

TITLE: Coining Destiny

The church was a sanctuary of solace, its stone walls standing as a haven for prayers whispered and secrets shared with a higher power. I walked towards the girl sitting alone on a pew, tears tracing the contours of her cheeks. It was in this moment of her unguarded vulnerability that I saw her clearly—a figure of my past, my youth. In the hush of the sacred space, I approached her, feeling like a shadow of solace.

"May I?" I asked, my voice a gentle whisper as I took a seat beside her.

She looked up, eyes swollen with tears, wary yet receptive. "Do I know you?"

"Uhhh No, not in the conventional sense," I responded, "I saw you from across the church, and I felt a tug to come over. Is everything alright?"

Her gaze softened, curiosity mingling with her uncertainty. "I don't usually talk to strangers."

I nodded, respecting her caution. "I understand. Sometimes, sharing with a stranger can be easier—it's a momentary connection that doesn't carry the weight of expectations."

She took a deep breath as if testing the waters of trust. "It's just... life feels overwhelming right now."

"Life often has a way of doing that," I acknowledged, my tone empathetic. "Would you like to tell me about it?"

And so, she spoke. She spoke of the dreams that seemed elusive, of the burden of expectations that she carried like a heavy cloak. The words flowed from her like a river seeking release, and I listened, allowing the echoes of her story to reverberate within me.

In the quiet lull between her sentences, I shared fragments of my own journey, drawing parallels between our experiences. "I remember when I was around your age," I began, a knowing smile on my lips. "Life can seem like a puzzle missing piece, and it's okay not to have all the answers."

She nodded, her eyes fixed on a distant point. "I wish there was a guidebook for this."

"Wouldn't that make things easier?" I chuckled softly. "But there are a few things I wish I had known back then."

"Like what?" she asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Financial wisdom," I responded, a thoughtful glint in my eyes. "Understanding the value of saving, managing money, and making decisions that set you up for a stable future."

Her brow furrowed, a mix of interest and skepticism in her expression. "Financial wisdom?"

"Yes," I continued, "it's not just about numbers on a page. It's about giving yourself the freedom to pursue your dreams and to be prepared for the uncertainties life throws at you. Imagine your life as a canvas—you want to paint it with colors of opportunity, not be constrained by financial burdens."

"You know," I continued, "there's something new you should definitely get involved in, and the earlier you start, the more likely you are set for life"

Her eyes sparkled with curiosity, an echo of my younger self's eagerness. "What is it?"

"Cryptocurrency," I revealed, each syllable laden with significance. "It's like digital money that exists outside the usual rules. Imagine it as an alternate universe of currency—one that's digital, decentralized, and secure."

She leaned forward, her curiosity piqued. "So, it's like money but without cash?"

"In a way," I affirmed, allowing a hint of a smile to touch my lips. "It's an innovation that challenges the conventional notion of currency. And you know what's fascinating? If one were to invest in certain cryptocurrencies early on, they could potentially reap substantial rewards in the years to come."

Her brow furrowed, a mix of intrigue and skepticism. "But how would one even begin?"

"Research," I advised, my tone reassuring. "It's about understanding the tech, the trends, and the potential uses for each cryptocurrency. It's like being an explorer of a new frontier"

She shifted, her skepticism mingling with youthful intrigue. "But it sounds risky."

"You're right," I admitted, glancing upwards as if searching for guidance amidst the timeless architecture. "Risk is part of the journey. It's like trying out a new recipe—with risk comes the possibility of a delicious reward."

We sat there, a bridge of words connecting our two selves across time. Her thoughts swirled, processing the weight of my advice.

"You see," I continued, "financial knowledge is like a compass. It's not just about putting money aside; it's about making it work for you, about molding it into a tool that supports your dreams and ambitions."

She exhaled softly, contemplation knitting her brows. "I've never really seen it that way."

"It's natural," I reassured, a sense of camaraderie threading through my words. "We grow up focused on the immediate needs, but there's a bigger picture to consider. It's like building a bridge to your future."

As the echoes of our conversation settled, a newfound awareness glinted in her eyes—the realization that the choices she made today could shape her tomorrow. It was a tiny seed of insight, one that might grow into a tree of financial wisdom over time.

"It's never too early to start," I said, my voice imbued with a sense of conviction. "Your financial well-being is intricately connected to your overall well-being. Making informed choices now will ripple through time, shaping the person you become."

As the evening sun dipped below the horizon, we spoke a little more, and eventually, she stood, her heart a touch lighter.

In the days that followed, within the confines of her room, the tattoo etched onto my arm would rekindle in her thoughts. As if summoned by fate, the phrase *ὄικος μου* would weave itself back into her consciousness—a phrase that meant "mine" in Greek, laden with significance.

Those words would linger in the air, a missing piece of the puzzle returning to its rightful place. A shiver of recognition would dance through her, akin to a whisper from forgotten memories, breathing life into the dormant.

In that singular heartbeat, the truth would bloom before her, fragile yet beautiful as a delicate flower. The words we exchanged, the familiarity that wound its way around us, the unexplainable connection— this was not a random encounter. A stranger had not just walked up to her to give her some financial insight into a venture that is not widely talked about.

she would reach for a diary nestled on her desk—a confidante to her dreams, secrets, and aspirations. There, scripted in her own handwriting, she would rediscover a promise she once made:

"Mine! I belong to myself and not the world. When I am 18, I will get a tattoo on my arm that says *δίκος μου*—the Greek word for mine."

Armed with a quiet resolve and realization, she knows what to do.