Being at a little bit more than 40 … all we talk about … is … about ladies.
5 years ago … it was the same.
10 years ago … also.
15 years ago … the same.
Maybe the time did not changed us.
But the truth is that we have 2 subjects we talk about … one being …. the ladies … and the second one … is the illusion of life.
We actually were always in love with this concept … which we define as … illusion.
And knowing that it's all an illusion … we divided the world of illusions in 2 scenarios … the beautiful and the ugly one.
You see … me, Paul and Brian … have studied for example … the lives of the people that lived in nazi concentration camps.
The ones that survived … most probably understood this weird concept of … illusions.
But it was … so damn ugly.
And maybe me, Paul and Brian … have a better karma as them.
We live the illusion … by admiring the beauty of the feminine spirit.
Most probably … our talks … could be a good material for a best seller about the subject.
So … we are lucky guys.

Our karma is not so bad … cause we live … beautiful illusions … not having the destiny of those people from world war II.
But i smile … cause an illusion … is just an illusion.
It might appear in a beautiful or an ugly way in our lives … but … still … it's all … an illusion.
And truth be told … we love illusions.
We want to taste them … cause they make us … feel alive … at least for a short moment.

It's Monday and my garden looks the same. Does not care about … the standards …. so why should i care?!

I am analyzing my garden all the time.
I used to have a gardener years ago, but not anymore.
It looked perfect at that time … but now i should define it … as a little bit … wild.
On the other hand i believe that wild means … natural … so maybe it looks more natural now.
I used to feel great in this garden, until i fucked the connection with my wife.
Now the only moments when i can connect to the vibration of the garden is when i am actually alone at home … or i am so tired that i can't run anywhere else.
I analyzed a lot its vibration.
It's somehow funny realizing for example … Monday morning … that my garden is not caring of the standards.
It has the same vibration like it had 2 or 3 days ago.
Yes … indeed my garden was not caring about … how we define those days in a standard way Monday, Tuesday etc.
But us … the humans … need to care for it.
We had been taught to respect and pay lots of attention to the days of week.
We can live with the hope in the soul that we are allowed to

have a good vibration cause it's Friday … then Saturday we can totally relax and forget about anything else … but Sunday we are again stressed that a new week will start soon.
So … Monday morning … staying in my garden … admiring its beauty, hearing the birds … analyzing in fact the vibration of the place … i realize how stupids we are … creating a schedule for allowing ourselves to have beautiful vibes.
Maybe something is missing from my life that i allow this … to happen.
Or maybe … someone is missing.
Someone that could whisper me … about beautiful vibes … from Monday to Sunday … that life is beautiful and all we need to do is to enjoy it.
But until then … i connect to my wild garden, listening to its vibe … living with the hope that i am still young and that … someone … will appear one day …

"Same as in the times of Inquisition … i've been accused that i live in a parallel world. But why?!"

Not being happy in his marriage … David decides to come to me …. and talk a little bit.
But instead of wanting to detail all what was going on with him … he asks me to reveal the secrets of … self therapy.
Usually Nolene is naming that … self coaching … but i prefer the term … therapy.
Sounds more … realistic.
So … i started to talk with him … explaining the fact that for beginning such a process … being very honest with himself is extremely important.
And i tell him …
"Listen to me …. David!
Would be amazing to know the whole story.
That could let me tell you … the first steps you must follow."
David smiles…
"Gabriel! I am in this marriage by such a long time.
It was just ruining me emotionally, but i decided to not divorce … because of the kids.
I remained at home … but i started to live in an inner world.
My wife started to see that … and disliked this idea too … as all the other ideas … i had.

She did not want to have a good relationship, but also refused to accept this type of relationship.
Basically i was at home … but not at home.
And one day she started to accuse me of the fact that i live in a parallel universe … and she can't stand anymore to live near such a person … as myself.
But how can she do that?!
Are we still living in the times of Inquisition?!"
I almost started to laugh.
David was living a nightmare …. not understanding that the nightmare itself … was an illusion.
He felt himself the victim … but the wife was believing the same about herself.
I started to believe that not even therapy could be enough for them.
Maybe it was a mix of therapy with self therapy … that they needed.
But they were running away one of another.
It was funny to see that David became the prisoner of his inner world, somehow being an introvert … but also watching the blindness of his wife … i really started to laugh of the situation.
They maybe needed me to explain the concept of self therapy … but also Nolene to have a third part that could connect them … with a little bit of coaching.
But 100% … it was a total disaster.
Like in … many, many other couples.
David continued to tell me so many other weird things … that i realized i need to continue with Nolene our efforts of defining what therapy and self therapy means.

Also … most important to define better … our blindness … as a man and as a woman.
… as a single woman … and as a married man.
Maybe reading other people's stories … analyzing and defining factors that can be seen in our lives too … it all becomes more obvious for us.
Understanding the outside world … other views about relationship, couples, connections … we see life from totally different perspective …. and that might help me a lot.
Can such a concept as "inquisition" … be pronounced … in our days?!
Or the mind itself created those illusions … that are cutting the connection?!
Too many questions and also too many theories … but maybe there is no absolute truth and the only trick is in fact to … see life from many, many perspectives.
Therapy .. coaching … could help you understand the methods used for analyzing and defining life.
Self therapy is actually … the next step.
By meditation we can see everything … from one million points of view … and in one point practice detachment of the whole scene of life.
Then … the illusion of the self … might disappear… or at least we are one step much closer of understanding … that the Inquisition can't be real … in any modern relationship.
And we can start … laughing.
… and why not … embrace the other side.
But i know … theory is simple.
Very, very simple … and …. the blindness continues being part of our lives.

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

It's all about knowing to switch … frequencies

Truth be told … we do not know to keep a balanced life … and split ourselves … in a way so that we cover every important aspects that have to do with us.
That is the reason why we end up … being good and happy about few of the things that are defining our existence … but … still … we are unhappy about many other important issues.
And when we make the balance … analyzing our lives …. we realize … or have this illusory idea … that we are … unhappy.
But why?!
Well … maybe we know to act as a good spouse, but not a good parent.
Maybe the job is not satisfying us … and we don't have such a good career, but still everybody is defining us as … amazing friends.
The list of covering all the aspects of life is infinite … but the main idea is that we've excelled at some things … but not at everything.
And all the other things that don't look perfect … are creating kind of a silly unhappiness … very difficult to be cured.
So?!
What we do?!
Well … first of all we should meditate.
Read books about personal growth, philosophy, psychology…

and everything is defining life.
A coach … should be … just great.
Might sound weird, but many succeeded in life … with the help of a coach.
It's a trick for creating a shortcut … to have someone that is presenting yourself most of the methods that could make you understand your life.
But the main argument for me … when i talk about self therapy is that the coach will not be always there.
Being or not helped … we should always analyze and define what is going on with us.
At the end … understanding all the aspects … we should just redefine what we don't like.
But how?!
Well … maybe by taking this simple decision of demanding yourself to switch the frequency.
… from being a bad spouse … to a good one.
… replace a boring career with a … beautiful one.
… even if you know that you never had been a good parent … just think of how you could switch to being a good one …. and connect to your kid.
The self therapy … of analyzing, defining and then simple redefine what you don't like is kind of an update for your mental software, that is allowing you in the end to have a perfect case scenario in all the aspects from your life.
So … what i try to define now … as the method of switching frequencies … is actually … an amazing way in how we can we can replace the negative attributes of our personality with positive ones.
Yes … many, many times we are just … one decision away

and understanding that the decision itself is helping a lot on switching of being on the low frequency mode … to a beautiful … but totally different way of … being.
So … i have the guts to affirm that being good or bad in absolutely any scenario that the Universe is inducing in our lives … is just a decision.
The one … of knowing how to switch frequencies.

The Devil was inside … but how the hell could i get it out?!

I looked at her and she was still … beautiful.
Years ago they looked so happy together.
But today … things were totally different.
Things changed so, so much.
He looked sad all the time …. and i could say that she was angry all the time when i accidentally saw her.
So … what really happened?!
Why that amazing love story disappeared?!
Why they got lost?!
One day … i met him, changed few words and asked … "John … i remember you were so, so happy together?! What really happened?!"
Sad, John .. replies … "She has the Devil inside of her and there is nothing i can do and save our marriage."
I smiled.
I smiled … cause i somehow chanced my perceptions about this weird concept of Devil … and even on Angels.
Today i believe that there is no Devil, but a simple decision of connecting to different types of energies.
I don't know how this couple i know succeeded to fuck everything, how he came to the conclusion that she had the Devil in her … how such a romantic love story was

metamorphosed into something so ugly … but …
John believed that there was nothing he could do to get out the Devil from his spouse, but i'm really sorry that i did not had the chance to talk with her … cause most probably she would tell me that he is possessed by the Devil.
And i start to wonder myself if this so called ugly energy that appeared is not a reaction that simple appeared in time, cause they could not pay attention to all the details, so that their story to be a non ending happy love story.
Difficult to define.
I also see the Devil as an illusory concept.
An imaginary entity invented … just that someone to be responsible for the fact that everything was fucked up.
And i wonder myself, why the hell … we don't change our perception and say … "She has an Angel inside of her."
Or … maybe she had an Angel, but also a Devil inside of her … but John started to see more the Devil, than the Angel.
There was nothing to get rid of.
Probably just connect to the right energy.
Or … i should advice John to ignore all his perceptions … and try to remember those times when their story was so, so beautiful.
Make his spouse also remember that.
Cause maybe no one is responsible and even if someone is responsible … everything can be reset anytime.
It's just a … decision …. the one of remembering the good times and reconnect to that energy of the beginning.

Ignore the influences. Just pay attention to the intuition … always remaining connected to the real self

She simple … had enough.
Everyone had given her advices.
Well … today everything was different.
… a rainy day.
I was watching her … somehow admiring her beauty … but also listening to her beautiful philosophical ideas.
We were just friends … but i liked her.
In fact … a lot.
I smile and say … "My dear! Don't worry so much about those influences.
Simple ignore them.
Connect to the inner self … and let everything come by itself."
"I simple … can't.
I am not capable of doing that."
But i was already connected to that self of my dear friend … and i knew she could do it.
I wanted to whisper her … that confidence that i was seeing in her soul.
But …
It was raining.

Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

… a beautiful rain.
I loved watching the rain … and admire my dear lady friend.
We always had an amazing philosophical dance … and we both like it a lot.
The rain was not stopping … but everything was perfect.
Damn it … perfection is so damn abstract … and we can't understand it.
We have it … but we never listen to the intuition, not being connected to the inner soul.

The ring … maybe the symbol of the connection

I was watching them … how they touched their rings … and how they adored each other.
I liked them.
… a lot.
It was like i was looking at a painting that is representing love … but it was all a … real scene of life.
The wedding rings were a symbol of the connection.
I was in a coffee shop, close to the center … writing at my books … many of them about love and relationships.
I started to be a good theoretician, same as my dear friend Paul, but … not a practician.
The couple in front of me … was actually the definition of love.
Embracing each other … touching … seeing how they were connecting one with another, exploring and enjoying the connection induced by love …
Well … too bad cause they probably don't write about their love story.
Could be a much better perspective about this abstract way of living … dominated by such beautiful emotions.
I looked again at them … realizing that i am just a theoretician … but they were actually enjoying the beauty of

being alive.
I was writing about that beauty … but they were living that scenario.
Actually … i was losing my life analyzing and defining this abstract concept … named love, not understanding that i could actually start to live …my life … with absolutely any scenario the Universe has to offer to me.