

The Place Called Zero

(Based on a true story)

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Inside this ebook you'll find a incredible story of hitting the bottom and bouncing back from it. Use it and learn from it!

Enjoy!

On the cold morning of December 25, 2004 a young man named Jonathan swallowed 5 sleeping pills with tap water and tried to go to sleep. He wasn't trying to commit suicide but had no intention of being conscious either for some time to come. The memories of what happened just a few hours back still haunted him. His pulse rate was at least a hundred twenty and he had a throbbing headache. It was 6.30 in the morning.

The night before had started off like any other Friday night. Jonathan and his half girlfriend Nicole had dinner together at home (home delivery from KFC), made love twice and started getting dressed to party. Between 9 and 10.30 they fought twice about Jonathan being too jealous and how Nicole cannot lose her male friends for him. At 10.30 Nicole's ex boyfriend called and she talked on the phone for exactly 49 minutes. When she hung up Jonathan said that he doesn't feel like going out anymore. Nicole informed him that that's his choice and she left the house alone.

Jonathan waited three hours before realizing that she wouldn't call to ask him to join her after all. So he forgave her silently for all that she has done, and decided to go and join her in the club where they usually hang out. He decided that after everything, she is still with him and that's definitely "proof of love".

When he reached the club it was already two in the morning and it was steadily snowing outside. Inside however, people were almost sweating as they danced to the intoxicating beats of loud R&B music. By the time Jonathan found Nicole, she was already making out with a pilot who went by

the name "K". Jonathan got the impression that K was a prize winning asshole the first day he met him.

For nearly seven minutes Jonathan watched Nicole make out with K right in front of him. He felt like throwing up. When they finished, Jonathan was still standing there looking pale.

The first thing that Nicole said to him was "What are you doing here? I thought you don't want to be with me."

"I'm here now. What's going on baby?"

"Nothing. I want to get a drink."

Jonathan stood there as Nicole went to get her drink and came back after nearly half an hour. When she got back, she went straight to the group K was with and waved at Jonathan to join as if nothing has happened. Jonathan decided that Nicole was just testing his patience and he decided to play along. For the next two hours he tried to act cool and with an inhuman strength of will power did not lose his temper. Most of this time Nicole danced with K on the dance floor while Jonathan sat with the group.

When the lights came on and it was time to go, Jonathan patiently waited for Nicole to finish her drink and dancing and to finally leave the club.

"Baby let's go. Its very late now" said Jonathan when he couldn't take it anymore.

Without missing a bit Nicole said "Fuck off! I'm going with K."

Jonathan couldn't believe what he was hearing. He knew that she wouldn't do that, she couldn't but the fact that she said it in front of so many

people made it so embarrassing. The music was off and people who still haven't left was enjoying the drama that was going on.

"Honey you are drunk. Let's go, please don't embarrass me here." He said again.

"What are you fucking deaf? I said I'm going with K. He will drop me home."

"Please don't do this. I know you are not thinking straight. Come with me." And as he said, he took Nicole's hand and tried to pull her. At that moment, K came in between and said "If she wants to go with you, she'll let you know. Now leave her hand!"

One last time Jonathan tried to change her mind, "Baby please don't do this."

The last thing Nicole said before she walked out of the club with K was "Fuck - off!"

Jonathan slept for about nine hours straight and he woke up with the same headache that he went to bed with, only it was worse now. He was half hoping that Nicole would send him a SMS saying that she was sorry and she made a big mistake but there was none. As he walked towards the kitchen like a drunken man, he wondered one more time if his best friend Kip has been right about her all the way.

Jonathan met Nicole six months back in the same club she walked out from last night. Jonathan quickly fell in love but she said she wasn't ready for a relationship yet. She also had an ex boyfriend who lived in South Africa for whom she clearly had feelings for. And even though she claimed that everything was over with them (after he dumped her before leaving for Johannesburg), she refused to tell her ex boyfriend about Jonathan and insisted that Jonathan maintain the secrecy as well. She said it would hurt him to know that she was dating someone else so soon.

It was Jonathan's idea to get an apartment in the city so they can move in and live together. Nicole never moved in entirely but slept with him about 3-4 days a week. As the days passed by Jonathan's life became more and more expensive as they both liked to regularly dine out, party and travel. Since Nicole had no income of her own, Jonathan paid for everything.

In the six months after they met, Jonathan's successful internet marketing business suffered enormously as he became more and more irregular in his professional activities. Life mostly

revolved partying out every other night and waking up late every morning. But on average he was happy as Nicole was a stunningly pretty woman and all his friends were jealous of him. Everyone except Kip.

Kip never really liked Nicole and kept telling Jonathan that someday this woman will be the reason for him to destroy himself. Jonathan laughed. He said Kip was just jealous. And Kip said that he pretty sure she is a gold digger. Jonathan asked Kip to shut up. But this morning as his dream world was shattered into pieces, he wondered if Kip was right after all.

As he managed to fix himself a glass of water and some Panadol, he noticed the final notice from the credit card company lying on the table. It reminded him what a terrible mess his life had become. Six months and he virtually lost everything just to pursue this dream called Nicole. And now she dumped him in front of so many people! As the memories came flooding back, drops of tears came rolling out of his eyes. More than the pain of losing Nicole to that certified moron, it was the guilt and shame of what he has done with his life that made him cry.

Sitting there staring blankly at the wall for half an hour, Jonathan made a definite decision. He told himself that this cannot go on. Life has got to change. This is not the way he is going to live it. But as he looked around, everything reminded him of Nicole. He tried to shake the cobwebs off his brain and decided that what he needs is some fresh air. So he went for a walk.

Jonathan walked aimlessly in the streets for nearly two hours. He enjoyed the cool winter air on his face. He looked at the men and women passing by and wondered how their lives were. He saw the lovers hold hands coming and going and wondered if they also fought when they went back home. Seeing people made him forget about going back to his apartment and facing the demons of his memories. As he walked he entered a beautifully manicured park with a large lake in the middle. He found himself a stone bench and sat down to rest. The sun was getting bright orange now and the air had become extremely still. It was going to snow again. Jonathan loved this time right before it started to snow. It's as if everything slowed down and gradually became still. The air felt like it was as pure as the snow itself. He took a deep breath and wrapped his jacket around him tightly trying to warm himself a little more.

"You mind if I sit with you mate?" It was a young man probably in his late twenties with South Asian features. He was wearing a pair of track pants and a thin sports jacket. It looked like he just finished jogging.

"Sure" said Jonathan although he would have preferred to be alone.

"You know, it's amazing how a lot of wonderful things can happen when you are at zero." He said as he sat down beside Jonathan.

"I'm sorry?"

"I said... a lot of amazing things can happen when you are at zero."

Jonathan wondered for a brief second if this was a druggie or something. Druggies usually

come to this park after dark. He took a good look at the stranger sitting beside him. He looked pretty normal except his eyes. It was as if he was not looking at him, he was looking at his soul. "I heard what you said. What do you mean by that?"

"I mean if you are at zero, you should be happy. A lot of interesting things happen from there."

"I'm not sure I follow you, why do think I'm at zero? And what the hell is zero anyway?"

"Zero is where you have nothing more to loose. It's the edge. People go to the edge to either fall and die or to learn to fly. And it seems to me that you are not dead!"

Jonathan was too tired to take all of this rubbish. His headache was coming back again and he quickly blamed it on this weirdo who was hell bent on imparting wisdom upon him. How did he know all this anyway? Was he looking so bad that everyone could tell he just got dumped? He wanted to leave but the prospect of walking back all the way frightened him. He was too tired to walk right now. So he decided to keep quiet and hoped that the strange man would eventually go away.

"If you have lost someone, don't blame her. You have created your own reality."

Now Jonathan lost it "What the fuck man? Who are you? How do you know all this?"

"I don't know anything that you are not communicating yourself. I am just reading all that you are writing."

"Oh awesome! So now I'm writing all my misery for people to read. Nice! So what else did you read on my face?"

"I read that you have probably sacrificed a lot for a wrong cause. And in the end you have either lost it all or going to loose it soon. And I also read that in the process you probably have jeopardized your career as well."

Jonathan looked at the strange man one more time, this time he got his attention. There is no possible way he could have known all of these things. He tried to remember if they had met before, but they have not. This man is not the type that you meet and forget. His eyes... It felt like he can see through.

"So what, are you like a fortune teller or something? Cause if you are, I don't have any money with me."

"My friend, neither am I a fortune teller, nor am I looking for your money. But I am helpless when I see another fellow soul almost close to waking up but waiting for a little nudge. I feel almost compelled to give that nudge."

"I'm sorry, I don't think I follow. How am I going to wake up? I'm already up."

"I know you are up" his voice was calm and soothing, somehow it made Jonathan feel like he talking to a much older person, "but when you *really* wake up, you will see much more than what you see right now."

"And how do you suggest that I *really* wake up?"

"By accepting that reality is the product of your mind. By understanding that you are creating your reality right now, all of it. By realizing that all your experiences are created by you and you only. And finally by taking responsibility for all of what you have created."

"So you are saying that I am responsible for all my problems?" Jonathan asked.

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