



Robert Durec

AI TRANSLATION CASE STUDY



KING

WHO LIVES
EVERYTHING



KING WHO LIVES EVERYTHING - AI TRANSLATION CASE STUDY

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This Case Study demonstrates the process of creating the English version of the book The King Who Lives Everything using AI assistance. Author of the original story, Translator of the book and author of this case study is Robert Durec.

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About Case Study

- A focused study on translation of a book from Slovak to English.
- Includes the original Slovak text and AI-generated English translation.
- Provides the proofread English version, highlighting AI-generated errors.
- Case Study is a great source to analyze and identify the types of errors AI makes in translating a book from Slovak to English.
- The story is a fictional fairy tale rich in idioms, making it an engaging and valuable resource for AI training.
- This case study is free to use for commercial, non-commercial, and academic purposes.
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Technical details about translation

- Texts for Translation were divided into 8 parts.
- AI translation using Chat GPT version 3.5. in 2023.
- AI Input and AI Export contains plain text.
- Formatting of the book was done by a person without AI Assistance.

SOURCE LINKS FOR DOWNLOAD

King Who Lives Everything Official Site:

<https://kingwholives.com>

Official Author's Site:

<https://robertdurec.com>

King Who Lives Everything - Original work in PDF, HTML, EPUB formats:

<https://kingwholives.com> (main link)

<https://robertdurec.com/king-who-lives-everything.html> (alternative link)

King Who Lives Everything - AI Translation Case Study in HTML and PDF format:

<https://robertdurec.com/ai-translation-case-study.html>

This study may be updated at a future time. You will find the latest version accessible on the author's website or book's website for free.

Author's website with extra content:

<https://robertdurec.com/>

Book website with extra content:

<https://kingwholives.com/>

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Possible assistance from author:

Translating King Who Lives Everything to a new language
If you would like to translate this book to another language, please feel free to contact me. I can assist you with publishing.
You have the option of publishing your translation on robertdurec.com and KingWhoLives.com

About Robert Durec

Robert Durec is a visionary entrepreneur and AI researcher with a rich background in IT architecture. As the founder and CEO of several technology companies, he blends technical expertise with strong business and communication skills. Known for his interdisciplinary approach, Robert embodies the spirit of a modern polymath, pushing the boundaries of innovation across multiple fields.

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Proofread text in English

Author: [Róbert Ďurec](#)

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*** Page 1 of 8 ***

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 unparalleled** success - his kingdom expanded in times of war and **even** thrived **in times of during** peace. He possessed power and influence beyond measure, able to listen to and pardon anyone. But he could also be wrathful, and **more than often** ~~when he was~~, his **disapprovers detractors** would **end up dead** ~~lose their heads~~. 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 the Earth** ~~the like of which this Earth had never borne~~.

One day, as he **wandered strolled** through his **seemingly endless endlessly long** chambers filled with beautiful paintings, colorful vases, **ancient weapons, and various treasures** ~~opulent embroidered tablecloths, and other riches~~, (NOTE: AUTHOR SIMPLIFIED THIS PART) 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 **who I am 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 **then me**.“*

The old woman **looked into the monarch's eyes** **smiled**,

*„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 the 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 whatever 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!
Just give me one example of how I am wrong in this,“*

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 for just one single day?"*

(NOTE: CHATGPT OMITTED THE ENTIRE POETIC SECTION ABOVE, CONSIDERING IT REDUNDANT.)

This enraged the king to madness.

*„How dare you ~~say~~ ~~utter~~ these words?
~~Unacceptable!~~ ~~You blaspheme!~~
Guards, come immediately!
Lock this woman in the dungeon!"*

„Why? Is ~~speaking the truth forbidden~~ ~~the truth imprisoned~~ in this castle?"

The woman looked into the king's eyes **so deeply, as if she was 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 seconds** 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** **pointed to** the doors.

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

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„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 night fell~~ ~~scoured the castle for an hour, then two, four, until it was pitch black outside~~. However, they found no old woman within the castle. The king was ~~angered~~ ~~incensed~~ beyond measure. How could someone so ~~disrespectful~~ ~~audacious~~ 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 woman was long forgotten.~~ ~~Weeks passed, then months, and slowly a year. He had long since forgotten about the woman.~~ The king, as was his ~~habit~~ ~~custom~~, went out hunting, ~~his mind focused on~~ ~~Right now, he only thought about~~ catching hares, deer, and stags.

As he ~~rode~~ ~~trotted~~ 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 on~~ to the ~~hard~~ ground. He remembered nothing more ~~after that~~.

His attendants found him on the meadow after the fall and carried him back to the castle. The king breathed heavily. Everyone waited, wondering if ~~and when~~, he would ~~ever~~ awaken. A day passed, then another, and the king finally opened his eyes at the end of the third day. It was an effort ~~for him~~ to speak and even harder to rise. He ~~fell~~ ~~lay~~ back in bed, ~~overcome with illness~~ ~~exhausted~~. ~~After another three days passed the King again awakened - and gave a decree: 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~~ ~~remedy was~~ worthy of the king's treasures. Some were so ~~confident in their ability to~~ ~~certain they could~~ cure the king that they ~~even started gaining weight to be rewarded with~~ ~~began to gain weight to receive~~ 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~~ ~~elixir~~ from 22 of the most potent and unusual plants on Earth. The king drank it, only to immediately ~~throw up~~ ~~vomit it up~~. The ~~mixture~~ ~~elixir~~ tasted terrible. However, the healer insisted that for healing, a price must be paid, and the ~~mixture~~ ~~elixir~~ had to be consumed ~~whole~~ ~~in its entirety~~. 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~~ ~~recited~~ various protective ~~spells~~ ~~verses~~ over him, drew symbols, burned incense, and ~~left~~ ~~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 ~~in with~~ a completely different voice, and ~~wore~~ a lifeless expression, ~~reciting~~ ~~uttering~~ the words:

*„King, you are bound
by a mighty force.
You are cursed.
And from this day ~~forth~~,
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~~ ~~it~~ 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. ~~When he came to, he~~ ~~He only~~ ~~regained consciousness after a short 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 say** anything about **an heir it**.“

„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 **at the border**.

Remember,

he went as far as ordering the extermination

of everyone in the village, including babies.“ (NOTE: ADDED BY AUTHOR)

„**The A** 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.

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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** **frait**, and vulnerable human being, desperately yearning for hope.

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

He ventured off the road, crossed a slightly overgrown forest, and eventually **came upon arrived at** a small river. He **rode walked** upstream, ~~the~~. The horse's hooves **rippling through disturbed** the crystal-clear water ~~of the stream, as~~. **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 Weary**, 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?“ **she asked***

„I've lost my way,“

the king replied. **Even though the truth was But in truth**, 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 **his poor choice of words in trying to make her leave that saying he had lost his way wasn't an ideal way to dismiss someone**, 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 treat** me in exchange for my guidance?“*

The king gestured, indicating that he didn't **care mind**. He added,

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

„Thank you,“

~~said the old woman. She picked up a piece of exotic-looking fruit and slowly savored it.~~ 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,

*~~"You won't understand."~~
„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.

(NOTE: CHATGPT OMITTED THE ENTIRE POETIC SECTION ABOVE, CONSIDERING IT REDUNDANT.)

*„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 **yourself** 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 timid** individual running from himself.

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

These words rang true, hurting the king deeply. The stranger was saddened 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 one** who insulted me.“

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

The king's anger **faded away dissipated**. 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?“**

(NOTE: CHATGPT OMITTED THE ENTIRE SECTION ABOVE, CONSIDERING IT REDUNDANT.)

Once again, her words cut ~~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 seems that way. ~~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. ~~Would everything suffice?~~**
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 ~~The old woman~~ 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 ~~would entice anyone from~~ 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! ~~Gold, silver, even all my treasures.~~“

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

„Yes.“

„Then how about doing something for yourself?“

„What do you ~~You~~ mean?“

„You know you're ~~dying going to die.~~

~~But~~ I can make your last moments more bearable...

and you can die in peace.“

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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 nothing follows*,
fear *may overpower will overcome* you.
The fear and *regret of wasting guilt for squandering* 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. And another, and another, and another... A 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 taking with you no possessions or influence.
But something will remain.“

„What will remain?“

„*Your genuine self. That which you truly are.*
Unlock your heart.“

„And how?“

„Look around you.

Look at the plant

– one day it's here,

the next it *could can* be cut down

and *vanished disappear.*

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** ~~to be yourself.~~*

How to be genuine and balanced.

Learn from them how to live and die

*and **do not fear life or death.** ~~not make a problem out of life and death.~~*

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

*„Only **by accepting** ~~when you accept~~ that **you will** ~~you're going to~~ die
can the false within you **perish** ~~can die~~,
allowing the truth to ~~and the true can~~ 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 boulder**,
in the middle of the road,
impossible to pass **around**.“*

*„Take a closer look at that **rock boulder**.
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 boulder**.
It hurts to see your pain.*

*And when you **take a closer look at it look at it up close**,
the pain it 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,

~~Now, try putting the book down~~

and contemplate what you've read,
just like the king in this story.

(NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR:
THESE SENTENCES CONTAIN THE MOST IMPORTANT WORDS FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE BOOK, AND
THE REST OF PAGE IS BLANK. THIS IS WHY THE TRANSLATION MUST BE AS ACCURATE AND AS POETIC
AS POSSIBLE AND WHY THE INPUT CONTENT FOR PART PAGE 5 IS SO BRIEF.)

*** Page 6 of 8 ***

In ~~During~~ 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~~ ~~terrible~~ and painful.

The king cried. Gradually, tears of relief came as the pain slowly ~~faded away~~ ~~receded,~~ ~~and~~.
In its place, a deeper and deeper sense of peace emerged. Although the deep ~~wrinkles~~
~~lines-of-years~~ still etched his face, there was a new ~~spark~~ ~~gleam~~ 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 reconciled* 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 *The Life* has chosen for them.“*

The king, completely surprised, asked:

„Life?“ *the king inquired.*

„Yes, exactly. *Life.*
*Life is an always-evolving ever-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 ~~It creates so that it can explore,~~
in all its shades.“*

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

The *wise chronicler old woman* 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 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 gifted the King with another day of silence, and he 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.

(NOTE: CHATGPT OMITTED THE ENTIRE SECTION ABOVE, CONSIDERING IT REDUNDANT.)

*„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 peculiar** 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 one**.“*

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

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*„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** **have** 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 **does 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 follows**. I felt like a machine. I built a shield against my emotions. I didn't know what to do next...

That's the **horrible peculiar** 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 take lives**?
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 sense** 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.“

~~„It's called a king who has it all.“~~

(NOTE: CHATGPT MISPELLED THE NAME OF BOOK)

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've tried to become **The King Who Lives Everything** ~~the king who has it all~~. 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 **Life's** **the** 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 **the** entire kingdom. **He witnessed the essence of life's stories.** ~~He saw the soul of the stories of life.~~

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** ~~collaborators~~, they brought more joy, love, relief, and understanding to the Earth. Our King was known **far and wide** as an inspirational leader with immense wisdom.

*** Page 8 of 8 ***

Everything eventually comes to **an** ~~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** ~~you are~~.
I am ~~You are~~ 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* ~~proceed~~, I’m curious:
Did you manage to transform your kingdom
into a paradise?“

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

„What surprised you the most
about building your paradise?“

„I think it was *that strange awareness* ~~realizing~~,
that I had to stop trying so hard
to *achieve something* ~~build it~~.

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 probably~~ 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* ~~achieves~~ everything.
I am everything I perceive.
The *W*orld is my *E*xact *M*irror.
Humility is perception.“

„It's amusing that these words come
from a *King Who Lives Everything King who has it all.*“

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

Who you really are?

Notes:

Exported text from AI in English

King Who Lives Everything

Export of EN translation from Slovak to English language

*** Page 1 of 8 ***

The King Who Had Everything

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 castle. He enjoyed unparalleled success - his kingdom expanded in times of war and thrived during peace. He possessed power and influence beyond measure, able to listen to and pardon anyone. But he could also be wrathful, and when he was, his detractors would lose their heads. His subjects, some out of reverence and others out of fear, called him the King of Kings, the Greatest of the Great, the like of which this Earth had never borne.

One day, as he strolled through his endlessly long chambers filled with beautiful paintings, colorful vases, opulent embroidered tablecloths, and other riches, 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 smiled, "Those are bold words. But can you prove them, or are they empty words in the wind?"

This enraged the king to madness. "How dare you utter these words? You blaspheme! Guards, come immediately! Lock this woman in the dungeon!"

"Why? Is the truth imprisoned in this castle?" The woman looked into the king's eyes. "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 seconds 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 pointed to the doors.

"Forgive us, but old women are not allowed entry into the castle. We surely would have noticed."

*** Page 2 of 8 ***

"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 scoured the castle for an hour, then two, four, until it was pitch black outside. However, they found no old woman within the castle. The king was incensed beyond measure. How could someone so audacious escape?

But in the following days, the king's anger subsided, much to the misfortune of his subjects. Weeks passed, then months, and slowly a year. The king, as was his custom, went out hunting. He had long since forgotten about the woman. Right now, he only thought about catching hares, deer, and stags. As he trotted 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 if, and when, he would awaken. 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 their remedy was worthy of the king's treasures. Some were so certain they could cure the king that they began to gain weight to

receive 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 elixir from 22 of the most potent and unusual plants on Earth. The king drank it, only to immediately vomit it up. The elixir tasted terrible. However, the healer insisted that for healing, a price must be paid, and the elixir had to be consumed in its entirety. 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 recited 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, uttering the words:

"King, you are bound by a mighty force. You are cursed. And from this day forth, 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 it 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 short 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 say anything about it."

"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 at the border. A 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 nearing. Funny, now he was probably closer to death than those elderly people.

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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, frail, and vulnerable human being, desperately yearning for hope.

He left the city, heading in any direction, leaving it all to chance. And so, the king wandered his kingdom for seven days. His slowly deteriorating body wore him out, but his own thoughts tormented him even more. The longer he journeyed, the harder it was to escape those unpleasant thoughts. They pursued him like a shadow in the bright of day.

He ventured off the road, traversed a slightly overgrown forest, and eventually arrived at a small river. He walked upstream. The horse's hooves disturbed the crystal-clear water of the stream as 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. Weary, 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?" she asked.

"I've lost my way," the king replied. But in truth, he wanted to get rid of her like so many others he had encountered on his journey. He didn't want to engage in 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 dismiss someone, 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 treat me in exchange for my guidance?"

The king gestured, indicating that he didn't mind. He added, "Help yourself to anything. Enjoy."

"Thank you," said the old woman. She picked up a piece of exotic-looking fruit and slowly savored it. She 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, "You won't understand."

"Do not judge a chronicle by its cover. Sometimes, you find something in it that surprises you. Something you've been searching for a 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 yourself 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 meant to be recorded in historical chronicles is just a timid individual running from himself. You became intoxicated with power, locking your heart away behind three castle gates. Suddenly, you lost that power, but your locked heart remains."

The stranger was saddened 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."

"The one you wanted to lock up in a prison cell?"

The king's anger dissipated. 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.'"

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.

"Would everything suffice? 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."

The old woman continued to smile.

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

"King, your offer would entice anyone from the city. But life cannot be bought. Therefore, you cannot buy me either."

"What do you want, then? I'll give you everything. Gold, silver, even all my treasures."

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

"Then how about doing something for yourself?"

"You mean?"

"You know you're going to die. But I can make your last moments more bearable... and you can die in peace."

*** Page 4 of 8 ***

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 nothing follows, fear will overcome you. Fear and guilt for squandering your life. Doubts. You feel them now, don't you?"

A tear rolled down the king's cheek. And another, and another, and another... A 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, taking with you no possessions or influence. But something will remain."

"What will remain?"

"That which you truly are. Unlock your heart."

"And how?"

"Look around you. Look at the plant – one day it's here, the next it can be cut down and disappear. 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 completeness, wholeness. How to be in unity, to be yourself. To be genuine and balanced. Learn from them how to live and die and not make a problem out of life and death."

"Are you saying I should accept that I'm going to die?"

"Only when you accept that you're going to die, the false within you can die, and the true can 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 boulder in the middle of the road, impossible to pass."

"Take a closer look at that boulder. 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 boulder. It hurts to see your pain. And when you look at it up close, it hurts even more. But I have advice for you: Every pain has its peak. When you reach the peak of pain, 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.

*** Page 5 of 8 ***

Now, try putting the book down and contemplate what you've read, just like the king in this story.

*** Page 6 of 8 ***

During 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 terrible and painful. The king cried. Gradually, tears of relief came as the pain slowly receded, and in its place, a deeper and deeper sense of peace emerged. Although the deep lines of years still etched his face, there was a new gleam 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 reconciled with the fact that you will depart from this world?"

"Yes, I am."

"And that's why you will save your life."

The old woman smiled gently and continued, "You know, my friend, what is the greatest task of a human being? To understand who they are and why they are here. To understand why they were born and what role Life has chosen for them."

"Life?" the king inquired.

"Yes, exactly. Life. Life is an ever-evolving force, always changing, always creating. It wants to discover more about itself. That's why Life created the mirror of this world. It creates so that it can explore, in all its shades."

The king fell silent. His mind fell silent too. He had just heard what had eluded him his entire life.

The old woman continued, "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 peculiar 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 one."

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

*** Page 7 of 8 ***

"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 have 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. 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 follows. I felt like a machine. I built a shield against my emotions. I didn't know what to do next... That's the peculiar 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 take lives? 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 sense 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."

"It's called a king who has it all."

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've tried to become the king who has it all. They feel it. They have 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 Life's curiosity 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 entire kingdom. He saw the soul of the stories of life. The king found his queen, raised his sons, and showed them, as well as others, the mysteries of life.

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

*** Page 8 of 8 ***

Everything eventually comes to an 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 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 you are. You are 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 proceed, I'm curious: Did you manage to transform your kingdom into a paradise?"

"Just a little bit," he replied with a smile.

"What surprised you the most about building your paradise?"

"I think it was realizing that I had to stop trying so hard to build it. I understood that this world is perfect just the way it is. There's always a surprising solution to 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 coincidences."

"What wisdom would you like to pass on to your successors?"

"I'd probably 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 achieves 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 has it all."

And they both laughed heartily, crossed the gate of death together, and entered into another reality.

Inserted text to AI in Slovak

Kráľ, ktorý všetkého má, original text in Slovak language, used as input to SK to EN translation.

*** Page 1 of 8 ***

Kráľ, ktorý všetkého má

V jednej dávnovekej krajine žil kráľ, ktorý už všetkého dosť mal. Bol taký bohatý, že jeho nahromadené zlato a striebro celé poschodie hradu zaberalo. Mal úspech ako nikto iný – kráľovstvo sa pod jeho rukou rozširovalo vo vojne a prosperovalo i počas mieru. Aj moci a vplyvu mal kráľ nadostač – dokázal kohokoľvek vypočuť a omilostiť. Ale vedel sa aj nahnevať. A vtedy bol každý neprajník o hlavu kratší. A jeho poddaní? Jedni z úcty, iní zo strachu mu hovorili: Kráľ kráľov, Najväčší z najväčších, akých táto Zem niesla. V jeden deň sa prechádzal svojimi nekonečne dlhými komnatami plnými krásnych obrazov, farebných váz, prepychových vyšívanych obrusov a iného majetku. Keď tu zrazu zbadal neznámu starenu.

Povýšenecky sa na ňu pozrel:

„Čo chceš, služobnica neúctivá? A čo robíš v komnatách, kde mám vstup len ja? Odíď!“ Ale žena neurobila ani krok, a mlčky sa pozerala na jednu z maľovaných váz. Kráľ zvýšil hlas:

„Žena! Odíď, inak budeš o hlavu kratšia!“

Žena zodvihla zrak ku kráľovi, a s pohľadom nevinnej začala rozprávať:

„Ja som zabúdila. Nevieam, kde som. A ani neviem, kto si TY.“

„Ty ma nepoznáš? Ako je možné, že ma nepoznáš?“

Kráľ napol hrud' a prehovoril hrdým hlasom:

„Som najväčší na svete. Som kráľ sveta. Nikoho väčšieho na tejto zemi niet...“

Starena sa pozrela do panovníkových očí:

„To sú odvážne slová. Ale vieš ich aj dokázať? Či sú to len prázdne reči do vetra?“

Kráľa ovládol hnev:

„Ako sa opovažuješ mi protirečiť a urážať ma? Chceš byť štatá katovou sekerou?“

„To pre jednoduchú otázku sa tu stínajú hlavy? Ak si kráľom celého tohto sveta, dokáž to. Povedz o svojej sile. Čo dokážeš?“

„Dokážem prikázať ľuďom, aby robili, čo chcem. Ba dokonca ešte viac: Dokážem ich primäť k tomu, aby mysleli, na čo chcem. Aby postavili, čo chcem. Aby zomierali za to, čo chcem.“

Žena sa pousmiala:

„Naivný si, pán kráľ. Ale zďaleka nemáš takú moc, ako o sebe vyhlasuješ. Nie si pánom tohto sveta!“

„Nehovoriš pravdu. Ak vieš, povedz mi čo len jeden príklad, že sa mýlim,“ dodal kráľ povýšeneckým hlasom.

„Ako povieš, milý kráľu.“

Dokážeš prikázať vetru, aby fúkal?

Rastline, aby kvitla?

Prikázať Slnku, aby odohnalo mraky?

Alebo prikázať smrti, aby prišla neskôr,

čo i len o jeden jediný deň?“

Kráľ sa rozzúrilo do nepríčetnosti.

„Ako sa opovažuješ vyriešiť tieto slová? Rúhaš sa! Stráže, ihneď sem! Zavrite túto ženu do žalára!“

„A prečo? Za pravdu sa zatvára do väzenia?“

Žena sa do kráľových očí pozrela tak prenikavo, akoby mu hľadela priamo do jeho pyšného srdca:

„Ty nie si kráľ sveta. Ty si len kráľ ľudí.“

Starena vykročila k otvoreným dverám z komnaty, a vyriekla prorocké slová:

„Ty si ešte spomenieš na naše stretnutie.“

Kráľovi vojaci dorazili o pár sekúnd neskôr z opačných dverí. Sklonili sa: „K Vaším rozkazom!“

„Chyťte tú starenu, nech živá zo zámku nevyjde.“

„Prepáčte, Vaša výsosť. Nerozumeli sme. Aká starena?“

„Predsa tá, ktorá ma urážala a odišla týmito dverami!“ A kráľov prst ukázal na dvere.

„Prepáčte. Ale staré ženy majú vstup na hrad zakázaný. Určite by sme si ju všimli.“

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„Nehnevajte ma! Pred chvíľou tu bola. Prehľadajte celý hrad, musíte ju nájsť! A okamžite!“ Stráže prehľadávali hrad hodinu, dve, štyri, až do úplnej tmavej noci, žiadnu starú ženu v hrade však nenašli... Kráľa to vytáčalo do nepríčetnosti. Ako mohol niekto taký drzý uniknúť?

Ale počas ďalších dní kráľov hnev chladol. Najviac na to, bohužiaľ, doplatili jeho poddaní. Prešli ďalšie týždne, mesiace, a pomaly aj rok. Kráľ, ako už bolo jeho zvykom, sa vybral na poľovačku. Už dávno ho opustili myšlienky na túto ženu. Práve teraz myslel len na zajace, jelene a lane, ktoré uloví. Ako tak cváľal na koni, došiel na okraj lúky. Pozeral sa... Pekný výhľad, keď zrazu sa to stalo. Kráľa silno pichlo pri srdci, zatmelo sa mu pred očami, a ako bez života padal z koňa na tvrdú zem. Viac si nepamätal...

Služobníctvo ho po páde na lúke našlo a odnieslo na zámok. Kráľ sťažka dýchal. Všetci čakali, kedy, a či vôbec, sa preberie... Prešiel deň, prešiel druhý. A kráľ až na konci tretieho dňa otvoril oči. Ťažko sa mu hovorilo, a ešte ťažšie vstávalo. Opäť si vyčerpaný ľahol do postele. Tak prešiel aj ďalší deň.

Ani na tretí deň po prebudení sa kráľovi veľmi nepolepšilo, tak vydal rozkaz:

„Ten, kto mňa – kráľovskú výsosť vylieči, dostane toľko zlata, koľko sám váži.“

Tento rozkaz nemusel dva razy vydať. Už o tri hodiny prišli prví lekári, liečitelia, vedmy i čarodejníci. Každý z nich dúfal, že práve jeho recept je hodný kráľových pokladov. Dokonca niektorí si boli takí istí, že kráľa vyliečia, že začali priberať, aby získali viac zlata.

Prvý lekár natrel jeho tvár i celú hlavu zázračnou masťou. Kráľ bol onedlho celý biely. Ale masť na neho nemala účinok.

Potom prišiel na rad kuchár. Ten mu pripravil šťavu z 22 ovocných plodov jeho zeme. Kráľovi síce džús chutil, pomôcť mu však nepomohol.

Tretí liečiteľ myslel opačne: keď mu nepomohla šťava z ovocia, pripraví mu tajomný elixír z 22 najsilnejších a najzvláštnejších rastlín celej Zeme. Kráľ to vypil, a hneď to aj vrátil von. Elixír chutil strašne. Ale liečiteľ namietal – za zdravie sa platí, treba ho vypiť celý. Tak to kráľ aj proti svojej vôli urobil. Ale ani po tretej dávke sa mu zdravie nezlepšilo.

Keď lekári a liečitelia nevedeli pomôcť, prišli na rad mágovia a iní čarodejníci. Hovorili nad ním rôzne ochranné verše, kreslili rôzne symboly a pálili v izbe kadidlo i iné aromatické rastliny. Aj to však bolo márne...

Keď nič nepomáhalo, jeden z čarodejníkov sa pokúsil spojiť s duchmi. Dostal sa do tranzu, s úplne iným hlasom a s mŕtvolným výrazom vyriekol slová:

„Kráľ, si spútaný mocnou silou. Si prekliaty. A ostávajú ti oddnes už iba dva mesiace života. Budeš slabnúť čoraz viac. Maličká nádej na prelomenie kliatby tu ešte jestvuje. Ale nenájdeš ju na zámku, a nedá ti ju ani nik, kto je teraz v tvojom paláci. Smrť si na teba už pomaličky brúsi zuby...“

Čarodejník dorozprával a padol na zem. Prebral sa až po malej chvíli. Nepamätal si na nič zo slov, ktoré povedal.

A kráľ? Aj keď nechcel, niekde v hĺbke uveril týmto prorockým slovám. A prišiel na neho nepokoj a strach. Zavrel sa do komnaty. Má ešte nádej?

Pobyť v paláci mu pripadal čoraz viac neznesiteľný. Preto ráno, prezlečený za niekoho iného, vyšiel von, do mesta. Zastavil sa na trhovisku a započul rozhovor:

„Vieš, čo sa stalo včera na hrade?“ Spýtal sa mešťan zákazníka.

„Nie, neviem. Povedz.“

„Kráľovi vyveštili, že o dva mesiace tu už nebude. Že zomrie.“

„A kto bude kráľom po ňom?“

„Neviem. Kráľ o tom nič nepovedal.“

„Nebol to až taký zlý kráľ. Vedel, ako vybudovať ríšu. Ale ak by si sa dostal do jeho nepriazne, zhorel by si na hranici ty i celá tvoja dedina. Kráľ dostane len to, čo si zaslúži. A spomínaš si, čo chcel od každého, aby mu hovoril?“

„Že je Kráľ Kráľov. Ten najväčší človek, akého kedy táto Zem niesla,“ ironicky poznamenal.

Kráľ sa zamyslel a povedal pre seba:

„Tak toto si o mne myslia? Že som nebol dobrý kráľ? Budem po mojej smrti vôbec niekomu chýbať? Či budú len naoko smútiť, a vnútri oslavovať, že som už preč... Má môj život vlastne zmysel?“

Panovník kráčal ďalej. A videl v meste aj mnohých starých ľudí. Nezvyknutý na ten pohľad.

Nechcel ich mať na zámku. Pripomínali mu, že starne. Pripomínali mu blízkosť smrti.

Vtipné, teraz je asi bližšie k smrti on, ako tí starci...

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V kráľovskej stajni osedlal najobyčajnejším sedlom toho najobyčajnejšieho koňa akého našiel. Už nechcel byť kráľom. Najviac sa bál toho, že ho niekto spozná. A zistí, že ON – kráľ

je iba malý, chorľavý a zraniteľný človečik, ktorý zúfalo túži po nádeji. Odchádza z mesta a je mu jedno, ktorým smerom sa vydá. Nechá to na náhodu. A tak kráľ putoval svojou krajinou celých sedem dní. Vyčerpávalo ho jeho pomaly chradnúce telo, omnoho viac ho však mučili jeho vlastné myšlienky. A čím dlhšie putoval, tým ťažšie od nich utekal. Tie nepríjemné myšlienky ho prenasledovali ako tieň za slnečného dňa.

Odišiel mimo cesty, prechádzal trochu zarasteným lesom, až došiel k malej riečke. Vydal sa proti jej prúdu. Kopytá koňa čerili priezračnú vodičku z tohto potoka. A kráľ putoval ďalej, až prišiel na miesto, kde riečka začínala. Bol to okraj malého modrého jazera. Zosadol z koňa a napil sa vody. Rozprestrel obrus a vybalil niečo zo svojich zmenšujúcich sa zásob. Unavený si sadol. V tom sa z lesíka objavila stará žena. V ruke niesla košík plný húb.

„Aha, cudzinec. Čo robíš na tomto zabudnutom mieste?“

„Zablúdil som.“

Odpovedal kráľ. Ale v skutočnosti sa jej chcel zbaviť, ako mnohých iných ľudí, ktorých stretol cestou. Nechcel sa s ňou rozprávať.

„Naozaj? Môžem ti poradiť, ako sa dostať na cestu, ak chceš.“

Kráľ si uvedomil, že povedať slová, že zablúdil, nie sú ideálne ako sa zbaviť človeka. Tak to skúsil inak:

„Ukáž mi cestu, a ja onedlho pôjdem naspäť.“

„Ako povieš, cudzinec. A vidím aj mnohé netradičné jedlá v твоjich zásobách. Som zvedavá ako chutia. Pohostíš ma za radu?“

Kráľ gestom ukázal, že je mu to jedno. Dopovedal:

„Daj si čo len chceš. Nech ti padne na úžitok.“

„Ďakujem ti.“

Starena si zobrala prvý kúsok exoticky vyzerajúceho ovocia. Pomaličky sa doň zahryzla, a jemne si ho vychutnávala. Podobným spôsobom ochutnala aj ďalšie tri kúsky položené na obruse. Potom sa pozorne zahľadela kráľovi do očí a povedala:

„Cudzinec, už hľadela som do tváří mnohých ľudí, videla som rôzne oči. Aj oči, aké máš ty. Vidím, že pred niečím utekáš.“

Kráľ si povzdychol:

„Kdeže, nepoznáš ma. Nevieš, kto som. Nevieš, aký som.“

„Ale oči povedia často viac ako tisíc slov,“ protirečila mu starena. „Čo ťa trápi, synu?“

„Aj tak ma nepochopíš,“ odpovedal kráľ.

„Nesúď kronikárovu knihu podľa obalu. Občas v nej nájdeš niečo, čo ťa prekvapí. Niečo, čo si dlho hľadal.“

„Ha-ha-ha... Ty si kronikárka? Nevyzeráš na to.“

Na stareninej tvári sa zjavil jemný úsmev. Potom úsmev zmizol a starena sa opäť zahľadela na cudzinca. A opäť mu položila otázku:

„Čo ťa trápi, synu?“

Nastala chvíľka ticha...

„Chceš mi sám povedať, čo ťa trápi, alebo to mám vyčítať z твоjich očí?“

„Skús.“ Kráľ sa s úsmevom pozrel na starenu. Starena si odkašľala, a začala hovoriť:

„Zistil si, že nie si ten, za ktorého si sa pokladal. Zistil si, že ten mocný človek, ktorý má byť zapísaný v historických kronikách, je iba ustráchaný človečik, ktorý uteká pred sebou samým. Opantal si sa mocou, aby si na tri zámky zatvoril svoje srdce. A zrazu si moc stratil. Ale zamknuté srdce ti ostáva.“

Cudzinec, keď započul tieto slová, posmutnel. Tieto slová ho zaboľeli. Starena pokračovala:

„A teraz nevieš, ako ďalej. A poznám aj jedno tvoje tajomstvo:

Si kráľ. Si kráľ tejto ríše. A zároveň si kráľ, ktorý zomiera.“

„Ako to vieš?“

„Nie je to prvýkrát, čo sa vidíme. Skús si spomenúť, kedy si ma videl naposledy.“

Kráľ sa zamyslel. Hneď na to od hnevu sčervenel:

„To si ty! Inak vyzeráš... Ale si to ty. Ty si tá starena zo zámku. Tá starena, ktorá ma urazila.“

„A ktorú si za pravdu chcel zatvoriť do väzenia?“

Kráľov hnev po tejto vete vyfučal. Predsa len, povedala mu pravdu. Aj keď si tú pravdu vtedy na zámku odmietal priznať.

„Teda vieš aj o kliatbe, však?“

„Viem,“ odsekla mu.

„To ty si ju na mňa uvalila?“

„Nie ja. To život. Veď poznáš zo starých kníh: Čo zaseješ, to zožneš.“

Kráľa premožla vina. Spomenul si na svoje kruté panovanie. Ako aj na to, čo si pred týždňom počul na trhovisku. Starena pokračovala:

„Čo zaseješ, to zožneš. A čo má zožať človek, ktorý seje smrť?“

Kráľa tieto slová obrovsky zaboľeli. Spomenul si aj na kliatbu z úst čarodejníka:

„Teda naozaj mi už ostáva len mesiac a pol života?“

„Môže byť.“

„Ale čarodejník povedal, že aj nádej na prelomenie kliatby existuje. A že ju nájdeme mimo zámku. Máš mi tú nádej dať ty?“

„Podľa toho ako sa rozhodneš.“

Tieto slová riadne kráľa rozrušili:

„Dám ti všetko. Zlato, striebro, hoci aj všetky moje poklady.“

Starena sa na neho len usmiala.

„Nestačí? Dobré, dám ti viac. Dám ti pol kráľovstva.“ Starena sa usmievala ďalej. „Nie? Tak dám ti celé kráľovstvo. Stovky miest po tejto zemi. Len ma zachráň.“

„Kráľu, tvoja ponuka by nenechala chladným nikoho z mesta. Ale život sa nedá kúpiť. Preto ani mňa si takto kúpiť nemôžeš.“

„Tak čo chceš? Dám ti všetko! Urobím pre teba všetko.“

„Naozaj? A čo keby si urobil niečo pre seba?“

„Čo tým myslíš?“

„Vieš, že zomrieš. Ale môžem ti tvoje posledné okamihy spraviť znesiteľnejšími... a môžeš zomrieť v pokoji.“

Kráľ padol na zem. Toto nechcel počuť. Toto nechcel prijať. Zo všetkého najviac si neželal zomrieť. Príšerne sa bál smrti. Chcel utiecť, no nevládal sa ani pohnúť. Aj keď nevedel, či mu útek k niečomu pomôže...

Starena sa postavila nad neho a doplnila:

„Ak si myslíš, že tvoj život smrťou končí a nič ďalšie nenasleduje, premôže ťa strach. Strach a vina, že si svoj život premárnil. Pochybnosti. Teraz to cítiš.“

Kráľovi vyšla slza z oka. A ďalšia a ďalšia a ďalšia... Kopa slz. Úplne sa rozplakal. Zomrie. Prečo?

Starena mu odpovedala:

„Už vieš, čím si bol. Kráľom. Ale teraz si zlomený. Stratil si všetko. Časť teba zomiera a to prináša bolesť. Cítiš to, však?“

Kráľ sťažka odpovedal:

„... áno.“

„Ostáva ti iba prijať to, že čoskoro odídeš z tohto sveta a neodnesieš si so sebou žiaden majetok a vplyv. Ale niečo ti predsa len ostane.“

„A čo mi ostane?“

„To, kým skutočne si. Odomkni svoje srdce.“

„A ako?“ spýtal sa kráľ.

„Popozerať sa okolo seba.“

Pozri sa na rastlinu – jeden deň tu je, na ďalší ju kosci môžu zožať a zmizne.

Pozri sa na zvieratá – v jeden deň lozia po lese, na druhý deň ich môže uloviť dravec.

Nauč sa od nich prijímať to, čo je. Nauč sa od nich úplnosti, celistvosti. Ako byť v jednote, byť sám sebou. Byť skutočným a vyrovnaným.

Nauč sa od nich, ako žiť a umrieť a nerobiť zo života a smrti problém.“

„Teda mám prijať to, že zomriem?“

„Iba keď prijmeš to, že zomrieš, dokáže to falošné v tebe zahynúť a to pravé sa rozžiarí.“

Objav svoj vlastný pokoj.“

„A kde mám ten pokoj hľadať?“

„Ak ho hľadáš okolo seba, nenájdeš ho. Ale ak sa pozrieš do svojho vnútra, zistíš, že tam tvoj pokoj na teba čaká. Čaká na príležitosť, aby sa mohol prejaviť, predať von.“

Preto nehľadaj pokoj. Začni vnímať seba samého, svoje vnútro. Dovoľ mu existovať, vtedy sa pokoj objaví sám.“

„Nevidím ho. Necítim ho. Stále cítim len utrpenie. Ako balvan v strede cesty, okolo ktorého sa nedá prejsť.“

„Pozri sa na ten balvan zblízka. Vidiš ho? Vidiš, čo to je? Sú to tvoje zvyky, tvoja túžba po moci a majetku. Túžba byť viac ako iní. Kráľovská pýcha.“

A preto sa nevieš pozrieť hlbšie. Áno, bolí ťa vidieť ten balvan. Bolí ťa vidieť tvoju bolesť. A keď sa na ňu pozrieš zblízka, bolí ešte viac. Ale mám pre teba radu: Každá bolesť má svoj vrchol. A keď dosiahneš vrchol bolesti, uvedomíš si, čo ti mala bolesť povedať. Čo si mal pochopiť. A vtedy prichádzajú prvé pocity úľavy. Úľava znamená pochopenie.

Ak budeš potrebovať plakať, tak plač. Slzy prinášajúce úľavu ti pomôžu nájsť pravú cestu k tvojmu srdcu.“

A starena ho na jeden deň opustila.

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Skús teraz odložiť knihu a zamyslieť sa nad tým, čo si prečítal, podobne ako kráľ v tomto príbehu.

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Za ten jeden deň ticha sa udialo veľa. Kráľ nemohol ďalej utekať sám pred sebou. Preto sa musel pozrieť na svoju bolesť. Bolo to strašné a bolestivé. Kráľ plakal. Postupne prišli aj slzy úľavy, keď bolesť pomaličky odchádzala a na jej mieste sa objavoval čoraz hlbší a hlbší pokoj. A aj keď stopy dlhoročných vrások stále čerili kráľovu tvár, v jeho očiach sa začal blysknúť lesk. Také zvláštne žiarivé svetlo ako znak toho, že kráľ niečo hlboké pochopil.

Keď sa starenka vrátila, spýtala sa kráľa:

„Už vieš, kto si?“

Kráľ s pokojom odpovedal:

„Áno.“

„Už si zmierený s tým, že odídeš z tohto sveta?“

„Áno, som.“

„A práve preto si svoj život zachrániš.“

Starena sa jemne usmievala:

„Vieš, čo je najväčšia úloha človeka?

Pochopiť, kto je, a prečo tu je.

Pochopiť, prečo sa narodil.

A zistiť, akú úlohu mu Život vybral.“

Kráľ celý prekvapený:

„Život?“

„Áno, presne tak. Život. Život je sila, ktorá sa neustále vyvíja, mení, tvorí. Chce zistiť o sebe viac. Preto Život vytvoril zrkadlo tohto sveta. Tvorí, aby objavoval, kto je, vo všetkých svojich odtienkoch.“

Kráľ stíchol. Stíchla aj jeho myseľ. Počul práve to, čo mu celý život unikalo?

Kronikárka pokračovala:

„Rada ti poviem zopár paradoxov tohto sveta.

Prečo existuje tento svet plný nenávisti a utrpenia?

Aký krutý netvor tento svet navrhol?

Chcel sa ľuďom pomstiť? Prečo?

Alebo je to úplne inak?

Vieš, priateľu. Každý človek má v sebe dva svety. Jeden vonkajší, ktorý spoznáva spoločne s inými. Druhý vnútorný, ktorý je taký jedinečný, že ho môže spoznávať iba sám. A oba svety sú súčasťou jednoty života.

Ale ako spoznáš vnútorný svet bez učiteľa? Práve preto vznikol ten vonkajší, aby sme si vzájomne vedeli zdieľať rady.

A možno ťa prekvapí jedna maličkosť:

Vo vnútornom svete smrť neexistuje.

Vo vnútornom svete existuje iba skúsenosť.

Preto skús navnímať, čo si teraz počul.“

Starena ho tentokrát opustila na celý deň. Kráľ dostal do daru ďalší deň ticha a ešte hlbšie sa ponáral do svojho vnútorného pokoja. Nekonečný prázdny priestor.

Keď Starenka opäť uvidela kráľa, videla na ňom zmeny. Tvár mal pokojnú, uvoľnenú, po vráskach už ani stopy. Jeho tvár ozdoboval jemný a príjemný úsmev. A videla ešte viac žiarivý lesk v jeho očiach. Vedela, že môže pokračovať.

„Priateľu, počul si príbeh o kráľovi kráľov?“

„Síce týmto titulom som sa rád ozdoboval, no príbeh o kráľovi kráľov som ešte nepočul.“

„Prečo je jeden kráľ a milióny poddaných? Prečo nie je kráľov viac? Čim je kráľ taký výnimočný? Čo ti napadá?“

„Kráľ má moc a bohatstvo. Nikto nemá viac.“

„A prečo ho život vytvoril? Prečo Život vytvoril kráľa aj milióny poddaných?“

„Toto fakt neviem. Prezradíš mi?“

„Vieš,... život je nekonečne zvedavý a rád skúma aj tie najzvláštnejšie otázky života. Preto našiel rébus:

Aké by to bolo získať najväčšiu moc na svete, a potom zistiť, že sa celý čas mýlil? Že zmyslom zhromažďovania moci je pustiť ju?

Oslobodzujúce prekvapenie.“

Kráľ sa chytil za čelo a trochu zanadával... A pokorne uznal:

„Dobrý vtíp.“

Starenka pokračovala ďalšou časťou príbehu:

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„Vieš aký je problém moci? Vzdať sa jej môže iba ten, kto moc skutočne má.

Ako si vie bežný človek predstaviť, čo je to moc? Aké je to mať ju? Aké zodpovedné je byť kráľom? Skús mi o tom niečo povedať.“

„Asi to najzvláštnejšie je, že mnohí ľudia vnímajú moju pozíciu príliš romanticky. Kráľ, ktorý je iba dobrý. Ale riadiť ríšu, tvoriť zmysluplné zákony, aby sa tí ľudia nebili ako blázni. To sa asi nedá...“

Zvláštne je aj veliť vojakom. Vidieť smrť. Brať ju ako nutnosť. Vidieť stovky mŕtvych tiel. A prekonať bolesť z pohľadu na mŕtve telá mojich priateľov. Preto som sa uzatvoril a bol krutý. Nevedel som inak.

Keď ťa opustí prvotné nadšenie z kráľovskej koruny, príde nekonečná bolesť.

Cítil som sa podobne ako stroj. Vytvoril si štít proti svojim pocitom. A nevedel ako ďalej...

To je zvláštne utrpenie kráľa. Ale nenašiel som nikoho iného, komu by som osud kráľovstva mohol zveriť. Radšej budem Kráľom ja, ako vidieť toto kráľovstvo v ruinách. Koľko kráľov chce skutočne zabíjať ľudí? Ale musí. Keď sa rúbe les, lietajú triesky.“

„A tie triesky sa zapichujú do kráľovho srdca“. Dodala starena. Zahľadela sa do diaľky a potom opäť do kráľových očí:

„Teda už tušíš, kto je kráľ kráľov?“

Je to kráľ, ktorý spozná svoje kráľovstvo. Bude v jednote so svojim kráľovstvom. Spozná aj jeho mnohé protichodné odtienky. Spozná aj dušu ľudí. Spozná aj bolesť ľudí. A preto sa rozhodne vyliečiť dušu svojho kráľovstva z jeho vlastného vnútra. Vďaka tomu môže zo svojho kráľovstva vytvoriť Raj. Pretože vieš, kto v kráľovstve môže najľahšie zmeniť kráľovstvo?“

„Iba kráľ!“

„Vieš, ako sa volá takýto kráľ?“

„Nie.“

„Je to: Kráľ, ktorý všetkého má.“

Kráľ sa rozplakal. Ale tento krát to boli slzy radosti a úľavy.

„Vieš... mnoho z ľudí na tejto Zemi bolo kráľmi väčšieho, či menšieho kráľovstva. Skúšali sa stať tým kráľom, ktorý všetkého má. Cítia to. Majú skúsenosti. A radi ti budú pomáhať.

Preto nezabudni:

Zmeniť kráľovstvo na Raj je náročná úloha. Preto máš podporu mnohých. Máš aj podporu zvedavosti Života samotného.“

Kráľ už vedel, akú česť v tomto živote dostal.

S pokorou prijal dary a rozlúčil sa s kronikárkou.

Postupne, behom dní aj rokov sa mu rozšírilo vnímanie, a začal vidieť duše ľudí, zvierat, pocitov, ba aj celého kráľovstva. Videl dušu príbehov života.

Kráľ si našiel svoju kráľovnú, postupne vychovával aj svojich synov a im a aj iným ukazoval tajomstvá života.

A spoločne s mnohými spolupracovníkmi prinášal kráľ do Zeme viac radosti, lásky, úľavy a aj pochopenia.

A náš Kráľ bol známy široko-dáľeko ako inšpiratívny vodca s obrovskou múdrosťou.

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Všetko raz končí. O mnoho rokov, keď kráľ tušil, že čoskoro nadíde koniec jeho pozemskej púte, ho opäť navštívila starena.

„Starenka, si to ty alebo nie? Vyzeráš mladšie.“

„Viem.“

„A celý čas som zvedavý na jednu otázku: Kto vlastne si?“

„Chceš to naozaj vedieť, priateľu?“

„Áno“, odpovedal.

„Pamätám si ešte tvojho dedka, keď bol malý.“

Kráľ sa len pousmial. Starena sa tiež usmiala a povedala.

„Ja som to, čo sa neustále mení.

Ja som to, čo dáva všetkému pohyb a krásu.“

Kráľ sa ešte viac usmial.

„Už vieš, kto som? Ja som Život. Život nezaniká, život sa iba premieňa. Tak, priateľu, si pripravený na dobrodružstvo za hranicami smrti?“

„Áno, som.“ A kráľovi sa skotúlala slza z oka.

„Než pôjdeme ďalej, som zvedavá:

Podarilo sa ti zmeniť tvoje kráľovstvo na Raj?“

„Iba trošičku.“ S úsmevom odpovedal.

„Čo ťa na budovaní tvojho Raja najviac prekvapilo?“

„Asi to, že som sa mal prestať usilovať a budovať. Pochopil som, že tento svet je perfektný taký, aký je. Na každý rébus sa nájde prekvapivé riešenie. Preto som sa mal naučiť vnímať riešenia, aké už pripravil život. A je to aj zábava... nekonečná láska a radosť a vzrušenie z objavovania krásy života. A prijať, že náhody organizuje samotný život.“

„Aké zistenia by si odkázal svojim nasledovníkom?“

„Asi by som to zhrnul do viet:

Dostaneš to, čo vytvoríš.

Všetko je vždy perfektné.

Život sa neponáhľa, a aj tak všetko dosiahne.

Som všetko, čo vnímam.

Svet je moje presné zrkadlo

Pokora je vnímanie.“

„Vtipné, že práve toto hovorí Kráľ, ktorý všetkého má.“

A obaja sa zo srdca zasmiali, spoločne prekročili bránu smrti a prešli do inej reality.

Insights from Translation: King Who Lives Everything

In this chapter, I answer the most frequently asked questions (FAQ) about the translation process, sharing the key challenges I faced, the decisions I made, and the tools I used while translating my book to English.

Translating the Book Title

The original title of the book in Slovak is *Král, ktorý všetkého má*, which directly translates to *The King Who Has Everything*. However, I felt this translation didn't capture the full meaning of the story. Another option, *King Who Have Everything*, which was better, but was grammatically incorrect.

To find a better title, I asked ChatGPT for ideas. One suggestion was to change “has” to “lives,” which led to the final title: *King Who Lives Everything*. This felt right because it reflected the deeper meaning of the book. It took about a week to finalize this title.

Later, after reading the book, ChatGPT also suggested *King Who Has It All*, which sounded good, but I decided to stick with *King Who Lives Everything* because it felt more unique.

Summary:

- Original Slovak title: *Král, ktorý všetkého má*.
- Common translation: *King Who Has Everything*.
- Other idea: *King Who Have Everything* (grammatically incorrect but interesting).
- AI suggestion: *King Who Has It All*.
- Final title: *King Who Lives Everything*, inspired by ChatGPT's suggestion.
- The decision process took about seven days, focusing on the story's meaning.

Creating the Book Cover

At first, I asked a graphic designer to make a cover with a crown and the title in a basic font. However, it looked too plain and didn't stand out. From personal experience I know that a good book cover is very important and counts for 25% of book success. I looked for a more eye-appealing design.

I asked ChatGPT for ideas based on the story. While it suggested things like a crown, a king, or gold coins, it also recommended using gold as the main color and adding a spiral design. I liked this idea and found a spiral design I loved.

Then, I worked with my favorite graphic designer to create the final cover. I chose to work with a human designer instead of using AI tools like MidJourney because AI designs often don't have the quality, font options, or editable formats I needed. The designer gave me an Adobe Illustrator file I could use and easily adjust to produce any language version,

including Slovak and English. I could also export it in any desired quality and image format, from a low-size snippet to a large High-Quality book cover for printing purposes.

In the end, using a professional designer was the best choice because it gave me high-quality results at a reasonable price. Trying to get the same quality from AI tools would have been more expensive and less efficient.

Summary:

- Initial design was too plain, featuring a crown and a basic font.
- ChatGPT suggestions:
 - Common ideas: a crown, a king, gold coins.
 - Unique ideas: gold color and spiral design.
- Final design:
 - Chose a gold spiral design after research.
 - Worked with a professional graphic designer.
- Reasons for not using AI designs:
 - Limited design quality and font options by AI.
 - Designer provided editable files for future use.

Why ChatGPT Was Chosen for Translation

I considered four options for translating the book:

- Professional human translator
- Google Translate
- DeepL AI translation tool
- ChatGPT AI

Finding a good human translator from Slovak to English was difficult, so I decided to try AI. I chose ChatGPT because it handles idiomatic phrases (common expressions) very well, which are a big part of the book.

Dividing the Translation into Eight Parts

During my research, I found that ChatGPT can't remember everything from a long conversation, so if I gave it too much text at once, it made mistakes. To get the best results, I broke the book into eight parts, making sure each section was translated separately while still keeping the story's flow.

Summary:

- ChatGPT has memory limits, so I broke down the book into manageable parts.
- The book was divided into eight sections for better translation.

Choosing the Level of English

The English translation had to be easy to understand for people from different countries, including those who aren't native English speakers. I had two choices:

- Advanced (native-level) English
- International (simplified) English

I chose International English because it would be easier for more people to understand, especially English learners. I also avoided using any specific American or British English terms to make it neutral and accessible.

Summary:

- Used simplified English to reach a wider audience.

The Translation Process

The translation process happened in steps:

1. **First Attempt: Low Quality**

I started by pasting the first part of the book into ChatGPT, and it gave me an initial translation.

2. **Second Attempt: Best version**

I gave ChatGPT the same eight parts again, the AI understood the book better and this time it produced a much better version, with a consistent tone throughout.

3. **Third Attempt: Lower quality**

I tried again for the third time, but the results weren't better. The AI started using old-fashioned language and added things that weren't necessary.

In the end, I chose the second version because it had the best quality overall. ChatGPT did about 80% of the translation, and the rest edited by myself and other human proofreaders.

Common AI Translation Errors

Translating from Slovak (a language with only around 5 million speakers) to English was tricky, especially because there isn't as much training data for this language pair. Some common mistakes included:

- Translating Slovak words into rare or old-fashioned English words.
- Misunderstanding important details, like the title's meaning in the story.
- Omitting poetic or repetitive parts that were important to the artistic feel of the story.

Proofreading Focus Areas:

- Making sure important terms (like King, Chronicler, and key insights) were translated correctly.
- Simplifying overly complex words for better readability.
- Rewriting sentences to keep the original meaning and emotional tone.

Tools and Techniques Used

I used several tools in the translation and publishing process:

- **ChatGPT 3.5** from OpenAI: Main tool for translation.
- **Notepad++**: For editing the text files.
- **Adobe InDesign**: For creating PDF and print versions.
- **Sigil**: For creating EPUB files.

Manual Adjustments

Manual adjustments made by humans included:

- The original story in Slovak language was written by the author without AI assistance.
- The English version was partly translated by ChatGPT.
- Proofreading was done by people.
- Cover design, text formatting, and layout were done manually.
- ISBN codes were obtained by Slovak National Library (www.snk.sk).
- Book printing was handled by a professional book printing company.

Final Thoughts

This experience showed me that using both AI and human skills is very convenient and leads to the best outcomes in creative projects.

Both the case study and the translated book are free to use for academic, business, or personal purposes for anyone.

This book is a good resource for understanding how AI works in translation and it can be also used for training AI systems.

Feel free to try to translate this text into other languages and share your results.

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