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*“Nothing, but excellence extraordinary should touch it. The vitiating handle of mediocrity must never ever be allowed an audience. The purpose need always be ensconced on the high pedestal of what the brilliance of precious elements installs. When the **enchantress** weaves the mesmerizing magic of potentials, stupidities of patchy and parsimonious propensities shouldn’t extend witness. The potentials have the transcendental stamp of definitive immensity of worthiness and utmost utility. It has the sovereign seal and signature of the **enchantress**...”*



Words Must Be Forgiven... Restrictive Competence of Vocabulary-Dependent Expressions Must Be Excused.

We Are Talking Intimacy – The Language Of Consciousnesses! May the *Enchantress* Lend Her Magicity for Optimal Fruition of the Enterprise...



Prologue

674592374560213. This probably is the number of romance novels already written so far in the long history of humanity. Where then is this stupid need to add another! You too may have read as many; you probably don't even remember the count. Why should you waste time and energy on another? They presumably are all the same – a man, a woman, their attitudes, idiosyncrasies, conflicts, the unending platitudes of one-upmanship and game-gimmicks, situational twist and turn, milieu-specifics, abstractions of acceptances and absurdities of author-orchestrations of fantasies and imagination-engineering. You probably have read the classics, the recommended, the popular, the trending, et al. Why then this another addition; that too by a male; tragically a 52 year old?

Hmm...! The legitimacy of this inquisition is regal. The answer must be worth more than a kingdom. Life is too precious and ephemeral to waste on anything less than imperially ornate and genuinely creditable...

Somehow, any question, though valid on its own, is only a derivative emergence from the parentage of all questions – the core and singular question. This primeval and transcendental question is – What is worth? What makes anything worthy? Well; thousands of years, millions of men and women, billions of wise words and unending ideas, et al have not yet arrived at a singular indisputable answer. Why?

Yes; now we have come to the *pre-state* of all questions – the one, which is the seed of all questions and therefore the probable singular answer. There can never be anything singular in human world of existences because, *Reality* may be what it is; it is always contextual and relativistic to subjective, personal consciousness of different men and women. Naturally, when *Reality* is perceived differently by 7.5 billion people of our world, there is nothing singular – be it worth or utility.

Love, intimacy, man-woman relationship, couple-consciousness, togetherness, mutuality, et al have infinite shades because, *Reality* is perceived in infinite shades. It is because of the way our consciousness has been designed to have different cognition, depending upon personal and subjective elements of body-mind-milieu constitution. It is this acceptance; about *Reality*, *Consciousness* and *Cognition*, which takes everything about intimacy, love and romance to a new level of worth and utility, which is truly majestic. When you can decipher the *Seed-Reality* of all probable shades of *Fruitings* of intimacy and love; you emerge as the true genius of everythingness of man-woman probabilities.

... won't you love to be this genius and decode the parentage of all 674592374560213 shades of romance causalities so far and yet; become the *Seed* of another 674592374560213 in your lifetime? What then you are waiting for! Welcome...



*Inevitability is coded in algorithmic causalities. Certainty of eventuality often impregnates the womb of mediocrity. The enchantress ordines the finality but; ain't culpable of prosaic and pedestrian. People are...
Inevitability of intimacy must never bow below resplendently majestic.
What other eligibility men and women can aspire for...*

At The Very Outset...

It is a huge facility and opportunity that more than 80 percent of romance readers are women. Why? Because, sanity and rationality has better potentials with feminine cognition, especially, when it comes to *Reality of Intimacy*. Why? Ask evolution; ask the design of the 'media' of consciousness...

The author is sure; the essence of the intent of the content of this eBook shall blossom in the compassionate and assimilative cognitions of my worthy women readers. Why? Ask the cosmic construct, which has chosen the *Reality* to unravel its most munificently genuine elements, primarily this way...

This symphony of elemental intimacy is dedicated to the contemporary empowered women, their innate sense of sanity and 'connect', with the finality of reality...



Thanks For Your Magnanimity, The Story Begins Now...

Nothing works. No meaning; worth either. Rather, nothing else seems to exist...!

But then; *nothingness*, in its magnanimous holism and munificent entirety, is optimal, resplendently rewarding; if not perfect...

It is a *Black Hole* situation. Everything is pulled down to the *pointed-ness* of the centrality of ultimate eventuality. The finality of nothingness is so colossally intense and formidable; it melts all *being-ness*. All probabilities of diversities of *Reality* end and what possibly remains is; singularity of situation...

The mass, the gravitational force, the *barycenter*; leaves everything mesmerized and enslaved to the pointed-ness of finality. Nothing can escape it...! The *Black Hole* finality is the destiny. The randomization of entropic probabilities schematically settles for this ultimate-end. The Reality is so magically and beautifully *warped*, nothing can escape it; nobody wants to...!

This *enchantress* has the *Black Hole* charisma. The mystical marvel of the mechanismic magicality of her finality is inescapable; who wants to...!

Consciousness is authoritative too. It's a warrior; has to be, it must... Marvelously armed; with resolve, reason, purpose, prudence, evolved rationality, et al.

Consciousness; in its evolved and poised optimality, is no drifting planet; it is a shining star of the galaxy. Consciousness has its own mega mass of reason, the gravitation of resolve and the potential to *warp* the time-space fabric of Reality too; in its own inimitable ways.

But then, the finality is inescapable. Nothing works, when the *enchantress* enters the frame; her *black hole* magicality begins to script the epilogue of eventuality...!

Rather, the Consciousness itself happily acquiesces to be the amicable accomplice of the *enchantress*. Her magical *warping* ensures; everything is in audience and perfect symmetry of the *finality*...!



The Consciousness; in *generic* state, is just a malleable *media*. The *enchantress* has the design well at place and her mystical magic runs through the media; even if the consciousness has *specificity* of cognition. The inventiveness and asymmetrical artistry of playfulness of the consciousness, in the theatre of worldly confusion and

chaos itself, is the spectacle of the *enchantress*. The unfathomable and inexplicable cognition of men and women to extricate something meaningfully and intuitively enjoyable, even amid the over-encompassing transient and mortal life-living realism is the ostensible orchestration of the *enchantress*.

The *enchantress* plays out her rainbowish *tricks* and tantrums in the circus of life and everyone is happily part of the show's symmetry. Some may laugh, some may weep but all participate in this show. Truth; the *Reality*, also applauds along with the audience. Everyone is happy and thrilled! Entropy and randomizations seed the razzmatazz of probabilities. What is untrue and useless, even when the show of the circus is transient and ephemeral? The *enchantress* has the authoritative magic wand; she can and does *warp* the Reality...!

Men and women are presumptuous *protagonists* of infinite shades of cognitions that their consciousnesses may come up with, to lend handsomeness to the myriad expression of Reality. The richness, the opulence and diversity of the personal parentheses must add royalty to the show. When the *enchantress* is at the reign, nothing mediocre must touch the empire of excellence.

Women and men must evolve to the brilliance; when the curtains are moved, stage is set and the show must begin. This mortal world of precarious eventualities, with entrenched propensities for wastefulness of all attainments, has joys and ecstasy like scratching an *itch*. It begins with euphoria, peaks as orgasmic gratification and always ends in gashed and wounded skin and; blood in hands. Those evolved women and men of brilliance, *who have arrived before they begin*, consciously remain invested in the singular utility and worth of intimacy of togetherness. Their journey is infinite extension and expansion of their *arrival*...

... our woman and man; they now arrive. Their journey begins...



She has been around for a while, and he has not been oblivious of it. Rather, in his first passing look at her, he was not only not impressed, but somehow disapproving of her physicality. He felt, she looked awkward. Why, how? He wasn't even interested; probably too preoccupied with his other investments of life-living. It was just a passing feeling, a normal registry of subconscious brain state; nothing very specific.

She probably has not even noticed him. They however exist in the same *galaxy*.

Probabilities have a *pre-state*. They do not happen in vacuum. But then, even vacuum has oscillations. Oscillations have the potential; all probabilities seek survival and sustenance from potentials. What then is this *potential*...?

Miracles happen in the *pre-state*. It is a womb of probabilities, not visible and perceivable to stupidly designed sensory capacities of men and women. When the fruition of probabilities happens, it presents itself as *magic* and marvel. Average consciousness has no choice but to accept it that way. Human world is therefore, full of *magic* and there are always huge acceptance of it. Few men and women of genius however, have the evolved higher consciousness to unravel the marvel...

The galaxy of probabilities and its *pre-state* is the colossal cosmic construct itself. The consciousness is innately designed to flourish in marvel and mysticism. Consciousness remains invested in its own beliefs and often finds *Cognition* as awkward and unimpressive. The *consciousness* and *cognition* are entwined realities. When 'He' is the Consciousness, 'She' is his Cognition; and when 'She' is the Consciousness, 'He' presents himself as her Cognition. Consciousnesses as *media* of expressions of Reality are designed to align with complementing elements. Consciousness and Cognitions is the first couple of the world of Reality.

Both *He* and *She* have oscillations and; both are huge potentials. But then; *Black Hole* miracle does not happen every Sunday...! The *pre-state* has the design; the *enchantress* has to make the last call. Eventualities must traverse the beautiful

avenues of probabilities. The inventiveness and asymmetrical artistry of playfulness of the consciousnesses of man and woman must be allowed the innate liberty to have industrious latitude with probabilities.



There is a crisis in the company and after an emergency meeting, the CEO asks his people to pair up in five different teams and asks all five teams to come up with a solution. All teams, comprising two people, are asked to deliberate separately, without trying to know what others are doing. She is teamed up with him. The teams are to submit their plans after 48 hours.

First time in a month, after she has joined his office, he has the occasion to see her closely. Before leaving office for the day, all five teams are having coffee together. He can see her inches close to him. As part of the team, both sit together in a small sofa. He cannot resist a smile as he realizes, she is not awkward but has marked out features in her face, which manifests an asymmetrical look to her from a distance. He accepts, she probably did not fit exactly into his subconscious imagery of a woman and probably this made her look awkward to him in his first impression. However, she has an assuring presence. He immediately likes the way she naturally comforts everyone, helping with coffee and encouraging words.

She is calm, listening as he talks; keeps looking at him all the while. They disburse after few minutes and he requests her to come up to his office room so that they could talk a few minutes about the work at hand. She follows him.



What is a potential? How it builds up and expresses itself? Nothingness is the potential. It is the *pre-state* of all probabilities. Once you happen, you actually negate rest of the probabilities. *Don't Be, You Shall Be* is the pre-state of potentials. This nothingness is a deep consciousness of unaffected innocence and simplicity. This nothingness is subconscious vacuum; of course with oscillations but not with *warped* insinuation. This consciousness automatically aligns with generic cognition. The 'He' and 'She' must not be slaves of orbited-consciousnesses. They need be in *pre-state* and the probability is automatically potentialized. The oscillations work out their potentials...

'I wanted to have a small talk on how we need to go about it but I feel, you look tired, we sure can start afresh tomorrow, we have enough time', he says, as both settle in his office room.

She smiles, a labored one, assures him that she is okay and asks him to continue.

He is not sure. He takes deep look at her and he makes a decision. He leaves his seat, adjusts the air conditioner, drags a chair and sits close to her.

'My mother has big eyes. When she is angry with me, she would never say a word to me. But, her eyes are like big window to her heart. I can always trace the clouds from the lining of her eyes. You have the same trouble. Or, probably my stupidity is seeing clouds in your eyes as my genius is obsessed with big eye communication.'

She cannot resist a smile, the true one; not labored.

'Your mother is fortunate; she has you. I am not as good as you. Unfortunately, my mother has small eyes. But, they have clouds and they rain. I cannot help her clouds but just try to offer my big eyes to share her rains.'

‘Nobody can be good enough for mothers. In fact, an individual is too insufficient to shape up anything good. I simply try to make her feel, she is always the star and I am still the petty planet that survives because it orbits around her. You know, people should not be primary context of your sense of reward in life. Because, then you become a puppet of attitudinal strings of others. My mother; many others of her times, I have watched, owe their clouds and rains to these external strings. Relationships are *connects* of consciousnesses; not *contexts*. But, they were raised and evolved this way. You have to accept a reality also from other’s perspective. She is right on her own right.’

She understands what he is trying to convey. She even agrees with him. Rather, she finds it interesting the way he presented a reality with simple yet specific perspective. Her genius could sense, even in rather short time she has spent with him; he has something, which most men do not have – the compassionate acceptance of *others* and the innate *will* to lend them respectability.

In the next few minutes, he tells her how he sees the trouble and how he approaches the solution. She has been new to the company but she agrees to his approach and they decide to proceed on this premise when they meet next day in the office.

Next few hours are good for both as they know each other a bit. He drops her home, has a great time with her mother. They spend time making each other feel better. All three could feel; efforts are being made to drive the *clouds* away and forget about *rains*. The Sun must shine, bright and smiling; for the probabilities to harvest a good crop.



Consciousness needs to be free. It also needs to see and accept fellow consciousness as independent. Two lives are good enough to be in best of amicability and empathy. The consciousnesses have enough space to avoid the occasion of any collision. But then, people have this subconscious inclination to restrict relationships into *contexts*. Consciousness itself has this entrenched propensity to enslave itself with attitudinal chains. It extends its enslaved cognition to other consciousnesses by associational contexts. People need to be free; consciousnesses need to be independent.

Love is not required in relationships. Rather, it is an expression of enslaved consciousnesses, which seek others to fall in linearity with their *context* and associational positioning. Love is a rather restrictive and ingenious cognition of slave consciousness.

The free and independent consciousness does not seek others to be in any specific mould and context. They are simple, natural, uncomplicated, easygoing and not given to ingenuity. Such consciousnesses naturally and effortlessly *connect* with others. The natural simplicity and innate innocence ensures the consciousness is not eclipsed by *attitudes*. Relationships are unending journeys of evolving probabilities. They never take off or end abruptly as *attitudes* are biggest annihilators of any probability. Insinuation of inevitability of love kills probabilities. It is the worst attitude, emaciating a journey, before it even takes a sound start.

The 'connect' between two free consciousnesses seeks no context and association insinuations. The free consciousness has enough vacuum space for independent relationship; the vast space has enough oscillations of compassion and affection. The oscillations create infinite probabilities, without insisting on specificity of context and association. Free and evolved higher consciousness has elemental magnetism; it draws and connects, unlike *attitudes*, which pulls away and disconnects.

Essentially, when 'He' happens to be the free consciousness, 'She' automatically fits in as *His* compassionate cognition. And, when 'She' is the free consciousness, 'He'

fills in to be *Her* gracefully elegant cognition. Relationships need never be slave to contexts and associations. Relationships must always be between two free consciousnesses. Such relationships are not benchmarked by abstractions of stupidity and hypocrisy of Love. They have good measure of palpable compassion. The oscillations do the rest...

He is a confident and secure man; innately attuned to compassionate acceptance of reality, knowledgeable; understands the requirement of accommodation and assimilation of *others*. He has big heart; keeps the space growing. He accepts fallibility; as growth energy for incessant evolution.

She has magicality of mystical proportions. Her elemental womanhood and fundamental innocence is not only intact, rather has blossomed into a numinous cadence of deep note symphony. She has had a tough life and it seems; it has made her perfect the musicality of her subconscious. The harmony of melody inside reflects and resonates brilliantly on her conscious persona. Symmetry and sobriety is stamped on everything she does. Very little she speaks but her body linguistics serenade the rhythm of her consciousness.

May be, her body compensates the deficit of her dependence on vocabulary. Everything about her physicality is slightly more pronounced than usual. Her eyes are unusually big, taking over her mulberry voice to do the required talking. Her lips stretch slightly more, reaching out on both ends of her cheeks. Her nose is also a little long, curved at the end, which in consonance with her big eyes gives her an 'awkward' look. Her long black tresses reach below her waist. Even in her body, everything looks inches or two extra than most women have. In entirety, her persona gets a feel of she being endowed with plentiful-ness of the nature. Probably, subconsciously, she allows her endowments to acquire carelessness, qualifying her to be perceived with mystical asymmetry.



Mediocrity of subconscious mind state expresses itself in conscious choices of reaching out for association of specific intent and content. Often, therefore, relationships between people happen but have linkages from one side only. Mediocrity reaches out, intents create nomenclatures and identity is accepted as reality. Often, therefore, friendship, even love is baptized and celebrated but the missing reciprocity and ‘mutuality’ ensures that it essentially is shadow of realism. Mediocrity kills most relationships and then, promptly ensures that the culpability is shifted to the same person, to whom it had rushed to reach and associate.

Sadly, the initiation of love’s journey hypothesizes the inevitability of two *lovers* but ends up one being victim and other as culpable. Love restricts itself to memories or photo frames and injured emotions continue their journeys in different pathways.

Excellence is all about endowment of the critical mass and energy of subconscious poise and sanity. Excellence *warp*s the time-space fabric of the milieu around the person. This engenders the gravitational force, powerful enough to draw all entities. Mediocrity reaches out; excellence is ensconced and pulls people around in orbited causality. This causality itself is the everythingness of all contents of intents and associations. It keeps journeying, unendingly; in symbiotic space.

Attainments in life have definite mechanism. Some freebies apart, only eligibilities have success awaiting them. Often, tragically enough, most people feel, love itself is the best eligibility and it has everything that success would seek. Love is the worst hypocrisy of eligibility. It is the inventive cover up of the mediocrity of subconscious mind to hide its substandard qualifications. People usually say, ‘I love him/her so

much, why he/she can't love me too?' As if they are saying, I am a billionaire and giving him/her all my moneys, still he/she is not selling his/her wares to me!

Thousands of years back, the geniuses of humanity said it very clearly, 'Only similar and generic elements align and have a lasting relationships'. Personal excellence of evolved eligibilities of consciousness is the common generic element, which innately attracts and aligns with equally eligible one. Excellence does not have to seek. Only mediocrity seeks and expects the disproportionate reward it is not eligible for. Excellence of consciousness is a reward unto itself; it has no need to seek.

He has it; she can smell it. She presides over it; he relishes and respects it.



The felicitation ceremony is simple but a happy occasion. He had outlined the presentation, they had worked together on it; she presented it with amazing élan. All five teams had done great jobs but it was the uniqueness and novelty of the approach that won the first award. He was not sure; she didn't even care but both were not surprised. Both the consciousnesses had worked together with singular cognition and the *togetherness* itself was their best reward. He was happy for her, as he made her receive the award from the CEO. She felt peace inside that he was happy for her.

... often, the subconscious artistry is playing up with probabilities of algorithmic craft and the conscious mind states get the feel of its registry much later. May be, it is the embedded trouble of differentiated languages that the two domains of subconscious and conscious mind states accept for communication. The conscious mind excels in humanly designed words and accepts its cognitive shades, aligning with the ambient

milieus, from which they originate. It is the culturally aligned cognitive platform. The subconscious however is more attuned to neuro-chemical language of the plexus of sensory channels. Its cognitive roots are in experiential layers of entrenched familiarity. The dualism of cognitions and linguistics is the design of consciousness. For stupidity and mediocrity, it is warehouse of troubles. For the genius, it is the inventory of craftsmanship for infinite bliss.

The consciousness is a brilliant warrior. It has calamitous potentials, as with most brilliance. The discipline of reasoned rationality is a must for those, who are the habitual winner of all enterprises. A disciplined warrior never kills a probability. It rather lets it unravel its intent and carefully allow full blown expression to its tenacity, before executing a finality. He understands dualism; waiting its causality to play out its details and intent...

His conscious mind can clearly see and fix *where* and *when* it has happened. He is however trying to put the *details* in perspective. All along, he is trying to align his subconscious and conscious cognitions in linearity and symmetry. The picture is already emerging. He is not in denial but in reasoned awareness of the logicity of communication. He however, cannot understand; the *enchantress* has already *warped* the reality and; the *black hole* magicality has already oscillated the cognitions.

She had received the award, had her photo moment, showed up to her colleagues and had walked to him, bowing her head down and her eyes half closed. He had stood up, she was inches close, she tried to hand over the trophy to him; he did not take it. Instead, he joined his palms, touched her chin with eight fingers of his joined hands and gently lifted her face up. Like a flash, she opened her big eyes full and looked deeply at him... Everything *happened* within ten seconds and immediately, he left her as the CEO called him up on the dais for the ceremonial pictures.

His conscious mind can clearly see and fix *where* and *when* it had happened. This *three second* time span he is trying to unravel for the last one hour. The touch of her

chin, the big eyes looked up and something *happened*. Her eyes are so big, it could never go unnoticed, whenever in the past 48 hours they met and worked together. That moment, was however, mystical. There was something; inexplicable yet very intense. The *three second* conundrum he is trying to unravel but his cognition is failing him.

He distinctly remembers, he had left her within seconds of her big eyes looking up at him but, it is still so eked in his mind that it felt, as if he was still standing there inches close to her and only a part of him moved out to join the CEO. May be, it was his deep innate desire to continue with the bliss of the moment of touch, which made him feel, he was continuing there. He is rather perturbed he does not remember anything happening around him with clarity, after he moved out. Or, may be the impact of her big eyes looking up at him had not yet finished and it lingered with him, even as he moved out. One thing is definitive; something mystical had happened in the *three seconds* time-span, when he touched her and she looked up to him, with something undecipherable in her big wide open eyes.

What is *bliss*? It is a *fraud* on consciousness the cognition plays, with utmost homeostatic excellence and exuberance. When the *enchantress* ‘warps’ the reality, it tricks cognition into acceptance of *arriving*, even when the journey of consciousness remains unending. Bliss curves the time-space fabric and it in turn creates orbited cognition. The consciousness may actually be moving but the *warped* reality makes the journey cyclic and orbited. Naturally, bliss makes it feel; the time has stopped, the journey has been arrived and all causalities are concomitantly concentric. He is in perfect bliss. He however has the genius to see through the *fraud*. He has stopped, his *time* has stopped. But, his consciousness is a warrior; it cannot stop journeying.

Mediocrity has shallow roots in reality. The tumultuous gush of causalities and reactionary cognitions easily drift it. The genius has its roots deeply entrenched in

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