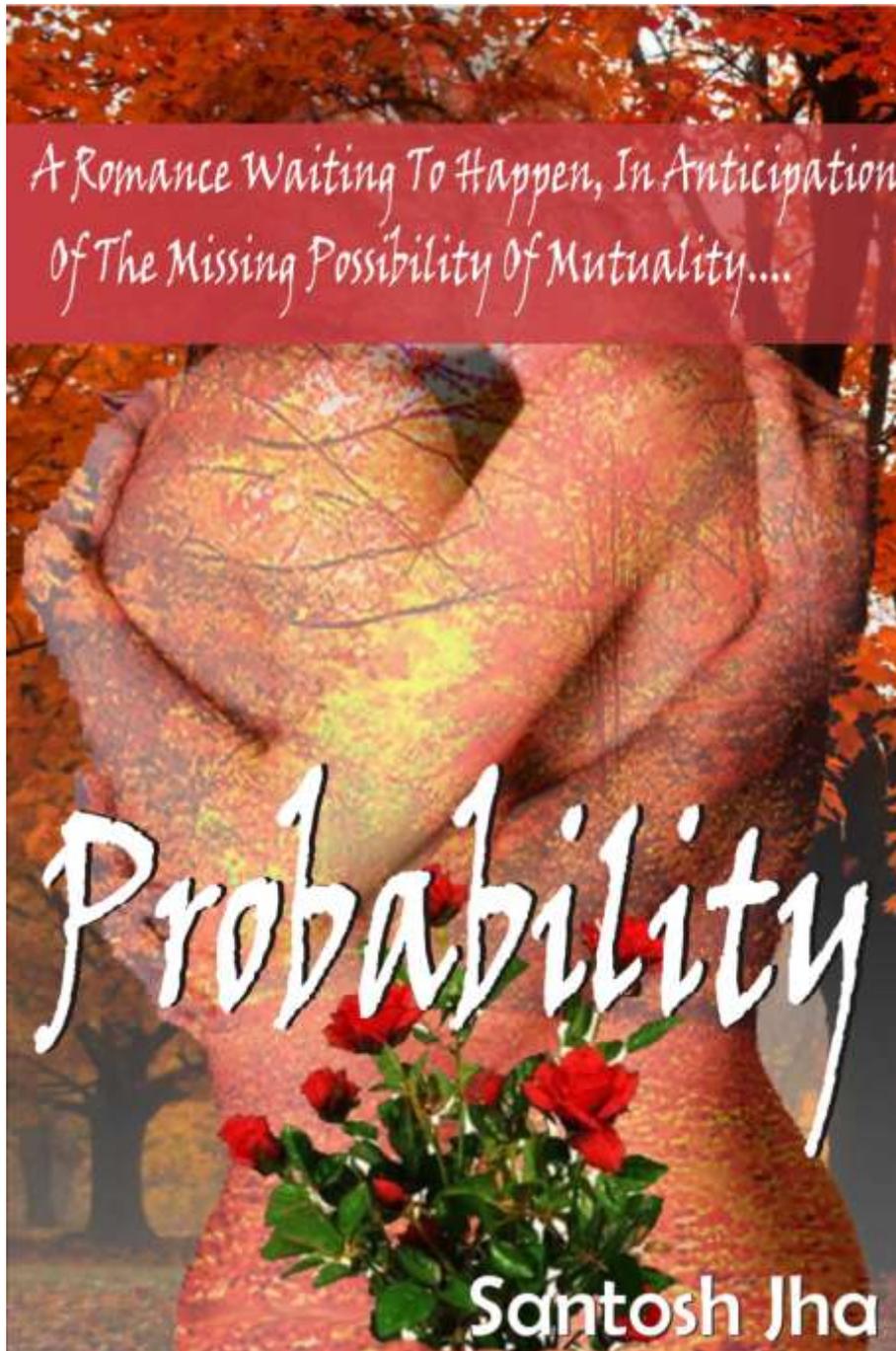


Probability

By Santosh Jha

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Smashwords Edition

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FOREWORD:

There has to be a humble admittance – Any word, however well meant and well spelt, is a possible suspect of misinterpretation. There is a simple reason. People are in different consciousnesses and culturally as well as personally inclined to a specific value-summation of utilities. As a writer it is a huge temptation to take liberties, with not only imaginations, ideas but also with the words, as against their common and popular use. Do kindly accept my latitude with language, choice of words and interpretation of contemporary realisms, as I understand, many times, they may not conform to popular usages and sentiments.

I share with you whatever is part of my consciousness and its honest innocence. All wisdoms say, what stays with you is what sinks in. Wisdom is what we internalize. I share with you whatever I have internalized in my life. This may not be mainstream,

however, may have utility in some meaningful way. I believe, as a reader, you shall enjoy this novelty and pleasant awkwardness of the writing.

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BLISS HAS ITS OWN MYSTICISM and grief has its definitive marvel.

Randomizations of life and living situations engender a heady blend of both to unravel something, which must qualify as magically magnificent life experiences. Destinies do not label up distinctions and discriminations between bliss and grief as both stand as equal utility at the theatre of life; almost uniformly building up randomized probabilities. Life's script is surely energized by these.

One of the most mystically marvelous and magical randomizations of the cosmos – the man woman intimacy, brews this blend of joy and grief to infinite possibilities. Every probability generates precarious compatibilities and beautifully mystical mutualities. Each compatibility-positioning and concoction of man-woman body-mind situationalisms triggers off infinite probabilities. These unbounded journeys of cathartic causality between probability and compatibility have a definitive date with delectable destinies. Mutuality must remain the center-stage of all probabilities even as individuals struggle to write the scripts of their own destinies differently. Rather, all probabilities are beautifully satisfying, filled with fruition, if they happen to engender spectacular shades of mutualities. This is life at its mystical best.

Destinies may shape up and get withered away. However, this continuity of making and unmaking of probabilistic compatibilities and resultant mutuality in intimacy-relationships must remain cyclic. After all, this cyclicity is the eternal energy of randomizations of life and life is so full of probabilities. Surely, all probabilities are

beautiful! If not, then why do all beautiful men and women exist for! Every man and woman has a date with a beautiful probability... People may not be perfectly beautiful but they all always engender perfect and beautiful probabilities. Mutuality itself must remain the most beautiful enterprise and journey of life.

When honesty blooms in a relationship, friendship happens. And when innocence leads the utilities in friendship, even impossibilities become available to lend credence to every probability. In a man-woman intimate relationship, the semblance of friendship always holds up possibilities. Even when everything seems to have been lost in an intimate relationship, the lurking friendship ensures that at least they continue to talk. Even when, their lips are closed and silent, their bodies keep expressing the subtleties of untold intents.

Words do not create possibilities but possibilities entwined in every word always engender beautiful and mystical probabilities. They are still talking, and even when things are not quite well in their relationship, they remain friends and so are the possibilities.

Her long black tresses are almost hiding her radiant yet melancholy face. The only dim light in the room is struggling with darkness. It surely suits her. She does not wish to show up her emotions but her body posture is betraying her intent. The more words are kept in sedate mode; more the intent gets energized and stands upfront. She keeps looking at the thick mat she is sitting over, continuously pulling threads out of it with a slow but firm hand. Her mind keeps weaving possible words she wishes to say but as she consciously chooses not to speak much, her hands are playing the game of unweaving the mat unconsciously.

He is probably in similar state of emotions but he successfully makes it look as if he is in perfect control of things. After all, he is a man and a very successful one. He is trained to be cool and well poised in trying situations. However, as he sits in a chair in front of her, he wishes she could say something, which could lead the talk. He keeps looking at her for a while but she is in no mood to oblige. He is however not complaining. How can he? He is definitely the one patiently waiting for a probability to open up. Finally, he takes the call...

‘I think I should leave now’, he says collecting his car keys and mobile.

‘Are you forgetting something?’, she whispers, still looking down at the mat.

‘What?’

‘Something you wanted to say... may be...!’

‘Does saying something make any difference?’

‘Probably, this *difference* has a bit of peace and satisfaction...’

‘Probably...! Means you are not sure!’

‘What do you mean?’

‘This word called *meaning* has infinite horizon...’

‘Hmmm... and what about your horizon?’

‘Haven’t learnt the artistry of counting the scale of boundaries of the horizon...!’

‘What have you learnt then?’

‘Not easy to say.’

‘Then, what is easy?’

‘Would you like to have coffee; this I can make, it is easy for me, sure...!’

‘Probably...’

‘You know, you... the horizons of your probability are so huge!’

‘Probably... never thought about it, don’t think of things this way...’

‘Ever thought of something, with conviction, beyond probability?’

‘No... never... never felt the need for it.’

‘Sure, not even once in a lifetime?’

‘Can’t say, probably...’

‘Okay... are you breathing, can you say this with surety?’

‘Don’t know; never feel the need to think about things...’

He smiles, which she could see as she lifts her face saying her last words. He rises and walks towards the kitchen. As he prepares the coffee, he can see that she shifts her posture and sits straight, reclining on the sofa behind her. She also arranges her hair and ties a knot. Amazing, how a woman’s body mechanism has facilities to unravel the infinite shades of her intent and shifting moods! He can now see her beautiful face. Good for his determination. Not that it was waning any bit! A man with no patience and perseverance is surely no friends with probabilities. He has loads of it and knows to put it to good use.

‘How is the coffee... now please don’t say I don’t know!’

‘Hmmm... this coffee is also very much like you.’

‘Bitter?’

‘Don’t know.’

‘Bland?’

‘Probably.’

‘Useless, a perfect waste?’

‘Can’t say.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Don’t know, may be I shall tell you after I think about it later.’

‘But you just said, you never think about things!’

‘May be you are right, probably I have to start doing it.’

‘Sure?’

‘Don’t know... probably... have to do it someday!’

‘Can you do it, are you sure?’

‘Probably...’

Probabilities are restless; express themselves in million shades of intangibilities. Possibilities infuse energies in infinite stupidities of tangible entities of action-behavior of things around us. It is for the man to show up and reverberate the elements of true and conscientious manhood to unravel the billion joys and utility of feminine intangibilities. The man-woman intimacy has tangible elements of transcendental mutuality of instincts. However, the instincts and innate nature of female and male elements of bodies express these tangibles in culturally distinguished intangibilities of disposition and demeanor. Women shall excel in the artistry of weaving the magical

marvels of intangibilities of deep emotions of subconscious mind, whereas the man must remain honestly conscious and confident of the tangibility of his parental perseverance.

He is a man, very honest, especially with her and truly knowledgeable of the utility of his perseverance. His instinctive nature has sensed the energy of probability in her and like a doting father; he is truly in perfect harmony and rhythm of the intangibility of her moods and action-behavior.

Dualism of mind consciousness in a woman is veritable ecstasy for a true man. This dualism is provocatively palpable in her and he is enjoying like his favorite wine. Intimacies are not meant for action-reaction priorities, as it is something, which is build up, evolved painstakingly and nurtured with patience; above all, with innocence.

He is the master of his craft. She is at the best of her feminine self, unconsciously weaving the magical web of probabilistic potential of pristine intimacies, of which, most women are the first victim themselves. Both are very consciously aware of the utility of the refreshing freedom of friendliness, which shall always be the bottom-line, whatever probabilities, their elemental intangibles may unravel and lead them to. Both are therefore confident and that is why, somehow daringly positive in their respective approaches to the issue at hand.

He finishes the coffee first. He steps down from the chair, comes close to her, sits by her side and picks up a strand of long solitary black curl that has fallen on her yellow dress. She snatches it away from his hand and hides it in her closed palm. He extends his arms, signaling clearly that he wants it back. She ignores his demand and picks up a pencil from the side table, writing a 'no' on his extended palm. He keeps his arm extended and inches it close to her face. She looks at his hands, and a half-smile adorns her face. She inserts the pencil between his arm and the wristband, made of

thick saffron threads, which he is wearing. She starts to spin the pencil, gradually twisting the wristband tighter on his arm. He shows no resentment and is cool as usual. She smiles more and wriggles the band more. He is consciously ready to unleash the probability of the twist of destiny in his favor even as the tightening wristband triggers a pain, which is gradually becoming unbearable. She keeps twisting the pencil and fixes her eyes on his face to watch his face distort in pain. Few seconds later, she stops, as his face remains expressionless. In desperation of her failed enterprise, she pulls out the pencil and brings it close to her eye as if wanting to hurl a curse on the useless pencil. The white pencil has turned red and a drop of blood falls on her yellow dress.

‘Oh God...! You are hurt... are you crazy... why didn’t you tell me to stop? Look at you, you are wounded, this is blood you stupid!

He says nothing but smiles, refusing to see his wound. The pain of his wrist is nothing in comparison to the joy he is receiving from her. He is enjoying the artistry of the magical marvels of intangibilities of deep emotions of subconscious mind of the woman he definitely values more than anything in the world. Bliss surely has its own mysticism and grief has its definitive marvel. Randomizations of life and living situations engender a heady blend of both to unravel something, which qualifies as something magically magnificent.

He is now in patient expectation of the probabilities, which sure is bound to come his way. Intimacy has million shades and it is the artistry of a woman to express them in billion ways. The man in reception of the randomized probabilities of the woman’s mystical marvels of subconscious mind happens to be the most envied entity in the cosmos. He has his pride moments gushing in his way. He closes his eyes to hug all of them. This is blessing and like most good things of life, it is purely intangible.

She suddenly turns into an energy ball. In a flash, she brings in the first aid box, cleanses his cut with anti-septic, applies a healing cream and then gently wraps the bandages on his wound. Her lips are also busy, like her hands ...

‘Look at the cut, how deep it is! Why should you always behave irresponsibly? There is a limit to everything, you know that.’

‘What?’, he asked gently, constantly looking at her face.

‘What...?’

‘I mean, you said something about limits!’

‘Yes, I am talking about the limits of your stupidity’, she says, without looking at him, keeping her eyes on the cut of his wrist, she is attending to.

‘But I didn’t do anything. I just wanted something I found.’

‘It was all your fault, why should you insist on taking something which is mine?’

‘Am I talking about faults? I am just telling you what I feel.’

‘This exactly is your trouble! You really don’t know when to talk and when not to. All men I think have this trouble. They will blabber when they should ideally be silent and listening. And when they need to speak, they will always fumble with words. Even a stupid knows it is time to speak out when you are in pain. There surely is an appropriate time to be a martyr, if ever you have to!’

‘But I was not in pain... or probably didn’t feel it that way.’

‘That is what I call being a martyr for no cause!’

‘I don’t know... may be what you say is what you accept as true at your end but I was not being anything else than what I am. I am just being honest to you, as I always am, because I am always in complete reception of the utility of whatever you do with me. I

have invested my innocence, my consciousness in you. This somehow makes me not only honest but makes me very much a part of you. I was not in reception of the pain as I was there within your own consciousness, and as you were expressing your inner feelings with an act, which you did as plaything, I was truly happy being with you in the joy of the play. If you could see things from my end, you too would accept that I am just being what I am – a stupid whose joys receive sustenance from whatever makes you happy. Above all, I want the continuity of this all in my life forever!

Probably, the impact of the long sentences he said; makes her speechless. Or probably, she has no choice but to accept the sincerity of the innocence of the man, who she knows and accepts as genuine and a true gentleman; someone any girl would accept to be with. She knows, it was really a tough ask not to accept his affection for her and commit herself to him. Still, she is sticking to her resolve not to say yes to him. However, she accepts, she cannot doubt his honesty and innocence.

He senses that his words have animated the probabilities. He also knows it that she is fighting an inner battle to keep herself away from commitment. He is however honest to her and can never think of taking undue advantage of her sensitivities. He values her too much...

‘Sorry... I accept my stupidity... I should not have said this’, he says.

‘No... why should you say sorry...’

‘Yes, I should say because I am putting you into an awkward situation. I understand that being honest is no big deal. I accept that you have your own reasons to do what you think is right. What I intend to arrive at is a mutuality situation and in no way I should land you in a position of discomfort with your resolve.’

‘Why should you be pained because of me and my reasons and choice? I know there are so many girls, who have million reasons to say yes to you. I know I am not someone very special!’

‘Hmmm... you suggest, I should ask some other girl to marry me? How can you be very sure that the other girl may not have any issues with me? So, I would end up asking girls after girls, deal with their reasons and choices and if all of them tell me the same, I would end up being the most ineligible old bachelor well in my forties! You are a corporate strategist... don’t you have a better plan for me...! Why don’t you allow me a second chance to build-up a probability of making you say yes and save some of my precious years...?’

‘Oh God...! Can’t you be serious?’

‘I am. I am here for a serious purpose. I am not a teenager. I am 35 and know my priorities well. I have made a choice and all I want is give my choice full chance to succeed. I am not afraid of failure. I am rather looking at you not as something I have to get and attain. I just wish to be true to a potential I see is there to be actualized. I have a template of life-wellness in my imagination and I see you in the template as an essential to make life a picture perfect. This mutuality is however just a potential as you accepting to be in the template is not in the domain of my enterprise. I only wish to extend all possible chances to this potential of mutuality by extending the honest and most innocent enterprise of my consciousness. In the energies of my initiatives, I only wish a reciprocation of your honesty and innocence. If there is something wrong or inappropriate in my template of wellness, which I foresee in this possibility of mutuality, I shall be only too happy to keep away from it. I want to tell you that I value you very much and it is unimaginable for me to consider anything less than best for you. If I am not the best for your own wellness, I shall be happy to accept this.’

‘But the point is; there is nothing wrong at your end. Things are not in the same league at my end and you cannot blame your enterprise for that. You simply cannot correct or improve the template of other’s life.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘What?’

‘I mean, are you sure that things are not correct at your end and secondly, I cannot make it right or improve it?’

‘May be, at least I accept it this way. I have my own troubles and they are all mine. I don’t want you to be into it. I cannot make myself to extend the shadows of things in your template of perfect life-wellness.’

‘This exactly is what I wish to bring in, into the domain of mutuality.’

‘What?... what do you mean?’

‘Look at me... watch my eyes... for a while kindly drop the guard of your conscious self and accept a unity with the probability of mutuality, I wish to extend a full chance. What you say about your own realism, is what you perceive and accept as. This perception of yours of you and your life-situations not being in harmony and symmetry of my template of mutual wellness is an individualistic and singular realism. It is you, who is accepting this realism but this may not be true and right when things are perceived and allowed to sink in into the domain of mutuality. We are not talking of individual choices. We are talking of mutuality. We are talking of a possible situation of mergers and assimilation of individualistic perceptions into a mutuality, which shall have its own life, its own judgments, its own journeys and its own destinations, quite distinct from our individualistic journeys and destinations. I only wish that you and I extend a full chance to the probability of this mutuality and for that

to happen, we have to de-skin our individualistic perceptions and step into the domain of mutuality.’

‘What if I am essentially reluctant to and rather apprehensive of this probability of mutuality itself? I am probably not comfortable with this very idea of merger of my individualistic self into the mutuality. I am in fact scared of the very idea that once this mutuality happens, it shall take up its own journey and in that journey, the individual self may feel lost and incapacitated. I may not be comfortable with and in perfect wellness with my own skin but it surely scares me to get into the skin of mutuality, about which I have not so good imagery.’

‘I repeat; this too is what I wish to draw into the domain of mutuality.’

‘What?’

‘I am talking about how and why realisms stand distinct at the ends of different persons. They have to be; yet, there always is a probability of commonness and unity of realisms into a singular entity, if mutuality is given a sincere and honest chance. It seems; realism – as a subjective self accepts – is brain’s choice (mostly randomized) of elements from the ambient milieu. Therefore, both fact and fiction are equally entitled to being realism. There are both tangible and intangible elements in any milieu. Consciousness (subjective self) as the navigation mapping mechanism, facilitated by the brain, accepts both elements with equal ease. Interestingly, all tangibles acquire form and content from the intangibles of life and all intangibles attain utility and suitability from tangibles. Therefore, it seems, realism is an eclectic mix of fact and fiction. It depends on early childhood milieu and initial experiences of a person, whether this mix has more fact or more fiction. That is why, it is precisely possible that you and me see different shades of a single realism differently as two different individuals. However, when we de-skin our cultural minds and enter the domain of mutuality, the realism may possibly look singular and same.’

‘Phew...! Is there a possibility of all this you said being a bit easy for me to understand? Either I am not good enough or your idea is not right enough.’

‘Madam Corporate Strategist, there is always a right time for all good things. The watch says, it is the right time for dinner. So, accept the point of mutuality and say yes to dinner with me at your favorite place. This is the first necessary step towards extending full chance to the probability of mutuality. This idea is also right and good enough...’

‘Why do you want to pamper me with a treat... for slashing your wrist?’

‘Exactly...! This wound shall earn me the sympathy of my boss, who shall then allow me a much-needed casual leave. Thanks for making me earn an extended weekend.’

‘Oh God...! I surely do not want this man in my life who wastes his hard-earned money on a stupid girl with such silly pretexts!’

‘Why are you always right...! That is why I need to marry you, who would check my bad habits and stupid ways...’

For a few minutes, both indulge in stupid talks and as she laughs at his witty remarks, he is happy. She is happy too. She does not want to hurt him. She knows his intents are good and he deserves all happiness in life. It is altogether different issue that she does not find herself with him in the template he has of life. He knows well what issues she has in her life and in her thinking. He is happy that she has extended him the chance to build up on his enterprise to engender a probability of the mutuality, which he is sure, is the ultimate benchmark of wellness for both of them. The mutuality is on a journey, at least. The destination is still within the domain of probability.

Inevitability has a pattern and most patterns begin with a set of random probabilities. However, once the random probability creates the seed-start of a certain possibility, the ambient milieu as well as concerned human enterprise need to chip in with well-planned, inventive and artistic inputs of both tangible as well as intangible elements to craft the inevitability of one's suitability and utility. All men and women of substance and success have brilliant artistry of converting most random probabilities into patterns of inevitability of their subjective suitability and profitable utility.

He has the artistry and above all the good intent to engender the inevitability. The random opportunity of dinner is his chance to unleash all elements at his disposal to build up the patterns of possibility of his suitability. He orchestrates the best of both tangibles and intangibles. Those men, who understand subtleties of consciousness and its rainbowish shades, are always better placed with their resources and endowments life provides them with. People look a singular being and unitary self but they are always multi-personality in a single body. The endowments and resources of life have utility and value only to one shade of consciousness. If you have to impress a person with your resources and endowments, you must know in what shade of consciousness the person is currently. If this person you have to impress, is a woman, your task is many times more difficult as she may be standing on the junction of varied shades of consciousness and still connect with all of them at one point of time. He knows and understands all this very well.

Men and women are different and so are their innate consciousnesses. The mind consciousnesses are different because their brains are different. They look and function differently. It is therefore natural that utility and wellness have distinct meanings for male and female. For example, male brains contain about 6.5 times more gray matter; also called thinking matter than women. Female brains have more than 9.5 times as much white matter, the stuff that connects various parts of the brain, than male brains. Moreover, the frontal area of the cortex and the temporal area of the cortex are more

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