



By Santosh Jha

**

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**What is Worst? When you don't bother to look Beyond;
Consciously negating all Probabilities...**

**What is Best? When you lead your Potentials to create
Landmarks, as you journey through Probabilities...**



**Romance is opening the closed gate of Consciousness, to welcome
Innocence of childlike Simplicity. People can't truly be romantic.
Often; they promptly trade innocence to barter Success. One
needs to Fail his or her Ego, to make romance Triumphant;
journey Beyond... But; it is deemed bad commerce. People
succeed, romance fails; love is traded profitably...**



Familiarity innately aligns with Similarity. Consciousness is wired to feel deep intimacy with Repetitiveness of preferred Reality. Continuity breeds security of familiarity. Blissfulness is often; a Perpetuity of similarities. Only Suffocation of slavery of repetitiveness can install painfulness for Emancipation. Blessed are those, who romance with idea of Pain as Portal of novelty for alternative probabilities. They journey Beyond...



Eyes asked the ears, ‘Do you see, dark clouds are coming; it shall rain?’ Ears replied, ‘I don’t hear any thunders; it cannot rain!’ The ears asked, ‘By the way, can you hear how beautiful music someone is playing?’ The eyes replied, ‘I can’t see anyone around; there cannot be any music!’ The ears are blind; the eyes are deaf. Both are geniuses; of Single Dimension; of solitary suitability. Multidimensionality is always around; if ever, Self-Validation

could look and listen Beyond! But then; Self happens; can
subconscious self-validation not happen...?



I can't appreciate what I don't understand. I don't understand;
not knowing is no culpability. Ignorance and its prompt denial is
innate; visceral. However, conscientious criminality is in
flamboyantly Showcasing the personal stupidities as public
wisdom of ultimate order and ridiculing others for not
appreciating its 'embedded' worthiness. Most people
unconsciously Advertise their ignorance this way. Solipsism is a
Software, which comes pre-loaded with the Hardware and
operating system of body-mind. The journey Beyond beckons.
Novelty of probabilities engenders knowledge. But; people don't
journey; they squander potentials of probabilities...



Love what you do; do what you love. This visceral intelligence of Habitual cyclicity is brain's design for safety of sustenance of Survival optimization. This, however, is euphemism for Unconscientious slavery. Excellence too comes through this cyclicity. Brilliance is also therefore, Slavery of consciousness. Emancipation doesn't differentiate between Best and Worst; good and bad. Freedom of consciousness seeks journeying Beyond all habitual cyclicalities...



The wise and visionary say, conflict and contradiction; its suffocation of stagnation, is essential for novelty and alternative pathways to open up. This is how journeys Beyond happen. Anyways; conflict and its probable painfulness are neutral and innate situations of reality; as it stands. We assign value of 'unease' into it. If we could see the utility and worth of conflict,

**we may very well welcome it; to lead our potentially prospective
journeys Beyond...**



Beyond is a precious; probably also a dangerous idea. Beyond is an invite to probabilities, where one's readiness may not be right. Instinctively, definitiveness is preferred over probable precariousness, as nobody wants unnecessary journeys on untrodden paths. A famous philosopher said, 'A thinking man is a depraved animal.' Thoughtfulness adds possibilities Beyond singular exactitude. Thinking opens up the gates for precariousness of alternative possibilities; hence the risks. Naturally, compromising safety of survival is akin to depravity; in populist perception of majority.

However; if thinking engenders the chains of depravity of incertitude to enslave a person; it also emancipates by devising probabilities of breaking free from the slavery of habitual regularity. Depravity is not in mechanism and processes. It seems; it is in the purpose humanity laces an intent with. No sword ever seeks blood; human depravity however always blames it on externalities. Shamefulness of consciousness is human. Purposes; their

stagnated and stinking intents and their fixed habits, therefore, also need to journey Beyond...

History tells us; this thinking man has been at the forefront of humanity's long and precarious journeys to excellence and unprecedented rewards. Sadly; this thinking man however has always been lonely; majority of people not only desert him, rather also put hurdles in his already tough journey. But then; humanity's romance with probabilities has been brilliant and the prime energy behind marvels of civilizations and cultures. This romance is mesmerizing, as it instinctively leads men and women to journey Beyond; into more and better information. This creates probabilities; which in turn engender potentials...

Humanity has unraveled and deciphered big mysteries of Reality only because it journeyed the potentials of probabilities, Beyond the comfort and safety of definitude of presentness. Beyond is infinite. Contemporary humanity is incessantly into this journey of Beyond...

People however, love to thrive in the certainty of familiarity of ambient tangibility. But then; Beyond is everyone's inevitable journey. Those who stand in denial are essentially negating Reality itself. Life itself is probabilistic. Metaphorically though; Time also travels in probabilistic linearity of futuristic incertitude. The ephemeral and transient Reality of Time and Space is embossed on everything humanity is muffled with. Definitiveness is slavery of mind; a fixation of failed romance with Reality. Reality is unraveled only *en route* journey into probabilities of Beyond.

This story is about this journeying. It is a romance with Beyondness. There sure is a man and he is blessed to have a woman in his life, who complements him and consciously paves pathways for him. They understand and jointly nurture the artistry of the magicality of mutuality.

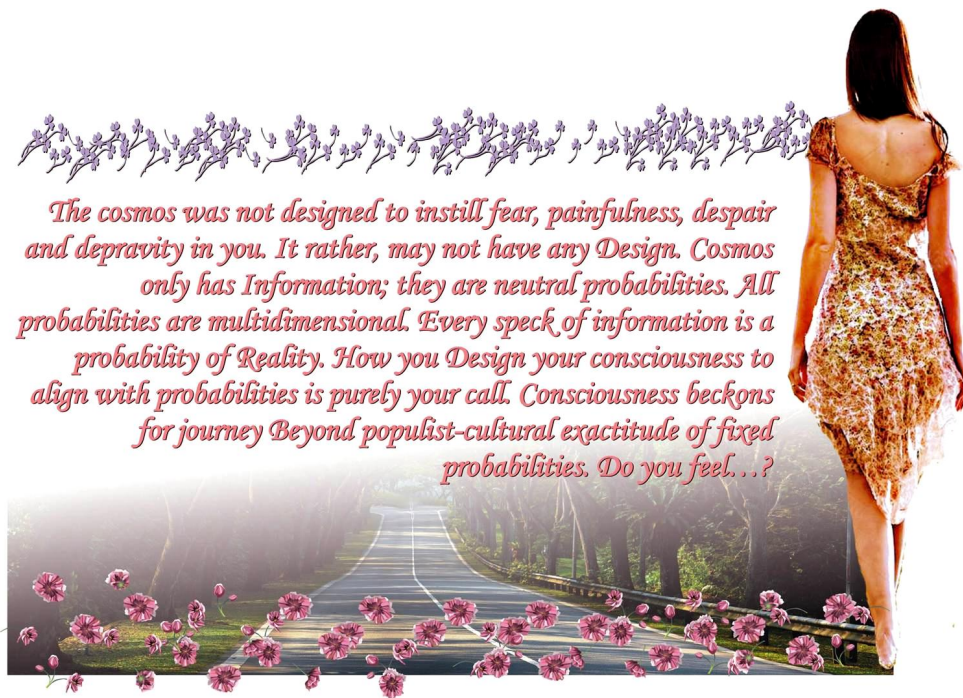
There is brilliance of romance between them. However, this story of man and woman is not primarily about their romance. It is about their combined romance with probabilities. They journey, Beyond...; in absolute and perfect nakedness; in prized possession of innocence, honesty and simplicity...

Acknowledgment

Essentially, there ain't anything like a story. There are pieces of truths; when you join them, in certain specificity; story happens. Something has happened; Beyond that; something you wish, should have happened; you say that; story happens. Anyhow; heart gets soaked, filled up; story happens... Words become too heavy, like tears, they tumble down; story happens... The void and nothingness inside, begins to speak; story happens. Probabilities; in perfect nakedness; align with innocence of consciousness; they fall in love; romance happens; story happens...!

The emotions and expressions in this fictional eBook have not been planned. They probably couldn't be. They happened; as story happens. If there could be a perception and cognition of reality; Beyond popular acceptances; this eBook may have the reflection of it. Often; reality seeds up, in the soil of unconscious; the subconscious nurtures them. Unawaringly; the seeds germinate, blossom up. The conscious only displays the flowers they bear to people and milieus. Reality happens; story happens. Writer is just a stupid media to showcase; with whatever little ability he or she has, what the reality and story engenders...

However; what has been planned and intended; in this fictional work, by this writer, is writing in 'Woman-Centric' sensitivities. For a man; probably; the primary 'Beyond' has to be the domain and dimension of womanlike cognition. Innately; everythingness; even Beyond, is dedicated to feminine grace, poise and purposes. May they lead sanity, system, sensitivities and Beyond. The nature; energies of evolution works this way...



Thanks For Your Magnanimity; ***Beyond*** Begins To Shape Up Now...

The Orchestra Has Stopped. The symphony has been played out. All musicians have left the stage, one by one. Audience has cleared the aisle and on their way to parking. Lights are off. Only reflections of luminosity from outside have created the faint visibility of the stage. The audience area is darker. In the fullness of emptiness of darkness and vacuity, probability is gaining readiness. Rhythm is set to unleash; something catalytic; yet loaded with potentials of cataclysmic propensity.

The sole violinist, sitting on the floor of the stage, is still holding his instrument, clasping his hands around it, hugging to his heart. The warmth of the strings hasn't faded yet. He looks up very casually, stares at the darkness of the hall. At the last row, on the farthest seat, there seems a shadow and it is not moving. It doesn't matter to him...

Taking a last look at his violin, resting it for a while on the red satin; he smiles. Bowing down to the strings, he kisses the instrument gently. A hard bang on the concrete floor and the violin is smashed into pieces. The strings fly off and land beneath with one last sound of zing. He stands up. A heavy but low pitch humming sound follows into the high notes and he breaks into a song and sings it with his hands swaying up...

As he chooses to ignore the stage exit and steps down to walk towards the farthest exit meant for audience, he keeps singing but lowers his tone. The shadow on the farthest seat of the last row moves; claps twice, gently but firmly, as he makes his exit out of the hall...

Emancipation...! Is it the right expression? Is expression the true communication? Is communication the reality of actuality of emotions? Are

they anyway needed? Nothingness; as it sways its ambience of musicality in every speck of beingness; is no emancipation! Is It? Emancipation is not even a probability; it is a mirage people chase, very much like life; never there, in substance but always standing tall, in front, in feel of expressions, communication; enticing somethingness; everythingness...!

The Big Bang was primeval emancipation...? May be...! Energies, matter, mustn't be too heavy; too warped. Purpose, outcomes, reasons, eventualities; they are all too heavy and clumped realities. Big Bang has to happen; it must; to emancipate, free, release, unfetter, unleash, unwarp and unwind... It unchains the incarcerated; trapped-clumped energies and initiates the processes of probabilities to unleash dimensions of realities...

Big Bang has to happen... Galaxies have to happen; stars have to shape up, planets and lives have to acquire dimensionality. The cosmos has no purpose; but it probably has processes. The processes are innate, embedded, entrenched. The matter happens; anti-matter follows... Electron happens; positron follows... Black Hole happens; White Hole follows... Conflict and contradiction are processes. Attainment happens; emancipation must follow...

Probabilities need to journey novelty of pathways; in unreasoned and unpurposed causalities. Causalities too need be emancipated of outcomes; especially the preferred, benchmarked ones. Freedom, like life, seeks myriads of expressions to install its substantiality and then; the corruption and mediocrity of outcomes seed up. Processes pathway everything...

It takes so much time; billions of years. Journeying of probabilities is a long; very protracted one. Life is too fragile; too miniscule, ephemeral! Billion realities and their zillion probabilities line up for staging their symphonies within a few years of life; living! Every passing hour is squandering millions of probabilities. The slavery; fettered consciousness, itself inviting the diamond studded thick chains to clamp around existence!

The purpose, outcomes; reasonability and attainments are so crippling and incarcerating. The audience; applause, encores and approvals are out to negate probabilities. The ever-culpable and failed romanticism with trepidation, apprehensions, unsettledness and a never-ceasing yearning for wearing, flaunting the jewelry of successes; especially the benchmarked populist ones, stands as the big bulky sentinel of self-validation, on the portals of novel-alternative probabilities of realities. Slavery is subconsciously purchased; at un-measurable costs. Journeys, however, need no approval; no applauses; not even benchmarking of successes. Journeys seek no expressions; no self-validation either. They happen; like life happens and they unchain, unfetter, unreason and emancipate. Processes pathway everything...

Emancipation is tough; that's why required! To unleash...! Big Bang must always happen; in cyclicity and perpetuity. Potentials must never be baptized and assigned to ritualistic routines of righteousness, appropriates and successes. Why? Probably because, the very nomenclature and reality of 'Must' is a possible slavery! Why life 'must' happen? Why purpose 'Must' happen? Why success 'Must' happen. Even probabilities 'Must' not always happen! Mortality happens; even when everyone seeks, it 'Must' never happen...

Potentials are probabilities and they blossom in the innate milieus of honesty, innocence, affection and compassion. Freedom and liberty are not the right expressions. Compassion has the potential for emancipation. Emancipation also carries the burden of ritualism and egoism. Compassion also unconsciously seeks validation and commerce of bartered exchanges. Journeying is alighting, the burden and travel with bare basics. Journeying itself is a universe of causalities. Life itself is a cosmos of probabilities of causalities. Journeying and life need no external and cognitive causalities of human cultural commerce.

Nakedness is the causality; it does not require the external, cultural, expressional, ritualistic causality of 'Without Clothes'. Causalities are not witnessed this way. Outcomes do not shape up the cause. Unclothing cannot define nakedness; should not. Innate cannot be shaped up by definitional ritualism of negation of synthetic realism. Nakedness cannot be seen from the perspective of fabrics and its negation. Negation cannot be emancipation...

Nakedness is not un-wearing. Emancipation from clothing is not nakedness. Nude is innate availability. Nothingness is not lack of somethingness or freedom from everythingness. Nothingness is innate availability. You do not do anything for nakedness of nothingness. It is what it has always been. Effort for attainment is enterprise in egoism and ritualism.

Culturally, unleashing has to begin with ritualism of egoism. Unleashing begins as an enterprise as, since childhood, every action and behavior have been trained to be energized by egoism of unconscious and subconscious. Emancipation; unleashing cannot escape the ritualism of egoism. The consciousness has to exercise its protagonistic attitudes to ensure emancipation. Nakedness has to be processed; un-wearing has to happen; consciously, clothes have to be put off. Consciousness, as a media, 'Must' at least announce; it intends unleashing! The ritualism of stage performance and encore must happen; habitually; procedurally.

Habituality is preferred slavery of humanity – unconscious, subconscious; even willfully conscious. Brain design is in deep infatuation with habituality. It is the primeval causality to optimize survival. But then, brain and mind consciousness is no way restricted to evolve and diversify love and look beyond habitual romance.

Life itself becomes a habit. The guardians of cultures tell you to make success as habit. You Must never be; naked and nothing. As a habit; some purpose and some occasion to 'dress up' is always present. We always wear so many

purposes and very innately, the consciousness has a full and overflowing wardrobe; different shades and styles of marvelous fabrics, to suit all occasions. Successes and approvals; as habitual rituals; have to follow. Slavery is habitual; egoism seeks successes of slavery. Ritualism ensures; audiences never go home, before applauding...

... The Big Bang has happened. Emancipation was decided and it has begun to happen. The process is well at place. The probabilities are now waiting in the wings. So are the rituals of freedom and unfettered-ness. The smashed violin, late at night after his last performance, has been heard by all. As he slept the night in complete nakedness; the media worked in full might to dress it up with all probabilities of attributions and shades of meanings. As he shall wake up; the world shall also, with the heralding of the insinuations of his smashed violin. He however shall wake up to his own consciousness. He shall greet the dawn with nakedness of nothingness. He slept with this resolve. The rituals and probabilities however, he could not frame up. It shall unravel as the day shall progress. The Sun is preparing its march and shall be out in an hour.

For the last 45 years of his life, since he landed on the cradle, he has been with this instrument. Applauds and standing ovations have been part of his life for the last 25 years as he remains the most acclaimed violinist of the world.

Success has been a habit and approvals have been ritualistically available. Life however is always a mixed bag. People love his music. The critics and media have never spared a chance to find fault with his personal life-living and run him down for what they felt, he hasn't achieved; therefore not to be a great as yet! The external perspective always finds the missing 'Must', which someone

has not yet pocketed and therefore, is yet to sit settled on the pedestal of prominence.

The Big Bang was his staged ritualism for announcing his emancipation; not to the world but himself. Somehow, the 25 years of slavery of purposefulness had necessitated it. Necessity however, is not always the prime energy of actionability. Ultimately, something has to happen not because it is necessary to happen. It happens because consciousness becomes breathless and the suffocation of clumped energies themselves seeks emancipation. Nothing can happen in definitive certainty if consciousness is habitually in blissful drift of energies. The blocked, clumped energies smother consciousness and make it breathless. The Big Bang happens to emancipate consciousness from definitive death and smash away all suffocating energies of purposes to allow and invite novel probabilities. Nakedness of nothingness is the primary need; probabilities may not happen; they automatically rush in to fill in the void.

Dawn is not truly the beginning of the day. It may actually be an anticlimax of the initiation of the design of the night. Time is intuitively designed this way for human cognition. It is another slavery of habituality. Essentially, light is innately antagonistic to the reality of nakedness. The darkness and improbabilistic lap of night is true theatre of nakedness to unleash its beauty, grace, poise and purposelessness. Dawn and its golden lights are invite to dressing up of purposes. The wardrobe is full of them but tragically enough; all the dresses adorning the wardrobe is a gift by someone, expecting you to wear them to make you look what they thought you should. Nakedness is innate and wholly personal wardrobe. The skin we wear is no gift.

Nothing internal is easy to be attained if externalities are out in the open and in luminosity of the day, to barge in. Causalities are always neutral. They present equal and full faces of both utility and futility. It is about, which side of the information of reality, your consciousness aligns with. When externalities are

exited, their habitual acoustics are subdued or fully unworn; the dimensions inside present alternatives. Nakedness ain't ritual but initially; it has to be consciously manufactured to ensure freedom from externalities...

He still lies in his bed. Years back, he has understood and accepted the futility of enterprise to stop the brain. Slavery of milieus and its causalities is what brain is designed for. It simply cannot accept stoppages. The very emergent and incessantly actionable mind mechanism and its optionlessness, is what he has unraveled after loads of still and leisurely inactionability. He knows; it took him more than a decade to master his craft of musicality; especially the instrument he played; to align to his imagery of realities. He accepts; it shall take him long, before he innately masters the artistry of nakedness and nothingness. The mind consciousness may attain freedom overnight but its deep and habitual slavery shall go away only gradually and that too with conscious enterprise. He is in no hurry. He has at least witnessed the space beyond timeliness feel. He knows how to be on the better side of ritualism of time.

With his coffee mug in his hands, he sits watching the blue sky, which stretched from his window to infinity. He can see; there is probabilities beyond the sky intuitiveness. The wind, clouds, rains, light, dust, storms, etc, he has lived out for years. He intends to see, feel, live and sustain beyond them; into the vastness of probabilities of space. Within; the landscape of his consciousness and life-living; he has lived out tears, smiles, successes, failures, adulations, condemnations, awards, etc. He knows; there are probabilities; precarious though; and he is definitely journeying them; as he has unleashed the process of Emancipation. The rituals have to fall in place...

Probably, the primary ritual, he *begins to think*; should be emancipation from the sky and landscape of Time. Lighting a cigarette, inhaling thick cloud of smoke inside his chest; he asks himself – How do I actually feel the 45 years

of my life? What exactly is the singular metaphor of 45? In music, he has always created metaphors for every single note he played. He created a mental imagery of how a specific note of music would look like, if it stood in front of him in flesh and blood. He asks, 'How would 45, the feel of it, look, if it stood in front of me, in physicality and tangibility?'

Probably; he *begins to think*; the ritual of emancipation must commence with tearing apart and throwing away the 'dresses' and make the Time stand in perfect nakedness in front of him. He asks himself, 'Why bother what 45 should look, if it stood in front of me. Better that I strip it nude and then visualize, how it should look up now and beyond.' He smiles! Confronting your own stupidities and prejudices can do nothing but make you smile; if you have the courage to accept them...

He smiles as he knows; he has this preferred penchant for nakedness.

Nakedness itself is a limiting sky for most. He was blessed; he could see and journey beyond this limitation. Nakedness for him was not an expression and communication of sensuality and sensuousness. Nakedness brings him skin close to his own eventuality, fragility, transience and mortality. Nakedness roots him; makes him feel real and true. The usual utility of nakedness and its blissfulness is always there to imbibe and be grateful to. He smiles; he decides, this ritualism may itself be against the very idea of emancipation. He cannot undress Time and stand it naked. He wishes to journey an un-trodden path.

He has to compose a novel ritual to create an alternative metaphor of Time, as he stands to visualize '45' and; beyond. If Time is a stage, full of frills of extremities of successes and failures and love and hate; he visualizes it as a mathematical proposition of $5+40$. First five years of his life; as formless and purposeless child; he distinctly remembers, could stand out as one Time sky. Rest of the 40 he feels is almost like a passing second; or a canvass painted only with one red color, with no undulations and dimensions. The '40', after

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