



By Santosh Jha

**

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***** ~ ^^ Nobody is alone; none lonely. But then, body does not have true partners; only Consciousness has. Tangibles are ephemeral; mortal. Only intangibles are incessant and immortal. Elements of consciousness are innately aligned to similar constituents of all external realities. We are related; we have consciousness-collaborators; we have mates...! Primarily; everything pre-exists in some space-time situation. Togetherness is wired in deep abyss of unconscious. We just need the simplicity of Cognition to discover them. Decipher your own building blocks; your own constituents of connect. Generic consciousnesses shall join in and shape up the nomenclatures of mutuality... ^^ ~ *****

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A ‘No’ is not your failure. It is just a sign of your unpreparedness for success of ‘Yes’. It needs holism of *Intent*, innocence of *Content* and compassion of *Expression* to arrive at Readiness. A ‘Yes’ within; inside seven layers of Consciousness; shall always innately strike symbiosis with a ‘Yes’ outside. Success is definitively an artistry of internalization. Externally, it only has its reflections in entities...! Say ‘Yes’ to yourself and then; be in compassionate reception of progression of ‘Yes’...

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PREFACE

This is not a book. It is not a story. The pages have *dark something* but they are not sentences. There is something here, in this space; just as a *Probability*. It is here. The book shall happen; the story shall get life; the lines and sentences shall emerge inside you; within your *Consciousness*. ‘You’ and ‘I’ are just the *media* of something, which has already happened somewhere and long time back. What this space humbly endeavors to present as a probability, should ideally have happened in your consciousness. Then only the lines and sentences come alive. You essentially are the true and actual writer of this story and book. Reality has happened billions of years

back. You and I have happened as a media to decipher what is already there. Consciousnesses can decipher all realities. What you decipher; is what Reality stands to unravel itself as. This space and some *dark something* awaits you to decipher a Reality. It is you and your story. It is the way you decipher it. Do tell me the story you decipher. I trust you. You are *potentiated* to be the most magnanimous and compassionate *author*. Happy writing...

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**... She/He Is There, Perfectly Positioned,  
... She/He Evolves With Me, As Imagined,  
In Flesh And Bones, She/He May Be Somewhere,  
We Are A Couple, Since We Were Nowhere,  
Union Has Happened; Conjugation Awaited...  
Bliss Prospers; Her/His Fragrance Anticipated...**

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At The Very Outset...

If only I knew magic; I would have ensured that the words I am lending, for conveyance of intent here, could arrive at you with all humility, simplicity, innocence and honesty. But, I trust you...! **Mediocrity** of mind consciousness can never unravel Reality beyond indulgences, possessions and perpetuity of pleasure. Mediocrity is in deep romance with *denial* and *deception* of 'self' itself. Mediocrity is the creed of humanity and it only harvests the prolific crops of stupidity and hypocrisy.

The year 2020 has massively exposed this malaise of mediocrity as millions of human lives stand hostages to systemic stupidities and hypocrisies of the leaderships, intellectuals and average people alike. Mediocrity of untrained and un-evolved human minds has been the worst assassins of sanity and lives; with its calamitous weaponry of denial and deception. It shall also be the singular causality for human extinction.

Populist and culturally benchmarked perceptions of love, romance and eroticism are hypocritical expressions of the mediocrity of consciousness; innately orienting average, untrained and un-evolved minds towards the indulgences, possessions and perpetuity of pleasures. By its very design, therefore, love, romance and eroticism are infested with debauchery of denial and deception. It has infinite shades and still, it cannot satiate the lustful lure of the untrained and un-evolved. That is why all art, all media, all creativity are dominated by the hypocrisy and debauchery of love, romance and eroticism.

The intent and content of this eBook are definitely outside the purview of this mediocrity. Sanity, goodness, righteousness and true worth are always like tiny islands in the vastness of oceans of mediocrity. Human consciousness is hapless and helpless slave of its milieu and milieus; where humans prosper, are bound to be mediocre. That is why; as a rule; if the milieu is good and right, human consciousness can see and imbibe sanity and poise.

This eBook sure is about man and woman but it has nothing to do with love, romance and eroticism. It is about milieus, consciousness and sanity choices. In the contemporary and ongoing chaos and calamity of mediocrity; this eBook just happened. It was neither intended nor invited. As I humbly said, it is not even a story... It is a *probability*, well within everyone. It just waits to happen inside you.

It is about **YOU**, not *they*, as this new world, emerging after the current calamity, requires a new thinking and novel choices from every individual. The potential is well within you to see, how in every reference of every word here, **YOU** emerge and you put your best consciousness and cognition forward to internalize this all as your own

life-living expression. This eBook has to happen within you; not in blank white pages...

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Acknowledgement



Only humans have the proven stupidity and sustained rigidity to shamelessly turn the *Means* into the *Ends* in itself. All drives and innate instincts, which the evolution installed as means for some thoughtfully worthy Ends; are now avowed, lofty and ultimate attainments of humanity. Money, sex, hunger, power, identity, et al are now finality of all fruitions. Centuries of inverse intelligence and golden hypocrisies are now entrenched and acknowledged benchmarks of cultures and successes. Only a handful resists and refuses to live out this *Slavery of Wired Mediocrity*. Only they have this potential for probability of the Reality... This humble enterprise of intent through words is dedicated to these few women and men of true worthiness... This enterprise happens; its fruition happens, as you happen... Welcome...!

Thanks For Your Magnanimity, The *Probability* Begins Now...

It is 3 am, pre-dawn and mild zephyr has just begun to make its presence felt on her already disheveled tresses. Minutes before, she has moved from her living room to the terrace, hoping, the gush of fresh air may help her, some bit, to arrive at something; she has been ambivalent about since late evening.

Nature's own design and mechanisms are not aimed at the convenience of humans. They have their own processes, energized by causalities, which macrocosmic eventuality present for finality. Metaphorically though; as humans are accustomed to relate with nature in this way; it is accepted that 3-4 am before dawn is the time when all elements in nature stand in obeisance and anticipation for the majesty of Sun to arrive and herald the business time for every speck of the milieu. Naturally, people think, this is the auspicious time when best of and most fruitful epiphanies happen. She is also expecting some epiphany to hit her and save her from her continuing predicament.

All magic is within; inside the plexus of consciousness. The nature can only catalyze a happening but the seed has to be there. She may not benefit from the nature's mechanics as well as from her body's own suitability of 4 am *miracle*. She is actually not struggling with the idea that she wishes to decipher and de-clutter. In most likelihood, her consciousness does not seem to be in linearity and symmetry with the cognitive *prosperity* to deal with the issue at hand. The nature, however, is at its best; most supportive to her comfort; she cannot complain. Everyone should be at its most *supportive* self; when a woman is in perceptible trouble. But it does not happen. People love nature but seldom learn from its innate objectivity and munificence.

The body itself is the biggest barrier. The mind is almost always in deep lustful infatuation and therefore in cohabiting connivance with body basics. The 4 am pre-dawn stage of diurnal cycle probably is the time-space optimality, where the body-

brain love-making hits the orgasmic big bang. The energy of precarious probabilities is hugely heuristically randomized; as in most unions of elements. This eruption and cascading of rhapsodic experience is ideal for fruition of finality of abstractions and imaginative creativity. Unfortunately, what she is facing, is a cognitive algorithm, which has elements rooted in reality; not abstractions. Her predicament may not be galvanized to solution. Rather, it may just become more complex. But then, who knows; this may be right for her; even though she is enterprising for just the opposite of it.

This is probably, what he wanted and had planned for. He had left her with these elements late evening and since then, she is grappling with them. Often, there is a reverse of the situation between a man and a woman. Usually, the woman tosses up something and men, as they are and as is their cognitive positioning, spend sleepless nights deciphering what she meant and what not. Mysticism is a definitive territory of women. Men always find themselves in the receiving end of the marvel of mystery.

The reverse however has happened here. He has left her with words, she has spent the whole night deciphering and still grappling with it. The graying skyline and orange horizon in the east is already unsettling her. She gives up and heads to her bedroom. May be, the light of the day could resolve the predicament. Nothing untoward; if it lingers; ideally, it should. Questions are crucial only till an answer kills them. Better to have questions hanging around than have stupid and hypocritical answers...

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There is nothing hypocritical about his words. They are as real and definitive as the approaching dawn and impeccable Sun. Rather, the trouble is not with his words, which she is struggling with. The trouble is with her consciousness, which is used to unreal and hypocritical ways of expressions and communications.

We live in a world full of hypocrisies and cosmetic ingenuities, where intents are draped with synthetic contents, laced with fanciful yet frivolous frills of attitudinal insinuations. A woman, especially a beautiful and young woman, always has this misery and burden of living in a milieu, where intents and contents are never real and seldom to be trusted as sincere and honest. Often, stupidities lacerate innocence and honesty of an innate feminine cognition more than bad intents. Women, sadly enough, are more the victims of individual and collective stupidities. Instinctively, they protect themselves from generic stupidities and specific demeanors by the shield of attitudes. This shield however, wounds them more than they protect.

His words are true, real and simple. That is why she is troubled. Her subconscious is skeptical, as usual, even though consciously, she is inclined to trust him and accept his words at the face value. The frailty of the woman in her consciousness is unwilling to give up, though she is a confident and empowered woman; no more in entrapment of reactionary youthfulness and unqualified attitudes.

For a woman, continuity and safety of the milieu, she is used to, matters far more than an average man. A woman's wellness as well as her strengths is not as personal or individualistic as is for most men. It should not be, but as is the contemporary stupidities of human world, it tragically is. Moreover, she is no more that young to venture into an enterprise, which uproots her from her settled milieu and suddenly lands her into a space, she has never known. She is 38; she may look 28 but deep within, her rootedness with mid-life stability and settlement makes her scared of the very thought of leaving it for something, which may be far more fruitful.

However, it is the mature woman in her, which is presenting the advocacy in favor of his words. A woman has instinctive design to feel for the real and veraciousness of a situation and person. Instantly, almost; she could feel he was something unusually genuine and sparkling. For a woman, especially a confident and mature woman, the most valuable asset in a man is his strength of conviction and power to overwhelm

others with his impeccable logicality. She accepts, he is meant to be a huge asset, as a person but his proposal is equally scary.

The worst part of all is the speed at which everything has happened. She has almost been flooded with so many things at such short time, since he entered her life. She is at her wits ends to put them all together and have some sense out of them. Sometimes, she feels, is she dreaming it all? Can all these be real?

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Three days back, he had shifted to the apartment flat just in front of her. That day, he had knocked her door, greeted her, introduced himself and had expressed apologies for the inconvenience to her owing to movement of his belongings. Two days later, they met in the parking area. He asked her if she could spare a few minutes of her free time as he had something to talk about some common matter. They agreed to meet after an hour. He offered her coffee at his flat.

She thought he would probably talk something about the common area of their flats as there were only two flats in one floor, with small common area approaching the lift. The last tenant had also sought her consent to put some plant pots and a decorative piece. However, she could not say why but there sure was some strange feeling in her that he had something mysterious to say. The few minutes, she was together with him; from the parking area to the lift they were in for a few second, made it feel to her that she probably knew him before. He too looked amply comfortable with her, behaving as if she was a relative he met often!

Every communication at some stage has a *progression* to it. Those, who are aware and well conversant with the causalities of communication, can easily guess what next is likely to come up and what might be the intent of the content of communication. Two people, who have met only for few minutes, especially a man

and woman, do not converse the way they did. Rather, he did and she felt it. His choice of words and the body language, which backed his expressions made her feel, she was not someone he had barely known. Strangely, subconsciously; she too responded him in the matching familiarity and acceptance. Only later she realized this all.

Familiarity, connect, with a person or thing are always accosted with dualism of mind consciousness. The five senses shall automatically send information about the details of tangible matter; the body basics and the subconscious mind, innately aligned to optimize survival, shall declare the person or thing as stranger or unknown. The conscious mind layers; the cognitive brain with experiences and long-term memories, however can see through the matter and body. It filters out those elements of continuity, connect and familiarity, which are tangibles. True familiarity is always about those elements, which are fragrances of matter; the radiance of body basics.

He had the elements, which a woman naturally finds familiarity and acquaintances with. A woman is deeply familiar with eyes that express affinity; deep but slow voice that reflects care and concern; gestures that speak of respectfulness and above all; words that communicate comfort of continuity and not abruptness of initiation. Connect happens; familiarity is installed, almost instantly, if conscious elements align. If not, then, we know how families, couples and friends remain strangers, despite years of journey of companionship.

She found her familiar as he had the elements of connect. Evolved, empowered and consciously compassionate women and men are never strangers to anyone. Elements had already exchanged association. Both had it, what it takes.

As she had entered his flat, at the appointed time; she immediately realized, she had left something behind her. The first feel of his home, the visuals and the preparedness he had made to receive her, engendered this *disconnect* she felt. It happens to most people but is registered only by those, who have the aware and receptive

consciousness to experience even a minor shade of elements in a milieu. She had entered his flat with an imagery of milieu in her mind and as she arrived, she could feel the disconnect. Everything inside was completely beyond her imagination and imagery.

Inside, the entire drawing-dining hall was empty, barring a large chair with multiple cushions on it. A thick mat, over a sprawling carpet spread out from the chair. The only undulations, which stood out in the unfilled landscape were so many colorful cushions on the large chair as well as around the mat. A small table was placed near the chair. A large tray with two cups and coffee in the flask were already adorning the mat near the chair. She felt, it was like a stage of a theatre and she would be expected to perform a role; a character. This sense of she; being in the mould of a character, made her feel, she had left the person and entered the character, she was about to essay. She however had no inkling of the script that was about to be unraveled.

She was reluctant but he insisted she took the chair and he sat on the mat facing her at a reasonable distance. She kept repeating she was comfortable but he lined up many soft cushions all around her to make her feel relaxed and perfectly supported. The chair was big enough and the cushions made her feel good. She however felt odd that he was sitting on the floor. She asked him to take a chair, which she could not see anywhere but he politely refused and made himself comfortable sitting on the mat, facing her.

The *present*, the time, the moment that is; it is essentially this fleeting one second. The past, the future seems to have time as big canvas, which can be good enough for painting a meaningful communication. The present however, is a hugely constricted time-scale. The expressions have so many words and infinite content of intents, all competing to simultaneously arrive and land at this singular moment of one-second scale of present-ness. This is the artistry. This is the genius of a person. Brevity is only one aspect of the artistry; the magic is in something, only handful has. This one

second decides much of the future. This one-second must either be invested with best possible content of intent, or the one-second itself may well be stretched to look like a series of present-ness. He attempts the latter option; hoping, the first set of words also fetches optimum utility.

‘Sometimes, you need magic. Being a human does not work. I genuinely seek to move you to a time, few days or a week from now, so that this awkwardness of you having to listen to a complete stranger could not be there. But then, I am human; no magician. And, the trouble is; I am to say things that cannot happen between strangers.’

She was not expecting such a start. She could not fully comprehend what he was leading her to. She probably could not have responded. Thankfully, he continued with his talk. She just bent forward to be more attentive so that she could have a better grip of what he would say next.

‘Essentially, everything is about its situation and positioning in the scale of time. You see an apple tree laden with fruits and you need no words to convince you that this tree is good. However, it takes years for this tree to grow up from the stage of sowing the seed or the sapling. If you are standing at the *seed level*, you cannot see the fruit-laden apple tree and you shall naturally be unsure of the future worthiness of the tree. But, if you are with a fully grown tree, you do not even need and care to visualize what it could have been at the seed level. With people, it is the same situation.’

She still could not be sure what he intends to convey but she managed a smile.

‘In my case, there is the possibility of a magic and it is at your end. I request you to move yourself from the current *seed-level* situation, vis-à-vis me, to the *tree-level*. If you could consciously shift yourself to this imagined acceptance that we are not just beginning; rather, been there, I shall have great facility in expressing myself. Anyway, I know almost everything about you, which I could in years. I am already at *tree-level* vis-à-vis you. You, however, need to arrive.’

‘You just said you know everything about me but I am very sure we have never met before!’

‘That is why I request you to skip the seed-level cognition and consciously arrive at tree-level. What you asked is part of the usual progression of journey from a seed to a tree. There are seed-level questions and issues, which lose their utility and significance as time progresses and arrives at the tree-level. Inquisitions of *who, what, why, how, where, when*, et al, are only early elements of progression of situations on the timeline. What I humbly appeal to you is to move beyond these questions and issues and consciously put yourself at next level, as it shall be hugely helpful for both you and me to arrive at, where I intend to. I am not saying your questions are not valid. I am also not asking you to dump them. I shall answer all your questions and provide you all relevant information you need or shall call for, to the best of your satisfaction; if you shall ever need them. I just seek that you keep them aside for now and arrive at later time-scale of progression for a specific end, which I intend.’

It was too much and too unexpected for her. She was trying her best to assimilate what he was saying. It was tough for her to be at par with his expectations but she had probably begun to take delight in his expressions. She definitely could not get over the amazement that he knew ‘everything’ about her. However, the overlying sense of deep mysticism about whatever he was saying had made her feel good about herself as she had clearly felt that she sure was at the center of the situation. It was about her, her discretion, her enterprise and her consciousness. She was already beginning to feel the character building up inside her as he outlined the situation he wanted her to be in.

He poured the coffee into the cups; asked her to stretch her legs and sit in relaxed posture, placing a big bolster pillow under them. He even told her to feel that she owned everything, including the house, to make her feel relaxed.

As she was not very sure of what he intended her to be, as part of her readiness to be, what he termed as being at ‘tree-level’ she had asked, ‘I accept what you say but can

you tell me what I have to be like for your desired situation of me being at this tree-level cognition?’

‘It is like reading a book. Reading is also like a conversation with the author you probably do not know; never met. You read the lines of a book and even if questions arise in your mind, you cannot talk to the author. You may feel, the character should act and behave differently from what the author portrays. You may feel the author has erred somewhere in creating a reality; etc. But, you do not say anything. Rather, you keep reading, in the hope and anticipation that when you finish the book, all your questions would be answered. The magic is to be like a seasoned reader, who is ever willing to get transported to any reality the author weaves and simultaneously also relate well with the character and situation the author presents. You are unfamiliar with everything, yet willing to identify with everything in the book. This may be stupidity in other situation but as a reader; in book reading progression; it is the joy!’

‘Okay. I probably understand. Whatever you say, it may sound unfamiliar and unreal but I have to keep listening, as if you are a book, not a person. Is it like that?’

‘May be; but don’t let even this feeling make you unnecessarily conscious of your role as a reader. You are not only a reader. You are part of the book. It is like you are watching a movie but you are also part of the movie. Don’t bother about these details. You just be; let the time unravel itself. You are everywhere in every second of the time progression. You just need to be.’

She felt a passing sense of *déjà vu*. Suddenly, she felt she probably had seen him or met him somewhere. She began to accept that he probably was somehow known to her in her early childhood days, which she could not recall now. Seconds later, she could realize that probably, his magic was working on her. His talks had already arrived her to what he called the tree-level cognition vis-à-vis him. She even smiled at how he made her feel connected with him. Five minutes earlier, he was stranger and now she is considering him as some continuity of her definite past. She actually got relaxed. She was ready for what next he would say. She however was not ready for

the reality he would want her to be in and definitely not prepared for the proposal he was going to extend to her.

‘There is always a hypothesis on which a theory is created. If the hypothesis is right and valid, there is good chance of the theory also being right and valid. I have a theory. I have a model of a reality, which is based on a hypothesis. This hypothesis is derived from loads of information I have garnered about you and your life. In other words, you happen to be the hypothesis of reality and validity for my theory or model of specific reality to be true and right. So, if you accept it as true and right, the reality shall happen. If not, the reality falls apart.’

The mist of mysticism was getting thicker every passing second for her and even if she could not understand much what he was saying, she felt she was being shaped into a character, who would be expected to deliver her lines any moment. Probably he was right. She also felt she is no more only a reader or a spectator. She was very much the book or the movie.

‘Around 100 kilometers from here, I have bought a piece of mountain. It is almost the size of a small village. In the last two years, it has been personally developed with unique features to facilitate a life-living reality, which I believe is right and true. The place is ready now. I propose that you leave your job and move with me to settle there.’

She heard it right but could not believe it because of the suddenness of its casual delivery. A hundred words competed in her minds to come first but he stopped her.

‘Please don’t let words and questions in your mind stop you from internalizing what I have said. Let everything sink in. Reacting may be intelligent option but it is not always right; at least it is not required here. As I humbly requested you, just be; be the book and keep moving with the author. I understand your situation but again I humbly request you to keep situationed at the tree-level timeline and the commensurate cognition.’

She had almost come to the edge of the chair and still wished to say things. He insisted she gave him two more minutes to finish. She was still not sure.

‘There is this hypothesis. My proposition is not important right now and we are not into it. There are so many details of this proposal and I know you would have so many questions to ask. I assure you I have all the answers but they can wait. The primary issue, the hypothesis, is; if you accept me as a person first, with whom you can think of being together, then only the rest of the issues and questions can have life. If not, they are dead. As I said earlier, the hypothesis has to be right and valid for the theory to be right and valid. The hypothesis is that at the very outset, there is the possibility of you accepting me as someone you can live with. I know, the age we are; there are strong and uncompromising sense of yes and no. If you are not revolted by very presence of mine in your life and this probability of sharing your life-space with me, then only other probabilities can think of having a life. You don’t need to rush into a decision. Think it over and tell me your decision. I shall wait for your response tomorrow morning.’

She couldn’t immediately decide what she needed to do. She definitely was not angered or offended. She could feel that things were not coming from a rank stranger as she had come around the belief that he was no stranger. But, she definitely wanted to ask him so many things. She even hurled all questions to him.

He was very receptive. He attentively listened to her but very politely he told her that all her questions would be answered very soon but she should only focus on the single hypothesis, which he offered her and say yes or no next morning. His poise, humility and persistent gentle persuasion made her receptive to his proposition.

He had made his preparations perfectly. He went inside the kitchen, opened the refrigerator and came back with a small bucket full of different chocolates. He told her, it was for her and she must eat all of them.

‘I have discovered it in painful ways that often, simple, easy and soft handling of a problem or situation is most productive but, we instead put forth complexity of

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