

"This wonderful book will inspire you, warm your heart, and make you feel good inside."
Brian Tracy, Author, Maximum Achievement

THE REMINISCENCES OF A TRUE LOVE



A FABLE OF JOY!

NAVEEN CHANDRA

THE REMINISCENCES OF A TRUE LOVE

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A True Love

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DEDICATION

To LOVE,
For transforming me,
I couldn't have done it without YOU.

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FOREWORD

Romance, seldom given the importance it deserves. People are allowed to understand the subject themselves wherein it does need a serious approach based on human psychology. Whilst ancient India had a system to approach all areas of life, today its importance reduced to a few years in the entire life. Where it can be a very reason for lifelong cherish of one's existence.

Men or women usually shun the other until they understand together they are better. Bitter fact is they usually experience the *opposite* once they start living together. The proximity of each other dilutes the curiosity as of the occasional connect.

The question of *how to keep a relationship fresh and exciting* throughout the involvement is itself an art. Any art form needs sincere practice, its application and correction. A genuine relationship is possible when both understand what they bring individually and how they can make it better together. It's not a game of give and take basing on the economics but the emotions. It is normal when people are connected at a deeper level, they get hints about each other feelings, pains being untold or unseen.

Where do we find such a deeper involvement these days? where everything seems to gets over in a matter of weeks. The answer is *within*. With the insights which are in the pages to follow, now there is a chance to re-look at the subject afresh. Pickup what makes sense for practicing; one becomes eligible for the next lessons only when they are clear about their stand.

I remember a story about Hazarath Bulleh Shah. Before he became a saint he was very serious about counting the number of times he repeated his god name every day. Until he overheard a conversation among the milkmaids who used to deliver his daily milk. One milk maid telling the other, pointing about the first milk maid's lover says, '*How long you are giving him milk free? Do you know how much that count in your profit?*' And other one replies, '*Oh, what count in love!*'. Bulleh Shah, who was overhearing, instantly decided not to use the beads for counting and did so for rest of life.

A give and take in a relationship is seldom useful in reaching the purity required to get connected at the soul level. Gain is a wrong notion here. It's purely about giving oneself up completely. Which usually women know, if that can be learnt by men, they gain an enormous degree of control over themselves, the mind and in other activities. It does take perseverance.

The power of opposites is the way the world operates. The day & night, hot & cold, wet & dry, male & female we can go on. To understand the one we need the other. We seek happiness externally; maybe because that's the way we are raised. The real longing is to unite with the opposite to become complete.

But, there are exceptions, a few learn early in life that the real search is *within*. If one can identify the love within first, then they can create that in the outer world. For the rest of us, we may need to go through the regular way, the path of attraction, temptation and separation.

What if such an experience can invoke the very life within, the zest, a sense achievement, contentment of being bold, fulfillment of having lived the life fully, through the power of beauty, belongingness and the surrenderness. This work of fiction attempts at that.

The Couple's Tao Te Ching

*It is the empty space within
That makes a bowl useful.
Empty yourself of agendas for each other
And love will fill your relationship.*

I invite the reader to enjoy the fable of *Dev* and *Ishu* with due awareness and reflection so that the characters start its play through them and leave them better than where they have started with. For reading pleasure, one may feel like to omit the philosophy hemmed but I am afraid that can only serve much less.

Live by heart!

Naveen Chandra,
December 1st, 2019
Bangalore, India.

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A DIVINE PROPOSAL

Even after all this time, the sun never says to the earth 'you own me', look at what happens with a love like that, it lights up the whole sky - Hafiz

Evening on that full moon day, walking beside the office garden, she said, *'I do not plan life and prefer to flow with the spontaneity of it'.*

I noted it's an early twenty response. By now I have started believing in designing life by choice.

'Do your best, be prepared for the worst, accept what comes'.

Still, I held for a second, *'Is her approach relying on nature's plan, or laziness or even superior to life by design'.*

I am soon to get that answer.

Ishu continued, '*I often say to boys not to waste time with me*' and avoided looking my eyes. I was ready to face the world for her, and certainly not bothered about her others.

Moon was rising at the backside of us. As we walk, our shadows were overlapping making it as one at times. Silver oaks reflecting the moonlight falling on its sharp leaves, a nicer melody started in mind.

I was in dilemma to put my right arm around her shoulder. It was only a while ago I knew her. Maybe it is a risk.

She was talking more about the past than enjoying the present. For a moment I was about to conclude that she is certainly not my *type*. But I reserved my own opinion.

Looking at a dew filled red rose, I felt like picking it up; kneel dramatically in front of her and handover. That thought itself energized me. Though I had practiced such steps in salsa classes, never tried it in real-time. In past, I had given her the white, yellow and green roses whenever I had a chance to drop her to office. Each time Ishu has said, '*you are wasting flowers*'.

'I am not wasting, I am utilizing' that was my standard reply.

In that evening of shadows play, that of tall silver oaks, her hovering hair, the breeze, and light music on my Smartphone created a unique mystery around us. In that half-dark, half-shade, I did find her mole on left dimple cheek, very inviting.

SAMPLE

I learnt what LOVE is.

It's not a matter of externals; it exists in every heart, though an external provocation is necessary. I learnt to love without expectation or even the return of it. If it is truly yours it stays. It's about the liberation and not the possession. It's the courage to live a story for self. Certainly not like sitting on the safe coast of the fence and observe the sea. It's getting wet in the middle of a gigantic wave, be part of it; belief in its ability to take care of my best interest in its heart. It's no more *knowledge* for me; it's being in every waking moment of my life.

Later in the walk, I handed over a fresh poetry written for her on the same evening.

Years earlier I had written a few lines while I was still anticipating a women's love in my life. That glimpse did pass through me like a flash of thought. True, we can only get those which we can see with our inner eyes. And the ending of anything means making a room for a new thing. I seldom knew at that point, I had created a future which going to last for a lifetime.

That valentine day was turning to invoke another phase of our life which I seldom had any clue about.

Ever since that evening, my life skyrocketed.

Ishu's Postscript

I had pushed off his calls enough times on that day, though I did not do that purposefully, yet it happened. Our meeting had got postponed for several days, which I now vouch as lack of my courage.

I find him, very subtle, his presence magical, makes me forget the time sense, however brief or long it is. First few times I thought it's my creation, of such feelings, but over repeated meetings, I was clear, something strange, exciting and single-minded focus would fill me when I spend time with him. I am not creating it myself; neither have I know how to do it.

I don't cheat my conscience anymore.

That Friday evening has already turned into night; I thought I will just say *hi* to him. I started casually and told '*there is no sisterhood among women, however close, their jealousy will soon pitch in*'. I talked and talked, surprisingly I don't even remember what all I had spoken, all I knew was, an hour that had passed. I had started losing my control, my world.

Breeze created a fantasy feeling, Looks he did feel the same way. He was in usual half-shirt, white cotton on blue jeans, looking brighter by moonlight, I felt he was getting chilled, thought of giving him the jacket I was wearing.

When he held the flower, I felt, he is joking holding it as if *proposing*, since there was no such thing between us. What I failed to notice is, there can be always a new beginning for anything, any moment. I did not know how

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THE DISCOVERY

*Today well lived makes every yesterday
a dream of happiness - Kalidasa*

I am Devesh, my unique interests in life are of getting best out it and that spirit has taken me to places and people, inclined to understand the different philosophies, approaches for bettering the life experiences. Early in life, I had developed a passion for making money by entrepreneurship and in the stock market. My pursuits included travel, art, spirituality, business and agriculture.

I always had a sense of urgency in life. Living childhood at the scenic atmosphere of Coorg, forest, and plantations made a sense of calmness in the mind permanently. This has not changed ever since. I found most us like our childhood place, though we get to see better in life, initial

days do matter till the end. I observed the same with my father and his wish of getting buried at his village. This confirmed the effect of childhood place on the mind.

SAMPLE

To My Valentine!

*Who is on the
Earth or in the heavens above
Most glorious of all women!*

*Wonder to spend a day with you,
A few months or years together
Maybe, all the time I have on this earth!*

*All are in red and white today
I hope to make at you right!*

*That moon face and glowing skin,
Dark long hairs cannot be hidden too long!
Guess, you will be in your favorite pink,
In the match with shining of lips
I close my eyes to get that beautiful glimpse!*

*Sweet smell of those roses,
of those roving eyes;
Which are in search of me
Will set you apart from the rest!*

Meet you soon.

Ishu's Postscript

I am Ishu, looking much from my life.

My parents are very loving and are in executive posts. I have travelled, lived in most of the cities of India and also in abroad. Travel was compulsory for all of us in the family once a year for at least 2- 3 weeks.

From childhood, I was exposed to those environments which made me expect more. And maybe because of such expectations I did miss the living so-called normal life of expecting things to happen rather than making efforts to make it happen.

My father achieved civil services exams and posted as a high officer at district level, having him raised from the rags to riches, I had the entire example, role model in front of me to consider at every dinner. Except that he was too concerned about his services in helping the nation, over time I learnt for refinement of mind does require few qualities of art.

Both of my parents fell in love and tied knots during their civil services probationary period. Each is complementary to the other and had high morals ethical outlook towards work and life. Though they had been busy with work-life, they ensured children get best out of life, both in learning and towards the hobbies.

My Jaipur, Rajasthan, a small city with more palaces to its heritage and outlook towards life which was more of royal taste of refinement in arts, music and dance. I develop an innate taste for that in the early part of my life.

SAMPLE

I looked at him and felt quite handsome, can catch hold anybody's glance for a few seconds, may not be because of looks per se but because of the personality itself. Appeared to me like a localite, wearing a semiformal dress as if he had a meeting today.

Nevertheless, I noticed he was looking at me with intent fierce, very intimidating for the first time. I always feel, if someone wants to look at me for longer it is better to start a conversation and that would make sense to me. When I looked at him again, he was smiling, is he trying to get connected before talking? I could not figure out is something funny around.

Email message from my manager wakes me up on the deliverables due today leaving my mind less time to think about the new person.

Later days, I went busy with my project work from my location. I had no serious thoughts about him. But one thing was certain his image was coming to my mind without I am thinking about him.

I usually kept my distances from boys or men, in particular, having seen my team mates, college mates falling in love and their efforts to please each other. This invariably becomes attention-seeking addiction and the sufferings because of their own emotions. I was particularly cautious to avoid such possibilities from the beginning itself. I was clear my priorities were different, especially in the first year of my career.

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MIRACLE MANIFESTS

*Love stole my prayer beads
and gave me poetry and song - Rumi*

I learnt the first few days in any relationship is the most attractive portion of the entire journey individual takes up. She was positive and I felt is giving me the cues that she is also having similar feelings towards me.

When in love it radiates through the humming of songs, brighter eyes and efforts at being more than the normal self. I had observed this too. I was feeling strongly about it than ever before. Looks like it is poised to take up next few years in my life;

May be soul mates are destined to meet up in every life and this case is no exception. I jar, what all the thoughts I

am getting with, self-convincing ones which maybe just pure imagination, but I couldn't ignore it. Mind usually cooks up what it likes to.

I was frustrated with her on and off appearances in my office location. When a few months were over that way, I decided to break the barrier of disconnect and decided to make a courageous move. My view was if it is not destined to be, better I would break it as early as possible. Then I will be left with much room for the other important things of life.

A bright sunny day, fountain and ducks were as usual, and so are the rest of things in office campus. Except for the turmoil inside me which is mostly self-created with much imagination, was building pressure within me, now unbearable. I decided to break the barrier today, the self-limiting beliefs. I approached her cubicle.

I went to her place and said *Hi*. I did not get any response. I repeated '*Hi Ishu*' again with a smile; I was determined to get out my self-created illusion. I was not bothered about anything else at that moment.

She looked up and straight into my eyes, but could not glue more than two seconds. Immediately turned eyes down and said *Hi* back at lower voice. I got a glimpse she too was having a similar feeling.

I continued '*I am Dev, recently joined as a consultant in ERP division*'. Maybe this was not an appropriate way to start up conversation with a new joiner a rookie, first years at work. But I convinced myself that can be the best at work.

Ishu's Postscript

I am not able to tell feeling I am undergoing, just by a look of a guy. I want to hold on to the stand which has brought me in life so far. I can't fall for someone, whom I only saw 3 – 4 times. I was trying to convince me with all my abilities. I felt like sharing this with my PG roomy Ankita, but controlled it, thinking that only let my weakness known to her.

The very next moment my mind was telling me, *'Is love a weakness, who taught you that?'* I could not answer myself.

Next day I feel like wearing white, white makes me feel bright and energetic. I had observed that. I don't know for what reason I need that today. Unknowingly I was feeling carried away myself and that I need to go to the electronic city office.

I was telling myself, *'oh, my minds please help'*.

I had also put on the *smiley* badge on to my employee Id tag, which makes me feel special and I had believed to invite new luck.

I felt like observing my behavior. It's just contradicting; my heart is taking over my mind. Moreover this guy I did not find any reason to get attracted? Neither smarter in looks than those I hang around nor vibrant, colorful, talkative or even crazy in behavior to give any attention.

Yet had a powerful pull within me which I did not felt by anyone so far. Moreover what to tell it's only a pull from

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A TIMELESS JOURNEY

Do you love me because I'm beautiful, or am I beautiful because you love me? - Oscar Hammerstein, II

I picked her up from the junction near to my apartment; with the first look of her, I thought this evening going to a different evening of my life.

Her long hairs were wet and dripping, eyelashes covered with droplets of drizzling making it more attractive, she stood tall in a red T-shirt at 5.6" on lustrous skin, blue jeans, a little tighter one, for a moment I got confused, am I in Baby Doll, Dallas!

Suddenly I heard a Shriek of hard breaking and a few shouting's; I had already leaning towards the other side of the road, watching the scene in the rearview mirror of my bike silver thunderbird.

SAMPLE

Glittering eyes which I generally take as purity of the soul, though I had disappointed myself at times knowing it is the effect of contact lenses!

Frankly, we are in constant search, we need to admit that at the very first instance. Eagerly looking out for happiness, prosperity, health, love and respect from others or in other words, externally. So is our soul, which has been on constant wait, when will our mind turns inwards, to give the very those in abundance. We have disconnected with our true self and lingering for a companion to provide those back. Even though we get it may be a short-lived, because of our disconnect with the self. Thus happiness, satisfactions continue to elude us year after year.

Ishu asked, 'What are you up to?' Ishu had watched me penning down those thoughts on the paper napkin kept on the table.

'Oh,' I recovered, after all, it's our first date and I should be giving her my full attention and it's my fault.

I said its 'hot', looking at her and the coffee vapors at hand. I could not resist my urges anymore; I quickly took another paper napkin on the table and wrote a few lines for her and handed over.

Lines read...

*That lotus face, lily eyes,
Rosy lips and Jasmine smiles,
Alas, all the flowers are so dull in front of you,
Better I become the garland on your full bosom.*

Ishu's Postscript

'Do you know what is happening to you? You are singing duets, looking joyous, with mirror always and wear bright colors', my roommate Ankita objected me.

Looks like I have become puzzle to her. My days were slowly ringing bells in her mind. What could I tell her as the reason? If I had come across such finer feelings earlier, then I could have said this is the beginning of my new life.

Ankita has already noted that I am coming late in the evening to the PG these days. One day she even had looked at my Smartphone and saw the four-line poetry sent by Dev as goodnight message.

I did not think that much on those lines which Ankita has read.

*It's raining outside my window,
I see you reflect in the droplets,
So many of you now around me,
I don't know to whom
I should say Goodnight?!*

Maybe Ankita was getting the hint, what is the cause for all the new radiations from me and was looking for a first-hand confirmation from me.

In fact, I did not even reply to that good night message nor had given enough focus to it. I am not of a person who likes poetry, imagination, nor dressing up, jewellery, adorning myself etc. I was brought up with practical lessons, which did not make me of an art-person.

That opportunity presented itself during chilled evening of winter far beyond the time I thought it would take.

I failed to recognize that so far I was driven by my *intellect*, the brain and was setting my priorities, goals based on what makes logical sense by comparing to people around me what they are doing. My intellectual parents planned my life priorities and I have taken that as granted. Now, being slowly guided by the *emotions*, the heart part, I am getting exposed to it very first time.

I did not know, the *live by heart* approach can elevate my conscience to several levels higher in a few years and enable me to become an instrument at the hands of nature to execute its grand plans.

--♡--

The team at office already started observing our togetherness and started passing the comments. My leads suggested the possibility of taking her into the project where I was working, and to be part of our team. I particularly observed that would set as an example for the people who were close to me in the team. Because they were seeing the first-hand way of doing things differently, *living by heart* approach.

But I was particular, not be together in the same project. The proximity of being close kills the mystery of occasional meeting.

After her song on stage, I started singing for her whenever I pick her from office and drive to her PG. She

SAMPLE

Ishu's Postscript

Cool and sure, I am enjoying his company.

I have now become bolder enough to spend time with him, in spite of hesitations within me which slowly fading away. I started finding his world more interesting than mine or even of my friends and peers. Where there is room for experimentation, learning, correction, rework, and move with renewed spirit every day. That's what Dev explained he learnt from his entrepreneurial experiences, mentors and life coaches he associated with.

Unknowingly I have started using his vocabulary with my teammates. Examples he quoted, for solving the project problems. Conflict management earlier seems to be a tough subject to me now looks like a trivial. It lays its base in understanding the human spirit behind. His mentoring on my project issues came in handy whenever I shared with him for guidance. I knew he has done multiple projects at many locations. His bit of experiences should help. I sensed now the gain I am getting being with a company of person having a generation gap. My peers were as much learned as myself and were not able to think differently. I learnt from Dev how to look at a problem from different angles.

Particularly I noted, he never tried to give me wisdom or improvement over my activities or behavior unless I seek specifically. I noted he would be complimenting on the colors I was wearing, the smiles I do for his poetry, particularly my giggling making my shoulder high, and was never pointing out my mistake openly.

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LOVE AT EVERY SIGHT

*Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted
Blind – William Shakespeare*

After valentine day evening proposal with Ishu and her hug, emotions were settling down. There is no more hurriedness in understanding her or myself. Mood of both started becoming stable. I started to work on the few pending priorities caused due to my new found interest. Energy goes where focus goes. After the proposal, at times I felt responsible, thinking it is going to define new boundaries within and outside for us.

We just watched a movie and taking a stroll on the vacant road. sometimes doing silly things as walking in the night can open up the world of unknowns. I could hear birds shaking their feathers and become still again in a brief moment. I found her brighter than that of

moonlight.

Our evening walks are now becoming frequent within the campus, usually after dinner at office cafeteria. Though she liked more of Punjab dishes, I was happy at North Karnataka style food items.

While walking, I held her finger through mine with a bit of hesitation. It did slip after a few steps. Again I tried to hold her fingers. She smiled and clasped all her fingers to my fingers and pressed softly.

Whispered in my ears *'be bold, women like that'*.

I pressed her hands and replied, *'Yes a woman turns bolder only when they are in love'*, and wrapped her entire hand with mine. I liked that yellow nail polish extension she has wore on that day.

She observed that I was noticing it, and asked me *'did you like it!'*
'I liked your taste for adoring yourself', I replied. My good night poetry reflected that.

DOLL

*Dark yellow designer nails,
Photo pictured spectacle,
Spying eyes, Glossy lips,
Unrelenting spirit,
Reveals me a lot...That
I am struggling to take my eyes off you!*

Ishu's Postscript

I tried to ignore, resist and pacify these thoughts and did everything but I could not. Later while driving back to Bangalore I asked him trying to be as casual as I can

'How did you feel when I was with other men'?

For my surprise, he said

'You looked much better in that company than with me, they were handsome and very good dancers themselves.'

I know his objective way of looking at things, capacity to analyze himself from the third person view at any point of time. But, I did not get my answers.

Now I have to explicitly ask,

'Didn't you feel possessive '.

This time he looked in my eyes and understood the gravity of the words from where I am coming from. He slowed down the vehicle towards the roadside and took my palm gently pressed and kissed backside of it.

And asked me back,

'Why should I? If anything is mine, it will stay with me'.

Hardly easier for me to understand or digest it. But I had firsthand experience myself to deny it any further. And that was his standard for anything in his life

His reply made me silent. I didn't know how to react; it was too new for me to think, more or less I went blank for

SAMPLE

Dev continued, *'If one is in love there would be no missing feelings. If you are attached then it may be felt so'*, he remarked slowly so that it goes into my head clearly.

Whatever the pressure I carried inside me due to work deliverables or people treating me differently being seen with him always, were sorted out in time. I started believing strongly that there were no mistakes when in true love.

When he applied the lip color, he was so near to me; I felt like hugging him and cry for him. I was so much missing him, I did not want him to go away from me, I almost become shy when he held my chin and coloring my lips. The pressure of different emotions coming together made me turn away from him and become silent in a way of controlling myself.

I wondered how much I had progressed since the day preparing tea for him. The sense of being away from home was now fading; I started feeling homely in Bangalore.

Jaipur started looking a little distant for me for the first time in my life.

For some reasons, I was turning confident with his company. Dev's intentions ensured me to realize the limitation of one's imaginations and that subtly blocking quicker progress in life. To broaden mind one needs to take risks, do bigger tasks to achieve bigger success. And in all his interactions he was encouraging me to feel the freedom every one of us has along with life. He wanted

Clouds started covering the flight as it started alighting at Roissy airport, Paris. Eiffel tower welcomed. It's indeed a long possible dream of working in France coming true, all the more was with Ishu.

She pulled my hand and leaned on my shoulder and started talking about her dreams visiting Eiffel as childhood wish.

I turned, paused and said,

'I have to confess', staring at her eyeballs.

Her eyebrows joined.

'See, I can do only one thing at a time; either I can look at you or I can hear what you say not both',

Her eyebrows were still locked.

I continued. *'Moment I look at you I go to cloud nine and get lost myself and my world'.*

I saw her confused on how to react to my words. But quickly regained herself and replied,

'Flattery should have some limit'.

I sensed her enjoying that too. Frankly, I have not come out of her mesmerizing looks even after knowing her for years.

SAMPLE

Ishu's Postscript

Paris brought me a renewed life amidst the routine of Bangalore, traffic, people and work.

First time I was witnessing professional way of approaching work, be on time, be clear and specific on your points, seek clarification and present the progress twice a week. There is nothing of hide and seek, or of ifs and buts. Document understanding, get reviewed, close it and move to another task.

The big picture I was getting being with the end-users of the system was giving me confidence that I am part of a bigger project and I am responsible for its sustenance's. I took my assignment seriously.

Dev has been exposed and familiar with folks of different culture, he was quickly able to build the rapport required.

As my career progressed I also progressed with a communication career with toastmaster equally. When good times are around life is enjoyable in every direction. I went to speaking contests in abroad too and started working with people who were senior to me in that direction.

Dev's intention of communication training was only to express his views clearly and unambiguously and had no interest in proving his speaking skills or his unique knowledge. So he did not opt for the advanced training and told me,

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THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

*We must be our own before we can be another's.
- Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Paris brought us more intimate with body and mind. The vibes in Paris were conducive to openness and invokes finer feelings as I compared to cities we had been together.

After being intimate with Ishu I did not find a necessity to be with any girls. Though she never objected me being with others nor did I do same with her north Indian boys. I observed to be physically involved a certain degree of love, respect and understanding are essential. Otherwise, it may deplete the moral sense, own convictions, which in turn degrade self-respect.

That evening in Paris after going to Eiffel tower, Ishu stayed back in my apartment that was adjacent to her team apartment. I did not ask why; it appeared natural to

be so after her tight hug on the top of Eiffel. I dissolved completely in her arms. The light fragrance of Tibetan incenses and Kenney G saxophone music which I often play while being myself was in the background, mild enough to sooth and not loud to disturb our love whispers.

She said,

'Dev 'let's lit the candles and switch off the lights',

Very much ahead than what I thought about her. She had a taste for it.

Unrobing itself is an act of giving up individual ego, becoming naked in body and mind. It was my first time with her being together so closely. Slowly and steadily she pulled off her dark blue T-Shirt. That suddenly amplified her glowing skin even in those dim candles light. I was too shy to help her out with her jeans.

When you are in love, the game is totally different.

She has closed eyes as if there is nothing else in the world as important. She was right. If you ever give up, give up fully and completely.

I had never seen before such a full bosom touching each other with no space in between them... a feast to eyes.

She sheepishly asked *'how is my figure'*

'Just heavenly' and winked at her, *'I feel like to wash my hand before touching, so smooth, lovely and equal'.*

SAMPLE

After a power nap and bath, we got refreshed for post - dinner walk. She picked up the conversations where it was stopped. Holding on my left arm and leaning over my shoulders. I had totally forgotten about the conversations we had. Women are like that anyway.

Type of women I need kind of conversation. Ishu asked to elaborate on my requirements.

Women I need, I started listing again, *'who believes in my abilities, appreciate my views on life, and wants me more than anything else. Who helps me in my pursuits and enjoys being a part of it'*.

She asked, *'why any girl would do that, why someone would like to take your purposes and ideals as hers'*.

Keeping her ears on my chest and hearing my heart's beat. Ishu, appeared very serious about her question.

I said. 'Because she wants it, because it is her goals too, not only mine, it's a shared goal and vision'.

It took for a while for her to digest that sentence.

Ishu's PostScript

I had no idea I would involve with him physically. Maybe women are that way, calling themselves not really responsible for what happens to them. But I have come far from that kind of self, being with Dev's association.

I had a great taste for his artistic and life skills I would rather say. His respect for women and men were the same. In fact, hardly I could feel he has no hesitations in the company of only women, whether I am there or not. Which, I think most men do hesitate, but Dev was totally indifferent at times.

When I decided to be with him, I thought this was the moment I was made for. Completely, melting every cell my body and every iota of my mind. The vigor and the rhythm he matched with me are so amazing and completely fulfilling. He was as massive as at his heart that I couldn't compare with any of my earlier experiences.

At the spur of climax, I was feeling body less. As if like floating out of body, in fact, there was nobody kind of feeling. Suddenly I felt fearful, do I know how to come back. Quickly opened my eyes to bring back myself to where we were.

He had a good heart to dwell upon; I loved to play with chest hairs. I could notice he had only a few words but showed a great deal of interest in listening to me attentively. That itself was magnetic. He was not hurried; He was sensible enough not to go rough. But he had his rhythm, as if like teasing. Almost there, but then to retreat. Over a period of time, I started enjoying his ways,

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THE CROSSROADS

**Close your eyes take your time and listen.
What does your heart say - Maxime Lagacé**

Being at abroad gives mind more freedom and a chance to break away the shackles which bind us easily because of proximity or routine. Maybe that was the reason we got joined together. Even though there were closer moments at Bangalore itself.

Love has the peculiarity even one had enough partners in life, there is still a room for true love in life triggered by soul mates and none can match that rise of the pulse while meetings of the soul mates.

After coming back from Paris, which was almost like our honeymoon in Europe, we were intimate enough to start staying together in my apartment wherever she felt like taking off from her PG.

In that spur of the moment, I felt like spending my

SAMPLE

My earlier girls were not active and open like Ishu and slowly those memories became a thing of past being with her. At a similar time, I did come across a few other women interested with me but I disappointed them staying with Ishu world. Maybe she did the same with her *others* too. It was complete by itself and there was no necessity to look around anymore.

I do not want to be a mental loafer thinking about sensual stuff nor did I have great respect left for the dogmas of the social world, but the world of heart. I found it is not the act but the emotion behind it gives the meaning. Intention behind the interests matters. From the evening after our visit to Eiffel, I was free from such thoughts, though I am ready when the moment was ripe, till then I don't even think about it. I found its greater ability to stay afloat with the gender differences. I started losing giving importance to things which were of perishable.

Both of us had dissolved our minds in those ecstatic moments and learnt the necessity of one another that can open up a new world of possibilities and hopes. With time, I noticed there was no need of frequent intimacy. Just a hold of hand or look in eyes and talk would be complete and felt no stronger necessity of being in proximity either.

I also observed she was not interested in cribbing, fault finding, expecting attention or even the appreciation. I found her inner contentment and confidence of her were very superior and that did not need any external aid. I also found her, she was too clever in getting to know my mood and stay away or be near based on it. Such alertness on

SAMPLE

My love

*I cannot resist any more but to write my heart out
Since years have passed with that first glimpse of you,
whenever I see back, I can still see you in that pink dress.
I this journey of life with you, I learned the biggest lesson
that to respect women for what they can be,
I know age, distance does not fade the intensity of
attraction between the souls. I catch your pulse and you
do mine, day or night does not matter, spring or fall affects
none.*

*A never-ending sweet feeling that is cherishing my life
since I have risen in love with you
Your childishness, mischievous spirit added vigor to my life
and I now do not to turn back to any of the life challenges.*

*Your backing has always helped me to set the standards
which are seldom surpassed even in the worst of situations
where only darkness dwelled in heart.
Yet subtle guidance you provided made me everything I am
capable of, which I was not sure.*

*Love has transformed me beyond my wildest imagination,
where dependency on self is the breakthrough. I changed
my dress, I changed my wardrobes, I changed my vehicles,
I changed my hair style, I started putting life to everything I
do, I changed the way I think, the world started to look
afresh every day.*

*It did not matter you were there near me or not. The
changes I was making outside was causing the permanent
transformation of self at the core of myself*

I was no more of the same old self. My appearances started looking different, my voice turned magnetic, I could share anything to anyone without prejudice or inhibition

My heartfelt sincere thanks to you for transforming me in the name of love

SAMPLE

Ishu's Postscript

Paris assignment turned as my honeymoon trip, the whole of Europe for that matter, in those three months of assignment. My inhibitions now replaced by confidence, courage, self-reliant, decision-making capacity.

Dev become epitome of my trust and belief in love. The trust, belongingness, need for him, made me to continue our affair in Bangalore. I am slowly but steadily changed from the girl who missed her boy, towards women who is responsible for his welfare and as well mine. I used to get such thoughts whenever I stayed with him. He has maintained an average lifestyle which was a conscious decision but gave more importance to his personal time and to the sense of freedom.

He says, *'little less is far better than no freedom'*.

I was already not very particular about my dressings, decking up, now I turned even simpler in his company. But, when I passed by mirror suddenly I used to feel I had turned more beautiful with the right curves and fleshes at right places. I was not particularly like most girls do, seeing themselves in the mirror now and then or be in front of the mirror most of the time. But now I liked those glimpses. A happy mind itself a great cosmetic for women.

I liked his way of sitting at centre of sofa with both hands spread on the backrest and legs crossed over the other. As if he has all the leisure in the world. When I tried to join him leaning on his shoulder, he would quickly change his position put a cushion on my lap and rest his head upon it and continue playing with my dark long curly

SAMPLE

One cannot love by reasons, it's not mathematics. True love cannot happen by mind. We cannot win life by mind, we can make great progress at it, but it finds its base on hollow thinking, that we are here permanently.

When a person is ready to forget self, dignity, learning or even existence, then there is only one. If there is a feeling of two, then improvement can still be strived for, it is mostly an art that comes with diligent practice. Once stage in place, we are in a position to talk about soul mates. I think, below pointers may help to find out, Are we in such a relationship or not?

- One feels at home with the other person on the very first instance
- They complete each other's thoughts, ideas and sentences unknowingly.
- Non-judgmental doesn't control the others opinions, behavior nor try to impress nor hides true feelings
- They don't worry about losing their self or the other person; yet feel being in control of self
- They know all are on the path of progress, mistakes happen
- Complement and support each other's shortcomings and grows
- Believes unconditional love, and keep their conscious clear and purpose pure
- Over time with each other, they know it at heart, it does not matter they accept or express
- They may have other karmic bonds to experience, independent of their own together karma.

In any relationship, if such a state of mind does not

SAMPLE

Later in the year when I went to Diwali to my home town at Jaipur, my sister started observing me keenly, I did not know why. Though she had seen the valentine poetry years back, we did not talk about Devesh again.

While on road for dropping back me to the airport, she said, *'You have transformed. Your skin is lustrous; body has taken the hourglass shape, what elixir you are using'*. Winking at me, while telling those words

I usually felt my sister is still younger and need my guidance. I was wrong. She has her own peculiarity which I had missed because of *the sister mask* I was wearing. I thought for a moment to reveal my relation with Dev, but that would only complicate if I am not sure of my future choices.

I concealed and said, *'maybe because of weather in Bangalore'*, tried faking smile.

Traffic light turned to green; I managed to move that conversation on career planning and future goals of her.

At the airport, she purchased a box of sweet and told, *'to handover to Bangalore weather'*. And smiled

I hugged her, feeling bad that I had to lie to her, my eyes started filling with tears. The tears, my sister felt it because of parting moment, may be till next Holi.

I recollected what Dev used to say, generation gap occurs every five years, and each generation will be more intelligent than the previous.

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LIFE NEVER WAITS

Death is not the greatest loss in life. It is what dies inside us while we live – Norman Cousins

Once it was firmed up that Ishu takes up the next academic year the course at abroad both of us started looking at things more objectively and a kind of packing started in our mind as well in the apartment. It was about 3 – 4 months left for her admissions and travel.

After we started our so-called our occasional live- in at my apartment, I had unknowingly practiced taking her name whenever I go to temples for prayers. In India people take only family member names during such occasions.

These times there were a few pasts, a present and hope for a better future relationship that constantly haunt the people involved. With a goal like this, it is difficult for anyone to focus on the existing relationship with full heart, mind and the soul. By taking the *intelligent* deviations

from the cues of own heart, results achieved would prove unfulfilling in the long run. There were no hidden or explicit expectations from her or my side throughout these days. We liked each other, accepted as is and I had learnt no point improving anyone but own self.

I picked from Ishu, ability to involve fully into a subject and make it artistic as much as possible. Years with her made that ingrained in my nerves. Next day after our first night that and almost every other night's being together, we were becoming almost pretty silent and internalizing. It repeated almost every time that we were together, to confirm its consistency.

She had once remarked it has already a lot of time has been wasted in her life, missing my company. The constant lingering for a companion who only exists in everyone's mind, but missed the gem which is at her reach. I did know what was in her mind about me.

I usually find men and women generally keep options at their reach and look for bettering those. I was far from such an approach. In her company, I started turning into an extrovert and she started giving importance to inner feelings. At times, I felt smaller in front of her understanding about a few things, which always used to come to me as a surprise.

Love that added freshness and vigor to my day to day that continued to stay with me ever since. Maybe because of the practices I picked up during my time with her. Now the necessity of her is not required to invoke the love which is within me. Ishu was the greatest gift the nature has bestowed on me. Which may not able to find its

SAMPLE

Ishu's Postscript

Having seen Dev mostly immersed in writings and journaling his thoughts, poetries, articles, I once asked him,

'What is your life purpose?'

Dev looked straight in my eyes without a blink replied, *'Loving you'*.

I was flattered, after a nice smile I regained myself and continued, *'thanks Dev, but I need the truth'*.

He continued, *'to give directions to others. If one learns the right way of doing a thing and if he or she keeps quiet about it that is the biggest loss the nature has invested in that person'*. And concluded saying, *'I am not for sale, but my works are'*

Even after knowing that truth, his first answer started ringing in my mind; I felt that the earlier answer was more appealing.

I understood, Dev was building his life around his dreams, breaking the shackles of good for better. Giving up the things he knew does not serve any longer than it has. He has taken complete responsibility approach on what happens to him and to his life. He expects to live as if his life is his message. While truly trying everything towards it, which was at his disposal. His need for his life goals was more significant than me.

Love has pulled me away from my world, my people, myself, and everything that I had, was dropped that I used to call as mine. I doubt I can repay him for transforming me during entire lifetime; I had shared this thought with Dev.

He smiled, and had replied with his stern thunder voice, *'without you I am nothing. We can truly repay the debt of nature which helped enlighten each other by raising children with values and they continue to become eligible for this kind of love'*.

A right way that, every couple can pay back to LOVE.

At the airport, while waving hands to him parting from my vision, I saw him sobbing as if his life is moving away. I knew he loves me sincerely, but now missing to such an extent, I had always seen him stable.

I recollected what he has said earlier, *'men are emotional and women are practical, nature created that way to safeguard and continue creations'*.

That was a moment of my life, a person sobbing for me, not imposing any of his expectations, accepting me as is, make myself subtly transform, find my own self in the chattering world of options and wayward attractions.

Dev taught me to love is to be happy with as is.



MEET THE AUTHOR

Naveen Chandra hails from Mysore, South India, is an author, speaker and entrepreneur by passion believes in sharing his views through his works.

His passion for grooming individuals towards better life experiences is evident in his writings and in the training he conducts. His street smart approach to identify & solve the problem, to call a spade- a -spade and use that learning to introspect and develop the leadership abilities within, are peculiarities of his training.

NC strongly believes in making difference to lives of others with the approach of *live by heart!*

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A FABLE OF JOY !

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If two people can make life, then two characters can make a novel.

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Naveen Chandra, hails from Mysore, South India. He is an author, speaker and entrepreneur by passion, believes sharing his views through his works. More at www.naveenchandra.in



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