

The Riddle of Life

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Abstract

“The Riddle of Life” is a manifestation of my psychological suffering after I have been separated by internal force till, I find home with myself. I used classical wisdom and aligned them with the characters. Over time I sink deeper into myself to signpost my road to a stable life. My bequeathed is to know yourself.

Keywords:

INTRODUCTION

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ACT I SCENE 1. [RATIONAL LAND. OPEN PALACE IN THE WONDER-PROVINCE]

Storm and thunder Enter Eris and Athena

Eris. What a wintry time that suits a winter

tale of my somber existence. Somber is my lot, dear Athena. I am a troubled spirit. My spirit overburdens the heart.

Athena. Pretends fullness!

Eris. I realize the highest human potential. I

am the highest achiever. I never pretend fullness, not in the past, nor in the present.

Athena. Discord spirit. Why do you exist?

Eris. I have dreams. Dreams full of sorrows, a blight of melancholy hovered over me, hunt me in a sleep and bring tears to my eyes (GROAN)

Athena. You need an exorcism to get the evil out to roam freely under your control to keep the relic of you. We all harbor a stranger within us that grab in life's shadow.

Eris. Say nothing. Leave me to my fate or let fate intervene. I am no more. [DISPARAGING]

Athena. Contra Nature!

Eris. I hate it when you speak riddles. I wish I could devour you as our father Zeus did to our mother.

Athena. Get out from your myth which you lived. Do pardon the pun.

We create gods in our image.

Eris. Speak sense or say nothing as my red eyes are gazing at you.

EXEUNT

Scene 2. [Forest of the Rising Sun. Rational Land]

Enter Eris, Athena, and Faustus.

Their Path Crossed in an Archaic Palace Hidden Between the Dark Trees of the Forest of The Rising Sun

Eris. I Remembered When I Personalized

Nature's shadows. All at once Nature poured her vials of wrath on me as she was shouting and shouting till, I drowned in her heavy rain. That was a day when I dared hope. That very day, I lost the relic of me. A dreary and lifeless soul I become, due to the chaotic organized Nature. But Hesiod said in his THEOGONY that everything comes from chaos. Then Gaia gives birth to Ouranos. Tell me sense Athena as the contemplative life is not mystyle of living.

Athena. Blame your hopes: Hopes should be cloudless, avoiding the extremes on the one hand and the grandiosity on the other. Kill your inner Faustus. That is your Achilles. Get red from your poetic myth. Your being is limited.

Faustus. I am the harbor within you, my Eris.

Your being is unlimited, and void is impossible, that is Melissus saying. I am the one who was divinely bestowed the Pandora Jar by your great father. I gave you hope when you were hopeless, I gave you dream to accomplish. I made you ambitious. I made you fully exist. In spite of that you are disgraceful, godless Eris.

Athena. My piteous sister, self –contradiction and there is only one being. You are a mortal human of "Faust Complex". Go no further and leave Pandora Jar. Hope is a cunning man that has a false existence. See through your senses. Your senses tell that you lived in the Anthropomorphic Conception. You live in the poetic myth, where the projection of human Nature doth exist.

Exit Athena and Faustus

Eris. I am a mortal human. I am a mortal human who was unaware of its little existence. Alas! I thought that I was devoted to reality. I longed for the happiest life but time despite fortune, reveals that life is false and incomplete happiness. We all have our share of sorrows, but life is an illusion. Time! Time teaches me sense and how to live. I blame no more. I will follow the way of truth. But what is the truth? What is knowledge? What is belief?

EXEUNT

Scene III [yard of the archaic palace.] Enter Athena and Eris

Eris. (A NOISE COMES FROM THE ARCHAIC PALACE). Who is there? Can you hear me? O! Athena, I am burning.

Help me! Do anything to aid your ambitious little sister.

Athena. Your spirit burns you. I am not the blamer. I tried to direct you toward my Nourish land. But you are obstinate. I am the highest wisdom as I have never let my spirit burn in vain. I will aid you by letting you realize how shortsighted you are, how grandiose you are, your envious tendency is Schadenfreude. You are Nature and contra Nature, embodying the lowest spirit and challenging it. How discord you are! Let your ego and bring your soma to realize your true nature in which your lower and higher parts of your Nature are indivisible. Who are you? Answer that then you will exist in the real world, where you will realize the purpose of life. But there is no ultimate reality. That is the paradox of Parmenides, but do not be an extreme rationalist, fighting with your irrational core. So, do visit the "seven sages" land. Enter Harmonia

Harmonia. False existence! (ECHO IN THE FOREST)

Athena. Ah! My Harmonia is here. What a lovely visit! Eris. Harmonia! She is far away from unity.

Harmonia. (Says in a stable voice) "Stability resides in change, and unity resides in opposition" Heraclitus.

Eris. Another riddle! Speak sense or leave us.

I do not pardon the pun.

Harmonia. You love bow, dear Eris. And bow

is life and death that is me. I am far in the past, exactly in the present, and far away in the future. Who am I?

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Athena. (KEEPS SILENCE AS SHE OVERWHELMED BY ERIS)

Eris. Harmonia, you are my dark dreams. O,
I am seeing what I am afraid of.

Harmonia. That is your Cosmo. And the Cosmo displays your thoughts. You are a little version of its dark side.
Ya, Heraclitus believed everything comes from fire, but he pardons the pun.

Half existence resides in definite as the infinite is the mutual opposition which will never cease. But you Eris will cease.

Eris. Do I exist? Do I hear? Do I see? Who am I? Where am I?

Harmonia. Learn that life is all about perspective. Learn to embrace your second Nature. Distinguish between believing and truths, and the man cannot know everything, but he can believe in anything.

The riddle of life is to "know thyself". You are Athena and Eris. You are the goddess of harmony.

Eris. Who am I? Where do I exist? In the real world or in a fantasy one?

EXEUNT

THE END

(finis) "The Riddle of Life" is a manifestation of my psychological suffering after I have been separated by internal force till I find home with myself. Over time I sink deeper into myself to signpost my road to a stable life. My bequeathed is to know yourself.

I wish you a fulfilling life.

Dina AL- Sarairah.



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