

WIP Stories

By Prakash Poudyal

Warm and Tender Love

I never forget that dream where a mute love was singing a beautiful melody in loud. It was a dream, dream that comes in my mind repeatedly. It was dream of a girl. I do not know about her and I think she does not know about me. Only one thing I know here is - she was beautiful. She was in good dress up and her body was so beautiful to be fully admired. She was looking pretty but her eyes were restless. She looked very beautiful that the simple word cannot admire her. I could not continue this dream to find something real result. I woke up with the big sound of flashing light.

It was my new apartment located at the edge of the main road. It was fully furnished before I came here. There were beautiful decorated pictures on the wall, which was painted on the paper with golden frames. The floors were covered with red and expensive carpet. But there was no carpet in the kitchen because there were so many other things like a little lamp, cradle, a stove, and many others. But I liked the little lamp most of all because it was a perfect and looked

like an old types of lamp and there was something inside which looked like oil and it moved when it was shaken.

It was a chilly cold day of December. I could feel some sound of gentle rain. Rain had been falling outside my room. I was just looking to the street. Each and every drops of rain was falling and scattered in the moister of the same rain falling from the sky. In the edge of the street, canal is introducing itself giving trembling sound of the water spilling. It was not a day of rainy season that every person took umbrella in his hand. The street was not busy and it was just filled with water everywhere. Some boys were showing their vein walking in such miserable rain and some were seemed to be lucky to have the umbrella up in the head. Vehicles came and passed my window, men and women who had umbrella came to be near to my window and turned to be far in the street. I thought this day could bring me something new-but what would be new? I was just thinking about it, I saw one girl coming near and near to my room. She was in the long warm coat. When she

knocked my door, I left the window and went to open the main door.

Can you tell me the office of this apartment complex?" She asked me before I prepared myself to see her. I did not say anything for a while because I was so nervous. When she again asked me. Then I replied, "Just back of this apartment". Then saying me thank you she went back of my apartment.

I had nothing to eat in my new apartment, so I went out to get some food. The store was quite far from my apartment in a lonely place. After coming back from the grocery store, I missed straight way to my place and I was driving to get the proper way. The car wiper was cleaning the water drop sleeping in the windscreen. This was the street of outer city where I could feel like desert, a lonely road. Suddenly I notice a woman of eighteen, quite fat and height of about five feet, standing at the edge of the street. Her dress was completely wet and she looked like woman from any pond. I considered that she was waiting some help. So meant to help her I stopped my car, and opened the door. I was surprised because the woman was the same who had come to my apartment some hours ago.

Without articulating anything, she penetrated into my car. Until sometimes we, both chatted nothing. She started to clam for cold, as the dress was also very wet and cold. I opened my jacket, having car slow, ask her if she was feeling cold and in need of a warm clothes. Without shying, she took my clothes and lingered me to close my eyes. When I shut my eyes, she changed her outer wet dress. She was really a divine as to be sufficiently admired. "Where are you going?" I asked her. "If you want you may drop me at any lodge, tomorrow I will look somewhere to get the room". She answered in a very low but uncompromising voice as if she was whistling me not to talk and the car might heed.

But I was wonder why she was requesting to reach any lodge. Suddenly I asked her that she might have someone there. "I'm brave and I don't need anybody at any lodge to stay with". She replied smiling slightly. "If you have so great courage why don't you dare stay at my house until you get room?" I asked promptly. She smiled once again. I considered it was a whisper of agreement. I gave my pleasure playing a good music. We reached my room. I opened the main

gate then we entered into the room where we could have some rest.

It was falling dark and cold in a great deal of. I gave her blankets. She hid her beautiful body into those warm and soft blankets. Sometimes later, I prepared some tea. Without saying anything, she took it easily. She started to see all around the room, she looked some of the picture I made and some of my very expensive collection. She asked me if I was lonely to be there. I told everything about myself. I got courage to ask anything about her. So, I asked her many things. First, she became hesitating manner but after sometimes, she told that she was not from this city. Her father was died and she got herself orphans and mother had already gone away with some freak when she was born. She had some relatives but they tortured her very much. So, she had been forced to leave the home. Now, she had been here for the first time thinking she would be able to get some job, as she was an educated girl. But it was not possible until she met me. After some talking, I assured her to search a suitable job. She became please. I gave her one bed to sleep.

Three days later, I gave her a work. Then she started to attend office from

morning to evening. I could not tell her to be far from my house even after giving her the work. So, that she stopped to search new room and promise to stay with me. Slowly she started to help me. She cleaned my clothes, my bed, and slowly all. I did not know how I was going to believe her. I used to give her partly salary to manage the home needs. We became very fasten. Without any anxiety, she started to come closer to my bed and me. I gave her all kinds of permeation. As she got me a good boy, she started to be closer and closer to my heartbeat.

One evening she came into my bedroom and smile at once, I got nervous. She was so beautiful woman that I had seen merely. I could not remain admiring her. She smiled and accepted my respect. In this critical even the internal environment is perplexing where to go and in which direction to move. We both are searching some words to start the chat. Room environment was playing beautiful role as if it wants something to hear from us. I decided myself to start general conversation.

I prayed her as if I want something for this night. This time I was praying from my deep internal. This was just like mediation. Not only that this could be just

flounder without any good-end and might be without any good-result for my betterment. My mind always turned her since I had felt she had something for any vigorous life. I was asking myself what would I achieve in this evening? I knew some rainy day disturbed my regular life but I did not know what I was willing for. Would it be positive for little bit joy or may be bitter for coming days? Neither we talked each other for a while. This was rather chilly day but the air was still and looking for the good way. All the trees seemed to be old helpless fellow begging in the street, and the couple black pigeon seemed as they are just finish their sexual intercourse and planning for future.

Then we suddenly fell in love with each other. She started to talk about alliance. The time had run rapidly. She was just innocent and giving all her priority on my hand. I seized her hand and made courage to say "Won't you be my wife? ... I love you....". She embraced me, and closed her eyes to hide my heart inside her beautiful eyelid. And she accepted my way of life to be together like a warm and tender love of haven with angels. In this way, one day we became bride and groom. It was such a great passion that would become forever and

the room once again felt silent to listen the sound of falling rain. (Written : August 90; Original Language : Nepali; Translated : 1998).

Sacrifice is Rare (In Progress)

Pretty rain has been falling outside the office. I was just looking to the street. Each and very drops of rainfalls and scattered in the moister of the same rain falling from the sky. In the edge of the street, some canal is introducing itself giving trembling sound of the water spilling. It was not a day of rainy season that every person takes umbrella in his hand - chilly cold day of December. The street is not busy and it is just wetting. Some boys are showing their vein walking such miserable rain and some are seems to be lucky to have the umbrella up in the head. Vehicles comes and passes my location, men and women who have umbrella comes to be near to my office and turns to be far in the street. I think this day takes me something new - but what for new? I was just thinking about it I saw one my colleague coming in the long warm coat and I left the balcony and entered in the room where we could have some chat and could have some duties for the office.

In this dark days, she entered in the room and smile at once as if my mind must forget the light of tube. I prey her as if I wants something for the day or as if I am praying from my deep internal. This is just like a mediation. Not only that this is just a flounder mediation without any end and without any result for the better. My mind always turns her since I felt she has something for any vigorous life. I was not forgetting to ask myself what I will achieve in this day? I know some rainy day disturbed my regular day but what I was wanting for. Will be it positive for the little bit of joy or bitter? Neither we talk each other for a while. This is rather chilly day but the air is still and looking for the good way. All the trees seem to be old helpless fellow begging in the street, and the couple black pigeon seem as they are just finish their sexual intercourse and planning for future.

In this critical even the internal environment is perplexing where to go and in which direction to move. We both are searching some words to start the chat. Room environment was playing beautiful role as if it wants something to hear from us. I decided myself to start our regular conversation. It was sure that we both have some odd feelings created in

the past Saturday. Last Saturday I dreamed her. This was not a simple dream that we often dreams. It was dream of sex, having sex her, she was just innocent and giving all her priority on my hand.

I said "Are you alright?" She did not say anything just gave me a silent smile with lots of love. The room once again felt silent to listen the sound of falling rain. (In Progress)

Hope to Smile Once Again

There was a single momentary glance then nothing, the last thing I ever noticed. What was wrong with me? She is still in my mind and heart. But it does make no sense. All I was looking for a little love that was it. On and off memory often makes me nervous, without any solid frame of the imagination where I can inspire myself. Hopes and desires are integral part of my life. The rains, snow, even storm or anything outside the house is becoming far from me. The wind comes and goes by and I could not even care. Some of the time I realized there must be something with her to make me such a desperate. But what is in it. She is beautiful but not made for me. She is not either fantasizing or daydreamer. But what is making me such a passion about

her. I wonder what is the secret behind her. I am not a jealous either and never felt jealous about her behave. She is fun loving. She has lots of friends she spends time. I always hear her day-to-day stories but never got jealous.

Why I feel so empty without her presence. Why I got confused to walk in my ordinary life. I must understand the hidden truth behind my psychology.

I did lots of effort to understand the truth, but never got success. I never got down into the dirt to build the faith to correct the foundation of my fear. I have flown too high by borrowed wings. The time passed by. The years have gone. Everything went too expeditiously. I still have same problem. I still miss her and I feel a black could be rolling over my skies, which used to be such a blue and shine. There is no moon in the evening skies, no golden sunset and sunrise. All left over is a dark cloud threatening to disturb my daily life. I don't know how many time it made me dirt and muddy. I could do nothing or I wouldn't do anything, even I could as if I would rather be defeated by those scurrilous clouds – a panic symbol of curse.

Today, I can see same things going on. I can feel the breezing wind is slowly

turning to those black clouds to role over my skies. It is masking all of my beautiful surrounds. I am again helpless, my feet are trembling and heart is beating so fast to boil my blood into veins. I am sometime scared, seared to death. I have no solid position or no basic to stand on for myself. The sudden change has something for me. And it is of course not good. It was never good for me and I never expect it would be good for me any day in my life. I was praying the god. He was only the last straw of hope to survive to fight back. This fight would be for peace, peace to make me something different than I used to be. Something that makes me bold and courageous to face the reality of the physical world.

I would gift almost everything. I have to reverse the course of my life so many times. The past does not change, for anyone, but at least I was learnt from the past. I have learn a lot about life, I have learned a lot about myself, and about the responsibilities any human has to his fellow men. I have learned about good and evil and then always that appeared to be. I was involved, deeply involved in the deception. Not being able to control my temptation and greed I have deceived my heart or even I have deceived my moral. I

lied my heart what I knew and I lied about what I did not know. In the sense I was like a mere child to refuse to facts to hope to little goes away, of course, it did not go away.

I admit the mistake I have done in the course of my past life. I put all my dreams in a balloon, as it goes up and up it tends to be bigger and bigger then finally it bursts. It did not matter how hard I tied the balloon and it did not matter how much pressure I put in it. The consequence was not something I ever expected. I have had all the breaks; I have stood on the shoulder of life and It is too late to realize the fact that had disturbed my life. There was one way that was simply to tell the truth. I have been acting a role, may be in my life, thinking I have dare more to accomplish and more to produce than the god has given to me.

I was running to escape from these curses. My feet were tangled. I was chasing by these curse. I was running hard to find a way to hide from or to save my self. I am still running and running. I don't know how far I have to go. I don't know how fast to run. The small beak will be enough for me, which I don't expect at all. All I know is – I have to run and running away from this curse is only the

option left over me. There is no substitute and no bargain. I am not sure my regret and grief will help me or not. But I am more than sure that my faith of getting forgiveness will be with me to return my joys which was lost long time ago. Then I will stop to run and try to smile once again in my precious life which will last long forever and ever. Would you be in my side?

Translated from Nepali Original,
05/21/1998.

Out of Blue

You always say me that I write and make background very interestingly. However, for this time I am not writing this letter from my creative mind. I am writing here what my deep love and heart says. When you come to our office, actually I was not interested about you; I used to think you as my official friend and could be only my colleague. Slowly you were introduced me and started to talk about the general item. I found you as an exception in the bevy of girl. I came to know several times that you have the same mind that I was looking for. You have the intelligence, which is rare for any girl. I know that you have known about the real romance of life through the different track of the road of life. As you

started to talk about your interest, I smoothly began to interest for you. I several time thought you. Slowly I dreamed you. My mind started to welcome you to be my deep friend not only that as the time has gone with you I started to welcome you for my life partner.

But there is one big question. Would you like me? Will you sacrifice me? You got an admirable life. God has given you a exceptional nature. I have nothing for you except a warm love and big understanding for your so valuable life. I am not physically rich than you. You probably know my condition that I earn little money that is not enough to meet even for your few days' expenses. Your inborn physical demand is not possible from my life at present. Other hand if you have so remarkable life you can achieve as good as possible friend for life partner who could afford your physical demand. Knowing this you, not only you any girl cannot sacrifice for love. No girl wants to make her life physically miserable.

Since you got me closed, I always examine your behave and observe your good idea about the natural science the sociological principal of the human society. For all this reason I proposed not

hoping of any positive result. When I think that my interest for you was increasing I was thinking about the frankness for the proposal to you. You ignored. Your statement was very fair, and justify. Not only that I got a silent hope of good friendship in your result. Even this was a great thing for me. You believe me or not you were and are grateful for me - not only me you are grateful for all the boys who want love, the understanding, and a joyful life in the future. It was not my fault. I guaranteed you are dream of millions of your friends.

However, as the time passed our relation, or my intention towards you, has been changed and it has to be very serious matter. However, you it is not serious if you want to control me as a guardians control their child. If you love me you control me as a henpecked husband is controlled by her heartily wife. You, if I admire you, you certainly feel hard to believe me. Because you could think, negative and you can imagine me a general boy who is interested with any of the girl for the intention of sex. Believe me please, I am not and never imagine you through this intention. I know that there is one question why I do not like your previous proposal that we only

could be a good friend (even not the best one). For the answer of this question, I say you frankly that I am also a boy who needs little love from any girl. But love and friendship I am looking for is different. You are always thinking as my style of thinking, your subject matter always matches with your interest and me always tally my interest. You know about the universal principle of the human nature and this is my most interesting subject to learn and have knowledge about it. For all these reason I am determined myself that I never get a girl like you. This reason turned to my fantasy and you became my mediation for each breath and each heartbeat. I am going to be very weak and you only can get me rid of it. What can I do you if I failed so many times in front of you? Your face always defeats me. Why should you feel sorrow in your heart? Why do not you be frank towards me and say me all of your wanting. Please I have always wanted your comment and suggestion for my betterment.

You certainly do not believe me, but I am request to feel that I our environment was not supported us we neither have that courage to do so. I am not intending "you" as environment. But I

am saying that environment where you like friend who understands the universal fact and I need an inspiration getting a rare girl like you. This is just a crossing point of the river. Only for instant you imagine - you love me, even in this case this situation is also not limited for a gentle girl. And I love you, even in this situation I definitely do not like this behave. However, what am doing I never know. I only know three things. First - I love you, Second - I am also a human being who surely feel about love, fun and the sex, and the Third - I will not get you, which is certain because you don't love me and cannot sacrifice for me. As I already said you, you have the best fortune to select any boy as the life partner and neither boy can left you if you proposed him.

You if I do not get you, something happens to me but you do not think I will encourage me to make your life worse. I have so big heart for you. Please do not suspect my love, yesterday I try to feel some fun. Please this was not what I wanted and this was not what you were wanting. The time led, us became closed and encourage for the bad ways of moral of the life. For this situation, I beg your pardon and deep regret you. I beg your

some sympathy weeping on your leg. Please believe my promise and do not feel boor and make do not make me far. Try to understand there is nothing great beside a tender love. The sex, physical happiness is one of the final targets of life. Therefore, making love is urgent for the human life. I have also that interest but I am not throwing this interest to by my mind. The natures influence me to do so. I am compelled. I am obliged and feel very low-grade boy while I used to show you about this mistake.

Yesterday evening I was very much worried about our relation. You do not worry about your life and if you love you even do not worry about my life. Because you cannot forget me - this is much for me. You are grateful for me this is enough for you. I love you even I know that I will not get you in future. I will try my best to proceed for USA only if you love me. I will be pleased if you became frank and say me all about your deep realization about our relation. Will be it possible? Will be there any condition which makes me happy or which makes our friendship longer? Will you marry me if I go to USA and settled there? Will you sacrifice some trouble for me delaying your marriage at least one year in home

saying your family? These all the question depends on your determined interest born in your heart.

You I will be very pleased if you get good boy in your life than me. I will sacrifice you smiling and being internally pleased. Do not think my love and me a selfish. My love towards you is clean and self-seeking-less. When you say, "the love is for fuck" my heart tremendously hurt because I take this sentence as a satyr for my behave. You I will be dying if you left me without making me even your friend or hating me. You can make my life happy if you forgive me for the last time. This is my deep promise that I will not do anything, which can feel you, odd one. Some days ago when it was done I beg your pardon toughing your leg and promised this is last if you do not want. But for yesterday, you could not control and avoid me doing so. I guessed that you are feeling well and I did tried to enjoy. In this situation, you please give me last chance to see my good conduct towards you. You up to now until you love me and ask for such joy I will not kiss and even touch your hand. This is my last written promise. Try to understand me looking my weakness and please try to make my life better progressive.

You if you want you make my life so grateful. No objection about your choice and marriage - before your marriage to others you can inspire me by not the present behave as you do giving me freedom and seeing my entire mistake. That means you control me, you scold at me, you guide me if you can love me forgetting my yesterday's entire fault for the last time. You in practically I touched your leg and beg your pardon so many times for this one mistake. Seeing my this situation cannot you excuse me for the last? You have great heart with full of love. Knowing about this I believe you that you forgive me and listen to me once again for our general friendship. The friendship there will be a warm heartily love is essence and supreme. Shall you talk as you used to tell me in some week ago? Shall you make me your friends like past and shall I dream you for a inspiration? I love you. If you grow tear in your eyes my life will be in trouble, then I will be dying day to day, God will never give me happiness. Your tears crush my life. Please you do not do so. Saying I love for many and many times I will be waiting for your love always welcoming you in my inferior life forever even you got suffered from your marriage with others. If you

love me, I am yours and you can make me gentle than gentle boy. But if you left me in this critical situation, I will be no use for this world. You I will be trying to come to that point as you wish for. I love you. Surrendering, yours' weak friend.

Cinderella of 2000: Remaking The Original Fairy Tale

Cinderella's mother died when she was child and her father married with another women. In this story, she had two-step sister. Naturally, her stepmother used to make her hard time to live. She did not love her and always discriminate with her own daughters. One day a prince invited many beautiful girls in his marriage ceremony and in that ceremony lots girls comes including her step sister. However, her mother did not allow Cinderella to attend that party and let her stay at home. But later she went to that party with other's help. In addition, she was so hurried she lost her one shoes in that party. Later Prince found that one shoes and decided to marry with that girl whom the shoes fits. In this way the prince marries Cinderella and loves her very much forever in his life.

Objective of Changes

In our modern society, the marriage is not happened in this way and

there is not any prince or monarchy system all over the world. So that, considering the time and situation the original story has been changed as follows.

New Revised Story : Girls of 2000

It is the story of the around 1999. One day one son of the president of one country invites lots of guests from all over the world in his 25 birthday ceremony. There is also lots of talent girl, like miss USA, miss Asia, miss Nepal, miss Japan, etc. All over the world, there is one problem of computer software to control the date system after 2000. It is big problem to solve. Many scientists are busy to solve this problem. Lots of suggestion is coming from different types of media. After ending the 1999, all the computer programs will fails and it will not calculate financial or commercial or science function related to the date. Every country will loose lots of money for this reason. Really, it is the big problem for this era. The party begins and everybody starts to talk about the various topics. But the main point comes out as the problem of Y2K. Every guest has different idea about the different concept and technologies. Therefore, the son of the president, who is also interest about

science and a good scientist of Harvard University product, was very interested about the new invention of software to solve this problem.

Suddenly, one of his assistants comes inside the party and gives an envelope to him. He opens it and he finds a new diskette titled "Solve Of Y2K". He gets surprise and calls the assistant to bring his laptop computer. Everybody looks at him very interestingly. After sometime, assistant takes the computer in front of the him and helps to open it. The son of the president opens the computer, inserts that disk to this laptop, and waits a while. After sometimes he saw new software to solve the Y2K problem. He feels himself confused or surprised. He says "What a surprise is this". Later every guests especially computer related engineer looks that software very carefully and becomes please internally. Similarly, Bill Gates comes and observes that and says "Now we don't have to worry about Y2K problem because solve is in our hand." Every guests started to clap their hand and became very happy.

After finishing the party the prince goes to his bed and thinks about the mail. He looks the mail and reads the name and

address. One girls' name is there and the address is written quite incomplete. Internally he decides to marry with that girl and falls himself in love with her. He calls the assistant and all the staff of the president house and offers to give some rewards who finds this address and that girl. Two days later, one man takes that girl to his house. Son of the president becomes very happy and gives that man some reward and starts to talk with that girl. In fact that girl is his class mate when he used to study at Harvard University, and she is also a good computer software engineer.

Finally, they appreciate each other and decides to marry each other to live together, to share joys and sorrows together and to enjoy together, forever and forever.

Novel Essence of The Journey

PART 8 : Era of Romance

It was the time of evening. The birds were returning to their nest and the people were rushing to their home. Some people seems worried and some looks happy. There could be so many reasons to be worried and happy.

PART 9 : Final Decision

It is not unusual for me to make a decision to go in a new path that I have

never got into it. I have selected so many ways of life style where I never been through. Still it makes me nervous and restless feelings to react the new decision as if I am not mature to take a new risk. I remember when I make a decision about our relationship for the first time. It was confusion, and telling me something not good. The base of decision was not so good to trust the success in the future. But I did it, simply to accept the challenge I might have to face. There was a reason and valid premises which force me to do it. I decide to go with her forever promptly. That was a hasty love and without a solid ground to step it. I was motivated to go further whether I wanted or not. Her love and sweet imagination about our life would push me to the limit.

I did not have any regret about the decision I made for the first time as if I was ignore about it or I treated it easy as it was not. Today, I became mature and my decision has lots of ground and bases that will help me not to regret in the future. I know my life is like this, jumping one to another and regret. But what would be the solution. What happens if I scared to take new risk and adventures. It will not support my fantasizing life where I enjoy lot and get a opportunity to dare

stay alone. There is several ways I could use but I never think any other options rather than to get myself alone and surrender for my love.

There would be a lots of numbers of options, some of them with positive side. But I never went through. I just decide as if I wanted to get rid of this relationship. I was tired of confusion and betray. I was defeated in the course almost every time. It does not mean she won every time, perhaps it is my surrender to let her win. She never realize that I did on purpose just to make a peace. She took it as a weakness of my personality. In fact I never tried to explain what and why I did so because it would be worthless and wast of time. So my decision to left her alone and walk my own way, that god has created is somewhat better for me. Even there is something wrong on the way, I would not be blamed my self, rather I would blame God for it. He is the one who has shown so many ways just to make me confuse in the name of so called "test". If God wants to test me every time and always I want give up this test and want to be free from stressed life. I want to live in free life like a bird above the skies, like a mere child in the mother's lap.

PART 10 : End of Journey

I am walking in the road, that should last at least 30 to 40 miles. When I looked back to the road I traveled, it was full mixed essence. I can not remember how my first 4-5 miles went by. But I merely remember the second 6 to 10 miles I traveled. It was good. It was free of tension and pains. The tension and pain really started after the miles of 15 or so. The fantasizing sexual attraction and worthless affection were big parts of these miles. Sometime I was in the middle of the road and sometime I was fallen to the ditch. I don't know who were by my side when I was fallen in the ditch, but I remember there were so many people to walk with me when I was in the middle. It is true that I left all my foot prints behind the way, but it is not true that I forget it. I recall it day by day. I observe its details even these are now fade and hard to read.

All my paths will not be be easy as it remains similar from the past. There would be so many things I never anticipated in my previous 25 to 28 miles. The road may be rough and steep. There is lots of risk to travel until I gets my destination. I remember the word from Osho, a determined personality. It reads, "Intelligence wants to take risks.

Intelligence wants to dare, and wants to go into the unknown and the dangerous, because it is only in danger that intelligence comes to its peak. It is only when you dare that your intelligence becomes a crystallization and the more you risk, the more you are." It is not something about my intelligence it is something about the courage I have to collect to accomplish my aim. I have to have lots of courage to prove I can walk alone. All I need is energy that gives me courage, either this could be the physical strength or any hidden inspiration. William Blake made a profound statement and says, "Energy is delight. The greater the energy you have the greater will be your delight. It is energy that becomes delight; overflowing energy is delight, overflowing energy becomes celebration. When the energy is dancing in you, in unison, in a deep harmony, in rhythm and flow, you become a blessing to the world."

There is a golden skies in the horizon, which sometimes inspires me and gives me those energies I need every moment on the way of my life. There is a breezing wind crossing my face and a long shadow behind me. The sun has just set leaving the trace of a warm light above the skies. At this time it is not worth to

look at back and try to realize all the mistakes I have done during these travels. I must look ahead. I must appreciate the love and kindness somebody gave it to me whether it was for a moment or to get something in return. I must be grateful to myself for the passion I have shared and the patient I have done to walk to reach my destiny. I believe the road will be empty and dark, the sun will make all my skies dark to see the twinkle star. There is high chances that I will see the moon, even I am not sure what kind of moon I will have to see. I love full moon more than crescent one. I will accept all kinds of moons and stars. I will treat them well and decent. I will always care and love their support as much as possible. The past has taught me a lesson to tolerate brutal torture and the way to solve its equation. It solely depends on me how much I will achieve, more or less, I will achieve. It is sure that the moon will show my way ahead to reach my final destiny giving me a strength and courage I was always looking for.