**The Fault In Our Stars…**

Three years ago, a miracle changed my life. We all get our miracles. One of us may end up getting a Noble Prize or end up in a jail. My miracle was something very bibliophile would yearn for: a book. I admit it was my first novel and reading was something I did for an escape from this reality to a place which was all mine-fantasy. So, at that time I was under an influential age and the way that particular book influence me was esofenicand intricate.

When a particular moment touches your heart, you get connected. You get connected because somewhere in your life you have experienced somewhat similar thing. So did i. Those little things and moments latched themselves to me. This book thought me to love myself. My being just the way I am with my flaws, strengths and qualities, everything. Because we never know what will come in our way. We may be there at a time and the next we are gone. This story was much more than a ditched love story, it was reality. And reality for the first time made sense to me. All those observational little things, changed in me, God knows, what but, I felt it. for some people I may make no sense at all but this is what is inside of me. Just a part though. Yet, this is all you will know about that book which changed me.

As a person I learnt to surrender. I surrendered for who I am and how. I surrendered to the thought that I may not change the world but just like that book did to me, I can change a person. A soul that just wants comfort, assurity and care and warmth. I surrendered, to all those people who like me and hate me for being me. I don’t care and stopped caring about what people say when I am them the true me. I may not disclose much about me but, I wouldn’t even keep you in the dark. I know how it feels.

It was, at first selcouth but never was Shakespeare more wrong than when he has Cassins note, “The fault, dear Bruthus, is not in our stars! But in ourselves”. Easy enough to say when you are a nobleman (or Shakespeare)

And yes that miraculous book was ‘Fault in our stars’ by John Green. It was one candid book…..