A Strange Experience

A wish has been fulfilled for Deena: to spend a holiday with her father, Mark. She does not see him very often. Mark and Sheila were divorced when Deena was six. Every other weekend she spends with Mark, but since the divorce she has sincerely wished to spend a holiday alone with Mark.

Finally it happened. They are sitting on the veranda looking at the white dunes and having a talk. Deena loves to talk with Mark--she thinks he is the only adult person she can believe in. So they speak openly about many things.

"What are you going to do today, Deena?"

"Why did you have a divorce? You have never told me. And you have promised many times."

"Maybe I thought you should be a little older."

"This is a bad excuse, Mark. You can very well understand these matters even if you are only eleven. Why do people divorce?"

"Was it bad for you?"

"Very bad. That is why I wanted a holiday with you. And the whole week is over. So why?"

"I do not know the words to tell you. Love was not so strong anymore--it was broken down--I do not know. What about you?"

"I love you both equally--in different ways. I think children are better to care and to love than adults."

"I think you are right!"

"Mark, this is the last night here--can Irene sleep here?"

"Who is Irene?"

"I met her yesterday on the beach. We really talk well together. We have the same destiny."

Mark laughed. "The same destiny! You use strange words."

"Her parents were divorced too. And when I say destiny, I mean it."

"Does it mean that much?"

"Sure--you are the one you are because of your destiny. Everything that happens to people gives destiny. Just as if Time is writing words into people's minds."

"Destiny and mind. What are they really?"

This was the way Deena loved to talk with Mark. "I think that destiny and mind is one and the same thing. People's minds are their destinies--and destiny forms our minds. That is the way it is. We cannot control our own destiny."

"That means, that if Mum and I had not divorced---?"

"That's it! I would have been somebody else. You really should have thought about that."

They said nothing for a while. Mark was pondering about Deena's words, and Deena wondered why people left each other.

Suddenly Mark said, "Okay, Irene can sleep here tonight." He laughed. "If you can be quiet without talking the whole night!"

"We can't and you very well know."

He laughed again. "I didn't mean it!"

Mark was doing his bed when Irene arrived. He looked out of the window, realizing how Deena received Irene: the two girls hugged each other sincerely. He felt ashamed: he could not be so sincere anymore. Shortly after, he heard them talking in Deena's room. They really had something in common, and suddenly he realized why. So evil things

might lead to good things anyway. There he stood, loving Deena--he felt like rushing up to her to hug her. But that time was not anymore--or he did not do it when she was small. Now they were living in two different worlds.

"I'm sorry that you are leaving," Irene said.

"So am I," said Deena.

"Can't you stay for another couple of days?"

"Mark is going to work. So we have to talk and feel nice the whole night." Deena got up to get colas, sausages, and some bread. "Since grown up people drink a lot of beer and fool around, we can drink a lot of coke and talk until the house falls down. I talk in my sleep, too!"

They laughed, laid down on the bed, and hugged each other again. "I'll join you in town!"

"Good, because we have the same destiny you and I. What? Will you really join us?"

"No, but I should like to. What is destiny?"

"That's what Mark asked me today. I am me, because Mark and Sheila could not live together and were divorced. And you are you, because your parents divorced."

"I see. I was happy when they left each other--they quarrelled all the time. I was awake at night and heard them scream. Do you really believe in destiny?"

"No, not like that. But anyway---"

"You have something in mind. Tell me!"

"I don't know."

"Come on! I feel it is exciting!"

"Okay, then listen! It all happened a month ago. Judy invited some from the class to her home. Night Of Destiny, she called it. None of us had the slightest idea what it was all about. But my God!!"

"So what happened," asked Irene?

"The four of us sat down around a round table. In the middle there was a glass with water. We were told to concentrate deeply and to concentrate on the glass only. So we did--and then--it began to move!! I screamed--it moved towards me! 'You will realize something now,' Judy said, 'if you dare to ask.' I didn't know what to say, and the glass was rocking just in front of me. It was really alarming! Then I asked!"

"How could you know what to say?"

"I don't know. I simply said: 'Who are you?' And then came the voice."

"My God---I---"

"And this voice said: 'I am your grandmother.' What's your name," I asked? Magda, the voice said--and that was right!! We all trembled.

"Where are you now?"

"In a very remote place," grandma said. "It is cold and damp--you will come here, too."

"Why," I said.

"That is your destiny," she said.

"Why," I asked again?

"You can't change it," she said.

"I was completely confused and asked: "Tell me, what did I do wrong?" But there was no answer.

"Do you know what I did? I took my clothes and rushed out of the house. I ran all the way home and sat down on the floor, sobbing. I wanted to die--as quickly as possible--nothing mattered anymore."

"That WAS exciting," Irene said. "I have heard about these things before--but--no, I would not do it!"

"Nor will I. Judy phoned several times to invite me--but no! No way!!!"

They sat for a while, thinking. Then Irene said, "Do you believe in Destiny?"

"Not anymore. But there has to be something behind everything--but it is nonsense that this SOMETHING will pursue us and give us a bad destiny. No, Destiny is not something evil."

"So what is it???"

"It has something to do with the thoughts we have. Sometimes we do wrong things, but we have to realize this. We have to bring these things in order."

"I think that is right. Evil things do not come from outside--they come from inside."

"They can come from outside as well. But they go into our minds and stay there for a while--we have to make something good out of them."

It was almost morning. Mark was asleep, and the two girls lay on the bed, gazing at the walls and would not sleep, for then the night would be over too soon. They both knew that they would not meet again.

"That's a sort of destiny," Irene said.

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