



Robert Durec

**KING**  
**WHO LIVES**  
**EVERYTHING**



*Who you really are?*





Róbert Ďurec

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In a distant land, there lived a king who had everything. He was so wealthy that his accumulated gold and silver filled an entire floor of his grand castle. He enjoyed great success - his kingdom expanded in times of war and even thrived in times of peace. He possessed power and influence beyond measure, able to listen to and pardon anyone. But he could also be wrathful, and then, his disapprovers would end up dead. His subjects, some out of reverence and others out of fear, called him the King of Kings, the Greatest of the Great, unlike any other man who walked on Earth.

One day, as he wandered through his seemingly endless chambers filled with beautiful paintings, colorful vases, ancient weapons, and various treasures, he suddenly spotted an unfamiliar old woman.

He looked at her with disdain.

*„What do you want, disrespectful servant?  
And what are you doing in rooms  
where only I may enter?  
Leave!“*



But the woman didn't take a step and silently gazed at one of the painted vases. The king raised his voice,

*„Woman! Leave, or you will lose your head!“*

The woman raised her gaze to the king and began speaking innocently,

*„I am lost. I do not know where I am.  
And I do not even know who YOU are.“*

*„You do not know me?  
How is it possible that you do not know me?“*

The king puffed out his chest and spoke proudly,

*„I am the greatest in the world.  
I am the king of the world.  
There is no one greater on this Earth.“*

The old woman looked into the monarch's eyes,

*„Those are bold words.  
But can you prove them,  
or are they empty words in the wind?“*

*“You Insult me.  
Do you want to die by executioner's axe?“*





*„Do heads roll here just for a simple question?  
If you are the king of this whole world, prove it.  
Speak of your power.  
What can you do?“*

The king announced proudly:

*„I can command people to do what I want.  
Even more, I can compel them  
to think what I want.  
To build what I want.  
To die for what I want.“*

The woman smiled:

*„You are naive, Lord King.  
But you are far from having the power you declare.  
You are not the master of this world!“*

*„You don't speak the truth!  
If you know, tell me just one example that I am wrong,“*

the king added with a haughty tone.

*„As you wish, dear king.  
Can you command:  
The wind to blow?  
The plants to bloom?  
Tell the Sun to drive away the clouds?  
Or command Death to come later,  
even just by one single day?“*





This enraged the king to madness.

*„How dare you say these words?  
Unacceptable!  
Guards, come immediately!  
Lock this woman in the dungeon!“*

*„Why? Is speaking the truth forbidden in this castle?“*

The woman looked into the king's eyes so deeply,  
as if peering directly into his proud heart.

*„You are not the king of the world.  
You are merely the king of men.“*

The old woman stepped toward the open door  
of the room and spoke prophetically,

*„You will remember our meeting.“*

The king's soldiers arrived moments later  
from the opposite door, bowing, *„At your command!“*

*„Seize that old woman and ensure  
she never leaves this castle alive.“*

*„Apologies, Your Highness.  
We didn't understand.  
Which old woman?“*

*„The one who insulted me  
and left through those doors!“*





The king gestured toward the doors.

*„Forgive us, but old women are not allowed to enter the castle. We surely would have noticed.“*

*„Do not anger me! She was here just a moment ago. Search the entire castle; you must find her, and do it immediately!“*

The guards searched the castle for an hour, two, then four, until it was dark night outside. However, they found no old woman within the castle.

The king was angered beyond measure. How could someone so disrespectful escape?

But in the following days, the king's anger subsided, much to the misfortune of his subjects. Weeks turned into months, and eventually, a year passed. The king, as was his habit, went out hunting. He forgot the woman long time ago. Right now, he only thought about catching hares, deer, and stags.

As he rode on his horse, he arrived at the edge of a meadow. He gazed around, enjoying the view, when it happened. The king was struck hard in the heart, his vision blurred, and he fell lifelessly from his horse onto the hard ground. He remembered nothing more.





His attendants found him on the meadow after the fall and carried him back to the castle. The king breathed heavily. Everyone waited, wondering when or if, he would wake up. A day passed, then another, and the king finally opened his eyes at the end of the third day. It was an effort to speak and even harder to rise. He lay back in bed, exhausted. Another day passed, and on the third day since his awakening, the king gave an order:

*„Whoever can cure me, your royal highness,  
shall receive as much gold as they weigh.“*

This command needed no repetition. Within three hours, the first doctors, healers, witches, and sorcerers arrived. Each hoped that their treatment would prove worthy of the king's treasures. Some were so confident in their ability to cure the king that they even started gaining weight to be rewarded with more gold.

The first physician applied a miraculous ointment to his face and entire head, turning the king completely white. However, the ointment had no effect.

Next came the chef, who prepared a juice from 22 fruits found in the land. The king found the juice tasty, but it did not help him.





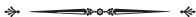
The third healer had a different idea. Since fruit juice did not work, he prepared a mysterious mixture from 22 of the most potent and unusual plants on Earth. The king drank it, only to immediately throw up. The mixture tasted terrible. However, the healer insisted that for healing, a price must be paid, and the mixture had to be consumed whole. So, against his will, the king drank it again, but it did not improve his health.

When the doctors and healers couldn't help, the magicians and other sorcerers arrived. They mumbled various protective verses over him, drew symbols, burned incense, and other aromatic plants in the room. However, all their efforts were in vain.

When nothing seemed to work, one of the sorcerers attempted to contact spirits. He entered a trance, spoke with a completely different voice, and a lifeless expression, reciting the words:

*„King, you are bound  
by a mighty force.  
You are cursed.  
And from this day,  
you have only two months  
left to live.  
You will weaken more and more.  
There is a faint glimmer of hope left  
for breaking the curse,*





*but you won't find the cure in the castle,  
nor will anyone in your palace give it to you.  
Death is slowly sharpening its teeth for you..."*

The sorcerer finished speaking and collapsed to the ground. He only regained consciousness after a while and could not remember any of the words he had spoken. As for the king, although he did not want to, he found himself deep down believing these prophetic words. Anxiety and fear took hold of him. Could there still be hope? He locked himself in his chamber. Was there still a chance?

His stay in the palace became increasingly unbearable. That's why, one morning, disguised as someone else, he ventured out into the city. He stopped at the marketplace and overheard a conversation:

*„Do you know what happened at the castle yesterday?“*

*„No, I don't. Tell me.“*

*„They foretold the king's death in two months, that he would die.“*

*„And who will be king after him?“*

*„I don't know. The king didn't mention anything about a heir.“*





*„He wasn't such a bad king.  
He knew how to build an empire.  
But if you crossed him,  
you and your entire village would burn.  
Remember,  
he went as far as ordering the extermination  
of everyone in the village, including babies.“*

*„The king gets what he deserves.  
Do you remember what he wanted everyone  
to call him?“*

*„The King of Kings, the greatest man this Earth  
ever bore,“ someone ironically remarked.*

The king pondered this and muttered to himself,

*„Is this what they think of me?  
That I wasn't a good king?  
Will I even be missed after my death?  
Or will they only pretend to mourn,  
while secretly celebrating my departure?  
Does my life actually have meaning?“*

The monarch continued walking through the city, where he saw many elderly people. It was an unfamiliar sight to him. He didn't want them in his palace. They reminded him that he was aging and that death was coming. Funny, now he was probably even closer to the death than those elderly people.





In the royal stables, the king saddled the most ordinary horse with the most ordinary saddle he could find. He no longer wished to be a king. His greatest fear was that someone would recognize him and discover that HE, the king, was just a small, fragile, and vulnerable human being, desperately yearning for hope.

He left the city, heading in any direction, leaving it all to fate. And so, the king wandered in his kingdom for seven days. His exhausted body wore him out, but his own thoughts tortured him even more. The longer he traveled, the harder it was to escape those unpleasant thoughts. They followed him like a shadow.

He ventured off the road, crossed a slightly overgrown forest, and eventually came by a small river. He walked upstream. The horse's hooves disturbed the crystal-clear water of the stream. Then the king continued his journey until he reached the place where the river began. It was the edge of a small blue lake. He dismounted and drank from the water. He spread out a cloth and unpacked some of his dwindling supplies. Exhausted, he sat down.

Then, an old woman emerged from the forest, carrying a basket full of mushrooms.

*„Ah, a stranger.*

*What are you doing in this forgotten place?“*





*„I’ve lost my way,“*

the king replied. Even though the truth was, he wanted to get rid of her like so many others he had encountered with on his journey. He didn’t want to engage in the conversation.

*„Really? I can show you the way if you’d like.“*

The king realized that saying he had lost his way wasn’t an ideal way to send someone away, so he tried a different approach.

*„Show me the way, and I’ll return shortly.“*

*„As you wish, stranger.*

*And I see some unusual dishes in your supplies.*

*I’m curious to taste them.*

*Will you host me in exchange for my guidance?“*

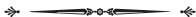
The king gestured, indicating that he didn’t care. He added,

*„Help yourself to whatever you want. Enjoy.“*

*„Thank you,“*

The old woman took the first piece of the exotic-looking fruit and slowly tasted it. She also tasted the other three similarly unusual items on the cloth.





Then, she carefully looked into the king's eyes and said,

*„Stranger, I've looked into the faces of many people,  
seen various eyes, including eyes like yours.  
I can tell that you're running from something.“*

The king sighed,

*„No, you don't know me.  
You don't know who I am.  
You don't know what I am.“*

*„But eyes often speak more than a thousand words,“*

the old woman countered.

*„What troubles you, son?“*

*„You won't understand anyway,“* replied the king.

*„Do not judge a chronicle by its cover.  
Sometimes, you find something in it  
that surprises you.  
Something you've been searching  
for a very long time.“*

*„Ha-ha-ha... Are you a chronicler?  
You don't look like one.“*





A faint smile appeared on the old woman's face. Then, the smile vanished, and she stared at the stranger again. She posed the question once more,

*„What's troubling you, my son?“*

There was a moment of silence.

*„Do you want to tell me what's troubling you, or shall I read it from your eyes?“*

*„Give it a try,“*

the king said, smiling at the woman.

The old woman cleared her throat and began,

*„You've discovered that  
you aren't who you thought you were.  
You realized that the powerful figure,  
which was meant to be recorded in historical chronicles  
is just a scared individual running from himself.*

*You became intoxicated with power,  
locking your heart away in three castle gates.  
Suddenly, you lost that power,  
but your heart remained locked.“*

The king was disappointed by these words. They hurt him deeply. The old woman continued,





*„Now you don't know what to do next.  
And I know one of your secrets:  
You're a king.  
You're the king of this realm.  
But you're also a king who is dying.“*

*„How do you know all this?“*

*„It's not the first time we've met.  
Try to remember when you last saw me.“*

The king pondered, then suddenly blushed with anger.

*„It's you! You look different, but it's you.  
You're that old woman from the castle.  
The One who insulted me.“*

*„And The One you wanted to lock up in a prison cell for  
saying the truth?“*

The king's anger faded away. She had told him the truth, even though he had denied it back at the castle.

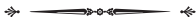
*„So, you're aware of the curse, aren't you?“*

*„I am.“*

*„Did you cast it on me?“*

*„No, not me. It was life itself.  
As you know from ancient books,  
,As you sow, so shall you reap.““*





Guilt overcame the king. He recalled his cruel rule, as well as what he had heard in the marketplace a week ago. The old woman continued,

*„As you sow, so shall you reap.  
And what should reap the man, who sows death?“*

These words hurt the king deeply. He also remembered the curse uttered by the sorcerer:

*„So, I truly have only a month and a half left to live?“*

*„It’s possible.“*

*„But the sorcerer mentioned  
there’s still hope to break the curse.  
And that I’ll find it outside the castle.  
Can you give me that hope?“*

*„It depends on your decision.“*

These words greatly disturbed the king.

*„I will give you everything.  
Gold, silver, even all my treasures.  
Will you save me?“*

The old woman just smiled.

*„Is it not enough?  
Very well, I’ll give you more.  
I’ll give you half of my kingdom.“*





She continued to smile.

*„No? Then I'll give you the entire kingdom.  
Hundreds of cities throughout this land.  
Just save me.“*

*„Dear King, your offer wouldn't leave  
anyone calm in the city.  
But life cannot be bought.  
Therefore, you cannot buy me either.“*

*„What do you want, then?  
I'll give you everything!  
I will do anything for you!“*

*„Do you really want to know, what you should do?“*

*„Yes.“*

*„Then how about doing something for yourself?“*

*„You mean?“*

*„You know you're dying.  
I can make your last moments more bearable...  
and you can die in peace.“*

The king fell to the ground. He didn't want to hear this. He didn't want to accept it. Most of all, he didn't want to die. He was terribly afraid of death. He wanted to escape, but he couldn't even move. Even though he didn't know if escaping would help him in any way...





The old woman stood over him and added,

*„If you think your life ends with death  
and there's nothing beyond,  
fear may overpower you.  
The fear and regret of wasting your life.  
Uncertainties.  
Doubts.  
You feel them now, don't you?“*

A tear rolled down the king's cheek, then another  
and then a whole pile of tears. He was weeping  
uncontrollably. He was going to die. Why?

The old woman told him,

*„You now know what you were.  
A king.  
But now you're broken.  
You've lost everything.  
A part of you is dying,  
and that brings pain.  
You feel it, don't you?“*

With difficulty, the king replied, „...yes.“

*„Accept that soon you will leave this world,  
without any possessions or influence.  
But something will remain.“*





*„What will remain?“*

*„Your genuine self.  
Unlock your heart.“*

*„And how?“*

*„Look around you.  
Look at the plant  
– one day it’s here,  
the next it could be cut down  
and vanished.*

*Look at the animals  
– one day they roam the forest,  
the next they can be caught  
by a predator.*

*Learn from them to accept what is.  
Learn from them what is  
completeness,  
wholeness.*

*How to be in unity.  
How to be your real self.  
How to be genuine and balanced.  
Learn from them how to live and die  
and do not fear the life or the death.“*





*„Are you saying I should accept that I'm going to die?“*

*„Only by accepting that you will die  
can the false within you perish,  
allowing the truth to shine.*

*Discover your own peace.“*

*„Where should I look for this peace?“*

*„If you seek it around you, you won't find it.  
But if you look inside yourself,  
you'll discover that  
your peace is waiting for you there.*

*It's waiting for the opportunity  
to manifest itself,  
to break free.*

*So don't search for peace.  
Start perceiving yourself,  
your inner self.*

*Allow it to exist,  
and peace will reveal itself.“*  
*„I can't see it. I can't feel it.  
I still only feel suffering.*

*Like a huge rock,  
in the middle of the road,  
impossible to pass around.“*





*„Take a closer look at that rock.  
Do you see it? Do you see what it is?  
It's your habits, your desire for power and wealth.  
The desire to be more than others.*

*Royal pride.*

*And that's why you can't look deeper.  
Yes, it hurts to see that rock.  
It hurts to see your pain.*

*And when you take a closer look at it,  
the pain hurts even more.*

*But I have advice for you:  
Every pain has its peak.  
When you reach the peak of pain,  
that most painful moment,  
you'll realize what the pain was trying to tell you.  
What you were supposed to understand.  
That's when the first feelings of relief come.  
Relief means understanding.*

*If you need to cry, then cry.  
Tears that bring relief will help you  
find the right path to your heart.“*

**And with that, the old woman left him for a day.**





***Now, lay the book aside for a moment,  
and contemplate what you've read,  
just like the king in this story.***





In that one day of silence, a lot happened. The king couldn't continue running away from himself. He had to face his pain. It was terrifying and painful. The king cried. Gradually, tears of relief came as the pain slowly faded away. In its place, a deeper and deeper sense of peace emerged. Although the deep wrinkles still etched his face, there was a new spark in his eyes, a strange radiant light, a sign that the king had understood something profound.

When the old woman returned, she asked the king,

*„Do you now know who you are?“*

With peace, the king replied,

*„Yes.“*

*„Are you in inner peace with the fact that you will depart from this world?“*

*„Yes, I am.“*

*„And that's why you will save your life.“*

The wise woman smiled gently and continued,

*„Do you know, my friend,  
what is the greatest task of a human beings?*

*To understand  
who they are  
and why they are here.*





*To understand why they were born  
and what role Life has chosen for them.“*

The king, completely surprised, asked:

„Life?“

*„Yes, exactly. Life.*

*Life is an always-evolving force,  
always changing, always creating.  
It wants to discover more about itself.*

*That’s why Life created the mirror of this world.  
The world was created so that it can be explored  
in all its shades.“*

The king fell silent. His mind fell silent too. Had he just heard what he had been looking for his entire life?

The wise chronicler continued,

*„I’ll gladly tell you a few paradoxes of this world.*

*Why does this world exist,  
full of hatred and suffering?*

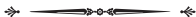
*What cruel monster designed this world?*

*Did he want to revenge on people?*

*Why?*

*Or is it completely different?*





*You know, my friend.  
Every person has two worlds in them.*

*The external one,  
experienced together with others.*

*The internal one,  
so unique,  
that it can only be experienced individually.*

*And both worlds are a part of the unity of life.*

*But how do you get to know  
the inner world without a teacher?  
That's why the external world has been created,  
so that we could share advice with each other.*

*And perhaps one little thing may surprise you:  
In the inner world, death does not exist.  
In the inner world, there is only experience.  
So try to perceive what you have just heard."*

This time, the wise old woman left him alone for a whole day. The king was gifted another day of silence and fell even deeper into his inner peace. An infinite empty space.

When the chronicler saw the king again, she noticed changes. His face was calm, relaxed, with no traces of wrinkles. A gentle and pleasant smile appeared on his face. She saw an even more radiant gleam, shining in his eyes. She knew she could continue.





*„Let me share a story with you,  
the story of the King of Kings.“*

*„Though I used to bear that title with pride,  
I haven't heard this story before.“*

*„Why is there one king and millions of subjects?  
Why aren't there more kings?  
What makes a king so exceptional?  
What do you think?“*

*„A king possesses power and wealth. No one has more.“*

*„And why did Life create him?  
Why did Life create the king and millions of subjects?“*

*„I don't know this one. Will you reveal it to me?“*

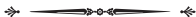
*„You see, Life is infinitely curious and loves to explore  
even the most difficult questions of existence.*

*That's why it devised a riddle:  
What would it be like to attain  
the greatest power in the world,  
only to discover that you were mistaken all along?  
That the purpose of amassing power is to let it go?  
A liberating surprise.“*

The king rubbed his forehead and mumbled,

*„Good joke.“*





The old woman continued with the next part of the story.

*„Do you know what the problem with power is?  
Only those who truly possess power can let it go.*

*How can an ordinary person imagine  
what power is like?*

*What it means to possess it?*

*What's it like to be a king?*

*Can you tell me something about it?“*

*„Well, perhaps the strangest thing is that many people  
romanticize my position. Feels like being a king  
is so simple. To be a king who is only good.*

*But ruling a realm, creating meaningful laws so that  
people don't fight like madmen, that seems impossible...*

*It's also strange to command soldiers, to see death,  
to accept it as a necessity, to see hundreds of lifeless  
bodies. Overcoming the pain of witnessing my friends'  
dead bodies. That's why I closed myself off and became  
cruel. I didn't know any other way. After the initial  
enthusiasm of wearing the royal crown, an endless pain  
followed. I felt like a machine. I built a shield against  
my emotions. I didn't know what to do next...*

*That's the horrible suffering of a king. But I couldn't find  
anyone else to entrust the fate of the kingdom to.*





*I'd rather be the king than see this kingdom in ruins.  
How many kings truly want to kill people?  
But they must.*

*When the forest is cut down, splinters fly.“*

*„And those splinters pierce the king's heart,“*

the old woman added. She looked into the distance and then back into the king's eyes.

*„So, you already know who the King of Kings is?*

*It's a king who understands his kingdom.*

*He will be in unity with his kingdom.*

*He'll comprehend its many contrasting shades.*

*He'll understand the people's souls.*

*He'll understand their pain.*

*And because of that, he will decide to heal  
his kingdom's soul from within.*

*Thanks to that, he can transform  
his kingdom into a paradise.*

*Because, you know, who in the kingdom  
can most easily change the kingdom?“*

*„Only the king!“*

*„Do you know what such a king is called?“*

*„No.“*

*„The King Who Lives Everything.“*





The king burst into tears, but this time they were tears of joy and relief.

*„You know, many people on this Earth have been kings of larger or smaller kingdoms.*

*They tried to become The King Who Lives Everything. They feel it. They have the experience.*

*And they'll be happy to help you.*

*So, don't forget:*

*Transforming a kingdom into paradise is a challenging task.*

*That's why you have the support of many.*

*You also have the support of curiosity of Life itself.“*

The king now understood the great honor he had received in this life. With humility, he accepted the gifts and bid farewell to the chronicler.

Gradually, over the course of days and years, his perception expanded, and he began to see the souls of people, animals, emotions, and even the soul of entire kingdom. He witnessed the essence of life's stories.

The king found his queen, raised his sons, and showed them, as well as others, the mysteries of life.





Together with many allies and supporters, they brought more joy, love, relief, and understanding to the Earth. Our King was known as an inspirational leader with immense wisdom.

Everything eventually comes to the end.

Many years later, when the king sensed that the end of his earthly journey was near, the old woman visited him once again.

*„Is it really you, dear lady? You look younger.“*

*„I know.“*

*„I’ve been curious about one question all this time: Who are you, really?“*

*„Do you truly want to know, my friend?“*

*„Yes,“* he replied.

*„I remember your grandfather when he was just a small child.“*

The king smiled. The old woman smiled back and said,

*„I am what is constantly changing.  
I am what gives everything movement and beauty.“*





The king smiled even more.

*„Now I know who I am.*

*I am Life.*

*Life never disappears; it only transforms.*

*So, my dear friend, are you ready for the adventure beyond death?“*

*„Yes, I am,“* and a tear rolled down the king's cheek.

*„Before we leave this world, I'm curious:*

*Did you manage to transform your kingdom into a paradise?“*

*„Just a little bit,“* king replied with a smile.

*„What surprised you the most*

*about building your paradise?“*

*„I think it was that strange awareness,*

*that I had to stop trying so hard*

*to achieve something.*

*I understood that this world is perfect just the way it is.*

*There's always a surprising solution to every problem,*

*every puzzle.*

*So, I had to learn to perceive the solutions*

*that life had already prepared.*





*And it's also fun...  
Endless love, joy, and excitement  
in discovering the beauty of life.  
And accepting that life organizes all coincidences."*

*„What wisdom would you like to pass  
on to your successors?“*

*„I'd may sum it up in a few sentences:*

*You get what you create.*

*Everything is always perfect.*

*Life isn't in a hurry,  
and yet it accomplishes everything.*

*I am everything I perceive.*

*The World is my Exact Mirror.*

*Humility is perception."*

*„It's amusing that these words come  
from a King Who Lives Everything."*

And they both laughed from the bottom of the heart.  
Then they crossed the gate of death,  
and together entered into another reality.





# *Who you really are?*

*Notes*





*Who you really are?*  
*Notes*





*Who you really are?*  
*Notes*





# *Who you really are?*

*Notes*





- © Author: Robert Durec, 2023
- © Cover: Martin Strihovsky, 2023
- © Editing, translation, and proofreading:  
Chat GTP, 2023

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Based on the story „Kráľ, ktorý všetkého má“  
written in Slovak Language.

Published by NGO n. o.,  
in the year 2023 as its 1st English public publication.  
Printed by: Expresta, [www.expresta.sk](http://www.expresta.sk)

Printed Copy

ISBN: 978-80-974602-5-9

EAN: 9788097460259

PDF free online version: 9788097460266

EPUB version: 9788097460273





