

AI-Generated Graded Readers

Masaru Uchida, Gifu University

Publication webpage:

https://www1.gifu-u.ac.jp/~masaru/a1/ai-generated_graded_readers.html

Publication date: March 16, 2026

About This Edition

This book is a simplified English adaptation created for extensive reading practice.

The text was translated from German into English and simplified using ChatGPT for intermediate English learners as part of an educational project.

Target reading level: CEFR A2-B1

This edition aims to support fluency development through accessible vocabulary, expanded narration, and improved readability while preserving the original story structure.

Source Text

Original work (Part One): Faust, Der Tragödie erster Teil

Original work (Part Two): Faust, Der Tragödie zweiter Teil

Author: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Language: German

Source: Project Gutenberg

<https://www.gutenberg.org/>

Full texts available at:

<https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/2229/pg2229.txt>

<https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/2230/pg2230.txt>

The original texts are in the public domain.

Copyright and Use

This simplified edition is intended for educational and non-commercial use only.

The source text is provided by Project Gutenberg under its public domain policy.

Users should refer to the Project Gutenberg License for full terms:

<https://www.gutenberg.org/policy/license.html>

This adaptation was generated with the assistance of artificial intelligence and edited for readability and educational purposes.

Disclaimer

This edition is an educational adaptation and is not affiliated with or endorsed by Project Gutenberg.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust: Part One and Part Two* (Simplified Edition, Adapted and Simplified from the German by ChatGPT)

[The original work is written as a verse drama, but this Simplified Edition retells the story in the form of a prose narrative.]

Faust: Part One

Part 1

Long before the curtain rises, the poet remembers the days when he first began his work.

Many years have passed since that time. Friends who once listened to his early verses are gone. Some have died, and others have disappeared into distant lives. The poet stands alone now, looking back at the past.

“You return to me again,” he says softly, speaking to the memories of his earlier poems. “You shapes and voices that once filled my mind. For a long time I thought you had vanished forever.”

The poet feels both joy and sadness.

“My heart trembles,” he continues. “Old dreams come back to life, but the friends who once shared those dreams are no longer here.”

He remembers the youthful excitement of creation, when every idea seemed new and powerful. In those days he wrote with hope and energy. Now he writes with deeper feeling, but also with the knowledge that time moves quickly.

“What once was bright and fresh now seems distant,” he says. “But still I must continue.”

The poet raises his eyes as if speaking to an unseen audience.

“If you are kind, listen to this story. It is a story about the human heart—about desire, knowledge, and the search for meaning.”

With these words, the memory fades, and the stage prepares for the drama to begin.

Now three figures appear upon the stage: a Director, a Poet, and a Comedian. They stand together discussing the play that is about to be performed.

The Director speaks first.

“Friends,” he says, “we must prepare a performance that will please the audience. People come to the theater for entertainment. They want excitement, laughter, and spectacle.”

The Poet shakes his head.

“A play should be more than simple amusement,” he replies. “It should show the truth of life. It should touch the deepest parts of the human soul.”

The Comedian laughs.

“Why not both?” he says cheerfully. “Give the people something interesting, and they will stay. If the play becomes too serious, they will fall asleep.”

The Director nods quickly.

“Exactly. We must think about the crowd. A good play needs movement, action, and variety.”

The Poet looks thoughtful.

“But art should not be controlled by the crowd,” he says. “A true work must follow the vision of the creator.”

The Comedian waves his hand.

“Listen to him!” he laughs. “He wants to speak only to the heavens. But our audience lives here on earth.”

The Director steps between them.

“Gentlemen, we must find a balance. A play should have beauty, but it must also keep the audience interested.”

The Poet sighs.

“Perhaps you are right. But the story we tell must still be meaningful.”

The Director smiles.

“Then give them a great story. Show them the whole world upon the stage. Let there be love, conflict, joy, and sorrow.”

The Comedian claps his hands happily.

“Yes! Show everything. People love a story that contains many surprises.”

The Poet thinks for a moment.

Finally he nods.

“Very well,” he says. “Let the story begin.”

The stage darkens.

The world of the play moves far beyond the theater and rises toward the heavens.

In a bright and peaceful place above the earth, celestial spirits sing in harmony.

They praise the beauty and order of creation.

Their voices describe the sun moving through the sky and the stars shining across the universe. Everything in the heavens follows its path with perfect balance.

As the spirits sing, two powerful figures appear.

One is the Lord, calm and wise.

The other is Mephistopheles, the spirit who loves to question and challenge everything.

The Lord speaks kindly.

“You return again, Mephistopheles.”

Mephistopheles bows slightly.

“I enjoy visiting this place,” he says with a playful smile. “It is always interesting to observe your creation.”

The Lord looks toward the earth.

“And what do you think of humanity?”

Mephistopheles laughs softly.

“Humans are curious creatures. They believe themselves wise, yet they often behave foolishly.”

The Lord answers calmly.

“Still, they continue searching.”

Mephistopheles tilts his head.

“Yes. They search constantly, but rarely understand what they find.”

The Lord gestures toward the earth below.

“Have you noticed my servant Faust?”

Mephistopheles smiles.

“Indeed. A restless scholar who cannot find satisfaction.”

The Lord speaks with quiet confidence.

“Faust seeks truth with all his strength.”

Mephistopheles shrugs.

“He will soon grow tired of his search.”

The Lord replies gently.

“A good man may wander, but he will find the right path.”

Mephistopheles’s eyes shine with interest.

“Would you like to make a wager?” he asks.

The Lord does not appear surprised.

“Explain your proposal.”

Mephistopheles bows slightly.

“Allow me to guide Faust for a time. I believe I can lead him away from your path.”

The Lord answers calmly.

“As long as Faust lives on earth, you may try.”

Mephistopheles smiles with satisfaction.

“Excellent.”

The Lord adds quietly,

“But remember—human beings continue to grow as long as they strive.”

Mephistopheles laughs softly.

“We shall see.”

The celestial voices rise again, and the scene slowly fades.

Far below, on the earth, Faust sits alone in his study, surrounded by books and instruments.

His great struggle is about to begin.

Part 2

Night lay over the town, and the streets had grown silent. In an old house, in a narrow room with a high curved ceiling, Doctor Faust sat alone at his desk.

The room was crowded with books. Old papers were piled in every corner. Glass bottles stood beside strange instruments. Dust covered the shelves. The air felt heavy, as if it had not moved freely for many years.

Faust sat still for a long time, looking at the open books before him. Then he spoke at last.

"I have studied philosophy," he said. "I have studied law, medicine, and theology. I have worked with all my strength. I have read, thought, argued, and taught. And still I stand here no wiser than before."

He rose from his chair and began to walk across the room.

"People call me Doctor. They call me Master. Students come to hear my words. They think I know the truth. But I know what they do not know. I know that all my learning has brought me to emptiness."

He stopped near the shelves and ran his hand across the backs of the books.

"These books are full of words," he said bitterly. "Words, ideas, systems, arguments. But where is the living heart of the world? Where is the force that moves through all things?"

He turned toward the narrow window. Pale moonlight shone through the glass.

"I do not want to speak about truth any longer," Faust said. "I want to touch it. I want to know what holds the world together deep inside. I want more than the dry knowledge of schools."

His voice grew darker.

"I have no joy. I have no peace. I cannot teach others when I myself remain blind. I have no wealth, no honor that matters, no happiness worth keeping. A dog would not choose such a life."

Faust stood in silence. Then he moved suddenly toward a large old book lying on the desk.

"That is why I turned to magic," he said. "If human knowledge fails, perhaps hidden powers may answer me."

He opened the ancient book and stared at its signs and figures.

"Perhaps the spirits know what scholars do not know," he whispered.

As he bent over the page, a strange excitement passed through him. He saw the

sign of the great universe, the image of all creation bound together. For a moment the room seemed brighter.

“What is this?” he cried softly. “I feel new life moving through me. I see the world as one great whole. Everything works through everything else. The heavens pour their force into the earth. All things rise and fall together.”

He leaned closer.

“Wonderful image,” he said. “And yet only an image. Only a sign. Where is living nature itself? Where is the true source?”

Faust turned the page quickly.

A new sign appeared before him, stronger and more fearful than the first.

He stared at it with growing intensity.

“Spirit of the Earth,” he whispered. “You are nearer to human life than the distant stars. You move through change, action, growth, and destruction. You move through all living things.”

Faust straightened.

“Yes,” he said. “I will call you.”

He placed both hands upon the book and spoke the words written there.

At once the lamp shook. A red light rose in the room. The air became heavy. Faust felt a cold force surround him, and yet his heart burned with wild desire.

“Spirit of the Earth,” he cried, “appear!”

The red light grew brighter. Out of the flame a terrible form seemed to rise, not fully human, not fully made of fire, but full of power and motion.

A deep voice sounded.

“Who calls me?”

Faust trembled, but forced himself to stand firm.

“It is I,” he said. “Faust.”

The spirit looked upon him.

“You have pulled at my world,” it said. “You wished to see me face to face. Here I am.”

Faust tried to answer with courage.

“You move through the whole earth,” he said. “You work in birth and death, in

storm and growth, in all the endless action of life. I feel close to you.”

The spirit’s voice grew stronger.

“You are close only to the spirit you can understand,” it said. “Not to me.”

Faust’s face changed with pain.

“I am not weak,” he cried. “I am Faust!”

But the fiery shape began to disappear.

“You are like the spirit that you can grasp,” the voice answered. “You are not like me.”

Then the light vanished. The room became dark again. Faust fell back, shaken and humiliated.

“Not like you,” he whispered. “Not even like you.”

He covered his face with his hands.

“I thought I was approaching the highest truth,” he said. “I thought I had risen above ordinary men. But I am still nothing.”

Just then someone knocked at the door.

Faust looked up angrily.

“Who comes now?”

The door opened, and Wagner entered carrying a lamp. He wore his night clothes and looked eager, though half asleep.

“Forgive me,” Wagner said. “I heard your voice from the hall. I thought perhaps you were reading aloud from some great work. I hoped I might learn something.”

Faust turned away.

“Yes,” he said coldly. “A lesson indeed.”

Wagner stepped farther into the room.

“Public speech is very important,” he said. “I often think a man may gain much by studying how words are spoken. A good speaker can move others greatly.”

Faust looked at him with tired contempt.

“Words,” he repeated. “You speak again of words.”

Wagner blinked in surprise.

Faust continued, “If speech does not rise from the soul, it means nothing. A man may gather scraps from books, put them together cleverly, and produce a smooth

little speech. But that is not life.”

Wagner answered politely, “Still, learning is our path. The art is long, and life is short. We must work hard if we wish to climb toward knowledge.”

Faust shook his head.

“You call it knowledge,” he said. “I call it paper and dust. You think truth lives in books. But no page can satisfy the thirst of a living heart.”

Wagner lifted his lamp a little higher.

“Yet it is a great joy,” he said, “to enter the thoughts of earlier ages and see how the wise men of the past understood the world.”

Faust gave a bitter smile.

“The spirit of the ages?” he said. “Most often it is only the spirit of the scholars who write about them. Men fill the past with their own small ideas and call it wisdom.”

Wagner hesitated.

“Still,” he said, “the human mind must try to understand.”

Faust’s expression softened, though only a little.

“Yes,” he said quietly. “It must try. That is our blessing and our pain.”

He looked toward the dark window.

“But few dare to speak honestly about what they do not know. Most men hide behind names, systems, and borrowed words.”

Wagner, feeling the conversation had turned beyond him, bowed slightly.

“It is very late,” he said. “Perhaps we should continue tomorrow. Since tomorrow is Easter, I hoped to ask you several questions.”

Faust answered without warmth, “Tomorrow, then.”

Wagner bowed again and left the room.

The door closed. Silence returned.

Faust stood alone once more in the narrow chamber. The red vision of the Earth Spirit had faded, but the wound it left in him remained.

He moved slowly toward a small cabinet beside the desk. Inside stood a dark bottle.

Faust took it into his hand and looked at it long and carefully.

“So this,” he said at last, “may be the final teacher.”

The moonlight touched the glass.

“If knowledge cannot lead me beyond these walls,” Faust whispered, “perhaps death can.”

Part 3

Faust stood alone in his dark study, holding the small bottle in his hand. The liquid inside shone faintly in the moonlight.

“Yes,” he said slowly. “This is the way.”

He placed the bottle on the table and looked at it carefully.

“Why should I remain trapped in this narrow world?” he continued. “Why should I spend more years among dusty books and empty thoughts?”

Faust lifted the bottle again.

“Death may open a new door. Beyond this life perhaps there is freedom. Perhaps there is truth.”

His hand trembled slightly.

For a moment he hesitated.

“Am I afraid?” he asked himself.

He raised the bottle toward his lips.

Suddenly a distant sound reached his ears.

At first it was very faint.

Faust lowered the bottle and listened.

Bells began ringing across the town.

Then voices joined them—clear voices singing together.

Faust moved slowly toward the window.

The song grew stronger as it rose through the quiet night air.

It was the Easter hymn.

Faust stood still, listening.

The music awakened a deep memory inside him.

“Easter,” he whispered.

His hand slowly lowered the bottle.

“When I was a child,” he said quietly, “this song filled my heart with joy. My father and I walked together through the spring fields. People smiled and greeted one another. The world seemed full of hope.”

He closed his eyes.

“Those days are gone,” he murmured.

Yet the sound of the bells and the choir continued to echo through the night.

Faust placed the bottle back inside the cabinet.

“No,” he said at last. “Not tonight.”

He leaned against the table, breathing deeply.

“The memory of that music still holds me to life.”

The room grew quiet again.

Faust looked around at the books and instruments that surrounded him.

“Perhaps tomorrow I will walk outside,” he said.

“Perhaps the fresh air of spring may bring some comfort.”

The next morning bright sunlight filled the streets of the town.

It was Easter Sunday.

People had gathered outside to celebrate the holiday. Families walked together through the open fields beyond the city walls. Children laughed and ran along the paths.

Faust walked beside Wagner through the crowd.

Wagner looked cheerful and energetic.

“What a wonderful day!” he said. “Everyone seems happy.”

Faust nodded quietly.

“Yes. The people come out from their houses after the long winter.”

As they walked, many townspeople greeted Faust respectfully.

“Good morning, Doctor!” one man said.

“Thank you for your help during the sickness last year,” another added.

Faust bowed politely.

Wagner smiled proudly.

“You see?” he said. “The people respect you greatly. They remember how you

and your father worked to cure the disease during the plague.”

Faust looked thoughtful.

“My father believed he was helping,” he said.

Wagner replied quickly, “And he did help many people.”

Faust’s voice became darker.

“Perhaps,” he said. “But we also caused harm without knowing it. We experimented with medicines that we did not fully understand.”

Wagner seemed surprised.

“Surely your work saved many lives.”

Faust shook his head.

“Many died as well.”

They walked farther into the open countryside.

The fresh air carried the smell of grass and flowers.

People rested beside the river, singing and talking happily.

Faust watched them quietly.

“Look at them,” he said. “These ordinary people feel joy so easily.”

Wagner laughed.

“Yes! And that is why festivals are important.”

Faust continued watching the scene.

“They are free from the questions that trouble me,” he said.

Wagner replied, “But scholars like us must continue searching for answers.”

Faust looked toward the distant hills.

“Yes,” he said slowly. “We search. But the farther we travel, the more distant the truth appears.”

Wagner pointed excitedly toward the sunset.

“Look at the colors of the sky!” he said. “How beautiful!”

Faust watched the glowing light on the horizon.

“The sun is setting,” he said. “Its light moves westward across the earth.”

He sighed.

“If only I had wings,” he continued, “I would follow that light. I would fly across mountains and seas to see the endless beauty of the world.”

Wagner looked puzzled.

“Human beings cannot fly,” he said simply.

Faust smiled faintly.

“No. We cannot.”

The two men began walking back toward the town as evening approached.

Behind them the festival slowly faded.

The sky grew darker, and shadows filled the road.

As they neared the city gate, Wagner suddenly pointed toward a dark shape running across the field.

“Look there!” he said. “A black dog.”

Faust stopped.

The dog ran quickly through the grass, circling around them again and again.

Wagner laughed.

“It seems playful.”

Faust watched the animal carefully.

Something about its movement seemed strange.

The dog continued circling them, drawing closer each time.

Faust frowned.

“Do you see how it moves?” he asked.

Wagner looked again.

“Yes. But it is only a dog.”

Faust remained silent.

For some reason he felt that the animal was not what it appeared to be.

As the evening shadows deepened, the black dog followed them quietly back toward Faust’s house.

Part 4

The black dog followed Faust and Wagner through the narrow streets of the town. The evening air had grown cool, and most people had already returned to their homes.

Wagner looked back once and laughed.

“The animal seems determined to follow us,” he said.

Faust did not laugh.

“Yes,” he replied quietly. “It follows very closely.”

The dog walked behind them without making much sound. Its dark body moved smoothly through the shadows.

Wagner shrugged.

“Perhaps it has lost its master.”

Faust looked again at the animal.

“Perhaps,” he said.

Soon they reached Faust’s house.

Wagner stopped at the door.

“Thank you for the walk,” he said politely. “It was refreshing after so many hours of study.”

Faust nodded.

“Yes. Fresh air is sometimes better than books.”

Wagner smiled.

“Still, I will return to my work tonight. Knowledge does not come without effort.”

Faust gave a faint smile.

“Continue your studies, Wagner.”

Wagner bowed slightly and walked away down the street.

Faust opened the door and entered the house.

The black dog followed him inside.

Faust removed his cloak and placed it upon a chair. The room was quiet except for the faint sound of the dog’s breathing.

The animal began walking around the study. It sniffed the floor, examined the corners, and moved beneath the table.

Faust watched it carefully.

“You seem very interested in this place,” he said.

The dog suddenly began running in a small circle in the center of the room.

Faust frowned.

“Strange behavior,” he murmured.

The dog’s circle grew tighter. Its body began trembling slightly.

Faust stepped closer.

“What is troubling you?” he asked.

The dog stopped and looked directly at him.

Its eyes shone strangely in the lamplight.

Faust crossed his arms.

“You are no ordinary animal,” he said slowly.

The dog gave a low growl.

Faust walked toward his desk where the old book of magic still lay open.

“Let us see what you truly are,” he said.

He spoke a short charm from the book.

At once the dog jumped back.

Its body began shaking violently.

A dark smoke rose from its fur.

Faust watched with excitement.

“Yes,” he said quietly. “Now the truth appears.”

The smoke grew thicker. The shape of the dog began to change.

Its body expanded like a cloud filling the room.

Faust stood perfectly still.

The smoke gathered together in the center of the chamber.

Slowly it formed the shape of a man.

Boots appeared first, then long legs, a dark cloak, and finally a pale face with sharp, clever eyes.

The transformation ended.

A stranger stood before Faust.

He bowed politely.

“Good evening, Doctor Faust,” he said.

Faust studied him carefully.

“You seem comfortable in my house,” he replied.

The stranger smiled slightly.

“You invited me,” he said.

Faust raised an eyebrow.

“Invited you?”

The stranger laughed softly.

“When a man calls spirits through magic, he should not be surprised when one arrives.”

Faust looked at him sharply.

“Who are you?”

The stranger bowed again.

“Some call me Mephistopheles.”

Faust repeated the name slowly.

“Mephistopheles.”

The stranger nodded.

“Yes. A spirit who enjoys questioning everything.”

Faust spoke calmly.

“Then you are a devil.”

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“If you like that word.”

Faust walked slowly around the room, watching his visitor.

“And why have you come?”

Mephistopheles looked around the study with interest.

“Your room tells me much about you,” he said. “So many books, so many years of study.”

Faust answered bitterly.

“And still no true wisdom.”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“Exactly.”

He leaned casually against the table.

“You are unhappy,” he continued. “Your learning has not satisfied you.”

Faust did not deny it.

“I seek something greater,” he said.

Mephistopheles’s eyes shone with amusement.

“Then perhaps I can help you.”

Faust stopped walking.

“How?”

Mephistopheles spread his hands.

“I can show you the living world—pleasure, adventure, beauty, power. Everything that human life offers.”

Faust looked at him carefully.

“And what do you want in return?”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“For now, nothing.”

Faust waited.

Mephistopheles continued,

“While you live on earth, I will serve you. I will guide you through experiences that ordinary men never know.”

Faust narrowed his eyes.

“And later?”

Mephistopheles’s smile grew slightly darker.

“Later,” he said quietly, “you will serve me.”

The room fell silent.

Faust understood the meaning immediately.

“My soul,” he said.

Mephistopheles bowed lightly.

“A small price for unlimited experience.”

Faust looked at him for a long moment.

Then he said slowly,

“Let us discuss this bargain more carefully.”

Part 5

Faust stood silently in his study, looking carefully at the strange visitor before him.

Mephistopheles leaned comfortably against the table, as if he had already become the master of the room.

For a long moment neither spoke.

Finally Faust said,

“You offer to serve me while I live.”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“Yes. I will follow you wherever you wish to go. I will help you experience the world fully.”

Faust continued,

“And when my life ends, I will belong to you.”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“Exactly.”

Faust began walking slowly across the room.

“You promise a great deal,” he said. “But what makes you believe that I will accept your offer?”

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“Because you are not satisfied with ordinary life.”

Faust stopped walking.

Mephistopheles continued calmly,

“You have studied everything that the universities can teach. Philosophy, law, medicine, theology. Yet you remain empty.”

Faust’s expression darkened.

“You speak as if you know my heart.”

Mephistopheles laughed softly.

“It is not difficult. Your books tell the story.”

He pointed toward the crowded shelves.

“Years of work, and still no happiness.”

Faust answered slowly,

“Knowledge has not given me what I hoped to find.”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“Then perhaps experience will.”

Faust looked at him with sharp interest.

“Explain what you mean.”

Mephistopheles began walking around the room.

“Human life contains many things that cannot be learned from books,” he said.

“Pleasure, love, danger, beauty, power. The world is full of strong experiences.”

Faust folded his arms.

“And you can show me these things?”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“Yes.”

Faust thought carefully.

“Very well,” he said at last. “But my desire is not small.”

Mephistopheles looked amused.

“I would not expect it to be.”

Faust stepped closer to him.

“Listen carefully,” he said. “I do not want simple pleasures. I want the full experience of life. I want to know everything that human existence can offer.”

Mephistopheles bowed slightly.

“That can be arranged.”

Faust continued,

“If you succeed in giving me a moment so perfect that I wish it to last forever, then my life will end at that moment.”

Mephistopheles’s eyes shone with interest.

“Go on.”

Faust spoke firmly.

“If I ever say to a moment, ‘Stay! You are so beautiful,’ then I will accept my fate. My soul will belong to you.”

Mephistopheles laughed with delight.

“Doctor Faust, that is an excellent bargain.”

Faust remained serious.

“Until that moment arrives, you will serve me.”

Mephistopheles bowed.

“Agreed.”

Faust moved to the desk and placed a sheet of paper upon it.

“Then we must write the agreement.”

Mephistopheles clapped his hands happily.

“Of course.”

Faust picked up a knife and cut the tip of his finger. A small drop of blood appeared.

Mephistopheles smiled.

“Blood is the most powerful ink.”

Faust wrote his name slowly upon the paper.

When he finished, Mephistopheles examined the contract with satisfaction.

“Our partnership begins,” he said.

Faust leaned back in his chair.

“Then begin your service.”

Mephistopheles moved toward the door.

“Let us start with something simple,” he said.

Faust looked curious.

“Where are we going?”

Mephistopheles smiled mischievously.

“To observe ordinary human pleasure.”

A short time later they walked through the dark streets of the town.

Mephistopheles led Faust to a noisy building filled with laughter.

“Auerbach’s Cellar,” he said. “A famous tavern.”

Faust frowned slightly.

“You bring me to a drinking house?”

Mephistopheles opened the door.

“Even philosophers must understand how ordinary men live.”

Inside several students sat around a large wooden table. They were singing loudly and drinking wine.

When they saw the newcomers, one of them shouted,

“Welcome! Join us!”

Mephistopheles bowed politely.

“Good evening, gentlemen.”

The students quickly offered them cups of wine.

Faust watched quietly as the men laughed, argued, and sang foolish songs.

After some time Faust spoke softly to Mephistopheles.

“Is this the great joy of human life?”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“For many people, yes.”

Faust shook his head.

“Then they are easily satisfied.”

Mephistopheles laughed quietly.

“Do not worry. This is only the beginning of your journey.”

And as the students continued drinking and singing, Faust realized that his strange partnership with Mephistopheles had truly begun.

Part 6

The tavern grew louder as the night continued. The students at the table were already half drunk, and their songs became more foolish with every cup of wine.

One of them stood up suddenly.

“Friends!” he shouted. “Let us drink to friendship!”

The others raised their cups.

“Friendship!” they cried.

Faust watched them without interest.

Mephistopheles leaned close to him and whispered,

“You see how easily men forget their troubles.”

Faust answered quietly,

“They escape their troubles only for a moment.”

Meanwhile the students began arguing with one another about which wine was

the best.

One of them pointed toward a large barrel in the corner.

“The best wine is always in that barrel!” he said proudly.

Mephistopheles smiled.

“Is that so?” he said.

He walked toward the barrel and examined it carefully.

Then he tapped the wood with his finger.

Suddenly a thin stream of wine began flowing from the side of the barrel.

The students shouted with excitement.

“More wine!”

They rushed forward with their cups.

Mephistopheles tapped another spot on the barrel.

A second stream appeared.

Soon the men were laughing and filling their cups again and again.

Faust watched silently.

The scene seemed childish to him.

The students soon became even louder and more foolish.

One began singing badly.

Another accused his friend of stealing his wine.

Two of them nearly started fighting.

Faust finally turned away.

“This is not what I seek,” he said.

Mephistopheles laughed softly.

“Of course not. These men are only examples.”

Faust looked at him.

“Examples of what?”

Mephistopheles answered calmly,

“Examples of how easily humans lose control.”

At that moment the students suddenly cried out in surprise.

The wine in their cups had changed.

Instead of wine they now held burning fire.

Flames rose from the table.
The men jumped back in terror.
“The wine is burning!” one shouted.
Mephistopheles laughed loudly.
“Gentlemen,” he said, “perhaps you have had enough for tonight.”
The students quickly ran toward the door.
Within seconds the tavern became quiet again.
Faust stepped outside with Mephistopheles.
The cool night air felt refreshing after the noise of the cellar.
Faust spoke with impatience.
“You promised to show me the world. But this is only foolish entertainment.”
Mephistopheles smiled.
“Patience, Doctor.”
Faust crossed his arms.
“I do not wish to waste time.”
Mephistopheles nodded.
“Very well. Then we will move to something more interesting.”
He studied Faust’s face carefully.
“But first we must solve a small problem.”
Faust frowned.
“What problem?”
Mephistopheles pointed toward Faust’s gray hair.
“You are still an old scholar.”
Faust understood.
“You mean my age.”
Mephistopheles nodded.
“If you wish to experience the passions of the world, youth will help greatly.”
Faust looked thoughtful.
“And you can restore my youth?”
Mephistopheles smiled.
“Yes. I know someone who can prepare a special drink.”

Faust asked,

“Who?”

Mephistopheles answered,

“A witch who lives outside the town.”

Faust hesitated for a moment.

Then he said,

“Very well. Let us go.”

The two men left the town and followed a narrow road into the dark forest.

After some time they reached a crooked little house standing alone among the trees.

Strange smoke rose from the chimney.

Faust looked at the building with suspicion.

“This place does not look very welcoming.”

Mephistopheles laughed.

“Appearances can be misleading.”

He pushed open the door.

Inside the house the air was filled with strange smells. Bottles, bones, and dried plants hung from the walls.

In the center of the room a large black pot stood above a fire.

A witch bent over the pot, stirring the thick liquid inside.

When she noticed the visitors she jumped back.

“Who enters my house?” she shouted.

Mephistopheles removed his hat and bowed.

“An old friend.”

The witch stared at him carefully.

Suddenly her face brightened with recognition.

“Ah!” she cried.

“Mephistopheles!”

Part 7

The witch stared at Mephistopheles with wide eyes.
“So it is you!” she cried. “I did not recognize you at first.”
Mephistopheles laughed lightly.
“It has been many years,” he said.
The witch walked closer and looked at him carefully.
“You appear in a new form,” she said. “But I can still see who you truly are.”
She turned her attention toward Faust.
“And who is this serious gentleman?” she asked.
Mephistopheles pointed toward Faust.
“A scholar who wishes to become young again.”
The witch examined Faust closely. She walked slowly around him, studying his face and posture.
“Yes,” she said after a moment. “He looks tired of life.”
Faust answered calmly,
“I seek new strength.”
The witch laughed.
“Many men say the same thing.”
She returned to the large pot over the fire.
“Very well,” she said. “I will prepare a drink.”
The liquid in the pot bubbled and steamed.
The witch began throwing strange objects into the mixture—herbs, powders, and small bones.
As she worked she began chanting mysterious words.
The fire beneath the pot grew brighter.
Faust watched with curiosity.
“What is she saying?” he asked quietly.
Mephistopheles shrugged.
“Old magic words. They do not always make sense.”
The witch lifted a large cup and filled it with the glowing liquid.
She brought it to Faust.
“Drink,” she said.

Faust looked at the cup.
“And what will happen?”
The witch smiled.
“You will see the world with young eyes again.”
Faust hesitated only a moment.
Then he lifted the cup and drank.
The liquid burned as it moved through his body.
Faust staggered slightly.
“What is this?” he gasped.
His heart began beating quickly.
A powerful energy rushed through his veins.
The room seemed brighter. Colors grew stronger. Every sound became clear.
Faust stood upright again.
“I feel stronger,” he said slowly.
Mephistopheles watched him carefully.
“Look in the mirror.”
The witch pointed toward a tall mirror standing against the wall.
Faust stepped toward it.
He stopped suddenly.
The man looking back at him appeared younger and more energetic.
The tired scholar had disappeared.
Faust touched his face in amazement.
“Incredible,” he whispered.
Mephistopheles laughed with satisfaction.
“Now you are ready to meet the world.”
Faust continued staring at his reflection.
His eyes were bright with excitement.
Suddenly something in the mirror caught his attention.
The mirror no longer showed only his own reflection.
A beautiful young woman appeared in the glass.
Faust stared at the vision.

“Who is she?” he asked.

The witch laughed.

“Only a dream.”

But Faust continued watching the image with fascination.

“Such beauty,” he said quietly.

Mephistopheles smiled.

“You will soon meet someone even more beautiful.”

Faust turned toward him.

“Where?”

Mephistopheles answered simply,

“In the town.”

A short time later Faust and Mephistopheles left the witch’s house and returned toward the city.

Night had already fallen.

As they walked along a quiet street, a young girl approached from the opposite direction.

She carried a small basket and walked modestly with her eyes lowered.

Faust stopped when he saw her.

The girl looked up briefly as she passed.

Their eyes met.

Faust stepped forward politely.

“Good evening, beautiful lady,” he said. “May I have the honor of walking beside you?”

The girl looked surprised.

Her cheeks turned red.

“Sir,” she said shyly, “I am not a lady.”

She quickly stepped aside and continued walking.

Faust watched her disappear down the street.

“Who is she?” he asked quietly.

Mephistopheles answered calmly,

“Her name is Margarete.”

He smiled slightly.

“But most people call her Gretchen.”

Faust continued looking in the direction where she had gone.

“She is beautiful,” he said softly.

Mephistopheles nodded.

“Yes.”

Faust turned toward him.

“I must see her again.”

Part 8

Faust continued standing in the street, watching the direction where the young girl had disappeared.

“I must see her again,” he repeated.

Mephistopheles folded his arms and studied Faust with amusement.

“Already?” he asked.

Faust turned toward him.

“Did you not see her?” he said. “Her face was gentle and pure. There was something honest in her eyes.”

Mephistopheles laughed quietly.

“Yes, I saw her. That is exactly why I warned you.”

Faust frowned.

“Warned me?”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“Gretchen is not like the women in the taverns or the courts of kings. She is innocent. She lives quietly with her mother. She attends church regularly and avoids trouble.”

Faust spoke firmly.

“That makes her even more admirable.”

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“Perhaps. But it also means she will not easily fall into your arms.”

Faust answered immediately.

“I do not want tricks. I want her love.”

Mephistopheles smiled slightly.

“Love often begins with small tricks.”

Faust shook his head.

“No. I want to approach her honestly.”

Mephistopheles walked slowly down the street.

“Very well,” he said. “Let us first learn more about her.”

Faust followed him.

“Where does she live?”

Mephistopheles pointed toward a small house not far away.

“There.”

The house was simple and modest. A small garden stood beside it, and a single window showed a faint light inside.

Faust looked at the building quietly.

“She lives here?”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“With her mother.”

Faust stepped closer to the house.

“Is she inside now?”

Mephistopheles listened for a moment.

“No. She has not returned yet.”

Faust looked disappointed.

Mephistopheles smiled.

“But that does not mean we cannot enter.”

Faust turned toward him.

“Enter?”

Mephistopheles removed a small key from his pocket.

“Certain doors are easier to open than others.”

The door opened silently.

Faust hesitated before stepping inside.

Gretchen's room was small but very clean. Everything was neatly arranged. A spinning wheel stood beside the window. A simple bed stood against the wall.

Faust looked around slowly.

"This place feels peaceful," he said.

Mephistopheles nodded.

"The home of a modest and honest girl."

Faust sat gently in a chair.

"There is something pure here," he said.

Mephistopheles opened a small box he carried.

Inside were shining jewels.

Faust noticed them immediately.

"What are those?"

Mephistopheles smiled.

"A small gift."

Faust stood quickly.

"No. That is not right."

Mephistopheles raised an eyebrow.

"Why not?"

Faust answered,

"I do not want to deceive her."

Mephistopheles shrugged.

"You are not deceiving her. You are simply helping her notice you."

Faust remained uncertain.

Mephistopheles walked to the cupboard and placed the box inside.

"Jewels often help love begin," he said lightly.

Faust watched with mixed feelings.

"This must lead to something honest," he said quietly.

Mephistopheles laughed softly.

"Of course."

The two men quietly left the house.

Not long afterward Gretchen returned home.

She placed her basket on the table and removed her shawl.
The room looked exactly as she had left it.
Gretchen began preparing for the evening.
Then she opened the cupboard.
She stopped immediately.
Inside the cupboard stood a small box she had never seen before.
“What is this?” she whispered.
Gretchen placed the box on the table and slowly opened it.
Her eyes widened.
Inside lay beautiful jewels—gold earrings and a necklace that sparkled in the candlelight.
Gretchen stepped back in surprise.
“These cannot belong to me,” she said.
Yet curiosity slowly overcame her hesitation.
She lifted the necklace and placed it around her neck.
Then she stood before the mirror.
For a moment she hardly recognized herself.
The jewels made her look like a noble lady.
Gretchen blushed.
“How strange,” she said softly.
Suddenly she heard footsteps outside.
Gretchen quickly removed the jewels and closed the box.
Her mother entered the room.
“What are you doing, child?” the woman asked.
Gretchen hesitated.
Then she showed her mother the box.
The older woman stared at the jewels with concern.
“These things must not stay here,” she said firmly.
Gretchen looked disappointed.
“But they are beautiful.”
Her mother shook her head.

“Tomorrow we will give them to the church. Such gifts often bring trouble.”

Gretchen nodded quietly.

But that night she could not stop thinking about the mysterious jewels—and about the strange gentleman she had met in the street.

Part 9

The next morning Gretchen and her mother carried the box of jewels to the church.

The priest examined them carefully.

“These are very valuable,” he said.

Gretchen stood quietly beside her mother.

“We found them in our cupboard,” her mother explained. “Someone must have placed them there.”

The priest nodded slowly.

“Then it is wise that you brought them here. Such treasures can easily cause trouble.”

Gretchen watched as the jewels were taken away.

She felt a strange mixture of relief and disappointment.

Later that day Gretchen returned home alone.

She tried to continue her work, but her thoughts wandered.

“Who placed those jewels in my room?” she wondered.

And again she remembered the man who had spoken to her in the street.

Faust.

Meanwhile Faust waited impatiently.

He met Mephistopheles near the edge of the town.

“Well?” Faust asked. “What happened?”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“The jewels were discovered.”

Faust looked hopeful.

“And Gretchen?”

“She admired them greatly,” Mephistopheles said. “But her mother insisted on giving them to the church.”

Faust sighed.

“She is honest.”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“Very honest.”

Faust stood silently for a moment.

Then he said,

“We must try again.”

Mephistopheles laughed.

“I thought you might say that.”

He opened another small box.

Inside lay even more beautiful jewels than before.

“These will be harder to resist,” he said.

That night the two returned once again to Gretchen’s house.

Mephistopheles quietly opened the door.

He placed the new box inside the cupboard.

Faust watched silently.

“I hope this does not harm her,” he said quietly.

Mephistopheles answered calmly.

“Love always carries a little danger.”

The next morning Gretchen opened the cupboard again.

She gasped.

A new box stood inside.

With trembling hands she placed it on the table and opened it.

These jewels were even more magnificent than the first.

The necklace shone brightly, and the earrings sparkled like stars.

Gretchen could not hide her excitement.

She placed the necklace around her neck and stood before the mirror.

“How beautiful,” she whispered.

Just then someone knocked at the door.

“Gretchen!” a voice called. “Are you home?”

Gretchen quickly closed the box.

“Yes!” she answered.

The door opened, and her neighbor Martha entered the room.

Martha was an older woman who lived nearby.

She noticed Gretchen’s nervous expression.

“What is troubling you?” Martha asked.

Gretchen hesitated.

Then she showed her the box.

Martha’s eyes widened.

“Where did you get these?”

Gretchen shook her head.

“I do not know.”

Martha examined the jewels carefully.

A knowing smile appeared on her face.

“Someone admires you very much,” she said.

Gretchen blushed.

“But who?”

Martha laughed softly.

“Perhaps we will soon discover the answer.”

That evening Faust and Mephistopheles approached Martha’s house.

Faust looked nervous.

“What is your plan?” he asked.

Mephistopheles smiled.

“Very simple. Martha believes her husband is still alive somewhere far away.”

Faust looked confused.

“And?”

Mephistopheles replied,

“I will bring her news.”

Faust frowned.

“What kind of news?”

Mephistopheles answered calmly,

“That her husband has died.”

Faust stared at him.

“You will lie to her?”

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“Sometimes small lies open useful doors.”

Faust hesitated.

But his desire to see Gretchen again was stronger than his doubts.

Mephistopheles knocked on the door.

Martha opened it.

When she saw the two gentlemen, she looked surprised.

“Good evening,” she said.

Mephistopheles bowed politely.

“Madam Martha, I bring important news about your husband.”

Martha gasped.

“You know something about him?”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“Yes.”

Martha invited them inside immediately.

A moment later Gretchen entered the room.

When she saw Faust standing there, her face turned red.

Their eyes met.

Faust bowed politely.

“Good evening, Gretchen.”

Gretchen answered shyly,

“Good evening.”

Meanwhile Martha listened eagerly as Mephistopheles began telling the story of her husband’s death.

While she listened, Faust quietly approached Gretchen.

Soon they were speaking softly beside the window.

Their strange and dangerous love story had truly begun.

Part 10

Martha listened carefully as Mephistopheles told his story. He spoke with great seriousness, describing the distant place where Martha's husband had supposedly died.

"He spoke kindly of you before his final moments," Mephistopheles said.

Martha sighed deeply.

"Poor man," she said. "I always feared that something like this had happened."

She wiped her eyes, though her sorrow seemed mixed with a certain relief.

"Are you certain?" she asked.

Mephistopheles nodded solemnly.

"Yes. But the law requires two witnesses before such news can be officially accepted."

Martha leaned forward.

"Two witnesses?"

Mephistopheles pointed toward Faust.

"My companion can confirm everything."

Faust had been speaking quietly with Gretchen, but now he stepped forward.

"Yes," he said calmly. "I was present."

Martha looked satisfied.

"Then tomorrow we must meet again in the garden," she said. "You can explain everything clearly."

Mephistopheles bowed.

"That will be perfect."

While Martha continued asking questions, Faust and Gretchen stood together near the window.

Gretchen spoke softly.

"You should not come here so often," she said. "People will talk."

Faust smiled gently.

"Let them talk."

Gretchen looked down at her hands.

“You are a learned man. I am only a simple girl.”

Faust answered warmly.

“Your honesty is worth more than all my learning.”

Gretchen blushed.

Faust continued,

“When I first saw you in the street, I felt something I have never felt before.”

Gretchen looked up at him with curiosity.

“What was that?”

Faust spoke quietly.

“Peace.”

Gretchen’s heart beat faster.

She had never heard such words before.

Martha suddenly turned toward them.

“Gretchen,” she said, “tomorrow we will walk in the garden with our visitors.”

Gretchen nodded politely.

“Yes, Martha.”

The next afternoon the sun shone warmly over Martha’s garden.

Flowers grew along the narrow paths, and a wooden bench stood beneath a tall tree.

Faust and Mephistopheles arrived together.

Martha greeted them happily.

“Welcome,” she said.

Gretchen stood nearby, looking shy but pleased.

Mephistopheles quickly offered Martha his arm.

“Madam,” he said, “perhaps we should walk together so I may explain the story of your husband more fully.”

Martha agreed at once.

The two moved slowly toward the far end of the garden.

Soon Faust and Gretchen were left alone.

Faust walked beside her along the narrow path.

For a moment neither spoke.
Finally Gretchen said softly,
“You should not admire me so much.”
Faust looked at her.
“Why not?”
Gretchen answered,
“Because I am not worthy of such attention.”
Faust stopped walking.
“Do not say that.”
Gretchen looked surprised.
Faust continued,
“Your kindness and honesty are more valuable than anything I have found in my studies.”
Gretchen’s cheeks turned red.
She tried to change the subject.
“Do you believe in God?” she asked suddenly.
Faust hesitated.
“That is a difficult question.”
Gretchen looked serious.
“It is not difficult for me,” she said. “I believe in God with all my heart.”
Faust answered carefully.
“Some people call the highest power ‘God.’ Others use different words. But the feeling behind the name is often the same.”
Gretchen listened thoughtfully.
“Then you do believe?” she asked.
Faust smiled slightly.
“Let us say that I feel a great mystery in the world.”
Gretchen seemed satisfied with the answer.
They sat together on the bench beneath the tree.
The quiet garden felt peaceful.
Faust looked at Gretchen with deep affection.

“Every moment with you feels precious,” he said.

Gretchen felt her heart beating quickly again.

She did not know whether she should feel happy or afraid.

Meanwhile, at the far end of the garden, Mephistopheles watched the young couple from a distance.

A small smile appeared on his face.

He knew that the path of love they had begun would soon lead to great joy—and terrible tragedy.

Part 11

After the meeting in the garden, Faust could think of little else but Gretchen. Her gentle voice and modest manner had touched him deeply.

“She is different from everyone I have known,” he said one evening as he walked beside Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles smiled slightly.

“That is because she lives a simple life,” he replied. “Such people often appear pure and peaceful.”

Faust stopped walking.

“Do not speak of her as if she were only an example,” he said. “She is a living person. I care for her.”

Mephistopheles raised his hands in mock surrender.

“Very well. You care for her.”

Faust looked toward the quiet houses of the town.

“I must see her again.”

Mephistopheles answered calmly,

“You will.”

Meanwhile Gretchen sat alone in her small room.

The spinning wheel beside her stood silent.

She held a small flower in her hand and spoke softly to herself.

“He is kind,” she said.

She walked slowly toward the mirror.
“But why does he care about me?”
Gretchen placed the flower on the table.
“I am not beautiful like the noble ladies,” she continued. “I have little learning.
I live quietly and work every day.”
She sighed.
“And yet when he speaks to me, my heart feels warm.”
She sat beside the spinning wheel again.
Slowly she began turning it.
The wheel made a soft humming sound.
Gretchen’s thoughts drifted again to Faust.
“Is this love?” she whispered.
Later that evening Faust came quietly to the garden behind Gretchen’s house.
The moon shone softly over the flowers.
Gretchen appeared soon afterward.
She looked nervous.
“You should not come here,” she said softly. “My mother might see us.”
Faust answered gently,
“I could not stay away.”
Gretchen lowered her eyes.
“People will speak badly about me.”
Faust stepped closer.
“I will protect you.”
Gretchen looked uncertain.
“You do not understand how people talk in this town.”
Faust took her hand.
“I understand that I care for you.”
Gretchen’s heart beat quickly.
She did not pull her hand away.
Faust continued,
“When I am with you, the world seems brighter.”

Gretchen felt both happiness and fear.
“You must not say such things,” she said.
Faust smiled.
“Why not?”
Gretchen answered quietly,
“Because I might believe them.”
Faust gently lifted her hand.
“Believe them.”
Gretchen looked into his eyes.
For a moment she forgot her fears.
Faust leaned closer and kissed her.
Gretchen stepped back in surprise.
Her face turned red.
“No... we must not...”
Faust spoke softly.
“Forgive me.”
Gretchen looked troubled.
“I do not know what is right,” she said.
Faust tried to calm her.
“Trust your heart.”
Gretchen slowly relaxed.
She allowed him to take her hand again.
But suddenly footsteps sounded near the house.
Gretchen gasped.
“My mother!”
Faust quickly stepped back into the shadows.
Gretchen hurried inside the house.
Faust remained in the garden for a moment longer.
Then Mephistopheles appeared beside him.
“Your romance is progressing quickly,” the devil said.
Faust looked thoughtful.

“She trusts me,” he said.

Mephistopheles smiled.

“Then you must decide how far you wish to go.”

Faust looked toward the dark house where Gretchen had disappeared.

His feelings were growing stronger.

And the path he had chosen was becoming more dangerous with every step.

Part 12

Gretchen could not sleep that night.

She lay awake in her small bed, listening to the quiet sounds of the house. The memory of Faust’s voice and his touch returned again and again to her thoughts.

“Why do I feel like this?” she whispered to herself.

She rose from the bed and walked slowly to the window.

The moonlight shone softly across the garden.

“I should forget him,” she said.

But even as she spoke the words, she knew they were not true.

Gretchen pressed her hands together.

“Dear God,” she said quietly, “guide me.”

Faust, meanwhile, walked restlessly through the streets of the town.

Mephistopheles followed beside him.

“You look troubled,” the devil said.

Faust answered slowly,

“I love her.”

Mephistopheles raised his eyebrows.

“Love often creates problems.”

Faust stopped walking.

“She deserves a peaceful life,” he said. “But I have already brought confusion and danger into her world.”

Mephistopheles laughed quietly.

“You worry too much.”

Faust shook his head.

“I must see her again.”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“That can easily be arranged.”

Faust looked at him.

“How?”

Mephistopheles reached into his pocket and removed a small bottle.

“This will help.”

Faust frowned.

“What is it?”

Mephistopheles answered,

“A sleeping drink.”

Faust stared at the bottle.

“What do you intend?”

Mephistopheles spoke calmly.

“Gretchen’s mother watches her carefully. If she sleeps deeply, you may visit Gretchen without fear.”

Faust hesitated.

“Is it safe?”

Mephistopheles smiled slightly.

“Of course.”

Faust still looked uncertain.

But his desire to see Gretchen again was strong.

After a moment he took the bottle.

“Very well,” he said.

The following evening Faust met Gretchen in the garden again.

Gretchen looked worried.

“We must be careful,” she said. “My mother is suspicious.”

Faust handed her the small bottle.

“If she drinks a little of this tonight, she will sleep peacefully,” he explained.

Gretchen looked confused.

“Why should I give this to her?”

Faust spoke gently.

“So we may talk without fear.”

Gretchen hesitated.

“I do not like secrets.”

Faust took her hands.

“Trust me.”

Gretchen looked into his eyes.

Slowly she nodded.

“Very well.”

That night Gretchen placed a few drops of the drink into her mother’s cup.

Her mother soon fell into a deep sleep.

Gretchen waited quietly.

When the house became silent, Faust entered her room.

Gretchen felt nervous but happy.

Faust held her gently.

“Nothing in my life has ever felt like this,” he said.

Gretchen rested her head against him.

“I trust you,” she whispered.

The night passed quietly.

But neither of them knew that the sleeping drink had been stronger than Faust believed.

Far away in the darkness, Mephistopheles watched the house.

A small smile appeared on his face.

The path of love that Faust and Gretchen had begun was now moving toward tragedy.

Part 13

Morning came slowly to Gretchen’s house.

The sunlight entered the small room through the window. Gretchen awoke and

sat up in her bed. For a moment she felt peaceful, remembering the previous night.

Then a sudden fear touched her heart.

“Mother,” she whispered.

Gretchen rose quickly and walked to the next room.

Her mother lay in bed exactly as she had the night before.

Gretchen spoke softly.

“Mother, it is morning.”

There was no answer.

She stepped closer and touched her mother’s shoulder.

“Mother?”

The woman did not move.

Gretchen felt her heart begin to beat rapidly.

She shook her mother gently.

“Please wake up.”

Still there was no movement.

A terrible silence filled the room.

Gretchen slowly understood the truth.

The sleeping drink had not only brought sleep.

It had brought death.

Gretchen fell to her knees beside the bed.

“No,” she whispered. “No...”

Tears filled her eyes.

“What have I done?”

News of the death spread quickly through the town.

People spoke quietly about the tragedy. Some said the old woman had been weak. Others whispered that strange things had been happening in the house.

Gretchen felt their eyes following her whenever she walked outside.

She tried to continue her daily life, but her heart was filled with guilt and sorrow.

Faust soon heard the news.

When Mephistopheles told him, Faust’s face became pale.

“Dead?” he said.

Mephistopheles nodded calmly.

“Yes.”

Faust stepped back in shock.

“You said the drink would only make her sleep!”

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“Perhaps her body was weaker than expected.”

Faust looked at him with anger.

“This is my fault.”

Mephistopheles answered coolly.

“The world is full of accidents.”

Faust turned away.

“Gretchen will suffer because of me.”

Mephistopheles spoke quietly.

“Love often brings suffering.”

Some weeks later another event shook the town.

Gretchen’s brother Valentin returned from the army.

He had heard rumors about his sister.

People spoke about her secret meetings with Faust. They spoke about the strange death of her mother.

Valentin stood outside the house one evening, speaking angrily with several friends.

“My sister’s honor has been destroyed,” he said bitterly.

At that moment Faust and Mephistopheles happened to walk through the street.

Valentin saw them immediately.

“You!” he shouted.

Faust stopped.

Valentin stepped forward with fury in his eyes.

“You are the man who has ruined my sister!”

Faust tried to remain calm.

“Listen to me—”

But Valentin had already drawn his sword.

“Defend yourself!”

Mephistopheles leaned toward Faust and whispered,

“You must fight.”

The swords flashed in the lamplight.

Valentin attacked fiercely. He was a trained soldier and moved quickly.

Faust tried to defend himself.

The fight grew violent.

Suddenly Mephistopheles moved behind Valentin.

For a brief moment the soldier lost his balance.

Faust’s sword struck.

Valentin fell to the ground.

The noise brought neighbors into the street.

Gretchen rushed from the house when she heard the shouting.

She saw her brother lying on the ground.

“Valentin!” she cried.

The wounded soldier looked up at her.

His voice was weak but filled with anger.

“Sister,” he said, “you have brought shame upon our family.”

Gretchen fell beside him, weeping.

“Forgive me!”

Valentin shook his head slowly.

“Too late.”

His eyes closed.

He died there in the street.

The crowd began whispering.

Faust stood frozen with horror.

Mephistopheles pulled him away.

“We must leave.”

Faust allowed himself to be led into the darkness.

Behind them Gretchen knelt beside her brother’s body while the people of the town watched in silence.

Her life had begun to fall into ruin.

Part 14

After Valentin's death, the town spoke openly about Gretchen.

People no longer whispered quietly. They talked openly in the streets and in the market.

"The girl has brought shame upon her family," some said.

"Her poor mother is dead, and now her brother as well," others added.

Gretchen felt their judgment everywhere.

When she walked outside, people stared at her. Some turned away. Others watched her with cold curiosity.

Gretchen lowered her eyes and hurried through the streets.

Her heart felt heavy with guilt.

"Everything has been destroyed," she whispered one evening as she sat alone in her room.

She thought of her mother.

She thought of Valentin lying in the street.

Tears filled her eyes.

"God forgive me," she said quietly.

Faust, meanwhile, could not escape his own guilt.

He walked restlessly through the town late at night.

Mephistopheles appeared beside him.

"You look miserable," the devil said.

Faust turned sharply.

"Because everything has gone wrong!"

Mephistopheles remained calm.

"You wanted to experience life."

Faust spoke with anger.

"Not like this."

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“Life does not always follow our wishes.”

Faust looked toward the distant church.

“Gretchen suffers because of me.”

Mephistopheles replied coolly,

“She made her own choices.”

Faust shook his head.

“I must see her again.”

Some days later Gretchen went to the cathedral.

She hoped that prayer might calm her troubled heart.

The great church was quiet and dim. Candles burned beside the altar. The air smelled of incense.

Gretchen knelt and bowed her head.

“God,” she whispered, “have mercy on me.”

But peace did not come.

Instead she felt a terrible weight of guilt pressing on her heart.

As she prayed, a dark voice seemed to whisper beside her.

“Do you believe your prayers will save you?”

Gretchen looked around nervously.

No one stood near her.

Yet the voice continued.

“Your mother is dead.”

Gretchen trembled.

“Your brother is dead.”

The voice grew stronger.

“And you carry shame.”

Gretchen covered her face.

“Stop!”

But the voice continued.

“How will you stand before God?”

Gretchen felt the walls of the cathedral closing around her.

Her heart beat wildly.

Suddenly the great organ began to play.
A choir started singing.
The powerful music filled the church.
Gretchen tried to listen to the sacred song, but the voice inside her mind continued repeating the terrible accusations.
“Guilty.”
Gretchen cried out softly.
The room began to spin.
She collapsed on the floor.
Time passed.
Gretchen’s suffering grew worse.
She rarely left the house.
The people of the town watched her with suspicion.
Faust heard many rumors.
One night he turned desperately to Mephistopheles.
“Where is she now?” Faust demanded.
Mephistopheles answered calmly,
“In prison.”
Faust stared at him in shock.
“Prison?”
Mephistopheles nodded.
“Yes.”
Faust’s voice trembled.
“What has happened?”
Mephistopheles spoke slowly.
“She had a child.”
Faust felt the world grow cold around him.
“A child?”
Mephistopheles continued,
“In her despair she lost her reason. The child died.”
Faust stepped back as if struck.

“No...”

Mephistopheles watched him carefully.

“The town has judged her harshly.”

Faust spoke in horror.

“She is innocent!”

Mephistopheles replied,

“The judges do not think so.”

Faust grabbed his arm.

“We must save her.”

Mephistopheles looked at him thoughtfully.

“That will not be easy.”

Faust’s voice was filled with determination.

“You helped cause this tragedy. Now you must help me end it.”

Mephistopheles sighed.

“Very well.”

Faust’s eyes burned with desperate hope.

“Tonight,” he said.

“We will rescue Gretchen.”

Part 15

The night was dark and silent when Faust and Mephistopheles approached the prison.

A cold wind moved through the empty streets.

Faust’s heart beat heavily in his chest.

“Is she truly inside?” he asked.

Mephistopheles nodded.

“Yes.”

Faust looked toward the heavy stone building.

A small light burned behind one of the narrow windows.

“We must hurry,” Faust said.

Mephistopheles removed a set of keys from his coat.
“Leave the doors to me.”
The great iron gate opened quietly.
Inside the prison the air was cold and damp.
Their footsteps echoed along the stone corridor.
Faust felt a growing fear.
“What will I say to her?” he whispered.
Mephistopheles replied calmly,
“Say whatever you wish. But do not waste time.”
They reached a small wooden door.
Mephistopheles unlocked it.
“She is inside,” he said.
Faust entered slowly.
Gretchen sat alone on the floor of the prison cell.
Her hair was loose and her face pale.
She spoke softly to herself.
“My poor child...”
She rocked back and forth in the darkness.
“Where are you now?”
Faust stepped forward.
“Gretchen.”
She looked up suddenly.
Her eyes were wide with confusion.
“Who is there?”
Faust moved closer.
“It is I.”
Gretchen stared at him.
“Faust?”
For a moment she seemed unable to believe what she saw.
Then she cried out with joy.
“You have come!”

She rushed toward him and took his hands.

“You came back!”

Faust held her tightly.

“I will save you,” he said.

Gretchen looked at him with hope.

“Save me?”

Faust nodded.

“We must leave this place immediately.”

Gretchen hesitated.

“Leave?”

Faust spoke urgently.

“Yes. The door is open. Horses are waiting outside. We can escape before morning.”

Gretchen stepped back slowly.

Her expression changed.

“Escape...” she repeated.

Faust did not understand her hesitation.

“There is no time to lose.”

Gretchen looked toward the window where the first faint light of dawn was beginning to appear.

“No,” she said quietly.

Faust stared at her.

“What do you mean?”

Gretchen spoke slowly.

“My mother is dead.”

Faust lowered his eyes.

“Yes...”

Gretchen continued,

“My brother is dead.”

Faust said nothing.

Gretchen’s voice trembled.

“And my child...”

Tears filled her eyes.

“My poor child.”

Faust stepped closer.

“You were not yourself. Your suffering was too great.”

Gretchen shook her head.

“I cannot escape my guilt.”

Faust tried again.

“You must live.”

Gretchen looked at him with deep sadness.

“You do not understand.”

She placed her hands together.

“I must face judgment.”

Faust spoke desperately.

“The judges are cruel. They will show no mercy.”

Gretchen answered quietly,

“God will judge me.”

Faust felt panic rising.

“Please, Gretchen. Come with me.”

At that moment Mephistopheles appeared in the doorway.

“Hurry,” he said sharply. “Morning is coming.”

Gretchen saw him and stepped back in fear.

“Who is that?”

Faust tried to calm her.

“A friend who is helping us escape.”

Gretchen looked at Mephistopheles carefully.

A terrible understanding entered her eyes.

“No,” she whispered.

She turned toward Faust.

“You belong to him.”

Faust spoke urgently.

“Forget him. Think only of your freedom.”

Gretchen shook her head.

“I will not go.”

Mephistopheles spoke impatiently.

“We cannot stay here.”

Faust begged her once more.

“Gretchen!”

Gretchen knelt on the floor.

She raised her eyes toward heaven.

“God,” she cried, “save my soul!”

A voice from above seemed to answer.

“She is saved.”

Gretchen’s face grew peaceful.

Faust stood frozen.

Mephistopheles seized his arm.

“Come.”

The two disappeared into the darkness.

Gretchen remained kneeling in the prison cell, waiting calmly for the morning.

Her earthly life was ending.

But her soul had found mercy.

Part 16

Faust and Mephistopheles rode quickly through the dark countryside.

The prison disappeared behind them, and the distant town lights slowly faded.

Faust sat silently on the horse.

His heart felt heavy.

After a long time he spoke.

“She is gone.”

Mephistopheles did not answer at first.

The wind moved through the trees as they traveled along the narrow road.

Finally the devil said calmly,
“She chose her path.”
Faust looked toward the dark horizon.
“She was innocent,” he said.
Mephistopheles shrugged.
“The world is full of innocent suffering.”
Faust spoke bitterly.
“And you watched it happen.”
Mephistopheles smiled faintly.
“I simply helped events move forward.”
Faust clenched his hands.
“Everything that happened began with my desire.”
Mephistopheles answered quietly,
“You wanted to experience life.”
Faust closed his eyes for a moment.
“And now I have seen where that path leads.”
Time passed.
Faust traveled far from the town where Gretchen had lived.
He moved through forests, mountains, and distant cities.
Mephistopheles remained beside him, always calm, always watchful.
Sometimes Faust tried to forget the past.
He attended festivals.
He met many people.
He explored distant lands.
Yet Gretchen’s memory never completely disappeared.
At quiet moments he still saw her face.
One evening Faust and Mephistopheles climbed a high mountain.
Below them stretched a wide valley filled with villages and fields.
The sunset colored the sky with deep red and gold.
Faust stood silently, looking across the landscape.
“The world is vast,” he said.

Mephistopheles nodded.

“And full of possibilities.”

Faust spoke slowly.

“I once believed knowledge alone could give meaning to life.”

Mephistopheles listened.

Faust continued,

“Then I believed experience would give meaning.”

He looked toward the fading sun.

“But every path seems to lead to suffering.”

Mephistopheles replied calmly,

“Suffering is one part of life. So is joy.”

Faust remained silent.

The wind moved across the mountain.

After some time Faust said quietly,

“My search is not finished.”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“Of course not.”

Faust turned toward him.

“There must still be something greater in the world.”

Mephistopheles looked amused.

“You are still searching for the perfect moment?”

Faust nodded slowly.

“Yes.”

Mephistopheles laughed softly.

“Then our journey will continue.”

The last light of the sun disappeared behind the mountains.

Darkness slowly covered the valley.

Faust stood watching the distant world below him.

His life had already brought love, tragedy, and guilt.

Yet his restless spirit still refused to stop searching.

And beside him Mephistopheles waited patiently.

The strange partnership between man and devil was far from finished.

Part 17

Time moved forward, and Faust continued traveling through the world with Mephistopheles.

Yet the memory of Gretchen remained deep in his heart.

Sometimes, when the night was quiet, he felt the weight of everything that had happened.

One evening Faust stood beside a wide river.

The water moved slowly under the pale light of the moon.

Faust spoke quietly.

“I once believed that knowledge would satisfy me.”

Mephistopheles stood nearby, watching the flowing water.

“You learned that knowledge alone is not enough,” he said.

Faust nodded.

“Then I believed that pleasure and experience would fill the emptiness of my life.”

Mephistopheles smiled slightly.

“And did they?”

Faust shook his head.

“No.”

He looked across the river toward the dark fields.

“Pleasure disappears quickly. And suffering follows.”

Mephistopheles replied calmly,

“That is the nature of the world.”

Faust remained silent for a long moment.

Then he spoke again.

“But I still feel that something greater is possible.”

Mephistopheles raised an eyebrow.

“Greater?”

Faust's eyes shone with determination.

"Yes. Something that gives true meaning to human life."

Mephistopheles laughed softly.

"You are still chasing a dream."

Faust answered firmly,

"Perhaps."

In the following years Faust experienced many things.

He visited great cities filled with music and celebration.

He spoke with scholars, artists, and rulers.

He saw both beauty and cruelty in the world.

Sometimes he felt moments of excitement.

Sometimes he felt deep disappointment.

Yet none of these moments made him say the words that would end his life.

He never said,

"Stay, moment. You are so beautiful."

One day Faust and Mephistopheles climbed another high hill.

Below them stretched a wide plain where people were working in the fields.

Farmers built houses and planted crops.

Children played near the roads.

Faust watched them carefully.

"These people are building something," he said.

Mephistopheles nodded.

"Yes. They work hard every day."

Faust continued watching the valley.

"They are creating a future."

Mephistopheles shrugged.

"Perhaps."

Faust felt a new thought growing in his mind.

"What if a person could help build a better world for others?"

Mephistopheles looked at him with curiosity.

"You wish to become a builder now?"

Faust answered slowly,

“Maybe true meaning does not come from pleasure alone.”

Mephistopheles folded his arms.

“Then where does it come from?”

Faust looked toward the people working in the fields.

“From creating something that lasts beyond one life.”

Mephistopheles smiled faintly.

“An interesting idea.”

Faust stood quietly.

The wind moved across the wide plain.

For the first time in many years, Faust felt a small sense of hope.

His search was not finished.

But perhaps the answer he had been seeking was slowly beginning to appear.

And the strange story of Faust and Mephistopheles was still moving toward its final moment.

Part 18

Many years passed.

Faust grew older again, though he still carried the restless energy that had always driven him forward.

He no longer searched only for pleasure or excitement.

Instead he began to think about how human effort could change the world.

One day Faust stood on a high piece of land near the sea.

A wide stretch of empty ground lay before him.

Waves crashed against the distant shore, and the wind moved strongly across the open space.

Faust studied the land carefully.

“This place could become something great,” he said.

Mephistopheles stood beside him.

“What do you see here?” he asked.

Faust pointed toward the wide empty ground.

“Fields,” he said.

“Houses.”

“Roads.”

“A place where many people could live and work.”

Mephistopheles looked across the landscape.

“At the moment it is only empty land.”

Faust nodded.

“Yes. But people have the power to change the world.”

Mephistopheles smiled slightly.

“You sound like a ruler planning a kingdom.”

Faust answered calmly,

“I do not want a kingdom for myself.”

He continued watching the land.

“I want to create something useful.”

Mephistopheles studied him carefully.

“You believe this work will give meaning to your life?”

Faust nodded.

“Yes.”

Soon workers began arriving.

Men built walls to hold back the sea.

Others cleared land and prepared fields.

Houses slowly appeared.

Roads were built between them.

Day after day the work continued.

Faust walked among the workers, watching the progress with deep interest.

For the first time in many years he felt that his efforts were helping others.

One evening Faust stood near the construction site as the sun set over the sea.

Mephistopheles appeared beside him.

“Your project grows quickly,” the devil said.

Faust nodded.

“Many people will live better lives here.”

Mephistopheles looked thoughtful.

“You seem pleased.”

Faust answered quietly,

“Yes.”

But time continued moving forward.

Faust’s body grew weaker.

His hair turned gray again.

One evening he stood on a small hill overlooking the land he had helped create.

The new houses stood peacefully in the evening light.

Smoke rose from chimneys.

People walked along the roads.

Children laughed in the fields.

Faust listened to these sounds.

A deep feeling of satisfaction filled his heart.

“So many lives,” he said softly.

Mephistopheles stood beside him in silence.

Faust continued,

“If people continue this work, the land will grow more beautiful every year.”

He imagined the future.

More homes.

More families.

More life.

Faust spoke slowly, almost as if speaking to himself.

“This moment...”

He paused.

His heart felt strangely calm.

“This moment is truly beautiful.”

Mephistopheles watched him closely.

Faust continued quietly,

“If such happiness could last forever...”

The words escaped his lips.
“Stay, moment. You are so beautiful.”
At that instant Faust’s strength left him.
His body fell gently to the ground.
His life had ended.
Mephistopheles stepped forward.
A satisfied smile appeared on his face.
“The agreement is complete,” he said.
“Your soul belongs to me.”
Darkness seemed to gather around the fallen body.
But at that moment a bright light appeared in the sky.
Voices filled the air like distant music.
Mephistopheles looked upward with irritation.
“What is this?”
Shapes of light moved through the air.
Angels descended toward the earth.
Their presence filled the night with calm brightness.
Mephistopheles stepped back angrily.
“This is not part of our bargain.”
But the angels lifted Faust’s soul away from the darkness.
Their voices spoke gently.
“A soul that always seeks goodness may still be saved.”
Mephistopheles watched them disappear into the light.
His expression was filled with frustration.
“Once again,” he muttered, “the heavens interfere.”
The night slowly returned to silence.
Far above, Faust’s restless spirit continued its journey toward redemption.

Faust: Part Two

Part 1

The scene opens in a grand hall inside the Emperor's palace.

Rich carpets cover the floor. Tall windows let in the morning light. Soldiers stand beside the doors while servants move quietly through the room.

But despite the beauty of the palace, the atmosphere is troubled.

Ministers and advisers stand in small groups, speaking anxiously with one another.

"The treasury is empty," one minister whispers.

"Taxes cannot be raised again," another replies.

"The people are already angry."

At the center of the hall stands the Emperor himself.

He looks tired and worried.

Papers lie scattered across a large table before him.

"Every report says the same thing," the Emperor says with frustration. "The empire is drowning in debt."

One adviser bows respectfully.

"Your Majesty, the army must be paid soon. If the soldiers receive no money, discipline will disappear."

Another adviser speaks.

"The merchants also demand payment. They refuse to provide supplies without it."

The Emperor sighs deeply.

"Everyone demands money," he says. "But no one can tell me where to find it."

At that moment the palace doors open.

Two unusual figures enter the hall.

One is a tall man with thoughtful eyes and serious expression.

The other wears a confident smile and moves with playful ease.

They are Faust and Mephistopheles.

The court quickly notices the strange newcomers.
“Who are they?” someone whispers.
“Foreign scholars, perhaps.”
Mephistopheles bows deeply before the Emperor.
“Your Majesty,” he says politely, “we bring greetings from distant lands.”
The Emperor studies them carefully.
“You arrive at a difficult moment,” he says.
Mephistopheles smiles.
“We heard that the empire faces certain... financial difficulties.”
The ministers exchange nervous looks.
The Emperor raises an eyebrow.
“You speak boldly for strangers.”
Mephistopheles spreads his hands calmly.
“Sometimes an outside voice can see a solution that others have missed.”
The Emperor gestures toward the table covered with documents.
“If you can solve this crisis, you will be welcomed as friends of the empire.”
Mephistopheles glances briefly at Faust.
Faust remains silent, observing everything around him.
Mephistopheles then steps forward.
“Your Majesty,” he says, “your empire is richer than you believe.”
The ministers murmur with confusion.
“Impossible,” one says quietly.
Mephistopheles continues speaking.
“Across your lands lie hidden treasures—gold and silver buried deep beneath the ground. Ancient kings stored great wealth there long ago.”
The Emperor looks interested.
“Hidden treasure?”
Mephistopheles nods.
“Yes. Wealth that still belongs to the empire.”
One minister shakes his head.
“Even if such treasure exists, we cannot dig up the entire country searching for

it.”

Mephistopheles smiles.

“That is not necessary.”

The hall grows quiet.

“Instead,” Mephistopheles continues, “you can use the promise of that treasure.”

The Emperor leans forward.

“Explain.”

Mephistopheles takes a sheet of paper from the table.

“Print notes like this,” he says. “Each note promises that the holder may receive gold from the hidden treasure of the empire.”

The ministers stare at him.

“Paper?” one says.

“Paper cannot replace gold.”

Mephistopheles laughs softly.

“Gold is valuable because people believe in it.”

He raises the paper.

“If the Emperor promises that this paper represents real wealth, people will accept it.”

The Emperor looks thoughtful.

“You suggest that I create money from paper.”

Mephistopheles bows.

“Exactly.”

Some ministers protest loudly.

“This is madness!”

“The people will not trust it!”

But others begin whispering among themselves.

“If it works,” one says quietly, “our debts could be paid.”

The Emperor looks from face to face.

Finally he speaks.

“Very well,” he says slowly. “We will try this idea.”

The ministers look shocked.

Mephistopheles smiles with satisfaction.
Servants quickly bring writing tools.
The Emperor signs the first official notes.
Soon the palace printers begin producing thousands of paper bills.
Couriers carry them across the empire.
Within days the strange new money spreads everywhere.
Merchants accept it.
Soldiers receive their pay.
Debts begin to disappear.
The court celebrates the sudden return of wealth.
One evening the Emperor speaks happily to his advisers.
“The empire is saved!”
Mephistopheles stands quietly nearby, watching the joyful celebration.
Faust remains silent.
He feels uneasy about the strange solution.
But the court is too excited to notice his doubts.
Music begins to play.
A grand festival is announced.
Masks, costumes, and dancing will fill the palace halls.
As the lights of celebration spread through the imperial court, Faust stands
beside Mephistopheles.
“You have given them an illusion,” Faust says quietly.
Mephistopheles smiles.
“Most power in the world is built on illusion.”
The festival of the Emperor’s court is about to begin.

Part 2

The Emperor’s palace was filled with excitement.
Servants hurried through the corridors carrying decorations. Musicians tuned
their instruments. Colored lanterns were hung along the walls.

A great carnival festival was about to begin.

The new paper money had spread quickly across the empire. Markets were busy again. Soldiers had received their pay. Merchants opened their shops with renewed energy.

Everywhere people believed that the empire had become rich once more.

The Emperor himself felt relieved.

“At last,” he said, walking through the great hall, “the burdens of the court have lifted.”

Ministers bowed respectfully.

“Your Majesty’s wisdom has saved the empire.”

The Emperor laughed.

“Perhaps. But we should thank our clever visitor.”

His eyes moved toward Mephistopheles, who stood nearby with his usual relaxed smile.

Faust stood beside him, watching the celebration with quiet thought.

The Emperor approached them.

“You have performed a great service,” he said.

Mephistopheles bowed.

“I am pleased that the empire prospers.”

The Emperor gestured toward the busy hall.

“Tonight we celebrate. A grand carnival will fill the palace.”

He smiled widely.

“Masks, music, dancing—everyone will join.”

Mephistopheles’s eyes shone with amusement.

“That sounds delightful.”

As evening arrived, the palace transformed completely.

Bright lights filled the halls.

Nobles, soldiers, artists, and servants all appeared wearing colorful costumes and masks.

Some dressed as kings from ancient times.

Others appeared as animals, spirits, or mythical heroes.

Music echoed through the palace.
Laughter and conversation filled the air.
Faust moved slowly through the crowd.
The strange festival fascinated him.
“The entire court has become a theater,” he said quietly.
Mephistopheles laughed.
“Human society often resembles a theater.”
Faust looked around at the masked faces.
“No one shows their true self tonight.”
Mephistopheles replied,
“That is why people enjoy it.”
Suddenly a loud trumpet sounded.
The Emperor entered the hall wearing a magnificent costume.
The crowd cheered loudly.
Behind him marched groups of performers representing different parts of the empire.
Farmers carried baskets of grain.
Merchants displayed fine cloth and jewels.
Soldiers marched proudly in shining armor.
Actors dressed as ancient gods followed them.
The parade continued through the hall like a moving painting.
Faust watched everything carefully.
“This celebration is impressive,” he said.
Mephistopheles nodded.
“It reminds the people that their empire is strong.”
Faust spoke thoughtfully.
“Even if that strength comes from paper.”
Mephistopheles smiled.
“Illusion can be very powerful.”
As the night continued, stranger figures began appearing in the festival.
Some performers dressed as demons and wild spirits.

Others wore masks shaped like animals or monsters.
The music grew louder.
The dancing became wilder.
Mephistopheles seemed especially pleased by the chaos.
“Look at them,” he said softly to Faust.
“When people wear masks, their true nature often appears.”
Faust watched as nobles laughed loudly, soldiers drank heavily, and dancers moved wildly across the floor.
“It is as if the entire court has lost its balance,” he said.
Mephistopheles laughed.
“A little disorder makes life interesting.”
Late in the night, the Emperor called for silence.
The music stopped.
The crowd turned toward the throne.
“Friends of the empire,” the Emperor announced, “tonight we celebrate our renewed prosperity.”
Cheers filled the hall.
“Our debts are paid. Our people are satisfied.”
The Emperor raised his cup.
“To the future of the empire!”
The entire court repeated the toast.
“To the future!”
Faust stood quietly among the cheering crowd.
Yet something troubled him.
The celebration felt bright and joyful—but also strangely fragile.
He turned to Mephistopheles.
“This happiness feels temporary,” he said.
Mephistopheles raised an eyebrow.
“Most happiness is.”
Faust looked toward the dancing crowd.
“And yet these people believe their problems are solved.”

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“Belief often matters more than truth.”

The carnival continued deep into the night.

Music and laughter filled every room of the palace.

But far from the noisy celebration, Faust stood alone beside a window.

His thoughts were drifting toward something very different.

The image of a woman from ancient legend had begun to appear in his mind.

A woman whose beauty had once changed the fate of entire nations.

Helena of Troy.

Faust felt a strange longing growing inside him.

“If I could see such perfect beauty,” he whispered, “perhaps my search would come closer to its end.”

Behind him, Mephistopheles listened quietly.

A small smile appeared on his face.

Faust’s next desire was beginning to take shape.

Part 3

The carnival at the Emperor’s palace continued until late in the night.

Music echoed through the halls, and dancers moved beneath the bright lights.

Laughter filled every corner of the great building.

Yet Faust no longer paid attention to the celebration.

He stood quietly beside a tall window, looking out into the dark sky.

Mephistopheles approached him.

“You are not enjoying the festival,” he said.

Faust answered slowly,

“My thoughts are elsewhere.”

Mephistopheles leaned against the wall.

“Let me guess,” he said. “You are thinking about Helena.”

Faust turned toward him.

“Yes.”

Mephistopheles laughed softly.

“Of course. The most beautiful woman in all of ancient legend.”

Faust’s eyes shone with intensity.

“Her beauty changed the history of entire nations.”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“The Trojan War began because of her.”

Faust spoke quietly.

“I wish to see her.”

Mephistopheles raised his eyebrows.

“You wish to meet Helena of Troy?”

Faust answered firmly,

“Yes.”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“You ask for something that belongs to another world.”

Faust replied,

“Then open the path to that world.”

Mephistopheles folded his arms.

“Helena belongs to the ancient Greek world. That world follows different laws than ours.”

Faust did not hesitate.

“I will follow whatever path is necessary.”

Mephistopheles studied him carefully.

“You are serious.”

Faust nodded.

“More serious than ever.”

Mephistopheles laughed quietly.

“Very well.”

He lowered his voice.

“But to reach Helena, you must travel into the deepest parts of existence.”

Faust stepped closer.

“Explain.”

Mephistopheles spoke slowly.

“There exists a mysterious realm called the Mothers.”

Faust looked confused.

“The Mothers?”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“It is a dark place beyond time and space. All forms and images are born there.”

Faust listened carefully.

“And Helena exists there?”

Mephistopheles replied,

“Her image does.”

Faust spoke with determination.

“Then I will go.”

Mephistopheles smiled slightly.

“This journey is not easy. Even I cannot follow you there.”

Faust was surprised.

“You cannot?”

Mephistopheles shook his head.

“The Mothers exist outside my power.”

Faust remained silent for a moment.

Then he said calmly,

“Give me the path.”

Mephistopheles removed a small glowing key from his coat.

The strange object seemed to shine with a faint light.

“Take this,” he said.

Faust accepted the key.

It felt strangely warm in his hand.

“What must I do?”

Mephistopheles pointed toward a dark corner of the hall.

“When you descend into darkness, you will reach the realm of the Mothers.”

Faust listened carefully.

“There you will see a mysterious tripod.”

Mephistopheles continued,

“Touch it with the key, and the forms of Helena and Paris will appear.”

Faust’s heart beat faster.

“Then I can bring Helena back into the world.”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“Yes. But remember one thing.”

Faust looked at him.

“What?”

Mephistopheles answered quietly,

“Do not lose your courage.”

Soon afterward Faust stood alone at the edge of a deep staircase beneath the palace.

Darkness waited below.

The glowing key rested in his hand.

Faust took a deep breath.

“Helena,” he whispered.

Then he began descending into the darkness.

Step by step he moved deeper underground.

The sounds of the festival slowly faded above him.

At last he reached a vast empty space filled with silent shadows.

This was the mysterious realm of the Mothers.

Strange shapes seemed to move in the darkness.

Time itself felt uncertain.

In the center of the space stood a mysterious tripod.

Faust stepped forward slowly.

His heart pounded.

“This must be the place,” he said quietly.

He lifted the glowing key.

Then he touched the tripod.

At once the darkness began to shift.

Light appeared.

Two figures slowly formed before him.
One was a handsome warrior.
The other was a woman of extraordinary beauty.
Helena.
Faust stared in amazement.
The legendary beauty of ancient Greece now stood before him.
His long search had reached a new and mysterious stage.

Part 4

Deep beneath the Emperor's palace, Faust stood before the mysterious tripod.
The glowing key still rested in his hand.
Slowly the darkness around him began to change.
Shapes moved like shadows across a distant wall. Light and form began to appear.

Faust watched carefully.
Two figures slowly took shape before his eyes.
One was a tall warrior with strong armor and a noble face.
The other was a woman whose beauty seemed almost unreal.
Her hair shone softly. Her expression was calm and proud.
Faust immediately understood.
"Helena," he whispered.
The warrior beside her was Paris, the prince whose love for Helena had begun the Trojan War.

Faust stood silently, amazed by the vision.
The figures did not yet move or speak. They appeared like living statues made from light.
But even in silence their presence filled the dark space with power.
Faust stepped closer.
"The beauty of the ancient world," he said quietly.
He could hardly believe that the legendary Helena stood before him.

Yet he knew that these were only forms drawn from the mysterious realm of the Mothers.

Meanwhile, far above in the palace hall, the carnival celebration continued.

The Emperor sat on his throne while the court watched a strange theatrical performance.

Mephistopheles stood nearby, smiling quietly.

One of the ministers approached him.

“Where is your companion?” the man asked.

Mephistopheles replied calmly,

“He is preparing a special entertainment.”

The minister looked confused.

“What kind of entertainment?”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“One that will surprise the entire court.”

Suddenly the lights in the hall dimmed.

The music stopped.

The crowd became silent.

A large empty space opened in the center of the hall.

A faint light began to appear.

Slowly two figures formed before the astonished audience.

The warrior Paris stood proudly.

Beside him stood Helena.

The entire court gasped with amazement.

“Helena of Troy!”

“Impossible!”

“She lives!”

The Emperor himself leaned forward in wonder.

“Such beauty,” he said.

Helena moved gracefully across the floor.

The court watched in complete silence.

Her presence seemed to bring the ancient Greek world into the modern palace.

Faust stepped forward behind the vision.
He watched Helena with deep emotion.
For him she was not simply a theatrical image.
She was the symbol of perfect beauty that he had been seeking.
Paris reached toward Helena.
But Faust suddenly felt a powerful emotion rising within him.
The idea that Paris should claim Helena filled him with jealousy.
“No,” Faust said quietly.
The figures continued their silent movement.
Paris seemed ready to lead Helena away.
Faust stepped forward urgently.
“She must be mine!”
He rushed toward the vision.
At that instant the magical forms collapsed.
A bright flash of light filled the hall.
The figures of Paris and Helena disappeared.
The court cried out in shock.
Faust fell to the floor, unconscious.
The entire palace became silent.
Mephistopheles stepped forward calmly.
“The performance has ended,” he said quietly.
Servants carried Faust away from the hall.
The Emperor and the court remained confused and astonished.
Some time later Faust slowly opened his eyes.
He found himself in his old study.
The familiar books and instruments surrounded him once again.
Beside him stood Wagner, his loyal student.
Wagner looked relieved.
“You have awakened at last,” he said.
Faust spoke weakly.
“Where am I?”

Wagner answered,
“In your study.”
Faust slowly sat up.
“Helena,” he whispered.
Wagner looked puzzled.
“You were speaking strange names while you slept.”
Faust remained silent.
He remembered the vision clearly.
Helena still lived in his mind.
Wagner continued speaking excitedly.
“While you were unconscious, I have made an important discovery.”
Faust looked at him.
“What discovery?”
Wagner’s eyes shone with pride.
“I have created life.”
Faust stared at him.
“Life?”
Wagner lifted a small glass vessel.
Inside it glowed a tiny shining figure.
The small being moved and spoke.
“Good evening,” it said.
Faust looked at the strange creature in amazement.
Wagner smiled proudly.
“This,” he said, “is Homunculus.”

Part 5

Faust stared at the small glowing figure inside the glass vessel.
The tiny creature floated gently within the clear liquid, shining with a soft golden light.
“Good evening,” the little voice repeated.

Faust looked from the vessel to Wagner.

“You truly created this?”

Wagner nodded proudly.

“Yes. Through careful study and many experiments.”

Faust leaned closer.

The small figure inside the glass turned toward him.

“Ah,” it said, “this must be the famous Doctor Faust.”

Faust looked surprised.

“You know my name?”

The tiny creature laughed.

“Of course. Wagner has spoken about you many times.”

Wagner smiled happily.

“I have spent years studying the secrets of life,” he explained.

“At last I have succeeded.”

Faust examined the vessel carefully.

“This being... what is it exactly?”

The small figure answered before Wagner could speak.

“I am Homunculus,” it said.

“A human mind without a human body.”

Faust looked thoughtful.

“A spirit of pure intelligence.”

Homunculus nodded happily.

“Exactly.”

Wagner added proudly,

“He is alive, but still incomplete.”

Homunculus sighed slightly.

“Yes. My greatest wish is to become fully human.”

At that moment Mephistopheles appeared in the room.

He looked at the glowing vessel with curiosity.

“What strange experiment is this?”

Wagner spoke excitedly.

“A great scientific achievement!”

Mephistopheles examined the small creature closely.

“So this is the famous Homunculus.”

Homunculus laughed.

“And you must be Mephistopheles.”

The devil smiled.

“You recognize me?”

Homunculus replied calmly,

“I have read many things while floating inside this glass.”

Mephistopheles chuckled.

“A clever little being.”

Faust spoke quietly.

“You say you wish to become fully human.”

Homunculus nodded.

“Yes. My spirit exists, but I lack a true physical form.”

Faust asked,

“And how can that happen?”

Homunculus turned toward Mephistopheles.

“Perhaps our devil friend knows.”

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“Such matters belong more to the ancient world than to modern science.”

Homunculus’s light brightened.

“Then we must travel there.”

Faust looked curious.

“Where?”

Homunculus replied excitedly,

“To the world of ancient Greece.”

Mephistopheles raised an eyebrow.

“You are speaking of the Classical Walpurgis Night.”

Homunculus nodded.

“Yes. That is where the powers of nature and myth gather together.”

Faust felt a sudden interest.

“The ancient world...”

His thoughts returned again to Helena.

Mephistopheles noticed his expression and smiled quietly.

“It seems our journey continues.”

Homunculus’s voice filled the room with excitement.

“In Greece we may find the secret of true life.”

Wagner looked worried.

“But how can we travel such a distance?”

Mephistopheles waved his hand carelessly.

“Distance is rarely a problem for us.”

Homunculus laughed happily.

“Then let us go at once!”

Faust stood slowly.

His mind felt alive again.

The mysterious vision of Helena had awakened something deep inside him.

“Yes,” Faust said.

“Let us travel to the ancient world.”

Soon afterward the strange group prepared for their journey.

Wagner remained behind in the study, still proud of his creation.

But Faust, Mephistopheles, and the glowing Homunculus moved toward a new adventure.

Outside, the night sky stretched wide above the land.

Stars shone brightly.

Mephistopheles looked upward.

“Tonight is the night of Walpurgis,” he said.

Homunculus’s glass vessel glowed brighter with excitement.

“Perfect,” he replied.

Faust looked toward the distant horizon.

“Perhaps the ancient world will reveal new answers.”

Mephistopheles smiled quietly.

“Or new mysteries.”

A strange wind began to rise.

Shadows moved across the land.

The path toward the Classical Walpurgis Night had opened.

And the next stage of Faust’s long journey was about to begin.

Part 6

A strange wind moved across the dark sky.

Faust, Mephistopheles, and the glowing Homunculus traveled through the night toward the ancient lands of Greece.

The air itself seemed different.

The landscape slowly changed as they moved farther from the familiar world.

Soon they reached a rocky coast beside a wide sea.

The moon shone over the water, and distant mountains rose along the horizon.

Homunculus floated happily inside his glass vessel.

“This is the place,” he said.

Faust looked around with curiosity.

“It feels ancient.”

Mephistopheles crossed his arms.

“Welcome to the world of Classical Walpurgis Night.”

Strange sounds filled the air.

The sea moved restlessly against the rocks.

Shadows appeared and disappeared among the hills.

Faust felt that he had entered a world older than history.

Soon unusual creatures began appearing across the rocky ground.

Some had the bodies of animals and the faces of humans.

Others looked like spirits made from mist and light.

Homunculus spoke excitedly.

“These are beings from ancient myth.”

Faust watched them carefully.

“The stories of Greece are alive here.”

Mephistopheles looked slightly uncomfortable.

“This world belongs more to classical beauty than to my darker traditions.”

Homunculus laughed.

“Then perhaps you should learn something new tonight.”

They soon encountered a group of strange figures dancing beside the sea.

One of them had the horns and legs of a goat.

The creature laughed loudly when it saw the travelers.

“Welcome, visitors!” it shouted.

Homunculus floated forward.

“We are searching for knowledge.”

The creature bowed playfully.

“Then you have come to the right place.”

Faust whispered quietly to Mephistopheles.

“What kind of creature is this?”

Mephistopheles replied,

“A satyr. One of the playful spirits of ancient nature.”

The satyr continued laughing.

“Tonight the whole world of myth is awake!”

Around them more figures began appearing.

Sea spirits rose from the waves.

Nymphs danced near the water.

Ancient gods and creatures from forgotten legends wandered across the hills.

Faust watched everything with wonder.

“This world feels completely different from ours.”

Homunculus nodded.

“Here nature itself is alive with imagination.”

As they moved farther along the coast, they met two thoughtful figures sitting near a group of strange glowing plants.

The figures spoke calmly as if discussing a serious problem.

Homunculus floated toward them.

“Greetings,” he said.

One of the men looked up.

“Who are you, little spirit?”

Homunculus answered proudly,

“I am Homunculus, a being created by human knowledge.”

The man smiled slightly.

“Interesting.”

Faust stepped forward.

“Who are you?”

The man replied,

“I am Thales.”

He pointed toward his companion.

“And this is Anaxagoras.”

Faust recognized the names immediately.

“The ancient philosophers.”

Thales nodded.

“Yes.”

Homunculus spoke eagerly.

“I seek advice.”

Thales listened carefully.

“What kind of advice?”

Homunculus explained,

“I exist as pure spirit, but I want to become fully alive.”

Anaxagoras looked thoughtfully at the glowing vessel.

“Then you must return to nature.”

Thales nodded in agreement.

“Life grows slowly from simple beginnings.”

Homunculus’s light flickered with excitement.

“Where should I begin?”

Thales pointed toward the sea.

“The origin of life begins there.”

Homunculus turned toward the shining waves.
“The sea...”
Faust watched the conversation carefully.
“You mean he must leave his glass vessel?”
Thales replied calmly,
“Yes. True life cannot remain trapped in artificial form.”
Homunculus became very quiet.
He looked down at the glass surrounding him.
“Then the moment has come.”
Mephistopheles stepped closer.
“Be careful, little spirit.”
Homunculus laughed brightly.
“Do not worry.”
His glow grew stronger and stronger.
The glass vessel began to crack.
Faust stepped back.
“What is happening?”
Thales answered softly.
“A transformation.”
With a sudden flash of light the glass broke.
Homunculus’s shining spirit flew into the night air.
The glowing energy rushed toward the sea.
It scattered across the waves like thousands of tiny stars.
The water sparkled with life.
Faust watched in amazement.
“He has become part of nature itself.”
Thales nodded.
“From such beginnings life will grow.”
The sea continued shining softly under the moonlight.
The strange journey through the ancient world had changed Homunculus forever.

But Faust's own search for meaning was still far from finished.

Part 7

The shining sea slowly grew calm again.

The light that had once been Homunculus now moved gently through the waves like scattered stars.

Faust stood quietly on the rocky shore.

"So his search ended there," he said.

Thales shook his head gently.

"No," he replied. "It has only begun."

Faust looked toward the glowing water.

"You mean he will grow again?"

Thales nodded.

"Life rises slowly from the simplest forms. One day it may become something greater."

Mephistopheles watched the sea with mild interest.

"A long and uncertain journey."

Thales smiled.

"All life is a long journey."

The strange gathering of mythological creatures slowly began to fade.

The night of Classical Walpurgis was ending.

Nymphs disappeared into the sea.

Satyrs ran laughing into the forests.

Ancient spirits vanished like mist in the morning light.

Faust remained standing on the shore.

The memory of Helena still filled his thoughts.

Mephistopheles approached him.

"Your little companion has found his destiny," he said.

Faust nodded slowly.

"And I must find mine."

Mephistopheles smiled.

“You are still thinking about Helena.”

Faust answered quietly,

“Yes.”

As dawn approached, the landscape began changing once again.

The rocky coast slowly faded.

A new scene appeared before Faust’s eyes.

Wide green fields stretched toward distant hills.

Ancient stone walls rose beside narrow roads.

Tall trees moved softly in the warm wind.

Faust looked around in amazement.

“Where are we now?”

Mephistopheles replied calmly,

“Ancient Greece.”

Faust felt a deep excitement.

“The world where Helena once lived.”

Suddenly distant voices could be heard.

A group of soldiers marched along a nearby road.

Their armor shone in the morning sun.

Faust watched them carefully.

“These are warriors from the Greek world.”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“Yes. We have entered the age of heroes.”

Faust’s heart began beating faster.

“Then Helena must be somewhere in this world.”

Not far away stood a magnificent palace.

Tall columns supported its shining roof.

Beautiful gardens surrounded the building.

Servants and guards moved across the open courtyards.

Mephistopheles pointed toward the palace.

“That is Sparta.”

Faust looked surprised.

“The home of King Menelaus.”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“And the home of Helena.”

Faust stood silently for a moment.

After all his searching, he had finally reached the world of Helena herself.

“I must see her,” he said quietly.

Mephistopheles studied the palace carefully.

“The situation may not be simple.”

Faust turned toward him.

“Why?”

Mephistopheles answered,

“Helena has just returned from the Trojan War.”

Faust listened closely.

“After ten years of battle, the Greeks have destroyed Troy.”

Mephistopheles continued.

“Menelaus has brought Helena back to Sparta.”

Faust frowned slightly.

“That sounds peaceful.”

Mephistopheles shook his head.

“Not entirely.”

Faust asked,

“What do you mean?”

Mephistopheles lowered his voice.

“Some say that Menelaus plans to punish Helena for the suffering she caused.”

Faust felt alarmed.

“Punish her?”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“The war destroyed countless lives.”

Faust looked toward the palace with growing concern.

“Then Helena may be in danger.”

Mephistopheles smiled faintly.

“Perhaps.”

At that moment the palace gates opened.

A group of noble women walked slowly across the courtyard.

At their center stood a woman whose beauty seemed brighter than the morning sun.

Her movements were graceful and calm.

Even the guards seemed to step aside respectfully as she passed.

Faust’s breath stopped.

“Helena,” he whispered.

For the first time he saw her not as a vision, but as a living woman.

The legendary beauty of the ancient world stood before him.

And the next chapter of Faust’s strange destiny was about to begin.

Part 8

The palace courtyard of Sparta lay bright in the morning sun.

Helena walked slowly among the tall stone columns. Noble women surrounded her, speaking softly as they moved through the garden.

Yet Helena herself seemed deep in thought.

Ten long years had passed since the beginning of the Trojan War. Cities had burned. Heroes had died. Now she had returned home to Sparta.

But peace had not yet come to her heart.

Helena stopped beside a marble fountain.

One of the women beside her spoke gently.

“My lady, the palace has prepared rooms for your rest.”

Helena looked toward the palace doors.

“Rest,” she said quietly.

Her voice carried both calm and sadness.

“After such a long war, the world itself seems tired.”

The women remained silent.

Helena looked across the garden.

“Where is Menelaus now?” she asked.

One of the attendants answered,

“The king has gone to prepare a sacrifice.”

Helena frowned slightly.

“A sacrifice?”

The woman nodded.

“Yes, my lady.”

Helena lowered her eyes thoughtfully.

The ancient customs of Greece often required sacrifices to the gods.

Yet something about the moment felt strange.

Not far away Faust and Mephistopheles observed the palace from a distance.

Faust’s eyes remained fixed on Helena.

“She is more beautiful than any legend,” he said softly.

Mephistopheles smiled faintly.

“Your journey has brought you exactly where you wished to be.”

Faust nodded slowly.

“Yes.”

He watched Helena as she walked slowly through the courtyard.

“There is both strength and sorrow in her face.”

Mephistopheles replied,

“She has seen the destruction of a great war.”

Inside the palace, Helena continued speaking with her attendants.

“Strange thoughts trouble me today,” she said quietly.

One of the women asked,

“What thoughts, my lady?”

Helena answered slowly,

“The gods sometimes demand difficult offerings.”

The women exchanged worried glances.

Helena continued,

“I wonder what sacrifice my husband prepares today.”

A heavy silence followed her words.

At that moment an old servant entered the courtyard.

He bowed deeply.

“My lady Helena,” he said, “the king requests your presence.”

Helena looked at him carefully.

“Where is he?”

“In the inner temple,” the servant replied.

Helena nodded calmly.

“Then I will go.”

Meanwhile Faust spoke urgently to Mephistopheles.

“Something is wrong.”

Mephistopheles looked amused.

“What makes you think so?”

Faust pointed toward the palace.

“Did you hear her words? She fears that the sacrifice may involve her.”

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“Ancient kings sometimes made cruel decisions.”

Faust’s voice became firm.

“I will not allow her to suffer.”

Mephistopheles looked at him with curiosity.

“You intend to interfere in the affairs of ancient Greece?”

Faust answered immediately.

“Yes.”

Inside the palace Helena walked slowly toward the temple.

The air felt heavy and quiet.

As she approached the entrance, she noticed that the temple doors stood open.

The interior was dimly lit by burning torches.

Helena paused for a moment.

“Something is not right,” she whispered.

Yet she stepped forward.

At that moment a powerful voice suddenly spoke from the shadows.

“Helena!”

Helena turned quickly.

Faust stood before her.

Helena looked at the stranger with surprise.

“Who are you?”

Faust bowed respectfully.

“A traveler from a distant world.”

Helena studied his face.

“You speak strangely, yet you appear noble.”

Faust spoke with deep emotion.

“You are in danger.”

Helena’s eyes widened slightly.

“Danger?”

Faust nodded.

“Menelaus plans to sacrifice you.”

Helena grew pale.

“Then the war has not ended my suffering.”

Faust stepped closer.

“Come with me.”

Helena looked at him carefully.

For a moment she remained silent.

Then she said quietly,

“Stranger... if what you say is true, then my life now stands between death and an unknown path.”

Faust answered gently,

“Then choose the path that leads to freedom.”

Helena looked into his eyes.

A strange connection seemed to form between them.

The worlds of ancient legend and modern striving were about to meet.

Helena stood silently inside the temple hall.
The burning torches cast long shadows across the stone walls.
Before her stood Faust, a stranger from another world.
His words still echoed in her mind.
“Menelaus plans to sacrifice you.”
Helena spoke slowly.
“For many years I have been the cause of suffering.”
Faust answered gently,
“You are not responsible for the madness of war.”
Helena looked at him carefully.
“Yet many people believe that I am.”
Faust shook his head.
“You deserve a life free from fear.”
Helena stepped closer.
“You say you come from another world.”
Faust nodded.
“Yes.”
Helena studied him thoughtfully.
“Your voice carries a different spirit than the men of this age.”
Faust answered quietly,
“My life has taken me across many strange paths.”
Helena looked toward the temple entrance.
“If what you say is true, I cannot remain here.”
Faust extended his hand.
“Come with me.”
Helena hesitated for only a moment.
Then she placed her hand in his.
At that instant the temple doors suddenly opened.
Guards appeared outside.
Helena looked alarmed.

“They have come for me.”

Faust turned toward Mephistopheles, who had quietly appeared beside the doorway.

“Now,” Faust said.

Mephistopheles smiled.

“As you wish.”

With a quick movement he raised his hand.

A strange mist filled the temple.

The guards outside shouted in confusion.

The torches flickered wildly.

Within seconds the entire hall was filled with thick white smoke.

Faust held Helena’s hand tightly.

“Stay close to me.”

Helena nodded.

Mephistopheles led them quickly through a hidden passage.

Soon they emerged outside the palace walls.

The early morning sky glowed softly above the distant hills.

Helena looked around in amazement.

“We have escaped.”

Faust smiled gently.

“Yes.”

Helena studied the strange landscape around her.

“This place feels different from Sparta.”

Mephistopheles laughed quietly.

“That is because you are no longer entirely in your own world.”

They soon reached a beautiful valley surrounded by high mountains.

Clear streams flowed through green fields.

Trees moved softly in the warm wind.

Helena looked around with wonder.

“This land is peaceful.”

Faust nodded.

“Here you will be safe.”

Helena turned toward him.

“You risked much to save me.”

Faust answered quietly,

“Your beauty and spirit deserve protection.”

Helena’s expression softened.

“Perhaps the gods have guided us together.”

Mephistopheles watched them with mild amusement.

“It appears that two worlds have found a meeting place,” he said.

Helena smiled slightly.

“A strange meeting indeed.”

Faust looked at her with admiration.

“The beauty of ancient Greece and the restless spirit of the modern world.”

Helena walked slowly across the valley.

“Perhaps something new may grow from such a meeting.”

In time Faust and Helena began building a new life together in the peaceful valley.

Their union symbolized the joining of two different worlds.

From this union a child was soon born.

The boy was named Euphorion.

He grew quickly and possessed an unusual energy and brilliance.

Even as a child he loved music, poetry, and bold adventures.

Faust watched his son with pride.

Helena watched him with both joy and concern.

The boy’s spirit burned brightly like a flame.

And everyone who saw him sensed that his life would not follow an ordinary path.

The next chapter of Faust’s destiny had begun through the birth of Euphorion.

Part 10

Years passed peacefully in the mountain valley.
The land where Faust and Helena lived seemed filled with harmony.
Clear rivers moved across the fields. Birds sang among the trees. The sky above the mountains often shone with bright blue light.
Their son Euphorion grew quickly.
From the beginning he showed unusual energy and intelligence.
As a small child he loved to run across the hills and climb the rocks above the valley.
Helena often watched him with concern.
“He moves too quickly,” she said one day.
Faust smiled.
“He carries the spirit of youth.”
Helena shook her head gently.
“His spirit burns like a flame.”
Euphorion soon began showing a strong love for music and poetry.
He often sang while running across the fields.
His voice was clear and powerful.
Sometimes he would stand on a high rock and shout his poems toward the distant mountains.
Faust listened proudly.
“He has the heart of a poet,” he said.
Helena looked thoughtful.
“Yes.”
She watched her son as he ran across the hills.
“But poetry often walks beside danger.”
As Euphorion grew older, his boldness increased.
He loved heights and fast movement.
One afternoon he climbed a tall cliff above the valley.
Faust and Helena watched from below.
Helena called upward.
“Euphorion! Come down!”

The boy laughed happily.

“The world looks wonderful from here!”

Faust spoke calmly.

“Be careful, my son.”

Euphorion spread his arms as if he could feel the wind carrying him upward.

“Why should we remain close to the ground?” he cried.

“The sky calls us!”

Helena felt fear growing in her heart.

“Do not play with danger,” she warned.

But Euphorion’s spirit longed for something greater than safety.

He dreamed of heroic adventures.

He imagined himself flying across mountains and seas.

One evening he stood again upon the high cliff.

The wind moved strongly around him.

“The world is too small if we remain tied to the earth,” he shouted.

Faust looked worried.

“Ambition must be balanced with wisdom.”

But Euphorion laughed.

“Great spirits must rise!”

Suddenly he ran toward the edge of the cliff.

Helena cried out.

“Stop!”

But the boy leaped into the air.

For a brief moment he seemed to fly.

The wind carried his body outward like a bird.

His voice echoed across the valley.

“Freedom!”

Then the wind changed.

The illusion of flight disappeared.

Euphorion fell.

His body struck the rocks below.

Helena screamed and rushed forward.
Faust ran after her.
They reached the place where Euphorion lay motionless.
Helena knelt beside her son.
Tears filled her eyes.
“My child,” she whispered.
Faust stood silently.
The bright spirit that had filled the valley with music was gone.
Helena slowly lifted her head.
Her voice was quiet and full of sorrow.
“The spirit of heroic poetry cannot remain long in the world.”
Faust understood the deeper meaning of her words.
Euphorion had carried the dangerous brilliance of genius.
Such fire often burns too brightly to last.
A strange silence filled the valley.
The peaceful world that Faust and Helena had built together had been broken.
Helena stood slowly.
“My place is no longer here,” she said.
Faust looked at her with alarm.
“What do you mean?”
Helena’s expression became distant.
“The world of ancient beauty must return to its own time.”
Faust felt the terrible truth approaching.
“Helena...”
She looked at him gently.
“Our meeting joined two different worlds.”
She touched his hand softly.
“But such unions cannot last forever.”
Slowly her figure began to fade like a dream at sunrise.
Faust tried to hold her.
But the form of Helena disappeared into the air.

Faust stood alone in the silent valley.
The beautiful world of Greece had vanished.
And once again his life returned to the restless search for meaning.

Part 11

The valley where Faust and Helena had lived slowly grew quiet.
The wind moved gently through the grass, but the music and laughter that had once filled the place were gone.
Faust stood alone among the empty hills.
Helena had vanished like a dream.
Euphorion was gone.
The peaceful world that had once seemed full of beauty had disappeared.
Mephistopheles soon appeared beside him.
“Another chapter of your life has ended,” the devil said calmly.
Faust did not answer at first.
He looked across the silent valley.
“For a moment,” he said quietly, “I believed that harmony between two worlds was possible.”
Mephistopheles smiled faintly.
“Harmony rarely lasts.”
Faust turned toward him.
“Yet something important happened here.”
Mephistopheles raised an eyebrow.
“What do you mean?”
Faust spoke slowly.
“The ancient beauty of Greece and the striving spirit of the modern world met each other.”
Mephistopheles nodded.
“Yes.”
Faust continued,

“And from that union came a powerful spirit.”

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“A spirit that burned too brightly.”

Faust lowered his head slightly.

“Perhaps.”

The landscape around them began to change once again.

The ancient valley slowly faded.

The hills and trees disappeared like mist.

Soon Faust and Mephistopheles stood once more in a very different place.

Before them stretched a wide coastal plain beside the sea.

Waves crashed against long stretches of empty land.

The wind blew strongly across the open ground.

Faust looked around carefully.

“Where are we now?”

Mephistopheles answered,

“Back in the world of the Emperor.”

Faust recognized the distant shape of imperial buildings far away.

“The empire again.”

Some time had passed since Faust had last seen the Emperor’s court.

During that time great problems had appeared within the empire.

Rebels had risen against the Emperor’s rule.

Soldiers had taken sides.

War threatened the stability of the entire land.

Mephistopheles spoke calmly.

“The Emperor needs help.”

Faust frowned slightly.

“Another conflict.”

Mephistopheles nodded.

“Civil war.”

Faust watched the distant fields.

Smoke could be seen rising from faraway villages.

“Many people will suffer.”

Mephistopheles shrugged.

“War often decides the future of nations.”

Soon messengers from the Emperor arrived.

They recognized Faust immediately.

“Doctor Faust!” one of them said. “The Emperor requests your help.”

Faust listened carefully.

“Rebel forces are gathering,” the messenger continued.

“The Emperor’s army struggles to hold them back.”

Faust thought for a moment.

Then he turned toward Mephistopheles.

“You understand warfare better than I do.”

Mephistopheles smiled slightly.

“Victory often depends on clever tricks.”

Faust spoke firmly.

“Then we will help the Emperor.”

Soon Faust and Mephistopheles stood inside the Emperor’s military camp.

Soldiers moved quickly through the tents.

Weapons and armor lay prepared for battle.

The Emperor himself greeted them with relief.

“You have returned at the perfect moment,” he said.

Faust bowed respectfully.

“How serious is the situation?”

The Emperor answered,

“The rebels are strong. They march toward us even now.”

Faust looked across the battlefield.

“Then we must act quickly.”

Mephistopheles smiled quietly.

“Leave the details to me.”

The battle began the following morning.

The sound of drums echoed across the fields.

Soldiers marched forward with raised banners.
The rebel army advanced from the opposite side.
Dust rose into the air as the two forces moved toward each other.
Faust stood beside the Emperor.
Mephistopheles watched the battlefield with calm interest.
Suddenly strange events began occurring among the rebel soldiers.
Thick clouds of smoke appeared where no fires burned.
Loud thunder seemed to come from clear skies.
Illusions of powerful warriors appeared among the Emperor's army.
The rebels grew frightened and confused.
Their lines began to break.
The Emperor's soldiers quickly pushed forward.
Within hours the rebel army collapsed.
Victory belonged to the Emperor.
That evening the Emperor celebrated his success.
"Once again you have saved the empire," he said to Faust.
Faust bowed quietly.
The Emperor continued,
"As a reward, I will grant you a great piece of land."
He pointed toward the distant coast.
"All the empty land beside the sea shall belong to you."
Faust looked toward the wide coastal plain.
The waves crashed endlessly against the shore.
A new idea began forming in his mind.
Perhaps this empty land could become something greater.
Perhaps here he could create a world shaped by human effort.
And so another stage of Faust's long search for meaning began.

Part 12

The next morning Faust rode along the wide coastal land that the Emperor had

given him.

The sea stretched endlessly beside the shore. Waves struck the rocks again and again. The wind blew strongly across the open ground.

At first the land looked empty and wild.

But Faust did not see emptiness.

He saw possibility.

Mephistopheles walked beside him.

“This is a generous reward,” he said.

Faust looked across the long stretch of coast.

“The sea controls this land,” he replied.

“But perhaps humans can change that.”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“You plan to fight the ocean itself?”

Faust answered calmly,

“Not fight it. Shape it.”

Faust soon began organizing workers.

Engineers and builders arrived from many towns. Farmers came hoping to start new lives. Soldiers helped build strong walls along the coast.

Day after day the workers carried stones and wood.

Large barriers were built to hold back the sea.

Slowly the waves began losing their control over the land.

Water was pushed away.

New fields began appearing where the sea had once ruled.

Faust walked among the workers, watching the progress with deep interest.

“This land will belong to people,” he said.

Mephistopheles observed the construction with mild amusement.

“You have become a great builder.”

Faust answered quietly,

“Perhaps creation brings more meaning than pleasure.”

Months passed.

The coastal project continued growing.

Roads appeared between the new fields.
Small houses were built for families who came to live there.
Children played beside the rivers that now flowed through the land.
The once empty coast slowly became a living community.
Faust watched the changes with satisfaction.
“People are building their future here,” he said.
Mephistopheles nodded.
“Your dream is becoming real.”
Yet not every part of the land welcomed these changes.
On a small hill near the coast stood a very old cottage.
Two elderly people lived there.
Their names were Philemon and Baucis.
They had lived on that hill for many years.
Their cottage looked simple but peaceful.
A small chapel stood beside it.
Every evening they rang a bell to call travelers to prayer.
Faust noticed the small hill while walking through the new fields.
“Who lives there?” he asked.
One of the workers answered,
“An old couple.”
Faust looked toward the cottage.
Smoke rose quietly from the chimney.
“This hill stands in the center of my plans,” Faust said.
“The land must be cleared.”
Faust later sent a messenger to speak with the old couple.
The messenger knocked gently on the cottage door.
Philemon opened it.
His face was kind but weathered by age.
“What brings you here?” he asked.
The messenger spoke politely.
“Doctor Faust now owns the surrounding land. He asks if you would be willing

to move to a better house elsewhere.”

Baucis stepped forward.

“Move?” she asked softly.

The messenger nodded.

“You would receive a comfortable new home.”

Philemon looked across the hill toward the sea.

“We have lived here all our lives,” he said.

Baucis added quietly,

“Our memories live here.”

The messenger returned to Faust with their answer.

Faust listened carefully.

“They refuse to move?”

The messenger nodded.

Mephistopheles smiled slightly.

“Old people grow attached to their habits.”

Faust looked thoughtful.

“The project must continue.”

Mephistopheles replied calmly,

“Then we must find another solution.”

That evening Faust stood on the hill overlooking the growing settlement.

Lights shone from the new houses.

The sound of workers finishing their tasks filled the evening air.

Yet the small cottage of Philemon and Baucis still stood quietly in the middle of the land.

Its little chapel bell rang softly in the distance.

Faust listened to the sound.

For a moment he felt uneasy.

But the vision of the future remained strong in his mind.

The new world he imagined required every part of the land.

And the peaceful cottage on the hill stood directly in its path.

Part 13

Evening settled over the coastal land.

The wind moved gently through the newly planted fields. Workers slowly returned to their homes after a long day of labor.

In the distance the small bell of Philemon and Baucis's chapel rang softly.

Faust stood on a hill overlooking the land.

The new settlement stretched across the coast.

Houses, roads, and fields now covered ground that had once belonged to the sea.

Mephistopheles approached quietly.

"Your project grows larger every day," he said.

Faust nodded.

"Soon thousands of people will live here."

Mephistopheles looked toward the small hill.

"Except for that little cottage."

Faust followed his gaze.

The simple home of Philemon and Baucis stood peacefully in the evening light.

Smoke rose slowly from the chimney.

Faust spoke thoughtfully.

"I offered them a better home."

Mephistopheles smiled faintly.

"Old people prefer familiar ground."

Faust remained silent for a moment.

Then he said quietly,

"The hill blocks my plans."

Mephistopheles nodded.

"Yes."

Faust continued,

"From that hill one could build a watchtower overlooking the entire coast."

Mephistopheles replied calmly,

“A useful position.”

Faust looked toward the distant sea.

“The land must be unified.”

Mephistopheles folded his arms.

“Then the cottage must disappear.”

Faust hesitated.

The bell rang again from the small chapel.

Its sound seemed peaceful and gentle.

“They are innocent people,” Faust said quietly.

Mephistopheles answered calmly,

“Progress often demands sacrifices.”

Faust did not reply.

The vision of the future remained strong in his mind.

Fields spreading across the land.

Ships arriving at new harbors.

Communities growing strong and free.

Slowly Faust turned toward Mephistopheles.

“Move them from the hill.”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“As you wish.”

Later that night three rough servants arrived near the cottage.

Their names were Raufebold, Holdfast, and Havequick.

They worked for Mephistopheles and followed his commands without hesitation.

The old cottage stood quietly beneath the stars.

A small light burned inside.

Philemon and Baucis sat together beside their table.

“The night feels peaceful,” Baucis said softly.

Philemon nodded.

“The bell will ring again at dawn.”

Just then the door burst open.

The three servants entered roughly.
“You must leave,” one of them shouted.
Philemon stood slowly.
“Why?”
The men did not answer kindly.
They pushed the old couple toward the door.
Baucis cried out in fear.
“Please! This is our home!”
The men dragged them outside.
The wind blew strongly across the hill.
The frightened couple tried to resist.
But they were too old and weak.
In the confusion a lantern fell to the ground.
Flames quickly spread across the dry wooden walls.
Within moments the small cottage caught fire.
Philemon and Baucis cried out.
The chapel bell rang wildly as the flames grew larger.
Soon the entire hill was filled with smoke and fire.
Far away Faust suddenly saw the flames rising into the night sky.
He turned toward Mephistopheles.
“What is happening?”
Mephistopheles answered calmly,
“The hill is being cleared.”
Faust’s eyes widened.
“Cleared?”
Mephistopheles looked toward the burning hill.
“Accidents happen during difficult work.”
Faust stared at the fire in horror.
“The old couple...”
Mephistopheles remained silent.
Faust’s voice grew weak.

“This is not what I wanted.”

The flames continued rising into the dark sky.

The peaceful cottage of Philemon and Baucis had vanished.

And Faust’s great project had taken a terrible step forward.

Part 14

The night after the fire felt heavy and silent.

Smoke still rose from the hill where the cottage of Philemon and Baucis had once stood.

The small chapel bell no longer rang.

Faust stood outside his palace, looking toward the dark hill.

His face showed deep unease.

Mephistopheles approached quietly.

“The land is now clear,” he said.

Faust did not answer immediately.

After a moment he spoke.

“Were they saved?”

Mephistopheles shrugged slightly.

“The situation became... confused.”

Faust turned sharply.

“Tell me the truth.”

Mephistopheles replied calmly,

“The old couple did not survive.”

Faust stepped back.

His voice became quiet and strained.

“They were innocent.”

Mephistopheles folded his arms.

“The world rarely protects innocence.”

Faust looked again toward the hill.

“I only wanted them moved.”

Mephistopheles answered,
“Your servants acted quickly.”
Faust felt a deep weight on his heart.
His great project continued growing across the coast.
Workers built new roads and houses every day.
Yet the price of progress had suddenly become clear.
Faust spoke slowly.
“Two harmless people have died because of my plans.”
Mephistopheles replied coolly,
“You did not strike them yourself.”
Faust shook his head.
“But I gave the order.”
Mephistopheles smiled faintly.
“History is filled with leaders who gave orders.”
Faust remained silent.
That night Faust felt strangely restless.
The wind moved through the halls of his palace.
Sleep would not come.
As he sat alone in his chamber, three dark figures slowly appeared.
They were strange and silent shapes.
Faust looked toward them.
“Who are you?”
One of the figures stepped forward.
“We are the spirits of Care, Want, and Need.”
Faust frowned.
“Why have you come here?”
The spirit called Care spoke softly.
“Because you have called us through your actions.”
Faust shook his head.
“I have built a great project for humanity.”
Care answered quietly,

“Yet your heart remains troubled.”

Faust tried to dismiss the strange visitors.

“Leave me.”

But Care moved closer.

“You cannot escape me.”

Faust felt a strange weakness passing through his body.

Suddenly his vision darkened.

He reached toward his eyes.

“What is happening?”

Care spoke calmly.

“You will now see the world in a different way.”

Faust cried out.

Darkness filled his sight.

He had become blind.

The spirits slowly disappeared into the shadows.

Faust stood alone in the darkness.

At first he felt fear.

But then he slowly steadied himself.

“Even without sight,” he said quietly, “I can still continue my work.”

Outside his palace the sounds of workers continued.

Hammers struck wood.

Stones were moved into place.

Voices called across the fields.

Faust listened carefully.

Though he could no longer see the land, he could hear the growing life around him.

The project he had begun was still moving forward.

Mephistopheles returned to the room.

“So,” he said lightly, “blindness has come at last.”

Faust stood firmly.

“My body may weaken, but my will remains strong.”

Mephistopheles smiled.

“You still dream of shaping the world.”

Faust nodded slowly.

“Yes.”

He listened to the distant sounds of work across the coast.

In his mind he imagined a future where people would live freely on the reclaimed land.

A community built through human effort.

A world where many could live productive lives.

Faust spoke quietly into the darkness.

“This work... this future...”

His voice grew stronger.

“This is the meaning I have been seeking.”

And the final moment of Faust’s long journey was slowly approaching.

Part 15

Faust remained standing in the dark chamber.

Though his eyes could no longer see the world, his mind was filled with powerful images.

Outside the palace the sounds of work continued.

Workers moved across the fields. Tools struck stone and wood. Voices called to one another in the distance.

Faust listened carefully.

“The work continues,” he said quietly.

Mephistopheles stood nearby.

“Yes,” he replied. “Your workers are busy.”

Faust nodded slowly.

“Good.”

Though he could not see the land, he imagined the wide coastal fields spreading outward.

He imagined roads crossing the land.

He imagined ships arriving at new harbors.

He imagined families building homes and raising children.

Faust spoke with growing energy.

“A free people living on free land.”

Mephistopheles smiled faintly.

“You sound like a philosopher again.”

Faust replied firmly,

“No.”

“Not a philosopher.”

“A builder.”

Outside the palace, Mephistopheles had ordered a group of strange workers to begin digging a large pit.

They were not ordinary workers.

They were dark spirits who followed Mephistopheles’s commands.

They moved silently through the night.

Shovels struck the earth.

Dirt was thrown aside.

The pit slowly grew deeper.

Mephistopheles watched them calmly.

“Work faster,” he said.

The spirits continued digging.

The pit they created would soon become Faust’s grave.

Inside the palace Faust still listened to the sounds of labor across the land.

The noise of digging reached his ears.

Faust smiled slightly.

“They are already beginning the next stage,” he said.

Mephistopheles looked amused.

“Yes,” he replied.

Faust raised his head.

“Soon this land will belong to a strong and free community.”

He spoke slowly, as if seeing the future clearly inside his mind.

“Many people will live here.”

“They will work together.”

“They will create a new world from the empty land.”

Faust’s voice became filled with quiet satisfaction.

“If I could see such a moment...”

He paused.

The sounds of digging continued outside.

Faust imagined the future more clearly than ever before.

A peaceful land.

Free people working together.

A world shaped by human effort.

At that moment a deep feeling of fulfillment filled his heart.

Faust spoke the words that had been waiting his entire life.

“Stay, moment,” he said softly.

“You are so beautiful.”

As the words left his lips, Faust’s strength suddenly faded.

His body trembled.

Mephistopheles stepped forward.

Faust slowly fell to the ground.

His life had ended.

Mephistopheles looked down at the motionless body.

A satisfied smile appeared on his face.

“At last,” he said.

“The agreement is fulfilled.”

The dark spirits finished digging the grave outside.

The night air grew still.

Mephistopheles prepared to claim the soul that had belonged to Faust.

The long bargain between man and devil had finally reached its conclusion.

Faust's body lay still upon the floor.

The room was silent except for the distant sound of the sea.

Mephistopheles looked down at the lifeless figure.

"So it ends," he said.

For many years he had followed Faust, waiting for the moment when the famous words would finally be spoken.

And now they had been spoken.

"Stay, moment. You are so beautiful."

The bargain was complete.

Mephistopheles clapped his hands.

"Now the soul belongs to me."

At his command, dark spirits quickly entered the room.

They moved like shadows along the walls.

"Bring the body," Mephistopheles ordered.

The spirits lifted Faust's body and carried it outside toward the freshly dug grave.

The night sky was dark above the coast.

Clouds moved slowly across the moon.

Mephistopheles watched carefully.

"Soon the soul will appear," he said.

But suddenly the air changed.

A soft light began to shine above the land.

Mephistopheles looked upward with irritation.

"What is this?"

The light grew brighter.

Gentle music seemed to fill the air.

Shapes of shining figures appeared in the sky.

They were angels.

Their presence filled the night with calm beauty.

Mephistopheles frowned.

“This again.”

The angels descended slowly toward the earth.

The dark spirits stepped back nervously.

The bright figures approached Faust’s body.

One of the angels spoke gently.

“This soul has always continued striving.”

Another angel answered,

“A soul that never stops seeking the good may still be saved.”

Mephistopheles crossed his arms.

“The contract is clear,” he said sharply.

“He spoke the words.”

The angels did not argue.

Instead they began spreading bright flowers across the ground.

The sweet scent filled the air.

The dark spirits became confused.

They looked around helplessly.

Mephistopheles grew angry.

“Stay focused!” he shouted.

But the heavenly light continued growing stronger.

The angels moved closer to Faust’s body.

A glowing mist rose gently upward.

Within the mist the spirit of Faust slowly appeared.

Mephistopheles reached toward it.

“Mine!” he shouted.

But the angels surrounded the glowing spirit.

Their light pushed the dark spirits back.

Mephistopheles tried to force his way through.

Yet the brightness made it impossible for him to approach.

The angels lifted Faust’s soul upward.

Slowly it rose into the sky.

Mephistopheles watched in frustration.

“Again the heavens interfere,” he muttered.
High above the earth the angels carried Faust’s soul toward a bright mountain.
The air there felt peaceful and pure.
Holy voices sang softly among the clouds.
A group of blessed spirits waited there.
Among them stood a gentle figure.
Faust’s soul slowly awakened.
“Where am I?” he asked quietly.
The gentle spirit stepped forward.
Her face shone with kindness.
It was Gretchen.
“You are safe,” she said softly.
Faust looked at her with amazement.
“Gretchen?”
She smiled gently.
“Yes.”
Faust remembered the long tragedy of her life.
“You were saved,” he whispered.
Gretchen nodded.
“And now I will guide you.”
She extended her hand.
“Come.”
Faust took her hand.
Together they began rising slowly toward the higher light.
The long journey of Faust’s restless soul had finally reached its redemption.