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[](http://4.bp.blogspot.com/_dN3X0xOylXw/SeOxTekhj8I/AAAAAAAAANo/4ay50SeU7XM/s400/The-Winner-Stands-Alone-2201.jpg)

It’s funny. The mind wanders in erratic directions drawing mind numbing projections as I lay my head down after the day is done. Dangling in between states of conscious and dreary sleep, I am jolted upright by a thought stream I start to ride on.

Immortality! I dream of a man unto whom God appears and gives a boon that God would come and defend him if any kind of enemy tried to harm him. There isn’t much background that was given at the start of this reel about the kind of person he was. And at first, everything was normal, until the news spread.

It’s funny. Often we burn, not by what we lack but with what others have. He had a piece of Eden, now everyone wanted it, all of it. Hence started the volley of attacks, one after the other, and another, everything and everyone seemed to be the enemy now. And amidst all of this, while he was cowering behind God’s grace, he felt broken.

Alas, what a loss he had incurred. An irrevocable loss! Every time he was defended, he found himself on a ship that drifted a little further from where he had lived all his life, from all who he had believed to be **his** people. He wanted to leave all of this now, so he turned to his Master again and requested Him, *‘Take me away, I don’t wish to see any of this anymore’.*

Brought back to my present state, I stared at the clock, and *‘it’s funny’*, I thought. I barely manage to jot down ciphers that would reconstruct it later before the swing of drowsiness takes me away again, and I don’t remember when I woke up again and it was all white again. I let out a hysterical laugh. It’s funny, isn’t it?