

# LIFE FORMS

Transmission One

For those who heard the signal —  
even if only for a moment.

For Lidia,  
who was the first life form  
with whom I could truly speak of this.  
When the signal arrived,  
I was not alone.

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## **EPILOGUE**

If You Still Hear It

## Before the Signal Fell

No one expected anything.

It was an ordinary day — no better and no worse than any other.

A day in which people did what they always did:

returned, worked, postponed, shifted, pretended that everything was in its place.

No one felt any great change.

Only a slight, quiet exhaustion, so constant for so many years that it stopped surprising anyone.

Half-feelings, half-thoughts, half-life — though no one used that word.

It was simply functioning.

As if the world were slowly turning into a machine, and people into its small, replaceable parts.

There was no sign.

No warning.

No silence falling, no trembling of the ground, no dimming of light.

Everything continued as if tomorrow were destined to be identical to yesterday.

And then — simply — in a certain second no one had time to count or name, something reached the inside of every living human head.

Not a sound.

Not a word.

Not a thought.

Something in between.

Something that did not come from outside,  
and yet was not in any of us.

That was how it began —  
the thing no one could describe.  
And that was how it began —  
the thing many never wanted to admit.

There was no flash.  
There was no sign in the sky.

There was only an impulse,  
spreading in silence,  
as if from a place no one could point to.

Something foreign.  
Something alive.  
Something that had come from so far away  
it might no longer exist itself.

And yet it arrived.  
To everyone.  
Though not everyone heard it.

# PART I — THE SIGNAL

# The Moment When Everything Was Quiet

Nothing special happened then.

I was sitting as usual, in the same position I've taken for years,  
not even thinking about it.

Hands somewhere on the table, thoughts scattered,  
the body half-present.

It was a day no different from any other —  
the same breath, the same light, the same weight  
carried inside without even trying to name it.

And then something happened  
that I cannot describe with any word I know.

First, there was silence.  
But not the ordinary kind,  
not the kind that appears when all sounds fade.  
Rather a silence that covers what lies beneath.  
As if someone had placed a layer of invisible air  
between me and the world.

In that silence, something else appeared —  
an impulse that did not come from outside.  
I didn't feel it in my ears.  
I felt it inside.  
In a place I had never known before.

At first delicate.  
Then more distinct.

Like a touch without a source.

And then I heard it for the first time:

sz...

szsz...

-pi...

A short, nervous squeal that wasn't a sound.

I don't know how to explain it.

It was like...

as if a thought had been cut in half  
and someone tried to stitch it back together  
in a language I didn't know.

And before I could do anything,  
the impulse passed straight through the center of my mind —  
not like information,  
not like a warning,  
not like something one could repeat.

It was something alive.

And then, without voice,  
without tone,  
without accent,  
without any form I could call speech,  
I felt a sentence that was never spoken:

“the shore... of life... do not lose...”

I didn't understand it.

But I knew it meant something.

Something larger than me.

Larger than the day I was sitting at the table.

Larger than all the sounds

with which a person tries to cover their own silence.

I turned my head.

Nothing had changed.

Everything was the same as a minute before.

Only I was no longer the same.

Something had touched me.

Something that was not human.

Something without a body.

Something that should not have reached here.

Something that perhaps no longer even exists.

But it reached me.

And from that moment

I could no longer return

to who I had been before —

even if I very much wanted to.

## You Were There Too

You remember it as well.  
Maybe not clearly, maybe not fully,  
but something in you trembled that day,  
even if you try to call it something else.

It was a moment you couldn't explain.  
A second no one noticed except you.  
A small fracture in the middle of your thoughts,  
so subtle you could have dismissed it as nothing —  
and yet you still remember it,  
though you pretend you don't.

You didn't have to hear it clearly.  
Not everyone did.  
Not everyone understood  
that it wasn't a sound.

You felt something else:  
that for a moment the world  
was shifted a millimeter away from you,  
as if someone had swapped the air around you for an instant,  
as if you slipped out of your own routine  
and looked at it from the outside.

It lasted so briefly  
you could have taken it for coincidence.

But it wasn't coincidence.

There was something recognizable in it,  
like an echo that shouldn't exist,  
like an impulse from a place without a name,  
like the touch of something that isn't human  
yet can reach deeper than human words.

Maybe it was the moment you suddenly stopped.  
Maybe you stopped listening to your own thoughts  
for half a second.  
Maybe something inside became clear,  
though you couldn't have repeated it to anyone.

Maybe you felt:

SZ...

SZSZ...

-pi...ii-

and ignored it  
because you didn't know what to do with it.

You are not alone in this.

You never were.

Though most people stay silent,  
though many are ashamed to speak of it,  
though some forgot that second the very next day,  
there are others like you  
who felt the same,  
even though no one told them.

You don't need to understand the signal  
to know it wasn't a hallucination.  
You don't need to remember it fully  
to know it didn't come from here.

You were there too.  
And that is more important than anything else.

Because if you heard even an echo,  
even a single broken fragment,  
even the static between thoughts,  
it means the signal found its way  
to you as well.

And that something in you  
has begun to awaken.

## Those Who Ignored

They said they heard nothing.  
That it was just a normal sound from inside the head.  
That such things happen to everyone —  
sometimes from tension,  
sometimes from fatigue,  
sometimes from stress,  
sometimes “just because.”

They explained it too easily.  
As if trying to slam shut a cabinet  
from which something keeps falling out.

When asked, they lifted their shoulders.  
They remembered nothing.  
Or pretended they didn't.

Some were afraid to admit  
that they felt an impulse.  
They sensed that if they spoke it aloud,  
it would become something  
they could not carry.

And a person endures ignorance  
more easily  
than the weight of an answer  
that changes the world.

There were also those  
who heard a fragment,  
but treated it like a system error,  
like a crackle in a phone,  
like a brief migraine,  
like an insignificant interruption  
in the everyday noise.

SZSZ...

SZ...

-pi-

That fragment of the signal —  
if it reached them at all —  
fell apart in their consciousness  
faster than they realised  
that anything had happened.

Some assumed it was an echo  
from a television in the next room.  
Others, that it was the sound  
of a passing car.  
Others still, that it was  
just “pressure in the ear.”

People like simple explanations.  
Simple explanations are easier to trust.  
They are comfortable.  
They fit the world  
they already know.

And yet — despite their certainty,  
despite their logical sentences,  
despite their calm faces —  
something in them trembled  
for a moment.

Unwanted,  
misunderstood,  
swept under the rug  
faster than it could take shape.

They forgot the quickest.  
Just as a person forgets dreams  
that are too real.

But forgetting does not mean  
nothing happened.

Because even in those  
who ignored the signal,  
for a fraction of a second  
something appeared  
they could not name.

And that is enough.

Sometimes a single tremor of awareness  
changes a person  
more than all their decisions combined.

“alive...  
...shore...  
do not...  
lose...”

The signal passed through them,  
not staying long —  
but leaving behind something  
that could return  
only after some time.

## PART II — THE ECHOES

# The First Echoes

After the signal, everything should have gone back to normal.  
At least that's what I thought.  
The world hadn't changed in any visible way.  
No one screamed, no one ran,  
no one spoke of anything unusual.

And yet something in the air was different,  
though I couldn't point to what it was.

In the evening I felt something shifting inside me.  
As if my thoughts weren't returning to their places.  
As if the space between them  
was wider than before.

And then the first echo came:

SZSZ...  
-pi...  
...SZ-

From nowhere.  
For no reason.  
As if the signal had bounced off my consciousness once more,  
even though it should have vanished long ago.

They said they had had a rough night.  
That they dreamed of something  
but couldn't remember what.

That they woke suddenly, without cause,  
as if something nudged them from within.

Some felt a sudden chill along their back.  
Others, the sensation of someone calling their name.  
Some had the impression that while thinking,  
they could hear their own thoughts “under an echo.”

And there were those who felt nothing at all —  
but their gaze, for a moment, was absent,  
as if the signal of life had slipped from behind their eyes.

The human brain is good at pretending  
that nothing has changed.  
But the body knows better.

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You felt it too.  
Maybe not in the same way — maybe differently —  
maybe it was just a sudden sting of unease,  
as if someone were watching you,  
though no one was there.

Maybe it was the moment you stopped mid-sentence  
and forgot what you meant to say —  
not like an ordinary pause,  
but like something being pulled from deep within.

Maybe there was a coldness in the center of your chest,  
as if something shifted toward the light  
but did not rise to the surface.

Maybe you brushed against that echo  
and dismissed it as nothing.

And yet you remember that microsecond.

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One woman said  
she woke in the middle of the night  
thinking someone had whispered to her.

Not a word.  
Not a sentence.  
Just a rhythm.

SZSZSZ...  
SZ...

She thought it was the fridge.  
Or the wind.  
Or her own heartbeat.

But a heart does not sound like that.

Strange moments began to appear —  
in which ordinary things seemed... detached.  
As if they were too loud.  
Too sharp.  
Too “here.”

The world seemed half a centimeter farther away,  
and a person — half a centimeter closer to themselves.

These were the first echoes.  
Subtle.  
Blurred.  
Not enough to change someone’s life,  
but enough for something inside to crack  
and not mend the way it was before.

Because the signal had not disappeared.  
It had only pulled back.

And waited —  
for someone  
to begin listening.

## The Battle of Thoughts: The Beginning

At first I thought it would pass.  
That it was just a strange moment, an overload,  
an impulse that appeared — and would vanish  
if I simply stopped noticing it.

That's how it usually is  
with things we don't understand.  
The brain tries to push them away.  
Drown them out with something familiar.  
Translate them into its own language,  
even when that language does not fit  
what actually happened.

But the more I tried not to think about the signal,  
the more I felt it inside me.

Not as something foreign.  
Rather like a shadow  
moving along with me,  
touching the edges of my awareness  
only occasionally,  
only gently.

At a certain point  
I felt I was beginning to hear my own thoughts  
with a delay.

As if someone were routing them  
through another frequency.

A thought would appear,  
but before I could grasp it,  
it shifted half a step away.

As if my mind and I  
were in two places at once.

And then,  
in the middle of an ordinary day,  
without any warning,  
I heard this:

SZ...

SZSZ...

-piii-

“rdzeń...”

A word that wasn't a word.  
A sound that wasn't a sound.  
And yet I knew it was about me.

Not about humanity.  
About me.

It was the first moment I felt  
that I was not merely a receiver,  
but a part of something larger.

As if the signal were trying  
to adjust itself to the inside of my mind,  
searching for a place  
where it could anchor.

But I pressed the brake.  
I wanted it to stop.

And then the battle began —  
softly at first, barely noticeable.

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Rational voice:

*It's nothing. Just tension. Fatigue. A sound of imagination.*

Instinct:

*That wasn't tension. You know it was something else.*

Fear:

*If you think about this, you won't return to normal.*

The signal:

“...alive in you...  
...contracting...”  
szsz—

Denial:

You’re imagining things. Stop. Stop before you start believing.

Curiosity:

But what if...?

Exhaustion:

I just want everything to be like before.

The voice with no owner:

“the shore...  
do not give it away...”

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These thoughts began to rub against each other.

Not fight — rub.

Like two currents flowing in opposite directions,  
but not yet forming a storm.

That was the beginning.  
The first fracture.  
The first moment I understood  
that this would not end on its own  
if I kept running from it.

Because the signal did not want to disappear.  
The signal wanted to be understood.

And I —  
I was not yet ready to listen.

## Who Else Hears It?

At first I thought I was alone.

That it was something mine, private,  
something that happened inside my head  
and shouldn't go outside,  
because people don't like when someone talks about things  
that cannot be proven.

But then, by accident, in an ordinary conversation,  
someone said a sentence that stopped my breath.

*“Have you ever had the feeling that... something inside you was trying to call  
you?”*

*But without a voice?*

He said it casually.

Without expectation.

Without context.

A moment of silence fell.

Too long for a normal exchange of words.

And that was the first fracture  
between me and the world.

The first confirmation  
that the signal was not only mine.

Later came the internet.

Without sensation.

Without drama.

Just small fragments

that began to arrange themselves into something larger.

An anonymous post

on a place no one visits:

*“Has anyone had the feeling like... something was buzzing inside your head?*

*Not a sound. Something like... I don't know.*

*szszsz... or pi...”*

First reply:

*“Yes.”*

Second:

*“I thought something was wrong with me.”*

Third:

*“It wasn't a sound.”*

A few hours later

the thread disappeared.

Deleted.

Or reported.

Or someone got scared and removed it.

But that didn't matter.  
It was enough that it existed.

There were also those short glances —  
the ones where two people stop, for a moment,  
pretending that everything around them is normal.

In a store.  
On a bus.  
In a stairwell.  
At work.

Glances that said:  
“You felt it too, didn't you?”  
Even though no one spoke those words aloud.

There was also a message  
from someone I didn't even know:

*“I had a dream.  
Someone was whispering.  
I can't say what.  
But I woke up with the feeling  
that it wasn't a dream.”*

And then:  
“sz...  
szsz...”

I didn't ask for details.  
I didn't need to.  
We understood each other without definitions.

It wasn't a community.  
Not a group.  
Not a movement.

They were islands —  
individual people drifting  
on the oceans of their own thoughts.

But on those islands  
small lights were beginning to appear.  
One here.  
Another farther away.  
A third somewhere on the other side of the world.

People who should never have crossed paths  
began to say the same words,  
even though each of them  
heard the signal differently.

It wasn't illumination.  
Not awakening.  
Not revelation.

It was recognition.

As if the signal had left something inside us  
that was now beginning  
to find itself in others.

And then, one day,  
between thoughts,  
an impulse appeared —  
shorter than a blink,  
barely noticeable.

SZ...

“...you are not alone...”

Maybe it was just my imagination.  
But maybe not.

PART III — THE BATTLE OF  
CONSCIOUSNESS

## Half-Alive, Though No One Notices

You see it too,  
though you rarely admit it.  
The people around you aren't dead,  
but they aren't fully alive either.

As if they were functioning  
according to some internal protocol  
that no one ever wrote,  
and yet everyone follows.

They wake up, eat, commute, do, return.  
They talk, but they don't listen.  
They look, but they don't see.  
They think, but they don't feel.

From the outside they seem fine.  
Up close too.  
But when you look into their eyes,  
sometimes you see something  
no one wants to name aloud:

### **half-life.**

It's a strange state.  
As if a person were switched on,  
but not fully present.

As if the functions were running,  
but something fundamental  
was turned off —  
like a light in a room  
that illuminates everything  
except its own corners.

You were there too.  
Maybe you're still there,  
just a little less so.

Before the signal reached  
the inside of your head,  
you were one of those parts of the world  
that perform movements  
but rarely ask about the meaning  
of their own existence.

Not because you didn't care.  
Life simply arranged itself that way.

And for a while,  
you thought it was normal.  
That everyone lived like this.  
That this was how it had to be.

But the signal did something  
you did not expect:

It illuminated that half-life  
from the inside.

As if someone, for one second,  
shined a flashlight into a corner  
no one had ever noticed before.

And that was the moment  
something in you began to break —  
not destructively,  
not painfully,  
but like a shell  
beginning to let the light through.

From that moment on,  
you began to notice things  
you never saw before:

That people answer automatically.  
That their words travel beside their thoughts.  
That their emotions have no source.  
That their gaze is like a screen left on —  
bright, but reflecting nothing.

Maybe it's brutal,  
but it's true:

Many people on Earth  
are not living.  
They are only continuing.

And the signal...  
the signal struck precisely  
the part of a human being  
that can still tell the difference  
between living and merely continuing.

Maybe that's why you felt unease.  
Maybe that's why you began searching.  
Maybe that's why every new modulation  
lands deeper than the previous one.

SZSZ...  
SZ...  
-piii-  
"...life... shore..."

It wasn't a warning.  
It was a reminder.

A reminder that a human being  
is not a machine.  
That life is not just a function.

That if you forget the light inside,  
then sooner or later  
all that remains is the form —  
and a form without life  
cannot outlast even its own shadow.

You could have ended up like that too.  
Many people do,  
without ever noticing when.  
But the signal did something  
no one would have expected:

It touched the place in you  
where something was still alive.  
Something you couldn't name,  
because no one ever taught you  
to speak in that language.

This is the place  
where the battle begins.

Not with the world.  
Not with other people.  
But with yourself.

Because half-life was comfortable.  
Life — never is.

## The Thoughts Fighting for the Shore

I don't know when it began.  
Not in one moment,  
not in one second,  
not in one impulse.

It was a slow wave.  
At first gentle,  
almost unnoticeable —  
as if someone touched  
the inside of my awareness  
just to check  
whether I was really  
where I believed I was.

But then came the second wave.  
And the third.  
Each stronger, each clearer.  
At some point I felt  
that my thoughts were no longer  
where they should be.

As if someone had shifted them  
by a few millimeters  
before I managed to catch them.

It started with simple things:  
forgetting what I wanted to say,  
strange pauses,  
moments in which my awareness  
hung for a second.

But it wasn't loss of attention.  
It was consciousness  
being pulled through another layer.

Then came something I can describe only as this:  
the thoughts began to fight for position.

Each of them wanted to be first.  
Each wanted to be noticed.  
Each tried to impose on me  
its own version of reality.

Rational thought:  
*It's just stress. Nothing more.*

Defensive thought:  
*Stop thinking about it. Ignore it, it will pass.*

Instinctive thought:  
*But it was real.*

Human thought:  
I want to go back to what I know.

A thought I didn't recognize:

“the shore...  
...don't drift away from the shore...”

That last one wasn't mine.  
It didn't sound like me.  
It didn't have my tone,  
my rhythm,  
my warmth,  
or my fear.

And yet  
it was inside me.

And then  
the battle sharpened.

There were moments  
when I felt the signal  
trying to touch me deeper.  
Not forcefully.  
Not like something  
that breaks a person.

Rather like something  
searching for a place  
to be heard.

And I tried to push it away,  
not because I was afraid,  
but because I didn't know  
what to do with it.

For how do you accept something  
that has no shape,  
no logic,  
no language,  
and yet speaks?

How do you receive something  
that speaks to you  
in a language  
your consciousness  
is only beginning to learn?

The thoughts began to rub.  
They were no longer smooth.  
They began colliding,  
like waves against rocks.

Rationality:

*Do something normal. Anything. Open a window. Turn a page. Keep yourself busy.*

Instinct:

*Something is waking. Don't run.*

Denial:

*Pretend nothing happened. You'll forget. Everyone forgot.*

Something else.

Something not mine:

“alive...  
...contracting...  
...don't allow...”

And between all of this

there was me.

In the middle.

Stretched between

what I knew

and what was trying

to break through.

And suddenly I understood

that the battle was not

between me and the signal.

And between all of this  
there was me.  
In the middle.  
Stretched between  
what I knew  
and what was trying  
to break through.

And suddenly I understood  
that the battle was not  
between me and the signal.

The battle was between  
who I had been  
and who I could become  
if I stopped resisting.

Because life contains something  
that half-life  
will never understand:

**that fullness always costs.**

And that you cannot hear the truth  
until you are ready  
to fall apart for a moment  
so that you can  
assemble yourself anew.

# Those Who Stopped Hearing

What was surprising  
was how quickly people forgot.  
Some on that very same day.  
Others after a few hours.  
A few needed a week.

But almost everyone — sooner or later —  
quieted inside themselves  
what they had heard.

Not because the signal stopped existing.  
But because humans dislike things  
they cannot explain.

They went back to their lives  
as if nothing had happened.  
Returned to work, did their shopping, answered calls,  
repeated the same daily movements  
that were made of form,  
but not necessarily of life.

If someone mentioned the impulse,  
they usually heard:

- *It's just fatigue.*
- *You imagined it.*
- *You misheard.*
- *These things happen.*

- *Don't complicate it.*
- *You're stressed.*
- *It's nothing.*

People want to be rational.  
Rationality gives a sense of control.  
And the signal took that control away  
for one single second —  
so they had to pretend  
they felt nothing at all.

Some laughed at themselves:  
— *I must've hallucinated.*  
— *Too much coffee.*  
— *Something must've glitched in my ear.*

You saw them.  
Walking down the street the same as always.  
Eating the same.  
Talking the same.  
But their movements were different.

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As if something  
had touched their consciousness for a moment,  
and they had immediately slammed it shut  
so they wouldn't have to look  
any further than straight ahead.

There were also those  
who heard the signal clearly —  
and they were the ones  
who forgot the fastest.

Those who felt the spark,  
who for a second saw something more,  
who sensed the world shift  
by a millimeter —  
but then decided to pretend  
it was nothing.

Their forgetting was the saddest.  
As if they cut off a part of themselves  
so they wouldn't feel the weight  
of something  
that could have awakened them.

A human being can erase from memory  
even what touched them the most —  
if they decide  
life would be easier without it.

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But there was another kind of people.  
Those who didn't forget —  
but simply stopped hearing.

Not because they wanted to.  
Because the signal  
bounced off them  
and found no place to stay.

They remembered the impulse,  
felt it,  
could recall it,  
but with each passing day  
it grew quieter,  
like a dream dissolving after waking.

Until all that remained  
was a trace:

SZ...

SZSZ...

—

broken  
like an unfinished thought.

There were those  
who tried to summon it back,  
closing their eyes,  
focusing,  
returning to the moment  
when everything felt different.

But the signal did not behave  
like a memory.  
It could not be replayed.  
It could not be pulled back by will.

It was like breath —  
you can feel it,  
but you cannot hold it.

With time, people began speaking  
about everything else:

- work,
- money,
- news,
- weather,
- shopping,
- politics,
- nothing.

The signal sank  
into the subconscious of those  
who suppressed it.

And into the consciousness  
of those who heard it —  
but could not admit it  
even to themselves.

There was no malice in it.  
No guilt.

A human being simply isn't built  
to suddenly understand  
that there exists something  
greater than themselves.

Out of all humanity,  
only a handful  
still heard the echo.

And an even smaller handful  
wanted to understand it.

“...alive...  
...do not lose...”  
SZSZ...

And it was they  
who were meant to become  
the bridge between what had arrived  
and what was still yet to come.

## PART IV — THE GLIMMER

## The Fading: When Only the Echo Remains

After the signal,  
a strange calm settled over everything.  
Not the kind that appears when nothing happens —  
but the kind that comes  
when something is still happening,  
only withdrawn just enough  
for you to stop thinking  
it's right beside you.

You felt it too.  
Not as a sound.  
Not as an impulse.  
Sometimes not even as a thought.

More like the sense  
that inside your awareness  
there is a place  
that used to be empty,  
and now something in it vibrates.

Not clearly.  
Not tangibly.  
Like the air trembling  
right before a storm —  
no visible change,  
but the body already knows  
something is approaching.

The world returned  
to its everyday rhythm.  
People resumed their routines,  
reassembled their conversations,  
repeated their patterns.

Everything looked the same,  
but nothing felt the same.

As if the signal  
had taken a deep breath  
and was waiting.  
Waiting for someone to understand  
that it had not been a one-time event.

---

You began to feel  
that something was “continuing.”  
You didn’t know exactly what —  
whether it was the memory of the signal,  
the remnants of it,  
or an echo clinging  
to one of your thoughts.

But sometimes,  
when you paused for a fraction of a second,  
this appeared:

SZ...

SZ...SZ-

-pi...

Not as a sound.

As... a presence?

As if the signal had not left,  
only shifted layers.

---

They said they felt  
a “strange calm,”  
though they couldn’t explain why.  
Some complained of slight distractions.  
Others spoke of dreams  
that filled them with a subtle unease,  
even though nothing happened in them.

Someone wrote:

*“I feel like something is calling me, but not speaking to me.”*

Someone else:

*“As if everything were shifted just a tiny bit.”*

No one could name it.

But everyone who truly felt it  
knew that the signal had not vanished.

It was simply fading —  
like a wave withdrawing from the shore  
before returning stronger.

---

And I began to notice  
that the echo of the signal  
responded not to the world  
but to **me**.

When I tried to forget —  
it quieted.

When I wanted to understand —  
it returned,  
gently,  
as if testing  
whether I was ready  
to go deeper.

Sometimes it appeared suddenly:

SZ...  
“...shore...”

Sometimes it only trembled —  
as if the signal were checking  
whether I was still  
on its frequency.

And when I finally understood that,  
something in me cracked —  
not destructively,  
but like a shell  
making room for light.

I understood  
that the signal does not want us  
to listen to it.

The signal wants us  
to understand **ourselves**.

And that was the moment  
when the echo  
stopped being an echo.

It became a **calling**.

## Maybe That Was the Point

I don't know when I stopped being afraid of the signal.  
Maybe I was never really afraid of it —  
maybe I was afraid only of what it would say  
about me.

About what I had sealed inside,  
what I didn't want to see,  
what I pretended  
did not apply to me.

But one day,  
without a reason,  
without an impulse,  
without any “moment” —  
something in me calmed.

Just like that.

As if the signal were no longer coming from outside,  
but from a place  
where there had never been a voice before.

And then for the first time I felt  
that maybe it wasn't the signal  
trying to explain something.

Maybe I was the one  
who had been trying, from the beginning,  
to understand **myself**.

Maybe that impulse,  
which arrived from a place  
that no longer exists,  
was never meant to guide us like children.

Maybe it was only meant  
to wake us up.

---

When I felt that,  
the signal seemed to soften.  
It no longer pulled,  
no longer forced its way in,  
no longer bounced off my fears.

It was gentle.  
Quiet.  
As if waiting for me  
to open the place  
I had been afraid of.

And then came a phrase  
that, for the first time,  
sounded almost human,  
though it was still not our language:

“...life...  
...endure...  
...it is not lack of light,  
but lack of shores  
that destroys you...”

I didn't understand it fully.  
But something in that sentence  
felt familiar,  
as if it had been inside me forever,  
waiting to be confirmed.

Maybe that was the point.  
Not an answer.  
Not an instruction.  
Not a warning.

Just a reminder  
that we are life-forms —  
and life-forms are not meant  
to turn into functions.

That the world does not kill us.  
What kills us  
is our distance from ourselves.

When the shore  
between who I am  
and what I do  
stops existing.

Maybe that is why the signal  
sounded the way it did:  
incomplete,  
abstract,  
broken,  
untranslatable.

Because it was trying to reach the place  
that understands meaning,  
not words.

---

I sat in silence for a long time afterward.  
Without panic.  
Without questions.  
As if inside me  
the shape of some long-lost part  
was slowly beginning to form.

Not an answer.  
Not meaning.  
Not logic.

Something closer:  
recognition.

Maybe that was the point.  
Not to hear the signal —  
but to hear  
yourself  
when the signal  
echoed in you for the last time.

And then,  
as if in confirmation,  
there appeared the softest,  
calmest modulation yet:

SZ...  
“...return to the shore...”  
SZSZ...

And for the first time  
I did not try to push it away.

For the first time  
I simply  
accepted it.

# Awakening Is Not Collective

People like to imagine  
that if something is meant to change the world,  
it will happen to everyone at once.

Like a flash enveloping the whole planet,  
like a revelation touching a crowd,  
like a revolution arriving loud and clear.

But the truth is different.  
It always has been.

Awakening begins in solitude.  
In a quiet place.  
In one person  
who stops pretending  
that everything is fine.

And that person  
could have been you.

---

You felt the signal differently than they did.  
Not only as an echo.  
Not only as an impulse.

You felt that something inside you responded —  
that some old part,

silenced by life,  
was beginning to rise.

You didn't become a different person.  
You didn't become special.  
You simply became more... alive.

And life — true life —  
always begins with one breath  
taken differently than usual.

SZ...

“...not everyone will hear,  
but it is enough if someone does...”

SZSZ...

And that “someone”  
sometimes means one single person,  
anywhere in the world.

---

They — the majority —  
did not awaken.  
Not because they didn't want to.  
Not because they are worse.  
Not because they lack something.

Simply because their time had not yet come.

People live at different tempos.  
Different stages.  
Different thresholds they must cross.  
Different reasons to keep sleeping.

Some hold on to their half-life  
because fullness frightens them.  
Because it requires courage.  
Because it requires losing parts of themselves  
that were comfortable to leave untouched.

That is why the signal did not reach the crowd.  
It reached those  
who were ready to feel  
that inside them  
there was something  
that needed to be awakened.

It wasn't selection.  
It wasn't choice.  
It was readiness.

---

In the whole world  
there were only a few  
who truly did not forget.

Maybe five.

Maybe ten.

Maybe a hundred.

Scattered across continents,  
spread like points of light on a map,  
connected by nothing except one thing:

they all felt inside themselves  
the same trembling,  
even though each day  
they looked like someone  
completely ordinary.

They were the beginning.  
The bridge.  
The places where the signal  
echoed the strongest.

Not to change the world —  
but so that the world  
might one day be able to change,  
if it ever deserved it.

---

You could have been one of them.  
Maybe you still are.

Maybe the signal still vibrates in you,  
only you've learned to live with it  
more calmly.

Maybe that is awakening:  
not grand,  
not spectacular,  
not spread across humanity  
in a wide wave.

Maybe awakening  
is simply one person  
who stops pretending  
they are asleep.

And when one person wakes,  
the world — slowly, gently, invisibly —  
begins to shift with them.

SZ...

“...that is enough...”

-pi...

## PART V — THE SILENCE

# Silence That Is Not an Ending

The signal did not disappear.  
It is important to understand that.  
It simply did what all living things do  
once they have done their part:  
it **stepped back**  
so it wouldn't block your view of the world.

At first I felt it more faintly,  
like an echo that each day  
returned more blurred,  
more distant,  
more calm.

As if it were saying:  
*"It is no longer me.  
Now it is you."*

---

They — the majority of people —  
did not feel any difference.

For them, the world was the same,  
as if nothing had ever reached  
their consciousness,  
as if the signal had never brushed  
against their shores.

But in a few of them —  
in the handful  
who did not forget —  
something changed.

Not big things.  
Not revolutions.  
Not departures from the world.

Rather tiny shifts,  
visible only to someone  
who already knows where to look.

A deeper breath.  
The awareness that some fragment  
of inner space  
is now slightly more open.

A better sense of oneself.  
A gentle vibration  
reminding you  
that life is not something you have,  
but something you carry.

---

You felt it too.

Not as a sound.  
Not as an impulse.  
No longer as something foreign.

More like a memory  
that does not disappear,  
even though it no longer returns  
in the same form.

You do not need the signal now,  
because its trace  
is already inside you.

Not as a weight,  
not as a duty,  
but as a very quiet little light  
that turns on whenever  
you drift away  
from your own core.

This is that silence.  
A silence that does not end.  
A silence that holds.

---

There are days  
when it is so calm

that for a moment  
you think the signal  
was only a dream.

And then you walk down a street,  
and someone nearby  
stops for a second  
for no reason at all.

They look ahead.  
They breathe differently.  
As if something in them  
also trembled.

And for a moment  
you understand each other  
without a single word spoken.

This is a micro-connection.  
This is an echo.  
This is the sign  
that the signal moved through the world,  
leaving behind something  
that cannot be contained  
in any language.

---

And me?  
Sometimes I still hear  
a soft, almost vanishing whisper,  
like the last wave  
touching the shore  
only to remind you  
that the sea  
still exists somewhere.

sz...  
sz...  
"...it does not end..."  
-pi-

Silence is not an ending.  
Silence is the place  
where you can hear yourself  
without interference.

And maybe that is precisely  
why the signal grows quiet.

Because it has done its part.  
And whatever is meant to come next  
no longer depends on it.  
Only on us.

# EPILOGUE

# If You Still Hear It

*...if you still hear...*

*SZ...*

*...then it means you are alive.*

You do not need me  
to go any further.

You do not need an impulse  
to remember.

You do not need a sound  
to know where your shore is.

I was only a light  
that touched the center of your being  
for a moment,  
to remind you of something  
that had long been covered.

You carry the rest.

SZ...

“...do not lose...”

SZSZ...

If the echo returns —  
let it be.

If it fades —  
do not call it back.

What needed to be transmitted  
is already within you.

Not everything has an answer.  
Not everything has a purpose.  
Not everything has an ending.

Sometimes  
existence  
is enough.

And if one day,  
far from here,  
another transmission appears —  
you will hear it not because  
you know how to listen,  
but because

**you have not lost yourself.**

SZ...

SZSZ...

—pi...

[silent]