

The Religion of Being Happy

by Henrik Schiller



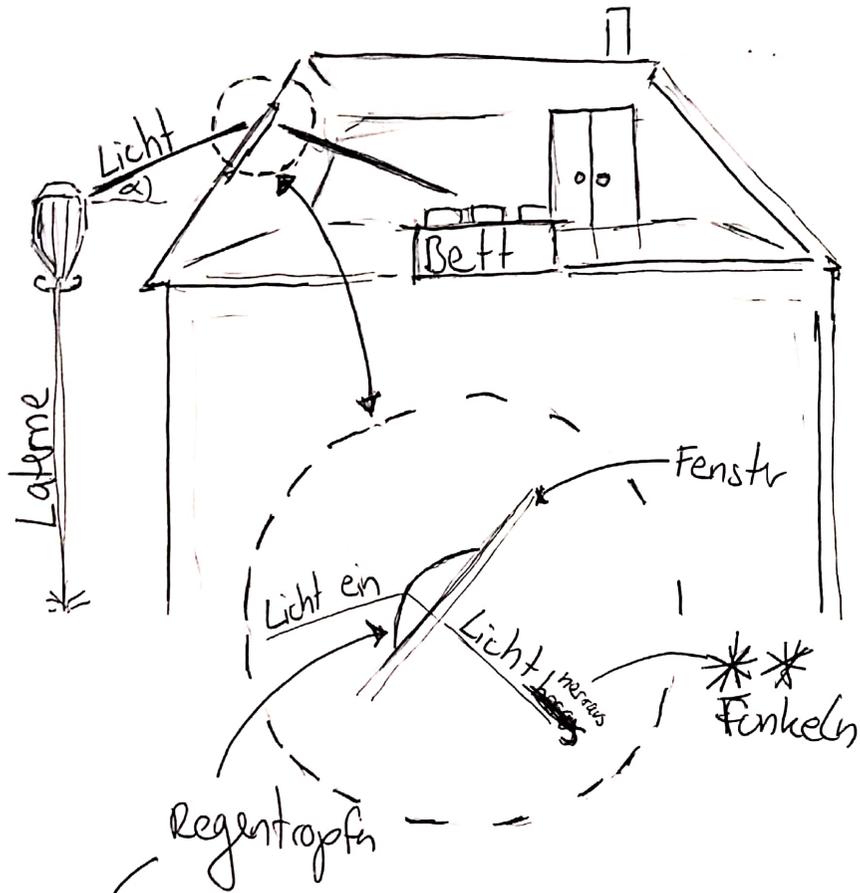
Foreword

I dedicate this book to two people. One is Wesam Alnabki, because I so deeply hope he will find the courage to read it to his children. The other is Mathilde Haase, whom I have not seen for half a year now, and not a single day has passed without me thinking of her. I miss watching her dream and seeing her mind write stories without her even noticing. And I hope this person never loses her inner child or her sense of justice. Guided by that sense of justice, and by these memories, I am writing this book.

Chapter 1 - A Good Friend

When the light from the streetlamps reflects in the raindrops on my window at night, you could almost think they are stars, glowing orange and gold. Even if they are not real stars, the night sky feels very close to me then. So close that I reach for it, yet still too far away to truly understand anything about its existence. Ever since I was a little boy, I have dreamed of understanding everything, especially our night sky.

But as soon as I look away from the stars, my eyes usually land on the mess in my room. Between my ukulele, drumsticks, and clothes, it is mostly the huge amount of crumpled paper that hides the carpet underneath. Because I was afraid people might think I was writing lonely love letters, I drew one of those unfolded sheets next to my pillow here. I had tried to calculate the exact angle at which the streetlight would need to hit the raindrops to make them sparkle beautifully, without me being able to see the lamp itself. My love for physics brought me to this tiny attic room where I currently live, at least at night. To improve my English, I decided to continue my physics studies in Ireland for a while. And that is how I met the man I am writing this book about. His name is Wesam.



Will minimale
Wasseroberfläche

⇒ Problem von König Dido
lösen

$$(x - c_2)^2 + (y - c_1)^2 = r^2$$

Regentropfen
scheibe

Regentropfen ist Kreisbogen auf
Stückchen

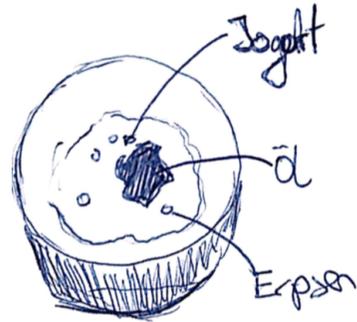
↪ funktioniert wie Linse - $15^\circ < \alpha < 45^\circ$ ↪ Licht in alle
Richtungen

As you can hear from his name, Wesam is not German. He has a darker complexion, a beard, and comes from an Arab country. Even though he is only in his mid-twenties and already near the end of his PhD in computer science, he speaks per-



fect English in addition to Spanish and Arabic, so we could always understand each other. When I describe his character to others, I usually call him a very unusual, yet incredibly polite and loving young man. Unlike many men his age, he avoids spending evenings in Irish pubs with friends, partly because it is hard for him to find European friends. Instead of enjoying youthful nightlife, he would rather work on his dissertation or read from a green book that belongs to his religion. He often tells me how he and his family live according to that book. But what impresses me most about him is that he is about to become a father for the second time and is already married, even though he is still so young.

Many things Wesam does are different from what we are used to here. Once, he cooked a traditional meal from his homeland for me. The ingredients were yogurt, olive oil, chickpeas, hummus, and curry. It was the strangest meal anyone had ever cooked for me. So



strange that, at the time, I would have served it to my little sister just to annoy her. As a return favor, I planned to cook him a sausage pie the next day. I tried to draw the master chef and his meal here, and no matter how decent the drawing looks, I can promise you it did not taste half as decent.

On one of our trips together, his phone alarm went off shortly before three o'clock. We were standing by a highway that runs through Ireland. Wesam switched off the alarm and told me he had forgotten to pray, and that he had to do it right there, right then. He checked whether the spot where he knelt was clean, and then began. To me, and probably to the passing drivers as well, it looked as if he were worshipping the speeding cars or begging for a ride to Belfast.



One time, I saw him brush his teeth with a stick. What seemed absurdly funny to me was completely normal to him, and he told me it had to do with a man from his green book, the reason he lives the way he does.



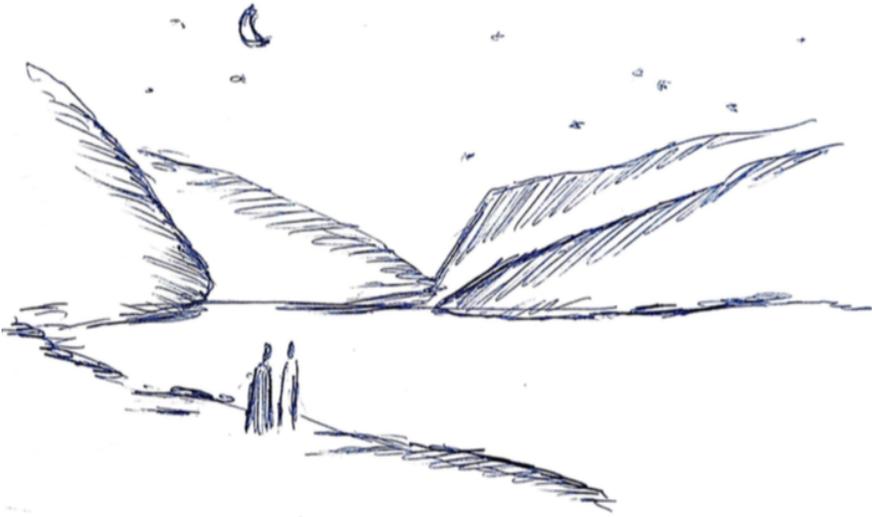
Chapter

2 - Worth the Journey

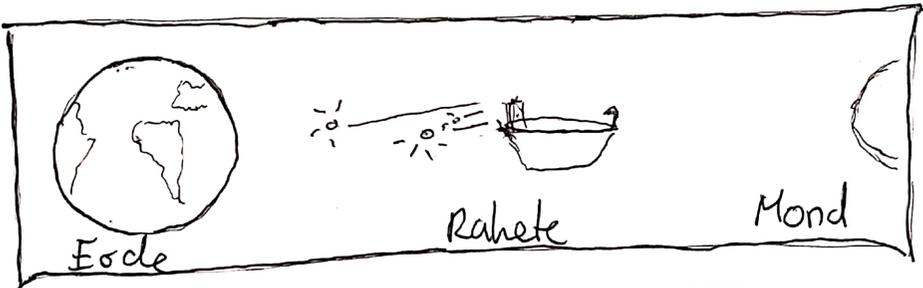
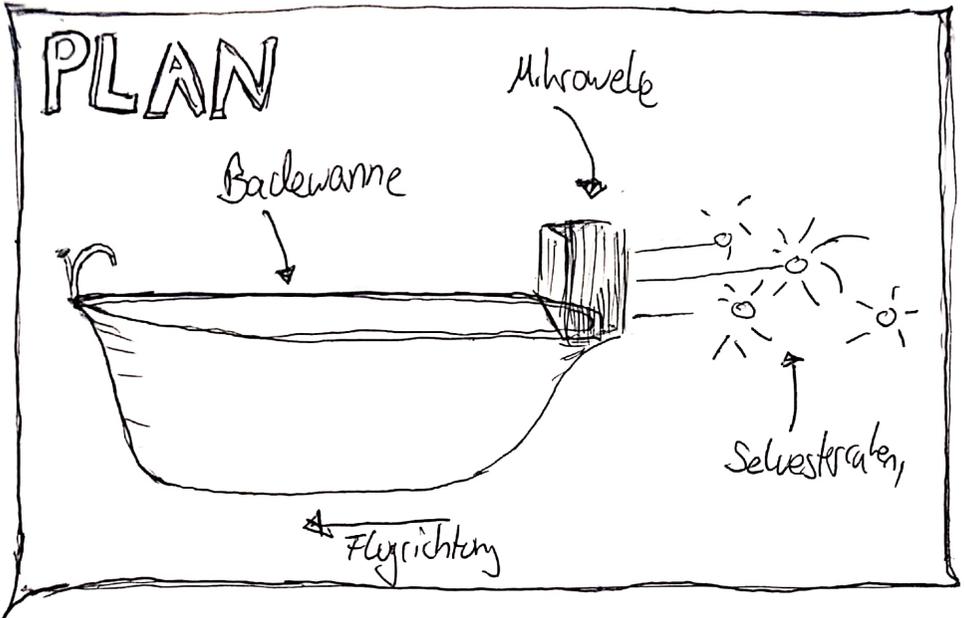
I found Wesam fascinating. Because he was so unusual and different from everyone else, I always had the feeling that I could learn a lot from him. Not necessarily from his wisdom or his cooking skills, but much more about this kind of person I had hardly known before. Even though I did not like his food, he became a good friend of mine.

What I valued most in our friendship were the deep conversations and trips we took together. I will do my best to recount our conversations as faithfully as possible.

On our travels, Wesam sometimes said that Ireland looked as if you were on the moon, because the mist turned the mountains so white and the cliffs were rocky like craters. Looking down from the cliffs onto the blue sea, you could almost think it was Earth as seen from the moon.



We had always dreamed of really traveling to the moon one day. And day by day, our wish to look down on the Earth we live on from far above grew stronger. Since I would describe myself as a truly talented physicist, after several attempts I managed to build a rocket out of a bathtub, a pile of New Year's fireworks, and a microwave, meant to send Wesam and me to the moon. After a few genuinely sad failed attempts, I realized that the much-too-heavy ceramic bathtub was not suitable for space travel, so I built a more complicated construction from scrap metal I had found at the junkyard. I replaced the heavy tub with a light carbon bathtub. After many technical improvements, I was finally able to tell Wesam that our dream was going to come true. I was overjoyed to announce: "Prepare for launch." - the Bado 8 is launching on course for the moon.



Austrittsenergie von Erde

$$\int_{r_{\text{Erde}}}^{r_{\text{Mond}}} -G \frac{M_{\text{Erde}} \cdot M_{\text{Mond}}}{r^2} dr =$$

$$G \cdot M_{\text{Erde}} \cdot M_{\text{Mond}} \left[\frac{1}{r_{\text{Erde}}} - \frac{1}{r_{\text{Mond}}} \right]$$

≈ 12 Milliarden Joule

In Deutschland: 6,7 Schwarzpiller pro Rakete

Schwarzpiller: $2,7 \cdot 10^6 \frac{\text{J}}{\text{kg}}$

$$2,7 \cdot 10^6 \frac{\text{J}}{\text{kg}} \cdot n_{\text{Rakete}} \cdot 0,006 \text{ kg} = 12 \cdot 10^9 \text{ J}$$

mind. 800.000 Raketen

We had done it. We were the first people ever to succeed in traveling to the moon in a bathtub. Nothing is impossible; you only have to start doing things. And the effort was worth it. There she stood, still and quiet, our Earth, behind a black background scattered with real stars.

Earth is unbelievably beautiful. From below, you see birds flying over the sea and otters playing hide-and-seek among the rocks. You could almost think it was all one great game, staged by a director. From above, you could imagine that this director guides the clouds and the sea.

So there we sat on the moon: two astronauts, a physicist and an Arab man, marveling as we watched Earth. We agreed that the world is infinitely beautiful.



Chapter 3 - God, an Artist Who Paints

Everything

As a physicist, I always try to question things. "Why is that?" is something I asked my mother so often as a child that she could not bear to hear it anymore. And I will advise every child to keep asking their parents that question.

Why is the world so infinitely beautiful and perfect?

Who taught birds to fly? And who told the otter it should hide?

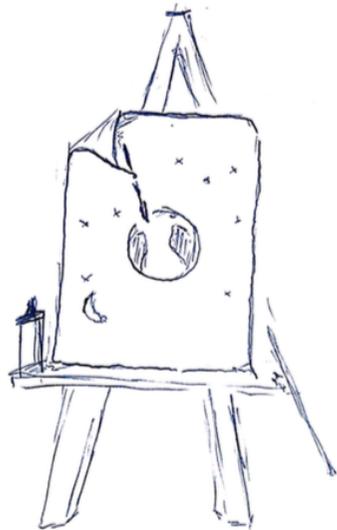
And because my mother is not here at the moment, I ask my friends these questions instead. In Ireland, Wesam was often the only person who did not answer my questions with at least "No idea." When I asked him, "Wesam, do you know why we are here, and why our Earth and the universe exist?" he replied:

"Have you ever seen a song compose itself? Or a poem write itself? Or even a painting paint itself? Probably not. Or do you, as a physicist, believe in ghosts? How could this work of art we are looking at now, this 'Earth,' simply create itself out of nothing? To me, it is completely logical and clear.

Every work of art has its artist. I believe in that artist; we call him God."



I had to admit that I had never seen a painting that had not been painted by someone. But for me as a physicist, his answer was of course not that satisfying. So I asked him more about this artist he called God. What is he supposed to look like? Does he wear a brown shirt with elephants on it, is he a giant, or maybe even a cat?



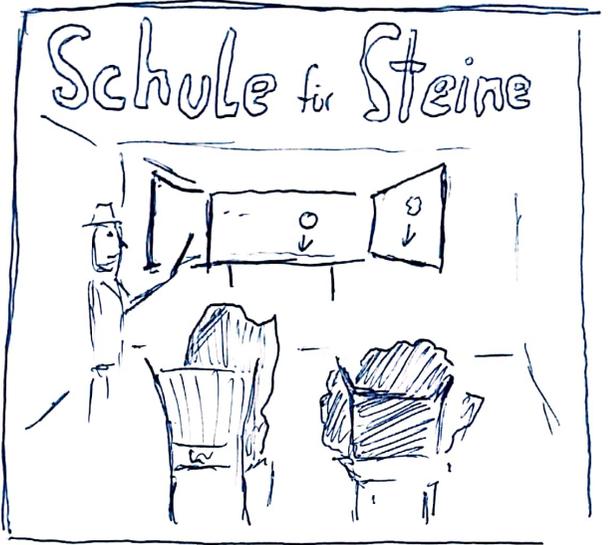
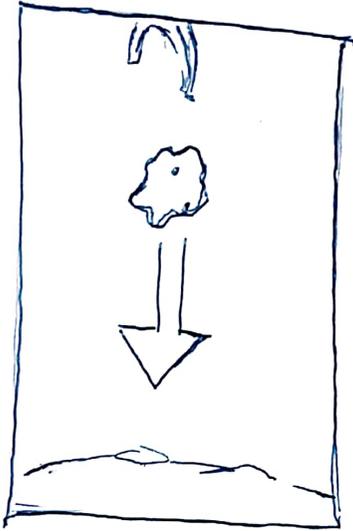
"I cannot tell you what he looks like. I also do not know whether he uses a paintbrush, a conductor's baton, a magic wand, or a fountain pen. But what I do know is that he must be unbelievably powerful. Powerful enough to have created all physical laws."

I secretly thought about how important this artist was to Wesam, so important that he even brushed his teeth with a stick because of

him. I smirked, and he noticed, so he wanted to defend himself. He picked up a stone from the ground and threw it to me.

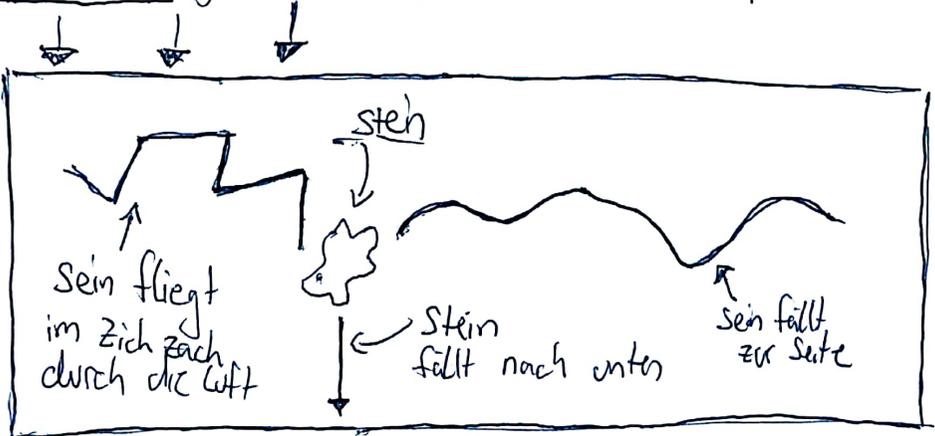
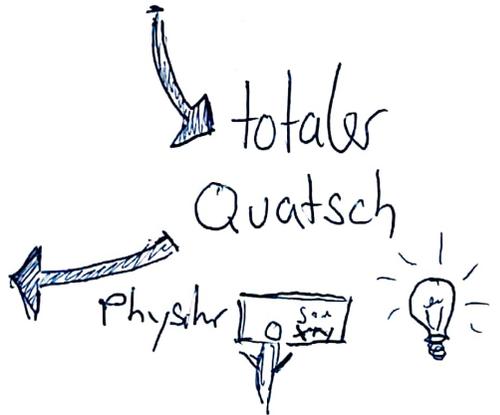
”Look! If you drop the stone, it falls downward. Who exactly tells the stone it should fall down, and not up? Just imagine your stone did not know it had to fall downward and flew upward instead, straight into your face. I would love to see that! Do you think there is a school for stones where a teacher tells them to fall downward? I believe this artist made those physical laws.”

This time I knew how to answer him properly, because such a school definitely does not exist. A few days earlier, I had heard about the path-integral formalism of quantum electrodynamics. Mathematicians and physicists always have very complicated terms for their ideas. You have to know that they are very exact people, the kind who fill page after page with numbers. But in truth, this idea with the complicated name is exactly about Wesam’s invented stone school. It says the school is not needed. The stones can fall in all directions at the same time: upward, downward, sideways, even simply remain standing still. It is just that all the other paths cancel one another out, so only the downward path can be seen.



$$Z = \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} D\phi \exp\left(\frac{i}{\hbar} S(\phi)\right)$$

Pfadintegral



As a physicist, you sometimes need a great deal of imagination and have to dream of stones, balls, and sticks falling in every direction.

Even though I had a contradiction to Wesam's stone-school claim that was imaginative but still extremely logical for a physicist, I knew of none that could truly disprove his imagined artist. After all, physicists would have to manage to paint a picture from formulas and physical laws that paints itself.

I have been searching for exactly that picture for years, which is one more reason there are so many crumpled sheets of paper in my room.

Chapter 4 - A Moon Creature

When we stopped arguing, it grew quiet on the moon. We watched Earth sink lower and lower. Just as I wanted to tell Wesam how lonely I felt up here, we heard a soft guitar melody and whistling from behind us. I had barely managed to turn around when the melody grew louder and a voice shouted, "Make way! Move aside, I'm coming!" Suddenly, some creature leaped over us from behind and ran ahead, away from us.



"Did you see that? I thought we were alone up here!" Wesam asked me. But I was just as stunned as he was. When I came to my senses again, still in shock, the melody grew louder once more, and suddenly the creature was standing right in front of us.



It was a girl. A beautiful girl. She was holding a mini guitar. She had brown, wavy hair, and what stood out most was a tiny red heart in the middle of her forehead and a moon behind her ear.

”Sorry, you two, for running right over you, but I still had to wish Australia a good night before it starts sleeping.

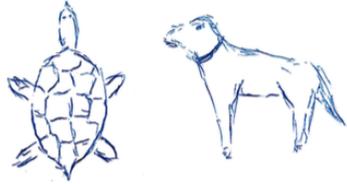
Who are you two anyway, and what are you doing here? The last time I saw a human on the moon was almost fifty years ago. He was only here for a moment and planted a ridiculous flag. I grabbed that flag right away and now I use it as a towel. Do you want to put one up too?”



Now I was truly beyond surprised. I quickly explained that I was the brilliant physicist who had built a rocket and made this journey possible, and I introduced her to my friend Wesam. I told her we had not brought a flag, and that the reason for our journey was a little more complicated. I found this young lady extremely interesting, ad-

mittedly not only from a scientific point of view. I wanted to know everything about her as quickly as possible. To avoid rushing in too abruptly, I politely asked her name:

”I do not have a name. Here on the moon, I only have two friends. A dog, whom I named Sandro, and a turtle called Flo. But no one ever gave me a name. The only things Sandro says to me are ’Woof’ or ’Grrr,’ and Flo has never dared to talk to me at all; maybe she’s shy. I do not want to be called ’Woof’ or ’Grrr,’ so I simply do not have a name.”



Chapter 5 - Believe Whatever You Want

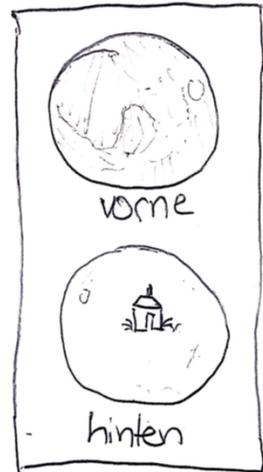
Because the girl kept asking me why we were here, I told her we had been wondering why the world is so infinitely beautiful, and why it exists at all. To be honest, I had not expected the girl to answer such a complex question, but I asked her anyway because I had nothing to lose. "So, young lady, why do you believe you are here? And what do you believe is the purpose of your existence?"

"You ask why I am here? That is obvious. My task is extremely important, so important and meaningful that no one could do without it. Every day, I have a lot to do. England wakes up at seven in the morning. Spain and Africa at eight, Argentina at twelve, Chile at one, and only at five does Australia wake up. In the evening, England goes back to sleep at eight. And I have to wake each of them up one by one every day, and of course tell them good night too. I also make sure they wake up on time in the morning. That is my job, otherwise they would sleep forever."

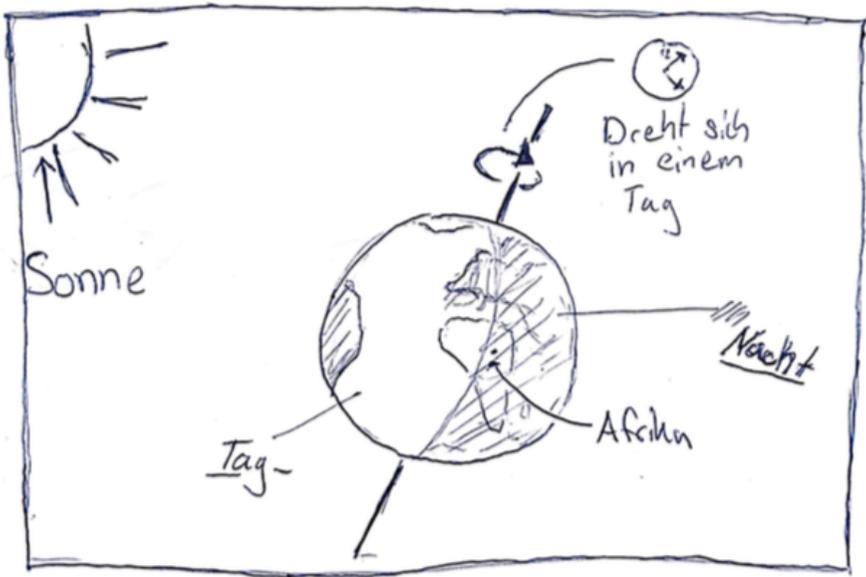
Silently, I thought the little one was making fun of me. My expectations had been confirmed, and for a brief moment I regretted asking her at all. As a proper physicist, I know Earth rotates by itself, which is why there is day and night, and why countries wake up and fall asleep at different times. There is no need for someone to wake them and tell them good night.

I also wondered why researchers with telescopes had never seen this young lady, her two pets, or her towel. I decided not to ask any more complicated questions and simply asked where she lived.

"I live on the far side of the moon. There is one side you cannot see from Earth, the side that always turns its back to Earth; it is much nicer there, and you have the whole starry sky to yourself. But that is not very exciting. I found your other questions more interesting," the young girl replied.



So I could not avoid correcting her mistaken belief that she woke the countries. On my notepad, I explained exactly how Earth turns by itself and that she did not have to wake them up. I felt a little bad about destroying her belief.



"I do not know why you are explaining this to me," the girl answered. "I have known that for a long time. Once I overslept and forgot to wake France, and by the time I woke up, France was already awake."

"But you said you knew you had to wake them or else they would not wake up," I replied, puzzled. She answered:

"No, I did not! Do you not remember what you asked? You asked me what I believe about why I am here, not what I know. That is a big difference. I am allowed to believe whatever I want, am I not?"

To be honest, for me belief means a little less knowing, as I told her. And for my friend Wesam, knowing means a little more believing.

That was probably one reason Wesam and I so often had different opinions.

At that, the Moon Girl folded her hands as if she were hiding something inside them.

"Here, what do you think I am holding in my hands?"

I had seen that she had put nothing in them before she folded them together. So I said, "Nothing. You have nothing in your hands."



"You are such a boring person. You have the freedom to imagine the most beautiful thing that could be in my hand, and you choose nothing? Just emptiness? I believe and dream there is a butterfly in my hand, tickling me, carrying colors on its wings that no one on Earth has ever seen. That is what I believe. You do not believe! You only believe that you know, and that is not the same thing."

"From Earth, you always think the moon is the most beautiful thing there is, but no, it is actually quite gray and



barren up here, and Earth is the most beautiful thing. That is why I sometimes have to close my eyes and believe that all around me is the most beautiful paradise in the universe, with so many colors, voices, smells, and feelings.

As if the young girl could read my mind, she noticed I was still a bit skeptical about her theory, even though I had not admitted it.

"I want to explain it to you one more time. I have binoculars, and sometimes I look at Earth. And because I have lived on the moon for quite a while, I have seen how, generation after generation, humans emerged from apes. I have seen how they started to walk, built tools, and became so intelligent.

But what I believe is that the apes started making music and then learned to sing. They could express their feelings, and from that singing our language was born.



See, I believe something completely different from what I know, because it makes me happy. Those two are as different as day and night.”

Chapter 6 - The Religions of Our World

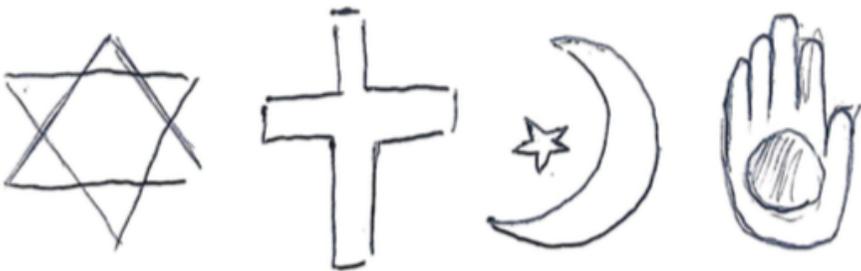
Wesam then decisively joined our conversation more actively.

"You are right, believing is great. I know a lot about belief! I am practically an expert," he said modestly.

He pointed his finger toward Arabia.

"That is where I come from. People there all believe in the same thing. They are Muslims. That is what their religion is called."

Then he pointed at the continents and explained to the interested girl what religions people in different countries have. He also told her there are people who have none. Even some who believe in nothing.



"Do you have a religion too?" Wesam asked the girl.

"No, unfortunately not..."

...but believing is great, and I would like one. I want a religion

too. What do you need for a religion?" the girl asked excitedly.

The expert pulled out all his knowledge:

"Well, first you need something people believe in together. A religion needs members.

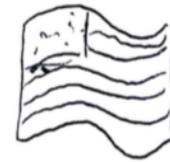
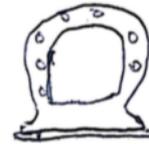
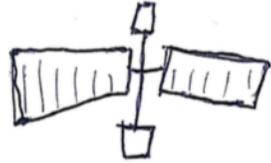
Then it needs a house where people meet and decorate it.

And of course traditions that people practice together.

Then a religion needs a rulebook that its members live by.

And of course it needs a name."

"Inventing a religion is really not that hard, Mister Wesam," the girl answered, and began gathering random pieces of space junk humans had sent to the moon at some point. "What are you doing with that?" Wesam asked. "I am decorating my house with it. I had never thought about decorating my house before, and since there is not much here on the moon, I am decorating it with this junk now. Many people would say it is not very splendid, but I think it is beautiful. And yes, I can also use that flag the man forgot here as decoration... even if that means I will not have a towel anymore."



"And I already have members for my religion too." Expectantly, the young girl looked at her turtle Flo and her dog Sandro, who barked. "When Sandro barks, that means, 'Yes, I am in!' And when Flo says nothing, that usually means yes too. So they are in, I guess. They could not do otherwise anyway, even if they wanted to, because they are my family."

"I already have an idea for our traditions too," the girl said excitedly. "One tradition



is that everyone in my religion should have a small red heart on their forehead, just like me.

And that every afternoon at twelve o'clock, we sing songs together on the ukulele. That is the name of the little guitar I always carry."



"We simply believe whatever we want at the moment...

, Today I believe in the holy cuckoo, blessed by his friend the Easter Bunny, who came to show us how beautiful the world is.

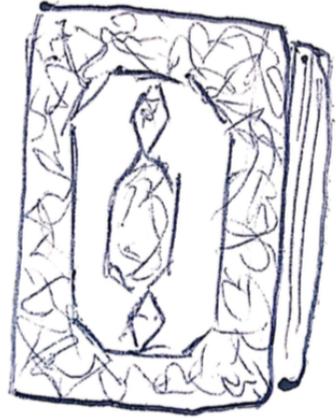
I simply believe in whatever makes me happy right now."

I did not think her idea was that bad, since it did not destroy my scientific worldview. But she still had not answered two things. What about the rulebook? I first asked her about the last requirement Wesam had named. Curious, I asked her, "What is your religion called, young lady?"

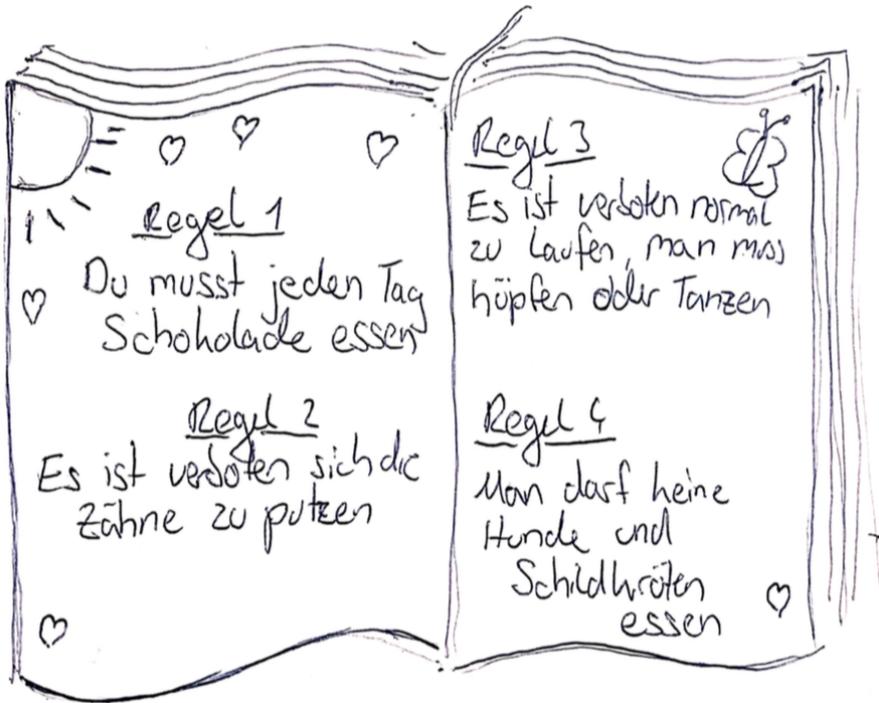
"I call my religion: *The Religion of Being Happy.*"

Chapter 7 - The Rulebook

Wesam showed the girl the green book he always carried. "In this book are all the rules I live by. For example, I am not allowed to eat pork, and I am supposed to brush my teeth with a stick. Your religion needs a book like that too. My book has 114 such instructive sections."



"114, Mister Wesam?" the girl asked with wide eyes. "My book should have many, many more rules. A thousand! I will start now. Afterward I will make myself a big book with lots of glitter on it, and in the middle it will say: 'Rulebook of The Religion of Being Happy.'"



She wrote down many more things. For example, that Sandro and Flo should massage her in the evening. All kinds of rules she thought were great.

To my surprise, the girl who had just been so happy suddenly fell silent. She looked as if she were sinking into a deep daydream. But not into a good one. "Is something wrong?" Wesam asked the girl. "I do not want the rules after all, Mister Wesam! I do not want them!" She took a pen and crossed out every rule, even though she had only just written them down so proudly.

”What if I eat so much chocolate that I get a stomachache, or what if one day I feel like brushing my teeth? I would miss singing the tooth-brushing song. Or... imagine there is a time of hunger that Flo or Sandro would not survive, and I can only survive it if I break rule number two.

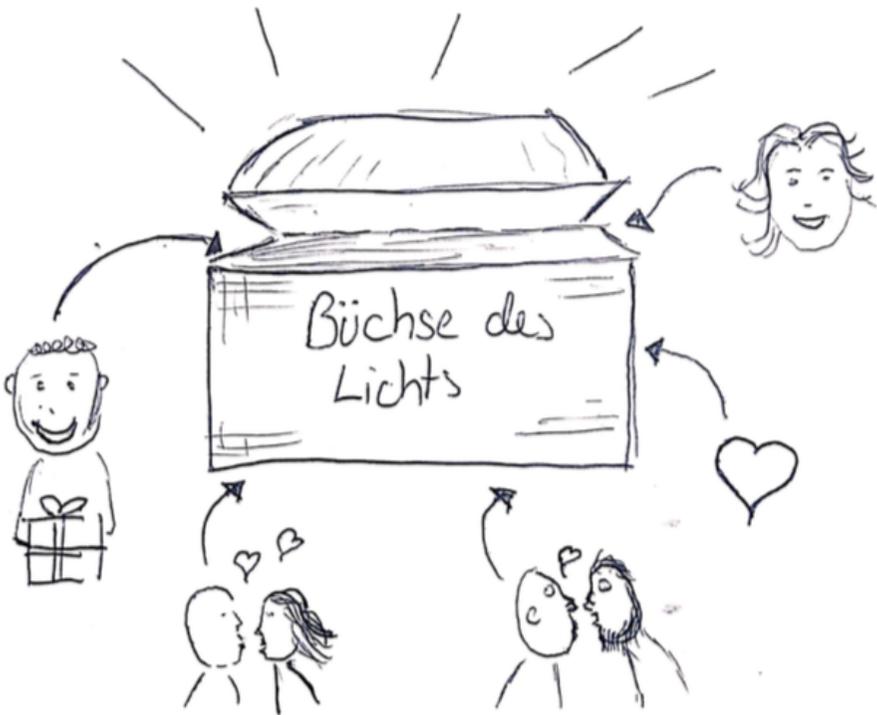
I do not want the rulebook, Mister Wesam! I would need infinitely many pages to think of and write down every single possibility. That would take me years.”

The girl started dreaming again. I enjoyed watching her do it. Somehow I could feel her thoughts moving through her head, from right to left and from top to bottom.

”I have an idea, Mister Wesam,” she shouted happily, her eyes wide. ”I got it! My rulebook has only one single rule. I just formed it in my head. The Religion of Being Happy needs no more than this one sentence.”

She took the pen and wrote in her large glittering book, in even larger letters.

-All members should try to make the positive feelings of all living beings, dogs, cats, and humans, as great as possible now, but above all in the future.



”You can picture it as if you had a big box where all positive feelings go. If the fish feels good at this moment, that feeling goes into the box, and if I fall in love, that goes into the box too and never comes out again. I call this box full of good feelings the Box of Light.”

”So all members should try to make the Box of Light as full as possible.

I only need this one rule! All other rules are unnecessary and follow from it anyway. You simply have to act accordingly. Sometimes that is not easy and requires a lot of experience, but you can learn it.

The rule that you should not steal follows from it, because stealing makes the owner sad. Then you have not made everyone as happy as possible, and no good feelings have gone into the Box of Light. The same goes for not killing. If someone is dead, there is no one left who can feel good at all.”

Chapter 8 - Spreading the Religion

"Mister Wesam, now that I have created a religion, what do I do with it?"

"Well, I can tell you what people do: first, the most important thing is that they live their faith, and then they try to convince others of it so they become part of their religion. And once you have convinced someone, that person is baptized."

"I want to do that, Mister Wesam. I want more and more people on Earth to try to fill this box. Flo, Sandro, and I have already been doing that for a long time, even though the two of them probably did not know it yet. And now that they do, I can baptize them."



The girl took a red wax crayon and drew a little red heart on the foreheads of her turtle and her dog. As she did, she said:

"I hereby baptize you as honorable members of The Religion of Being Happy. In the name of my grandma, my grandpa, and my towel."

Would you like to join my religion too?

As a physicist, joining a religion was a difficult decision for me. My physicist friends would laugh at me and claim I had miscalculated. They always say that, because they calculate everything they do. But I had understood that The Religion of Being Happy did not question any of my scientific theories. It was there to make life more beautiful and more creative, and then you also get better ideas. So I decided to be baptized by her as well.

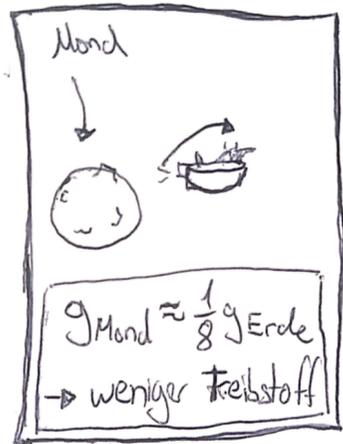
And that is how I, too, got the little sweet heart on my forehead. I blushed a little when the pretty nameless girl drew it on me. As for Wesam... his rulebook says you are not allowed to adopt a second religion. But secretly, I knew he was not at all opposed to hers. He did not let himself be baptized. The girl and I both hoped he would change his mind later.

We knew it was time to find even more members, and for that there was no way around a return trip to Earth. But first I had to get my bathtub rocket running again. I was not sure whether the fuel would be enough for three people, a dog, and a turtle, because we had originally planned to bring home only two people. According to my calculations, if the weight doubles, the amount of fuel needed should roughly double too. And who could have guessed we would meet such a being up here? We decided to try anyway, especially because the Moon Girl was so enthusiastic about my construction. I had always been sure girls could be enthusiastic about physics, and I explained to

her how the device worked.



”So: the captain has to light the New Year’s Eve rockets at the back of the bathtub. After that, you have to pull a shower curtain over the whole bathtub so the air does not escape,” I explained on my notepad. ”Taking off from the moon is a little easier than from Earth because the gravitational pull is not as strong here. And when we fly toward Earth, we need a large



parachute that the captain must open at an altitude of ten kilometers above sea level.”

”May I be the captain?” the girl asked excitedly. I knew that was not a good idea, but saying no was never one of my strengths. Be-

sides, I liked the girl and I trusted her. Why exactly, I did not know myself. Even though I was terribly afraid during takeoff, everything went well, and we watched the fireworks spraying from the back of the bathtub in amazement. When we looked ahead, we saw Earth still resting there in all its beauty.

During our journey, we had plenty of time to talk, and I used it to get to know the girl better.

Chapter 9 - A Good Feeling

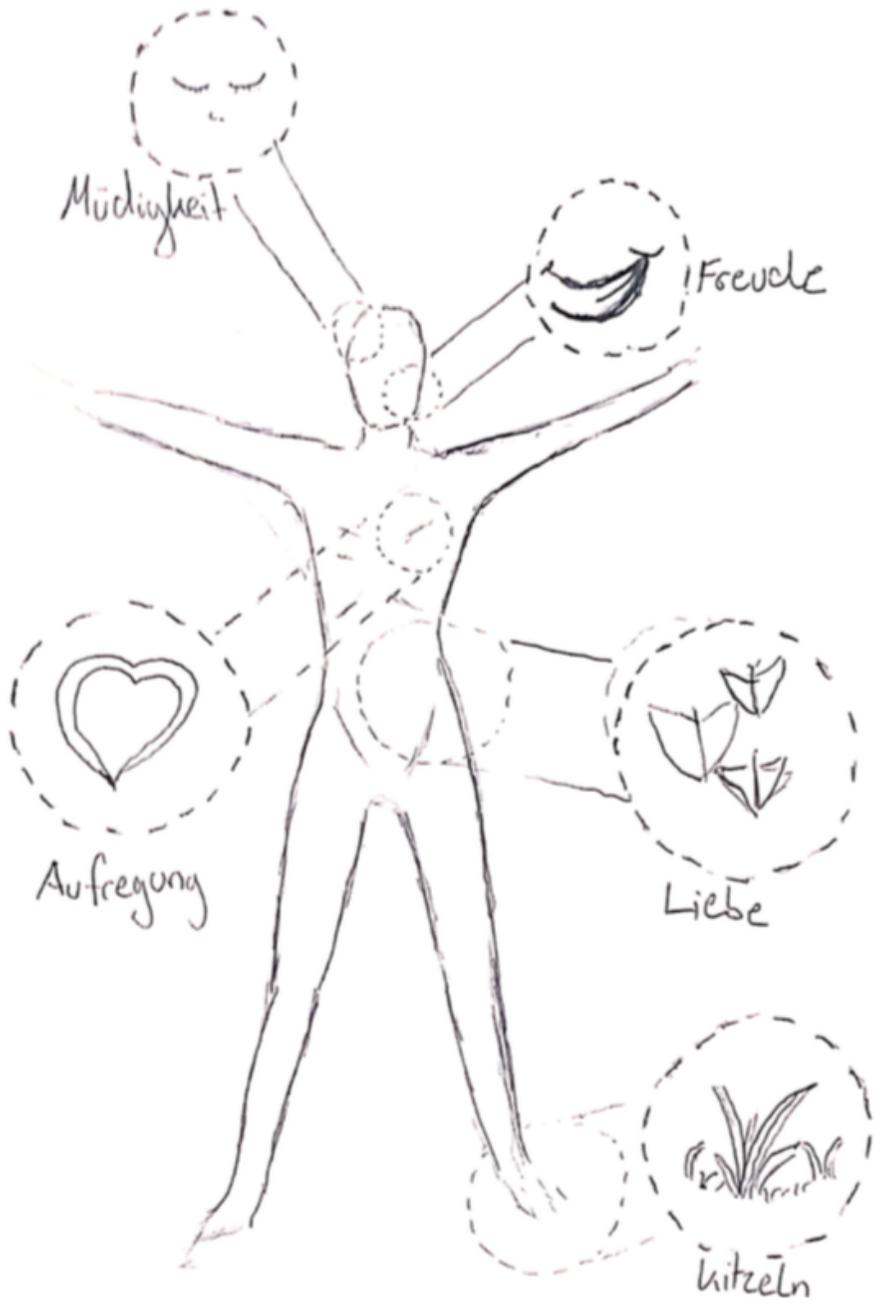
”What exactly are the positive feelings from your rulebook, the ones that all go into the box?”

”They are the most beautiful things one can imagine. Being stroked, feeling joy, laughing, falling in love, or being hugged. Being hungry and then getting something to eat. When food tastes good or something smells wonderful. When your belly tingles, or when a lemonade makes you relax. When you are tired and are allowed to fall asleep.

There are so many positive feelings, and every one of them happens somewhere in our body. When you fall in love, you notice it in your belly, and when you relax, in your lungs. You should pay attention to that sometime.

Many people always think feelings happen in the head and are complicated chemical messengers. Maybe that is partly true, but the head is not a sense organ and cannot feel feelings at all, your body does. You can feel them everywhere, in your little toe or even in your ear.

Excitement shows itself in stronger breathing and in the feeling that you want to open your eyes and your mouth wide. When it comes to happiness, it is above all the muscles around the mouth. Try it once: if you laugh and grin on purpose, you become happy all by yourself.



And every time one of these feelings happens, whether in Paris, Prague, or under the sea, it goes into the box and stays there forever. Do you understand now what we are collecting and putting into the Box of Light?”

I had understood. Maybe also because my stomach always felt good whenever the girl said something to me. And when I remember it now, I feel again how deeply I understood.

Chapter 10 - A Gentle Landing

Slowly we reached our destination, but exactly what we had feared happened: fuel was running low. We needed it to steer the bathtub spaceship in the right direction. We had no other choice. Our experienced captain unfolded the parachute, and we plunged toward disaster, even though our goal was supposed to be "being happy." I decided to close my eyes for the landing and remembered the girl's words. I was now a member of a religion and was allowed to believe, in the most beautiful thing I could imagine. So I imagined that in a moment we would suddenly land at my grandmother's coffee table. We were getting faster and faster. Even though I should have been getting more afraid, my new faith calmed me.



"Prepare for landing!" the captain shouted. Suddenly there was

a loud splash, and my whole body was soaking wet. When I opened my eyes, there was nothing but water around us. But at least we had survived. Because our rocket was also a bathtub, it could float and had saved our lives. In the sketch, I explained the phenomenon of buoyancy acting on our tub. A dolphin was even jumping through the water beside us.



Dolphins are gentle animals, and since the girl was good with animals, she managed to get him to stick his head over the edge of our bathtub.

"Do you want to join our religion too?" the girl asked in dolphin language, though I was not entirely sure she could actually speak it. "All you have to do is collect beautiful moments, and they all go by themselves into one big box."

I do not know whether you could call what the dolphin said



afterward chattering. In any case, it sounded as if he was happy. Before he swam back out into the open sea, the Moon Girl painted a small red heart on his forehead.

From then on he swam through the ocean with that heart, collecting beautiful moments, I am sure of it. It would have taken forever to baptize all the fish, but we did not need to do that. We knew that when dolphins love each other, they sometimes press their foreheads together, and then the red paint from the heart would rub off from one to another. Birds also came to our bathtub, and we realized it was not that hard to convince animals to join The Religion of Being Happy.

But what about people? We wanted to meet humans, so we pushed our bathtub forward with our hands, using them as paddles. After a while of difficult paddling, we reached an island. We had already noticed it from far away because loud laughter echoed from it. The whole island was full of children. One of them jumped straight toward us as our bathtub touched the sand at the shore.

Chapter 11 - The Children's Island



"What are you doing here? Did you come to put us into that bathtub? We are not getting in there! Not in a million years!"

The young girl quickly calmed the boy and told him they would not have to get into the bathtub, and that it was not really a bathtub anyway, but a rocket.

"A rocket?" the little boy shouted. "That is what rockets look like?" Apparently he shouted so loudly that all the other children noticed their unknown visitors too. Within seconds, a whole bubble of children stood around our bathtub, where Wesam, the girl, and I were sitting with a dog and a turtle.

I could not avoid explaining our strange appearance, so I told them about my idea of building a



rocket to fly to the moon, because Wesam and I wanted to see Earth. I also told them that we had been wondering why we are here, and that then we met the girl. Then I reported our problems steering the rocket, which explained why we had landed here. I will never forget the children's wide eyes as they listened.

"But why are you here?" Wesam asked the crowd of children. "I have never seen so many children alone on an island without their parents!"

"Our parents sent us here because, supposedly, we did not behave," one of the children answered.

"And then they just send you to an island like this?" Wesam pressed on.

"Our moms said we should finally wash our own laundry and then slammed the door in our faces. And here on the island you do not have to wash your clothes, because we just go swimming in them and then dry in the sun."

Wesam, being a father himself, still could not quite understand it... maybe his own children were simply still too young to wash their clothes by themselves. He asked further: "Do you not miss your parents at all?"

"Well, sometimes we do, but it is also so hard to know what you are allowed to do and what you are not... Grown-ups have so many rules."

"And what did you do wrong?"

"I did a cartwheel on the train," one child answered.

"And I drank from a teacup even though there was still a spoon in it."

"I forgot a bread roll in my bedroom closet."

"I smacked my lips while eating."

"I went to school with messy hair."

"And I farted while Mom's coffee friends were visiting," answered a chubby little girl.

Every child wanted to tell their story, and when all were finished, they asked whether we could play together. We told them we had come exactly for that. "Only to play?" the children asked excitedly. "Yes, we are playing one very big game," the girl answered. "I want to explain it to you. You have to imagine there is a very large box. It is called the Box of Light. And inside it are all positive feelings.

The goal of the game is to make that box as full as possible. So if you manage to put more positive feelings into the box, we get one point. We have to collect points so we can beat the box. It has bet us that we will not manage to reach 1000 points. All positive feelings go into the Box of Light by themselves.”

The children understood the game quickly, but I showed them the girl’s sketch once more, the one listing good feelings, so they would be clear about what we were collecting. Many children like games and collecting things, so they started telling each other jokes. Every time one of the children began to laugh, that laughter went into the box we were all imagining, and we got one point from it. The children thought it was an especially funny game, and everyone wanted to tell the best jokes. It truly did not take long until about twenty children had laughed a thousand times. That meant each child had to laugh only around fifty times, which is not much for children. And in the end they had to laugh even more, because they had beaten the Box of Light.

After playing, the children gathered around the girl, and she said to them: ”Dear children, do you want to become our first members of The Religion of Being Happy? And play the Box of Light game all the time? In The Religion of Being Happy, you can simply believe in the most beautiful thing you can think of. Sing songs together, play games, and paint pictures. And try to make the others around us happy too, right now, but also tomorrow morning.”



I had already sensed that the children would be enthusiastic about this religion, because they were doing what they enjoyed anyway. And that is exactly what happened. They especially loved that happiness is not always postponed until tomorrow, and that the rulebook was easier to understand. The girl had the idea that the children should line up in front of the bathtub according to the length of their toenails in order to be baptized. They had to sit in the bathtub, get a red heart painted on their forehead, and play a song on the ukulele. First in line was Klaus. He had also been on the island the longest, and his toenails were therefore as long as his small children's feet.



Somehow I had the feeling that one is born with The Religion of Being Happy, only children are not yet able to see so far into the future. Because if you do not feel like cutting your nails right now, that can actually become very useful once you do look ahead. I knew the adults and knew that while they could see into the future, they had often failed to keep their inner child.

Chapter 12 - Sabine Sauber

The many children were also excited about spreading The Religion of Being Happy. Some of them even started making flyers with hearts on them. For our journey, I modified the bathtub so it could not only float, but also drive over land.

But unfortunately the bathtub was too small to take all the children with us. I thought it would be unfair not to, so I considered how I could rebuild it further. We needed space in the tub, so I had to remove everything unnecessary. If I truly wanted to take all the children, I would even have to remove the steering wheel.



And so we set out toward the adults, with children stacked in the tub. Since we no longer had a steering wheel, we simply drove off, in exactly one direction. After a while, we reached a small settlement on the mainland. Our bathtub headed straight toward a group of houses. Unfortunately, to save space I had also removed the brakes, so we kept

moving directly toward a pink house. I really should not have removed the brakes. And there we were: a large pile of children, one physicist, Mister Wesam, the girl, a turtle, and a dog, all landing right in front of the front door of Sabine Sauber, who according to the nameplate lived in that pink house. Given our hard impact, ringing the bell seemed unnecessary.

There she stood, screaming at us. "You made the whole door dirty! The whole door, now it is black and scratched. Good heavens, who is supposed to clean this? I spent all day yesterday cleaning it. I am going crazy from all this cleaning."



Instead of engaging with her tantrum, one of the children pressed a flyer into Sabine Sauber's hand. "Would you like to join our Religion of Being Happy?"

"Being happy? What will others think of me? What would they say if they saw my dirty apartment and now the front door too... and I had only been busy with pleasure. Happiness is really secondary, there are more important things."

"Do you not think others might be happy about a dirty front door?"

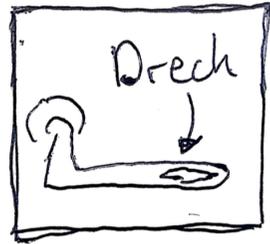
"No, who would do that? Cleanliness is extremely important!"

"More important than being happy?" one of the children asked sadly.

"Of course! Did your mothers not teach you how important that is?" asked Mrs. Sauber.

The children were frustrated and disappointed by their failure. Sabine Sauber was not even interested in filling the Box of Light with positive moments, because supposedly other things mattered more.

"If cleanliness is really more important to you than having fun with us, then what do you think of this?" one of the children said, licked their fingers, and smeared them across Sabine Sauber's front door.



I already had a feeling this might be the end of our visit. But I did not expect it to come so quickly. I would rather not say anything about her outburst.

Chapter 13 - Helga Hexe

We did not give up and moved on. Better not to try in Sabine Sauber's settlement, where all her clean friends lived. We had had enough of cleanliness and drove into the forest. No clean-freak lady would live here, that was certain. And so it happened that we all stood in front of Helga Hexe's house. A little bell hung by her small forest hut, and we rang it.

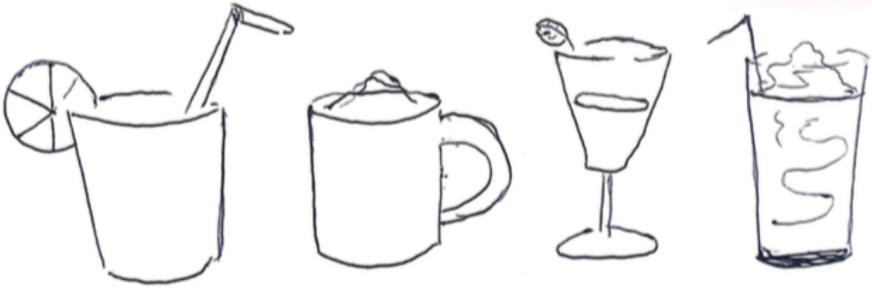


Unlike Sabine Sauber, Helga welcomed us very warmly. "Come in, come in, how lovely of you to visit me. I am preparing delicious potions right now, from the most delicious fruit you can imagine."

In Helga's house, esoteric music by the "Ghost Rockers" was playing, as she explained. Then she showed us her delicious potions, and they really did look excellent.

"Are those for us?" one child asked. "Or for you?"

”Oh no, dear child. They are for the spirit. I prepare them for him every day. I also bake him cakes and cookies.”



I had never seen spirits drink fruit juice, so I asked her about this phenomenon in disbelief. ”And when he is done drinking, is the glass empty?”

”When spirits drink, they do not consume the contents.”

”Do you at least drink them yourself afterward?”

”No, that would be mean toward him.”

Not only I, but also the children thought her spirit lesson was complete nonsense. The children could barely stay focused on our actual goal. The Moon Girl stepped up to the witch and told her about The Religion of Being Happy.

"Being happy? You must understand, it is not so important whether I am happy. It is much more important that he is happy, the spirit. He is far more powerful, and we are here because of him."

Helga's thoughts reminded me a little of Mister Wesam, so I told her about the artist who created or painted everything. "Do you believe in that artist too?" I asked her.

"Oh yes! You must know how powerful he is and worship him."

The children wanted to convince Helga Hexe that one should always believe in what makes oneself and one's friends happiest in the moment. One of the children started calling out:

"I also believe in an artist, and mine is a cockatoo."

"And I believe in a grandma with a magic wand and a lady's beard."

"And I believe in a duck that composed the song of our world with its conductor's baton."



"I believe in a rubber duck. Holy rubber duck, please forgive me!" said Klaus, laughing, probably the cheekiest of the children.

Unfortunately, trying to convince Helga Hexe that way failed badly. Helga felt deeply offended: "Why are you mocking the great artist? He will feel insulted."

So the good woman asked us to leave her house. At least she did it more kindly than Sabine Sauber. Helga Hexe, too, did not make the Box of Light fuller, because she collected good moments for someone who might not even exist. And even if he did exist, with those juices she would make only one single being happy, not all twenty children.

"Then spend your whole life mixing juices without taking a single sip yourself!" one of the disappointed children shouted.

Fortunately, the ride in the bathtub to the next house cheered the children up again.

Chapter 14 - Max Mathe

We drove straight toward a small house surrounded by a giant fence. Luckily our bathtub was sturdy enough to break through the fence. We already knew who would be waiting behind the door, because from far away we had seen the resident at the window.



So there we were: a whole gang of children with hearts on their foreheads, standing at Max Mathe's front door. The children knocked, but nothing happened. They started knocking funny rhythms, but still no one came. We were just about to leave when we heard a fearful voice behind the door: "Who are you?" "We are only children, won't you open the door for us?" one of the gang asked.

"Oh no, opening the door is always so exhausting and complicated. It is so heavy and bulky."

"Wouldn't you be happy to see so many children, Mister Mathe?" the Moon Girl asked.

"Actually yes... But opening the door... I would need five minutes

to crack my own security system. And I would probably enjoy seeing you for only three minutes. So according to my calculations, that is five stupid minutes and only three good ones, which makes two stupid minutes in total. It is perfectly logical that I will not open the door.”

A hand-drawn equation consisting of three parts: a '3' followed by a heart symbol, a minus sign followed by a '5' and a drop symbol, an equals sign followed by a minus sign and a '2' and a drop symbol.

$$3\heartsuit - 5\text{drop} = -2\text{drop}$$

Since I, as a physicist, do understand mathematics, I told Mister Mathe that I found this calculation strange and not logical at all.

”What would you do if the woman of your dreams were standing at your door right now?”

”Well, that would depend on how much I liked her. I would need at least six minutes of joy for opening the door to be worth it.”

”And what if you met her at a party?”

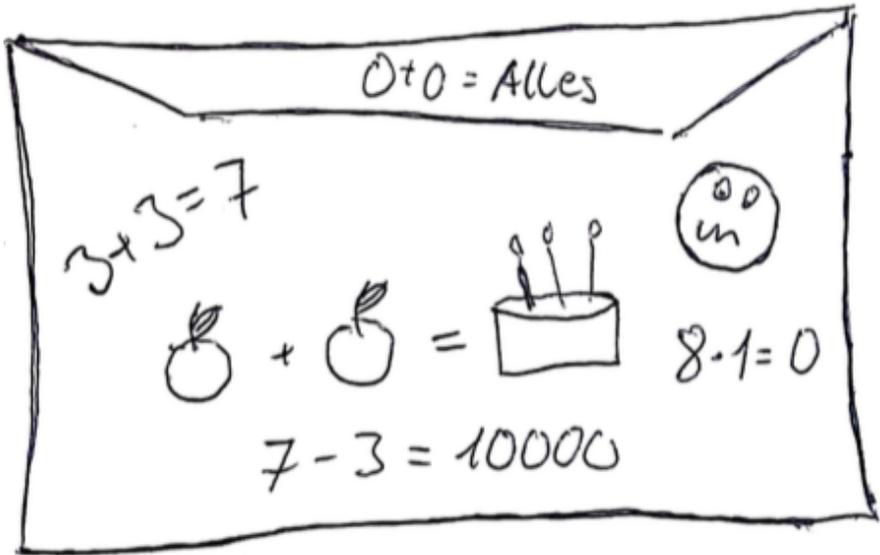
”Then I would need five minutes to open the door, five minutes to close it, and I would also have to add the travel time to the party. I would surely have more than half an hour of stupid moments just to see her briefly at the party. Probably around twenty minutes. So

overall ten negative minutes, therefore no, I would not go. It would not be worth it.”

The children tried in vain to convince him that he would spend more than five happy minutes with them, until Max slid a letter under the door with his calculations and his refusal.

To me it was clear why the calculation was wrong: Mister Max Mathe was subtracting apples from pears. And that was mathematical nonsense. Sadly, I could not explain it to him because I never got to see him face to face. With Max Mathe’s calculations, the Box of Light would certainly not become fuller. He would never collect happy moments because he assumed negative ones were also in the box, but sometimes you must accept negative feelings to gather positive ones.

So we were disappointed for the third time, it really was not easy for us. This time we did not even get the chance to tell him about The Religion of Being Happy. The children drew funny faces on his calculation sheet and wrote that $3+3 = 7$, and that he should stop doing math. But that probably only made him angrier. He said: ”Next time you show up here, I will count only one good minute at the sight of you.”



Chapter 15 - Jens Jammer

On our journey, we passed a chubby boy who had just bought himself an ice cream at an ice-cream stand. "Whoa, cool!" the boy marveled, chocolate ice cream in hand, as he looked at our driving bathtub. "Can it also go full speed?" he asked excitedly. "Absolutely!" I replied. We told him about The Religion of Being Happy. "And everyone is allowed to join?" "We even want everyone to join!" "Whoa, cool, really cool! I am on my way to my uncle's house. Can he join too? He is a real whiner, you should tell him about your religion."



Getting into our bathtub was difficult for the chubby boy, but two streets later we reached the house of his uncle Jens Jammer. After opening the door, he thanked us for bringing his nephew home. We told him about The Religion of Being Happy.



”Being happy? That depends on others. I would love to be happy, but my chubby nephew constantly gets on my nerves. He always has to go to the toilet, and then the whole house smells. He picks his nose, which is disgusting, and he asks stupid questions all the time that annoy me! How am I supposed to be happy like that? You should rather tell your religion to other people, especially your friend you picked up somewhere.”

The chubby boy was right, his uncle really was a proper complainer. At least he was already convinced that being happy was a good thing. But he simply did not understand that he himself was responsible for his negative feelings. The Moon Girl had explained to me that most feelings can be steered by ourselves, so she asked Jens Jammer:

”Why do you not simply imagine that the house smells good? And why do you not decide to feel that nose-picking is beautiful? Yes, it is entirely your own fault that his questions annoy you.”

”And if it is cold, is it then my fault that I am freezing? Or if I hurt myself, is it my fault that it hurts?”

Jens Jammer was angry with the Moon Girl, and we all knew he was responsible for that anger too.

To be happy, sometimes you have to make an effort, Mister Jammer. And if you make no effort, you will never collect positive moments in the Box of Light. Imagine that all your own feelings are in the Box of Light too. With most feelings, a little effort can make a big difference. Before his bad mood could rub off on us, we decided to move on. It does not look good when a group full of complainers advertises The Religion of Being Happy.



Chapter 16 - Thomas Toll

In complete contrast to Jens Jammer's dull, boring house, the next house we visited was gigantic, golden, grand, and intimidating. Thomas Toll lived there.

"He really seems to be a great man!"

"I would love a house like that."

"I wonder what the playrooms inside look like,"

the children thought aloud. After the doorbell played an entire Bach concert, Thomas Toll opened the door. His appearance was impressive. Elegantly dressed, he stood there in the doorway.

"How may I assist you?" he asked, far too polite, almost inhumanly so.

The Moon Girl told Thomas Toll about The Religion of Being Happy.

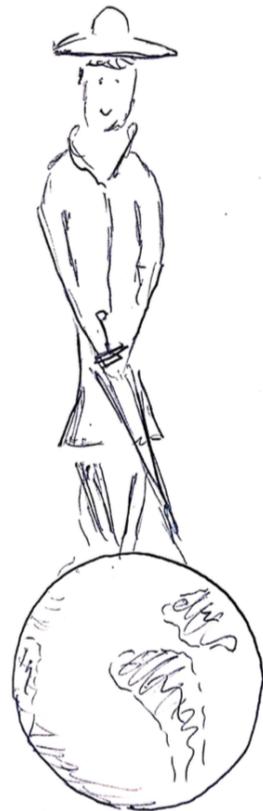


"Being happy? I am already so happy. I look good, I have a great car, a good job, and my girlfriend is an underwear model. My garden is perfect, and I know all the countries in the world. What more could I want? I have everything! And if I joined your religion, I would probably have to do something for others and could no longer devote myself to my hobbies like golf or stamp collecting."

He seemed truly convinced that he did not need this religion and that he was already the happiest man in the world. Maybe he was.

"It is not only about you, Mister Toll, but also about the others in the religion. We have to fill the Box of Light together. The Box of Light contains everyone's good feelings, not only yours."

"How am I supposed to compliment others when I am more beautiful than they are, richer and smarter, more honest and more talented? When I am simply better than they are."



"Sometimes I lie when I tell my dog Sandro he looks good, even

though he really should wash himself urgently. But where I live, there is not much water, and when there is some, I drink it. I know it is not his fault. I lie to him so he is happy, and it works.”

”I am not a liar. What are you even trying to tell me? I would no longer be great if I started lying. Only the weak do that,” Mister Toll replied.

”Have you ever believed in anything other than yourself, Mister Toll?” one of the children asked.

Mister Toll felt far too great to respond to any of it. He only told us that we still had much to learn and did not understand the adult world, because there everything worked differently.

”Do not believe him, children!” said the Moon Girl after Mister Toll said goodbye. ”You know, adults are very stingy with compliments. That is why they become more and more extreme, buying expensive cars to get more love and recognition. They spend more and more effort on makeup, work more and more, and then they no longer have time to compliment others, like Mister Toll. That happens to many of them.

And Thomas Toll feels too great to share any of his positive feelings.

He thinks everyone has their own personal Box of Light. But that is not true! If we all collect together, we get far more points.”

Chapter 17 - The Children's Plan

Again and again, we met people who were a little like the first five. The worst were the adults who were like Sabine Sauber and Thomas Toll combined. Or like Jens Jammer mixed with Max Mathe. Those were truly strange combinations.

When I think of the discouraged crowd of children in a bathtub, I sometimes picture the empty box, which could be so much fuller if the adults would join the game.

"At this rate we will never win the game!"

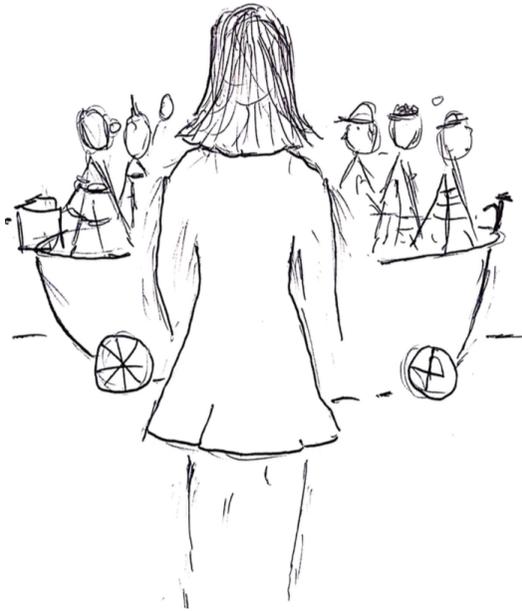
"We have lost, and I am bad at losing."

"And I want to go back to my mom, even if I have to wash my laundry there."

"I would even wash it every day, then at least my mom's good feelings would go into the Box of Light."

"This is stupid and not fun. You cannot change adults."

The Moon Girl stood up in the bathtub and looked at the children seriously.



”Do you really want to lose? And give your moms exactly what they hoped for?

Do you want to lose against snobs like Mister Toll or clean-freak Sabine Sauber?

Yes, if you do not even have the courage to keep playing, just because of complainers like Mister Jammer, then please get out of the bathtub. Then you have lost and will get no more points.”

The children fell completely silent. No one dared to climb out of the bathtub.

”We did something wrong. We played the game the wrong way. We played against them, not with them,” the girl explained to the children

in a raised voice.

"We always laughed at them to teach them a lesson, and got angry because they would not play along. You have all wanted to play a game before and needed other players, but the others simply did not feel like it. And then you got angry at your friends for that. And I bet you then they wanted to play with you even less.

We must give them love and recognition to change them. Give them compliments.

Dear children, we need a vision."

"I have one!" Klaus shouted from the tub. "I had it from the very beginning. My vision is that Sabine Sauber poops in her own house."

"I have one too!" another child shouted from the bathtub. "I want to lie in the sun with Helga Hexe and drink her delicious lemonade together."

"And I want to climb a palm tree with Max Mathe."

"And I want Thomas Toll to invite us to a party and clean everything up himself at the end."

Chapter 18 - The Second Attempt

We knew it was not so easy to change adults. They had to do that themselves.

Helga Hexe would have to get the magician out of her own head. Sabine Sauber could only free herself from her cleaning obsession. And Jens Jammer had to make an effort himself to stop complaining. It is truly not easy to change adults, for that you need a complicated plan. So I pulled out a very large sheet of paper and spread it out on the floor. Our plan would be written there.



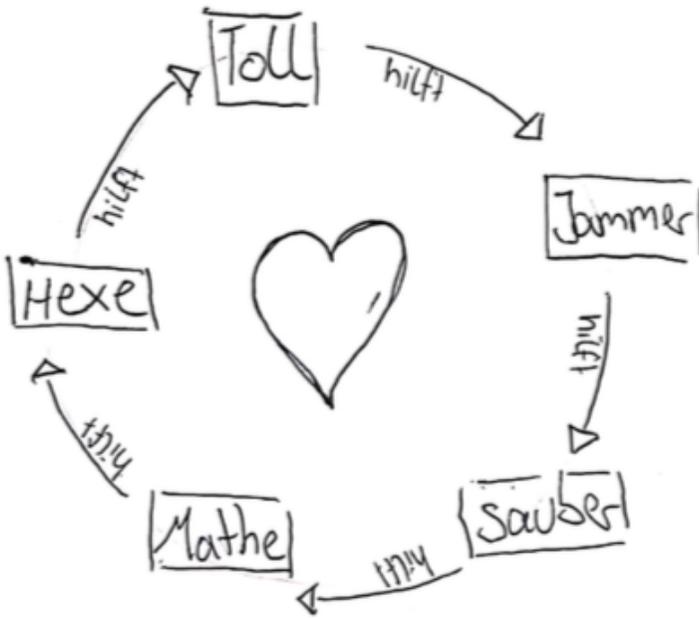
The answer to the question of how to change people is just as com-

plicated as the one about my self-painting picture from the beginning. But I am a physicist who loves solving problems, no matter how complicated they are. I knew that before you change people, you have to understand them. What they think and why they do what they do. So I analyzed that together with the children. What does Mister Jammer want, and why is he the way he is?

We wrote the names of the five in the middle of the plan. The plan was a process, and all of us were working on it. I drew it here once.

We had the idea that the five should help each other themselves. For this, we had to write Mister Toll a letter saying it was very important that he visit Mister Jammer. Mister Jammer should visit Mrs. Sauber. Mrs. Sauber should visit Max Mathe. Max Mathe should visit Helga Hexe, and Helga Hexe should visit Mister Toll.

PLAN



Since we had analyzed all the characters well, we could predict what would happen during their visits.

Here are our predictions:

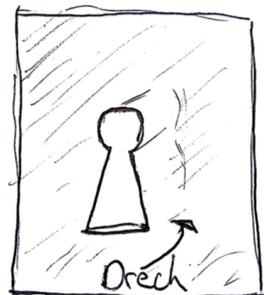
1. Mister Toll to Mister Jammer:

Mister Jammer will want to complain about Mister Toll when he appears. But Mister Toll is so great that Mister Jammer will find nothing to complain about. He will keep searching the whole time for something he can complain about and therefore not get a single word out. Until he complains about something completely trivial, like his right shoelace not looking exactly like the left one, and then he will realize he is getting upset for no reason, and that he himself is responsible.



2. Mister Jammer to Mrs. Sauber:

When Mister Jammer visits Mrs. Sauber, he will definitely complain, because he always does. So he will also complain about Mrs. Sauber's apartment for being too dirty for him. Nothing is ever good enough for him. Mrs.



Sauber will get angry, because all her friends always told her how clean it was. Mister Jammer will tell her it is swarming with bacteria and that she has probably never cleaned her front-door keyhole properly. Mrs. Sauber will realize she can never get her apartment clean enough and give up, until it gets dirtier and dirtier, and in the end she will do her business in her own house.

3. Mrs. Sauber to Max Mathe:

Mrs. Sauber is a very beautiful woman. And Max Mathe definitely did not have much female company, since he was always calculating and never went outside. Mrs. Sauber would make sure he opened the door. She is a very persistent woman. And because Max Mathe is not used to the beautiful sight of Mrs. Sauber, he will fall in love immediately. From then on, he will always leave the door open, hoping Mrs. Sauber will come in. He will realize that love is far more valuable than hate.



4. Max Mathe to Helga Hexe:

When Max Mathe goes to Helga Hexe, he will definitely ask himself whether



Helga Hexe has properly calculated

what she is doing. He would ask her how she knows the spirit no longer drinks from the glass because he is no longer thirsty. But he would feel ashamed to say this to her. And that sense of shame must definitely be included in the calculation, otherwise she would not be helping the spirit at all. Helga Hexe would be afraid of overwhelming the spirit with her many drinks and would drink herself, or let Max Mathe drink.

5. Helga Hexe to Mister Toll:

Helga is very kind and prefers giving a lot to others, like the spirit, rather than to herself. So she will come to Mister Toll and point out that he does not share much of his greatness. She will tell him that after death he will no longer be the great one if he does not help others. His grave would become completely overgrown be-



cause no one would take care of it. Mister Toll could not bear that and would always try to still be called Mister Toll even after death. And then he will help others and perhaps invite us to a party.

I do not know whether the plan worked. And I also do not know whether we changed anything at all.

But we had tried. Tried to change people. We tried to solve the hardest problem in the world.

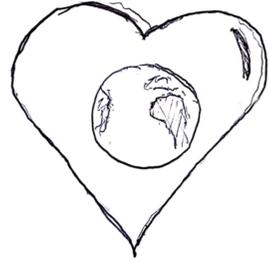
And one of us did even more than just try:

Klaus told me that during our visit back then, he had secretly stolen Sabine Sauber's glasses, hoping she would not find her toilet in the evening.

He truly had not given up on his vision.

Chapter 19 - The Journey Home

We hoped that one day everyone would share The Religion of Being Happy, where the goal is to win the game against the Box of Light. And at the beginning of this story, I would not even have thought myself worthy of any religion. I have now worn the heart on my forehead for quite some time, and I will never take it off.



My friend Wesam had to return to his children and his wife, and just as he wanted to convince me of his religion, I will now try to convince him of mine.

The girl wanted to return to the moon. And now I am far from her. When I look up into our night sky in the evening, I still do not understand everything, but I know that on the moon there lives a being who has understood it all.

I miss this person, who is so full of love that she forgets how to be sad.

I often still look up to him, our little white brother, and imagine she is waking Earth right now.



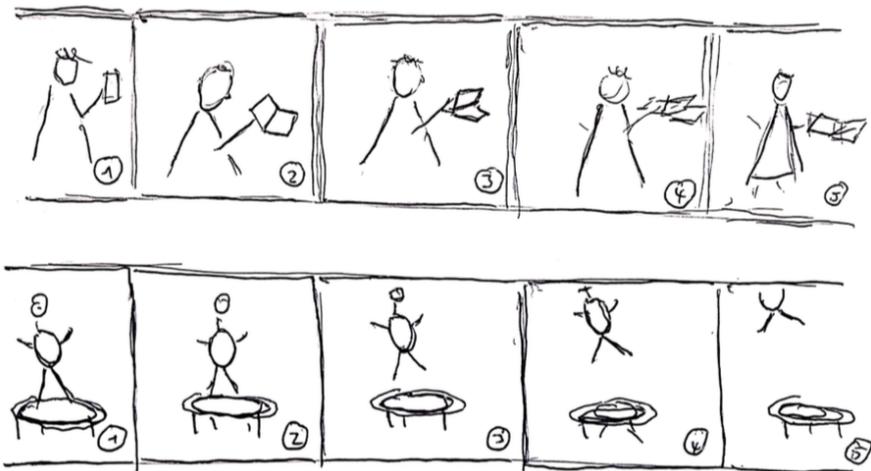
ENDE

Afterword

I want to explain a thought experiment, both for adults who might laugh at my Box of Light and for children who like to think deeply, one that is meant to illustrate the existence of the Box of Light in reality.

I often do thought experiments; in them, usually nothing can go wrong and nothing explodes. A scientist's best laboratory is still the mind. So give it a try too.

Please imagine the minute you are experiencing right now, as if it were captured in a flipbook. Split into tiny individual moments, like reading this very text right now. Or, for example, jumping on a trampoline.



Experiment 1: What is the present?

In frame 1, you think the present is exactly this frame.

In frame 2, you think the present is exactly this frame.

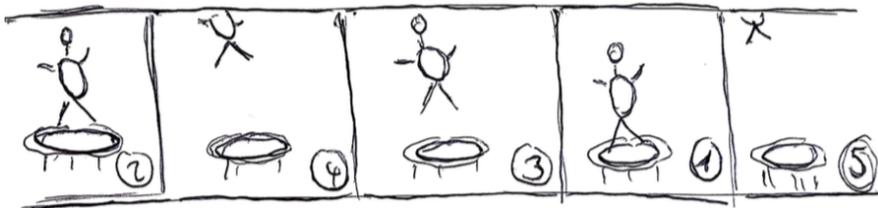
And yes, in frame 3 you think exactly the same thing.

Experiment 2: What is the past for you?

The knowledge that frame 3 happened before frame 4 exists only in frame 4. The past is present there in your mind, stored in the neural network of your brain.

The knowledge that frame 4 happened before frame 5 also exists only in frame 5, stored there in your mind in the present, and so on.

Now we want to mix up the individual frames of our flipbook. First 2, then 4, then 3, then 2, and so on.



If you flipped through the flipbook now, it would make no sense.

Now let us step into the story. First, you will arrive at frame 2, and according to experiment 1, you will think frame 1 happened before it,

just as you will think this is the present moment. Then you will arrive at frame 5 and think again that frame 4 happened before it, just as you will think this is now.

At first glance this may not seem trivial, but you will notice nothing from such a rearrangement. The chaos orders itself. Your story lives inside the flipbook, no matter which page is opened first.

Suppose the real flipbook were read a second time now. You would notice nothing of that either.

I want to make clear once more that this is a thought experiment about our perception, in which causality and the continuity of time are violated.

Things are sometimes not as they seem, because the world is not as we perceive it.

Many people hope that after death, the soul does not disappear but continues to live. But no one hopes that the moments one has experienced do not die.

If the page of last Christmas were opened once more, you would

not perceive that either. So that moment could still exist, and with it its positive feelings. In that way, all beautiful moments would be preserved in the Box of Light.



Summary

This story tells of a girl who invents a religion. The religion is like a game, and her ideas are meant to make adults think and children laugh. It is about filling a large imaginary box with beautiful moments. A physicist, an Arab man, and the girl set out in a bathtub rocket to play this game, but again and again the girl and her companions meet people who have forgotten how important this game is, who have not understood its rules, or who simply do not feel like playing.

And if we as planet Earth want to rise high one day, we all have to start playing.