



*A Journey Into the East*

Хасан Ниязов

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*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=73164438](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=73164438)*

*ISBN 9785006901704*

**Аннотация**

Set in Japan, the book follows a quiet, deliberate journey through cities, streets, shrines, and moments often overlooked by speed. Rather than chasing landmarks, the narrative moves through full days lived attentively – from early mornings shaped by ritual, to evenings balanced by light and restraint. Tokyo's complexity reveals its hidden order, while nature beyond the city offers distance and clarity. Sacred spaces appear not as destinations, but as pauses woven into everyday life.

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# **A Journey Into the East**

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ISBN 978-5-0069-0170-4

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# Introduction

Some journeys begin with movement. Others begin with stillness.

This one began in transition – between two worlds, two rhythms, two ways of listening to life. After the structured ambition of Dubai, I felt a growing need for quiet, not as absence, but as presence. Silence, I sensed, would not be empty in the East. It would be intentional.

This book is not about speed, achievements, or landmarks checked off a list. It is about attention. About how places shape the way we think, breathe, and move. The East does not demand explanation. It invites observation.

Japan, my next destination, represents a different form of order – one built not on height or scale, but on discipline, ritual, and respect for space. Here, silence carries meaning. Time slows without stopping. Details matter.

Over the next ten days, I would learn to move differently. To listen more than speak. To notice what exists between moments.

This is not a guidebook. It is a record of presence.

A journey where silence becomes a language.

# Chapter One – From Dubai to the Silence of the East

The morning began before sunrise.

Dubai was still asleep when I opened my eyes, wrapped in the familiar quiet of a hotel room that had already given me everything it could. The city outside was calm, almost gentle – a rare state for a place built on motion.

I moved slowly, deliberately. Packing had been done the night before, leaving the morning free of urgency. I stood by the window one last time, looking at the city without expectation. Dubai had spoken clearly during my stay. Now it was time to listen elsewhere.

The drive to the airport unfolded in near silence. Wide roads stretched forward, illuminated by soft early light. Towers receded behind me without resistance. There was no emotional weight, only acknowledgment. Some places teach through intensity. Others through restraint.

At the airport, movement returned. Screens glowed, footsteps echoed, voices layered over one another. Yet within that motion, I felt centered. Transition had become familiar. Waiting no longer felt empty – it felt necessary.

As I boarded the plane, I chose a window seat. I wanted to witness the departure fully. When the aircraft lifted, the city

shrank quickly below, geometry dissolving into light and sand. I watched until it disappeared entirely.

The flight itself became a space of suspension. Time lost its usual structure. I ate, rested, and stared through the window into long stretches of cloud and sky. Thoughts came and went without attachment. I wasn't thinking about arrival. I was allowing distance to form.

Somewhere between continents, something shifted. The urgency I had carried for months loosened its grip. My breathing slowed naturally. I wasn't escaping anything – I was preparing.

When the plane began its descent, the landscape below changed. Colors softened. Shapes became more compact, more intentional. The world looked quieter.

Arrival in Japan did not feel dramatic. It felt precise.

The airport was calm, organized, respectful of space. Movements were efficient but unforced. Voices were low. Instructions were clear. Nothing demanded attention – everything guided it.

As I passed through the terminal, I felt an unfamiliar sense of relief. This place did not rush me. It allowed me to arrive.

Stepping outside, the air felt different – cooler, cleaner, lighter. Even the sounds were measured. The East did not announce itself. It welcomed silently.

That evening, as I finally settled into my new space, I sat still for a long time. No phone. No plan. Just presence.

Dubai had taught me structure.

Now, the East was teaching me stillness.

*«Silence is a source of great strength.»*

– **Lao Tzu**

# **Chapter Two – The First Night in Japan: Order, Respect, and Rest**

The first evening in Japan arrived quietly.

After the long journey, my body felt tired, but not heavy. It was a clean kind of exhaustion – the type that comes from transition rather than strain. Time zones blurred my sense of hour and minute, yet my awareness remained sharp. Everything around me felt intentional, measured, and calm.

The ride to the hotel unfolded in near silence. Streets were clean, orderly, and softly illuminated. Buildings stood close to one another, not competing for attention. There were lights everywhere, yet none of them felt aggressive. Cars moved smoothly, stopping precisely, respecting space without effort. Even motion here seemed polite.

As we approached the hotel, I noticed how seamlessly it blended into its surroundings. There was no grand entrance, no dramatic announcement. Just a simple, well-lit doorway and a quiet confidence. Inside, the atmosphere shifted immediately. The air felt still, almost ceremonial.

Check-in was efficient and respectful. Every gesture from the staff carried intention – slight bows, calm voices, precise movements. Nothing was rushed, yet nothing was delayed. I didn't feel like a customer. I felt like a guest who had been

expected.

The room was smaller than what I had grown used to in Dubai, but it felt perfectly sufficient. Space here was not about size; it was about function. Everything had a place, and nothing felt excessive. The bed was low, the lighting soft, the materials natural. I removed my shoes instinctively, sensing that this was not just a rule, but a transition.

I stood still for a moment, listening. There was no background noise. No distant traffic hum. No mechanical sound. Just quiet – full, intentional quiet. It didn't feel empty. It felt protected.

I washed my face and hands slowly, noticing how even water here seemed gentle. Fatigue settled into my body naturally, without resistance. My thoughts slowed without effort. Japan was already teaching me something important: rest does not require escape, only permission.

Later, I stepped outside for a short walk. The streets at night were alive, yet subdued. People moved with purpose, alone or in small groups, rarely loud, rarely distracted. Neon signs glowed softly, their colors reflected on pavement still warm from the day. There was energy here, but it was contained.

I stopped at a small convenience store, curious. Inside, everything was arranged perfectly. Clean lines, clear labels, quiet movement. Even this ordinary place carried care. I bought something simple and stepped back into the night.

Walking slowly, I felt a growing sense of respect – not demanded, but inspired. This culture did not enforce order

loudly. It practiced it consistently.

Back in the room, I prepared for sleep. I laid out my clothes for the next day, a habit that suddenly felt meaningful. I sat on the edge of the bed for a moment, breathing steadily, allowing the day to end without review or judgment.

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