

Sample Chapter 2
Title- Shades of Shadows
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Refraction of feelings and emotions by moments floating all around us produces an exhilarating arc in the horizon of our heart, we often call rainbow. It is an indicative of change in the fortune, mostly a quiet transition from good to better. Every passing moment captivates itself in small decoratively calligraphed boxes and then showcases itself, by ornamentally hanging all around us. All it takes is a gentle reminder and the moment, which is an unconditional variable of our feelings and emotions, forms a breathtaking arc in the tranquil sky of our heart.

The rainbow marks an auspicious beginning, a fresh introduction of vivid colours into our lives where each band carries a significant meaning. The colourful projection in our heart signifies love, sacrifice, enlightenment, prosperity, trust, wisdom and self realization. The rainbow is very faintly shadowed, and always appears with, one of these bands, highlighted.

It is precisely at that moment that the soul is expected to spot that underlined band of rainbow and derive its meaning. If the lucky soul succeeds in deriving its meaning, things fall into place, otherwise, it becomes a tough negotiation. Unfortunately only a lovingly gleeful heart can derive its intent.

He had first seen his angel in his dream. Souls of Nature at that time were at acme of their spirits, rejoicing and celebrating the birth of nature. Later he spotted her in Garden collecting flowers and talking to Souls of Nature. He recalled the projection of a colourful rainbow with highlighted red band, on both occasions, but by the time he acted, it got dissolved in the bowl of time.

During his third encounter, his heart again signaled him, warm presence of a beaming red band but his addled mind discarded that sign and tagged it 'an act of disguise'. The tussle between his heart and mind had stopped him from admitting that glowing red band.

This act of abstinence cost him loneliness. He had ploughed his own problems by ignoring the lovely presence of red band of love. Had he recognized the love band and acted on its signal, he would have been in the lovely presence of a lovable soul.

He tried his best to sign an accord with life after that, but it never worked out. Even life accosted him with disappointment on this. This thumbs down show from life bereft him of peace completely.

Influenced by that grey cloud of perception, he experienced a sudden change in avid behavior of Souls of Nature. He assumed that they had stopped their pacific approach towards him. This assumed change in the behavior of Kausar hurt him.

Changed...was it?

No. It was only a thought cooked up by the vision of his state.

He was low and lowness often results into this. But he had forgotten that lowness also results into birth of bubbles; a bubble of hope, courage and faith, at the time of despair.

A bubble has an inherent nature of carrying everything, in its surrounding, up to the surface, even from the deepest of abysm, challenging the dominant empire of ordinariness.

Such a bubble of hope could bubble even in the rarest of places. All you have to do is to identify such a bubble and cling to its body. Soon you will find yourself out of the gravest of whirlpools, breathing comfortably at the surface with ease and comfort.

Unfortunately he had completely ruled out that possibility, of birth, of any such bubble.

Sad

Then one day that bubble appeared in his life, just after Sunrise, while he was on his way back from Garden towards Lake, while Sun, to him, looked like an adversary.

Strange things happen when we expect the least

He was walking back in disappointingly unequal steps, not paying attention to anything and then, right in that cloudy hazy moment he heard a recognizable melody, likely the same he had heard in his dreams, in the Garden and in the woods. He followed the tune.

Rainbow got reanimated and his cells responded to that immediately. His arid heart looked jubilant, his sore eyes closed in comfort, his lips parted and his face instantly created a romantic aura around itself. His

heart began thumping and for the first time in ages he looked happy. There was a clear cut presence of a newly formed rainbow in his silent sky.

The rainbow had stretched itself between farthest points in his sky, sky in turn had painted itself in exotic colours, colours in turn had dipped themselves in rich racy flavors and flavors in turn had turned spicy and jovial.

He closed his eyes as soon as he heard that melodious tune. The world around him came to a halt. He held his breath for a moment, paused in the space, walked out of his body and looked at his own still body in amazement. He left his body in that paused state and ran, he ran like never before, at lightning speed, hanging on to fragile strings of wavelengths, in hope of reaching the source soon. He ran across soundless Lake, up the hill, on lush green grass, through the woods, through the Garden, up the mountain, beside the stream, beside tall trees and down the mountain....before pausing.

He saw a faintly drawn outlined figure of an angel, sitting in gorgeous company of her friends.

From there he ran back to the place where he stood paused and again stared at his own paused soul, as if it was an after-thought effigy. Slowly as he eased himself back into his own paused soul he opened his eyes and felt adrenalin rush of hormones through his nerves as if he had been drugged with lozenge of happiness. It all appeared like a fantasy dream, tailored and stitched only for him.

A considerable amount of red-tilt was getting registered, in his heart, with each footprint, taken in her direction. Based on the evidence of feeble source his footfalls were following the path of invisible strings. As his footsteps followed her tune he imagined her. He imagined her sitting on the grass playing with a peacock, caressing a dove in her lap, smiling at other birds hopping around her, adorning herself with flowers, talking to the whispering winds, waving at the vacillating clouds, dancing on the floating molecules of Sunlight and humming the tune.

The pathway leading to her seemed completely decorated with rose petals. Every stride landed him softly on pads of cotton balls.

With every step, tune appeared closer and closer. As he neared her, he experienced goose bumps. Hairs on his body responded to that call and bowed in her honor. Eyes on his body reacted to that situation and crouched in her respect. Temple of his face glowed and portal of his cheeks reddened, as he finally saw her.

She wasn't sitting on the grass beside a peacock or dove in her lap; she wasn't adorning herself or talking to wind; she wasn't waving at clouds or dancing on Sunlight. Instead she was anointing a place, which looked divine. She was adorning a place, which looked divine and she herself looked divine.

The place she was clothing looked like a cave formed out of a very complex three partied agreement between branches, stems and leaves of a tree. Such an arrangement was foreign to him and hence he stood awe struck for sometime there. Brown branches and green leaves had coiffed themselves lyrically through each other in a lovely pattern. There was a huge opening in front to enter and exit the place. Yellow Sunlight filtered its way through such complexities and kissed the floor of cave. This trespassing was a boon to the place as it lighted up the green textured wall, decked with cute flowers and neatly dressed floor.

The whole place had a strange halo feeling attached to it and that added divineness to its existence. I named it temple.

The temple had an amiable character which had tied all the Souls of Nature, surrounding it, in invisible threads of love. Its willingness to welcome everyone and treat everyone same had ploughed and instilled every heart with such purity that the whole cultivation had come out green.

It was an affable union of Souls of Nature, he was looking at. It was a cordial union of Souls of Nature, he was looking at. The powerful waves out of that union rejuvenated his soul.

As she decorated the temple, sparrows hopped around her and watched her moves calmly. A peacock sat quietly and waited for his turn to get blessed, a dove stood there agape and air lingered around her in an attempt to brush past her.

Soon he watched her sit down, fold her hands and close her eyes. Her face glowed, her skin gleamed, her eyes glistened and her hands glinted. She had put flower laces on her head, around her neck, in her hands, in her legs and around her waist. Her body looked a serenely thought and well crafted sculpture, impregnated with life.

Temple was completely engrossed in her charm and warmth. She closed her eyes and offered secret whispers from that position. It looked to me as if she was trying to establish contact with some remote benefactor. She looked no less than a belle with her eyes closed. She was sweet, cutie and adorable. His heart wished for her sugary company.

Those mysterious early morning picking of flowers in woods and Garden unfolded in front of his eyes when he saw her that day in temple. Every morning she visited Garden to pick up flowers, to stitch attires for her curvy body and to deck temple for her secret union with remote host. She loved the scent and touch of white flowers on her body. His heart wished he were those flowers.

At this his rainbow glowed out of proportion and his cells responded to that happily. He felt excessive secretion of red colour pigment. Next moment he caught hands of the bubble of hope floating above his head. This time he sighted its presence and allowed it to carry him to the surface. Soon he was on the top, breathing comfortably and relaxing cozily.

His heart witnessed the magic of bubble when he was reclaimed by it. He was beginning to feel the magic of red colour. Colour of love, care and affection. He had never felt anything like this before and hence was amazed at this heavenly intervention.

His heart had drawn the most colourful rainbow with a lovely glowing red band. Bees hummed, birds chirped, wind flew, flowers blossomed and stars twinkled. At this his heart hopped and jumped in joy.

Once again he allowed his heart to walk out of his paused body and go on a voyage around Kausar. While he was looking at his angel, from those paused sockets of his eyes, his heart talked to sky, clouds, birds, wind, flowers, trees, grass, butterflies, Lake, streams.....

*Smile, sky
Why are you sad today?
Laugh, sky
Why are you quiet today?
Celebrate, sky
I found my lost love today
Paint yourself vividly
Dress up in princely attire
Light up night candles
and join me in my celebration*

*Blow, air
Why are you dull today?
Play, air
Why are you upset today?
Celebrate, air
I found my lost love today
Gather yourself around nature's flute
Promenade into empty spaces
Animate life all over
and join me in my celebration*

*Blossom, flowers
Why are you off-colour today?
Odorize, flowers
Why are you numb today?
Celebrate, flowers
I found my lost love today
Glow your adolescent charm
Felicitate surrounding with cosy bosoms
Commune life all around
and join me in my celebration*

*Sing, birds
Why are you mum today?
Whistle, birds
Why are you silent today?
Celebrate, birds
I found my lost love today
Melodify horizon with your musical octaves
Solace every disturbed soul
Pull out every one from deep down
and join me in my celebration*