

Heike Thieme

Moonchild - Three past Nine



English Novel





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Beforehand

The straw on which the young love clings is like the syllable that drowned in the moonlight in the sweltering evening air. Not sure when the hourglass breaks. Threatening the loss of reason. The demolition of an old world whose overthrow is not always smooth. When people look each other in the eye, the dreams in their hearts shatter pictorially.

It is not the joy. Tolerance is the most abused word in the world. Enduring - Enduring - Suffering is the most advance. This is the game of life that most people are subject to. No one knows them - self-love - and - knowledge of inner freedom, the ability to stand out with the birds, to feel pain and tolerance, to see the talent as part of a living community.

That's my simple religion. There are no temples needed; No complicated philosophy is needed. Our own brain, our own heart is our temple. The philosophy is friendliness. In many places there are many different fathers and mothers. Whether to have a child or many to love his child is the same love. Let the doubters stand, resist but let them go, they will never speak twice. You grow from it and wander through it.

A doubters yearbook wrote: I was looking for something, a distraction, a profession, an overwhelming force that would lift me, that would lift me out of the melancholy nausea of my own inner geography. People are contradicting their own lives.

You can not really care what people think about you. Everyone is on their own adventure full of discoveries. It's

not always good to be where people think you are, especially if you think that's right. That's easy to do, because then you do not have to figure out who you are. You just ask someone else. It would not even be noticeable to them if you submit and play the clown, because everything else is bad for them, what makes them feel infallible, and they just stayed lonely, unable to reflect themselves. We no longer see exactly where words are missing because it is embarrassing to think differentiated where one would be ashamed. Trying to be vulnerable and show your feelings shows you are firmly rooted. Then you have nothing to fool. Emotions are your reality, except shame is in your way.

On my way to visual and literary art everything started to try out different cameras during different professional internships. I enjoyed exploring the environment to capture the color spectrum that nature offers. Previously, the SLR camera was by far the best camera. I admire all artists in the photographic field and in other fields of art, who perceive their surroundings with a keen eye. They go out among people and talk in their pictures and let everyone participate in the communication, whether in the mass, whether spontaneous recordings or perhaps to record a very special, melancholy and soulful mood in black and white. This kind of art reveals the human side of our society and the beauty in detail, even the initiative that people show to encourage each other.

I always think about certain topics and how much time I spend planning this, I notice again and again, I started with colored dreams. I wanted to carry these pictures outward, and now and then began to paint these inner pictures. Today you can digitally capture these with simple means and good camera and spread it. That's what I call progress.

To look at special scenes in my eye, I traveled in my younger years at seventeen and eighteen. All journeys

return in dreams. The arrival in a new home also explained to me in pictures. I was never concerned with taking possession of the world as such, for I was always historically prepared for it before a journey. So I had the traditions of people in the foreign interesting and their hospitality. In every little habit of everyday life, smiling faces appear, pictures you never forget.

I often see something and know that I have to capture this image right away, in writing or in painting. I know that when I come into conversation during an encounter with strangers, I let their hearts speak to me, and it is easy for me to develop the sense of how they need my advice, especially among young people. Spontaneity can trigger whole earthquakes of human trust. And the face of a man preserves his dignity. I think it's like the trees that have invited the birds to linger on their flocks, but never urge them to stay or return to them because they accept that these creatures are free, unbound beings. I think that freedom of expression in art is a fundamental right of the creators ... Yes, of course, since every art is individual in the stages of one's life, on the basis of its maturity, and its way of being creative, all artists should be encouraged, no matter what they try to do in their art encourages them to never give up and to remain creative. That should be a fundamental right of all people. I think that creativity in education systems should be a priority, and I would encourage that.

I always told myself how my grandmother took it, everything takes time. She smiled at me and handed me a big black book. One day I should know what is written in it, everything that moves me. And since so many questions of life are still unanswered for a young person, he should constantly try to actively help others to improve their situation. I mean I was always socially involved, often without a salary. Disabled people, old people and those who would like to get back to work, are such a large area, where

there is always a gap somewhere, to gain a certain wisdom from this fulfilling work, simply because one is attracted to people feels and wants to take responsibility.

Let's talk about creativity in society.

Creativity is a way to communicate with the world no matter how, because everyone can do something good. It provides a confirmation and strengthens the feeling of happiness and the chance to let others participate. You experience the present and gain a glimpse into the future. You prepare yourself creatively for what will one day be your own hobbyhorse. One begins to network more and more, to concede occasionally, and after a while the artists come to some sort of wisdom on how easily they can concentrate to promote the mental activities in themselves. From then on, man learns to live in the flow. So art is a kind of fountain of youth that is inexhaustible, a path that often leads people back into the light.

What message I want to convey with my pictures ...

I can shape my inner metaphors or my understanding of life out of dreams into a picture, with words and with painting. In fact, I have a voice that answers to the questions that open to me in silence and confirms when the time is right. I would like to encourage people to convey to them that there is an easy answer to all questions that comes to them when they take a moment to rest and wait for the wisdom. And she comes, that's guaranteed.

People who have grown up multilingual and master the art of the word are very inspiring to me. I love it because its humor gives people courage. I also venerate those people who are silent and rest in their midst because they have a great capacity for empathy, a great deal of friendship, and understand the principle that, in due course, love will grow, if you will allow it. Any form of linguistic or creative art can

trigger certain connotations in the viewer or reader that are inspiring for his progress.

I love to see people with disabilities, with a little bit of attention and attention, be instigated to find a way out for themselves, perhaps to reach their own sense of happiness with a slight hint of my own. A path also goes on musical paths. A line that makes it possible for this to become something else, because music gives hope and comfort. She is the soul of food. A poet writes poetry in order to come to terms with one's own desires. Not to lose access to the other, wishing to be loved by him. A painter paints to banish the passion of the colors that swirl in him on the canvas.

A musician makes music in order to find a way out, to release inner tension and at the same time to dive into another world in a creative way. A ranger walks to avoid losing access to internal paths that point the way for him to leave his childhood. A woman loves to give advice and support to the child of another woman, or to help him at birth. A person exists to keep together the necessary laws that guarantee his survival. My lover says that my body screams for its touch.

What should we still believe in today?

Nowadays it is possible to get better information. The more educated people are, the less religious they are. I believe that religions are a cause of suffering on earth. Without religion, there would be less suffering on earth.

The idea of a divine being is a pure myth.

There are more atheists today, do you know why?

It is very easy to find out today if you want.

And then you can easily see that there is no god.

Heaven can be hell at the same time.

People always there where they feel like the big ones.

Where men only feel the thickness in his pants.
It is hard to overlook where the police wear royal helmets.
It is hard to deny that most people understand their craft.
There's nothing wrong with getting this all going. But what if
the uniformed would become the bosses? If the timepieces
were among the lovers? If those with the biggest mouths
and empty heads became craftsmen?
If the time killers take everything in hand?
If the brutal ones wanted to become all world police?

It's worth thinking about!

Business and prosperity can not satisfy people. And those
who invest all their energy in one phase of their lives will
one day discover that this is not the answer to their lives. -
Dalai Lama

She is a Warrior of Life -

Do not confuse their gentleness with weakness or timeless
grace with vulnerability. She has drawn broken arrows from
her own heart and used her sharp edges to pave the way for
a new dawn as she bleeds through her dreams of life.

The strength of a warrior is measured by the size of his
heart. She is respectfully modest. She will stand with honor.
She will fight with love. Given the adversities and the ones
she loves, she will be a voice and a shield. She will be a
bacon to light the way home for the elders. It will gently
give way to the youth. She is a sister, mother, daughter,
grandmother ... She is a warrior.

I am not open to many people. I'm usually quiet and do not
like attention. That's why I wrote 38 books in fifteen years, a
literature that's inside me, quiet and modest, while raising
my only child on my own. My repertoire refers to two Art
books with parts of my painting and my quotations on the

world and the arts, a series of five books describes my collective Philosophy from ten years, so far I put a copy about my Childhood, a Cooking book, a book about my Ethics and interpretation of the Church, I wrote nine Novels, two volumes of poetry of Japanese HAIKU, Books on Love, one about my professional Experience in Disability promotion, an Autobiography, and already fourteen translations into English. I advise people who do not feel understood and who leave too many tantalizing questions about their lives, to read from time to time, because there is a lot more to a book than just a story, because it says a lot about the Life experience of his writer!

So if I like you enough to show you my real self, you have to be special. The woman has a calm confidence that screams loudly. She is modest but strong. She is stable but rebellious. She gives, but not naively. She chooses her fight wisely. She will remain silent until it is time to fight ... and when that time comes, she fights well.

A healer is not someone you need to heal, but helps you find the key to heal by your own ability. There comes a time when you have to stop crossing oceans for people who would not even step across the puddle for you.

The nicest thing about loving a guarded girl is when she lets you in, not because she needs you. She stopped taking people long ago.

Because she wants you. And that is the purest love of all.

People are accused of possessing such an abstruse psyche that would allow them to remain in a room forever and ever, in a vacuum that always forced them out of a subconscious and existence to live far away from any reality, the men's world wants to pretend. Men want to see it based on the control system in that women are not able to live independently, as if they were in supposedly regressive