

Life is full mysteries: reality speaks essay sample



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BUSTER**

Life is only borrowed. It's just a wink of an eye if one thinks of eternity. It's fast, its short but it's worth than jewels or money because it can't be bought, it can't be changed nor can it be returned, ever. Let us ponder everyday as if it's the last day of our lives.

The myriad of things are made to happen. Impossible events are brought into reality. Unexpected phenomenon takes place at any given time. Faulty notions are made to be right. Simple scenarios are made to be complicated. Easy problems find complex remedies. Misunderstanding locks people in dispute. A rational and radical man argues with a simple-minded fellow. Conversations may lead to deception. A minor conflict can end up to war. Simple promises are compromised. Simple words lead to misconception.

Yet, some of us are very apathetic towards what's happening around. No matter what it takes, no matter how impossible it looks, no matter how narrow the road is, as long as they want it, they'll do it.

The world has become very complex and tormenting. How can we dwell in this stead freely? How can we enjoy the life with such teasing, messy minds of mankind? How can we enjoy the things that we labored for? How can we deal with things with so many onlookers minding our work? How can we fulfil our promises if we always have them compromised? If we will do well, people criticize us. If we do bad, people will despise us. What are we going to do then?

Is this really what we want? To live in a hostile world? A world where, duplicity and hypocrisy lie? A world where adversities are ample? This world is definitely not ours. We're just tenant here. It is supposed to be a world of

peace but it turns out to be a world of lies and evils. Why? Because we are making it so. We are all accountable for all corruption, exploitation, terrorism, discrimination, and other misfortunes.

Everything starts within us and must end within us too. Yes, it may sound blaming to people. But ask ourselves, who should we point our fingers to? To whom should we speak? To whom should we lean our trust if nobody can be trusted? To whom should we share our pains and gains if nobody wants to listen?

If we are not for a brighter tomorrow, then let's think about the future of our offspring. Would we want them to follow our footsteps? Would we want them suffer what we suffered? Would we want them feel what we feel today?

Life is full mysteries. Mysteries that will mislead us if we are not wise. Mysteries that will put us in a room of obscurity if our eyes are not opened. Mysteries that will tempt us if we lack faith. Mysteries that will probably baffle us up if we are not strong.