

The Mountain of Life and the Stone of Happiness

Have you ever thought about your life? Have you stopped to ask yourself how you got there? Are you happy? I never had... until I went through difficult moments and found myself in an unexpected place: a mountain that held both good and bad memories.

When you begin to climb, everything seems easy. You are well-rested, excited for the adventure, your eyes fixed on that famous stone at the top. At first, you notice small stones along the path, but you do not pay them attention because they seem too insignificant.

Soon, you cross paths with other people, and it becomes harder to move forward. These people come and go. Some light and joyful, while others drag exhaustion and disappointment. Their faces reflect expectations the stone did not fulfill. The path becomes more complicated.

Then the rain comes. At first, it refreshes you, but soon it turns into a steady downpour that seeps into your bones. The ground becomes slippery, you stumble, you fall, and your tears mix with the mud. But you realize that only you can lift yourself up, and you do, trembling, yet determined to keep going.

Fatigue begins to weigh on you. Your body asks for rest, but your mind wants to reach the top as fast as possible. For a moment you stop enjoying the journey, until the cold and exhaustion force you to pause.

As you rest, you begin to see the mountain differently. You realize it is not only about reaching the stone, but about embracing the journey. You no longer look back; your gaze is fixed on the radiant sun ahead.

You look at your goal and continue. Larger stones stand in your way, but you have learned to acknowledge them without letting them stop you. The excitement returns and you are more aware of each step.

Finally, the top of the mountain is nearby. You do not run. You breathe. You feel the calm, the landscape, the peace that surrounds achievement. You reach the stone, and an immense happiness floods you, you achieved your goal, you learned, and you discovered a new sense of self-worth.

The stone of happiness and the mountain of life are no longer just goals or paths; they are reminders that every step, every fall, and every pause is part of who we are.