

Aisha Chaudhary is lying on her back, looking up at the camera with a slight smile. She has dark, wavy hair and is wearing a blue dress with a pink and white floral pattern. Her right hand is resting behind her head, and she is wearing a gold ring on her finger. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

'I was inspired by watching ...  
Aisha Chaudhary talk on life'

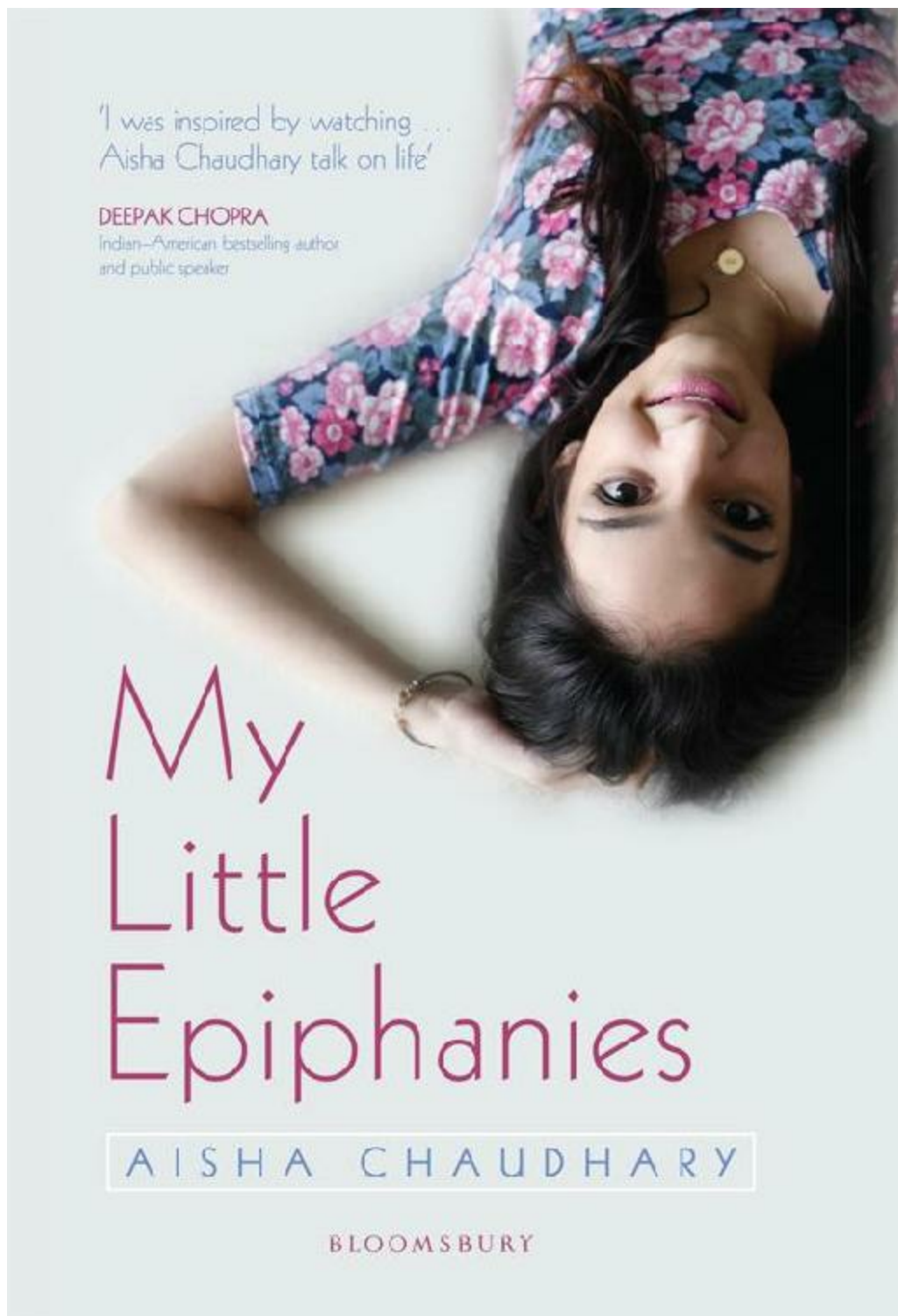
**DEEPAK CHOPRA**

Indian-American bestselling author  
and public speaker

# My Little Epiphanies

AISHA CHAUDHARY

BLOOMSBURY



My Little Epiphanies

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Epiphanies

Aisha Chaudhary

B L O O M S B U R Y  
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Contents

Author's Note

Dedication

My Little Epiphanies

Thank you



Author's Note

Before reading, I would like you to know that this isn't written like any ordinary book. It's more of a way to express my thoughts that come to me as the days go by. Actually my days aren't very ordinary either. Not for an 18 year old girl that is. My name is Aisha. I was born with S.C.I.D (severe combined immune deficiency) and underwent a bone marrow transplant when I was 6 months old, in the UK. I now live in New Delhi, India, where I was born. I have developed Pulmonary Fibrosis, which is a hardening in the lungs. I can't breathe therefore spend each moment connected to an oxygen tank, and use a wheelchair when leaving the house, as my heart cannot take it when I stand. Unfortunately, everyone has their problems and this is mine. I have felt isolated, and completely stuck. So I decided that its time to reach out. I wanted to share my thoughts with the world, I wanted to let people

know that they are not alone, and regardless of what the problem is, we all feel the same, and we are all fighting our own battles together. This book is about finding myself, letting go and expressing who I am, and I do hope that by the end of the book, you will have found a piece of yourself too.

## Dedication

Dear Tanya,

I'd like this book to be in honor of you. You are one of the many reasons I live today. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't be writing this. We went through the same thing, but you left the world as a baby. You will live in our hearts forever. I want to live tomorrow for us too. I sometimes look up at the sky and smile, and feel you smiling down at me. I have never known you, but have always loved you my sweet sister.

I'll meet you in the skies my angel.

Love,

Aisha

My dearest darling, Rolo,

I am just lost for words. I don't know how to breathe without you, my baby. You were the light of my life, you were one of the main reasons I forced myself to wake up every morning. You were my strength. You are my everything. You always took my illness upon yourself. I just wish you didn't take it this far. You left me so suddenly, but I have to remind myself that bad things happen for good reasons. You went to heaven at 8:30 am on 2 nd December 2014, the day after Tanya's birthday. I like to believe that God gave you to her, for her birthday present. She probably needs you more than I do, my sweetheart. I know you are in good hands, and are probably licking her face nonstop right now, as you once did mine. I imagine that she knows by now that you always yawn if she itches your cheeks, just like I once did yours. You brought so much happiness into my life, you were the sassiest pug I had ever come across, and I just have to be grateful that I got to know and

love you. You were the magic in my heart and you always will be. I will never forget you, “Rolito the Burrito”. Tanya and I shared the same disease, and now we will share you too. You are her angel now. Look after each other. I will love you forever.

Sweet dreams, my precious.

Love,

Aisha



Fairy dust in your eyes

I could see no more

They say the soul never dies

What did yours leave me for

My darling you have kept me alive

You soothed the rocky roads before me

I'm shattered now you're dead inside

Burnt into thin air, this was our destiny.

Until we meet again, one day our worlds will collide.

Till then you always own a piece of my heart Just  
tell Him not to further break it apart.

### My Little Epiphanies

The fact that I'm sitting here, writing these words, is a miracle. I would not have been here on this Earth for more than a year, had destiny not changed its mind.



We've all grown up, so why are we still playing the game of hide and seek?



Would the world be so bad if we were all friends?



We all definitely have one thing in common, and that is death.



What I'm going through is actually better than what someone else is going through out there. But because we are so unaware and invested in our own lives, we can focus on nothing but the shit; therefore, we will always be extremely miserable human beings no matter what happens.



Life is a circle and we all think we are bang in the middle of it.



She loved him but he did not love her and the stars were so perfect that night, but then my darling, the darkness kicked in.



I hate myself for tripping into this beautiful thing everybody calls love.



I need a whole new pair of shoes. I'm running from myself this time.



I need to get over this and move on. It's making me too sad to enjoy my precious days on this planet. I can't give him the power to take that away from me too.



I crave the littlest things, while I've lost the biggest.







Why do so many emotions exist?



That's everybody's problem, we keep looking up to find answers. Now, let's look within us.



Something must be wrong when the music is blasting, but all you can hear is that deafening silence.



When I'm high, it's like my soul is telling me a secret.



Death is a tricky business, and we are just the employees.



Are we living to die? Or are we dying to live? I want to do the latter.



It's funny how we give each other blood in order to survive. If we are willing to do that, I don't understand how there is so much hate in the world.



Don't worry about what happened today, death is on its way I promise you.



You're not my reality, because you are just the reverse.



Heaven is not a place. Heaven is our home.



What is the definition of love?



A knot at the pit of my belly; a blessing and a curse. A gut wrenching pain, as though I've been stabbed; only instead of blood, butterflies disperse.



Do you ever see a stranger and think that they look exactly like someone from your past... only 10 years older?

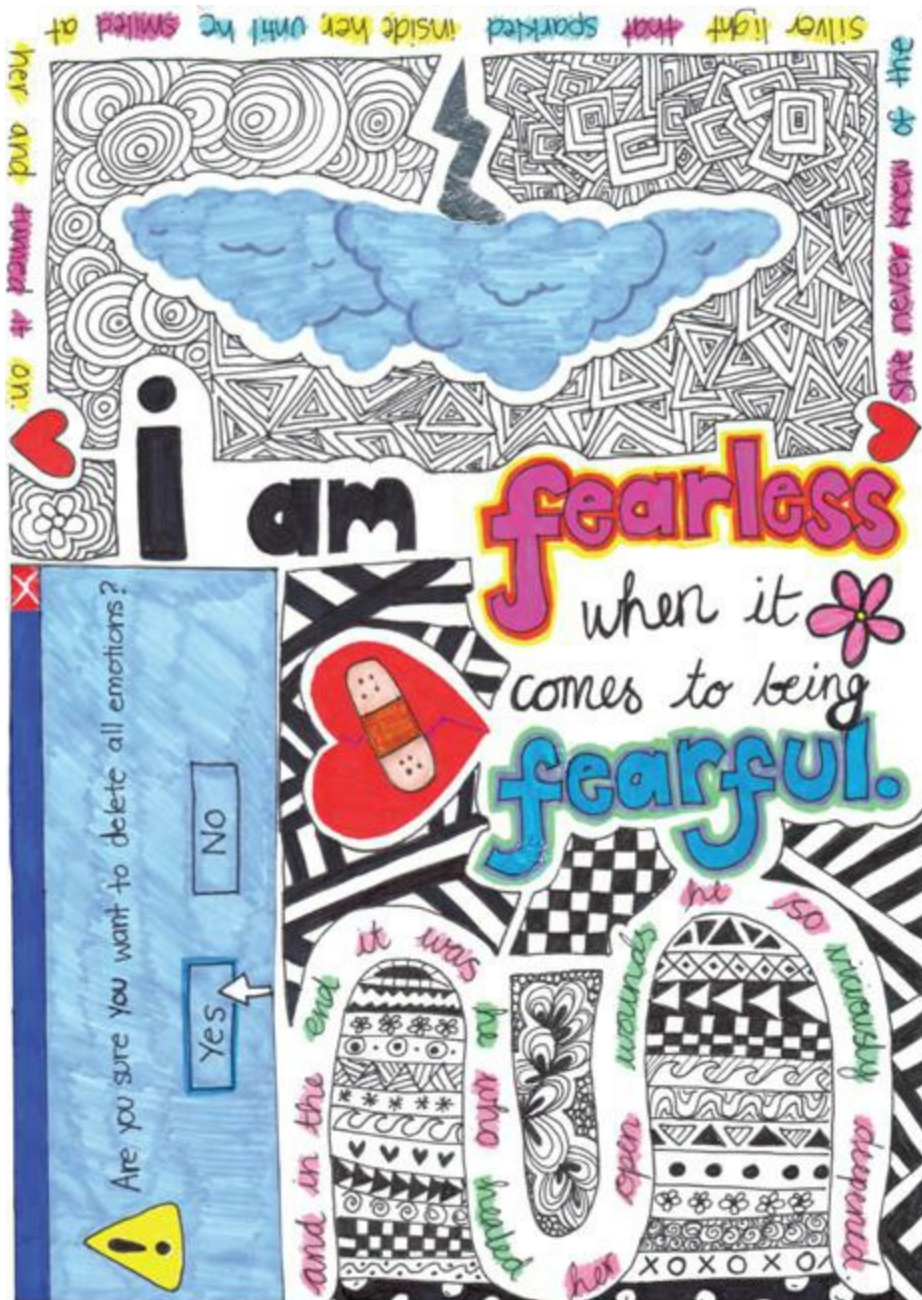


Let's live and love with no regrets.



I can hear your heart beating one after the other, like dancing rain on a dark, silent night.





My heart is tingling.



Mama says, 'Darling, if you have to go through shit, do it looking like a million bucks'.



Are we all fake at some level?



Shhh...miracles are happening.



Maybe in 10 years, you will be looking from the other side of the road, and reminiscing about this time.



My mother must worry with every bone in her body.



It feels like I'm watching my world from above.



Let's wake up from this dream and turn it into a reality.



Thoughts come into your head 100 times faster, increasing exponentially.



We are the oldest we will ever be right now.



My lungs feel like ropes that have been tangled and knotted together; churning around in the pit of my belly, while my heart aches and cries in pain. Only, it's not the disease this time.



Being depressed just means that I'm under repairs.





If life is a stop in the station, I must admit I don't want to get on the coming train.



I know there are healthy people out there who feel as shitty as I do. But I don't know what healthy is anymore; I'm stuck here, so how can I really know about anybody else?

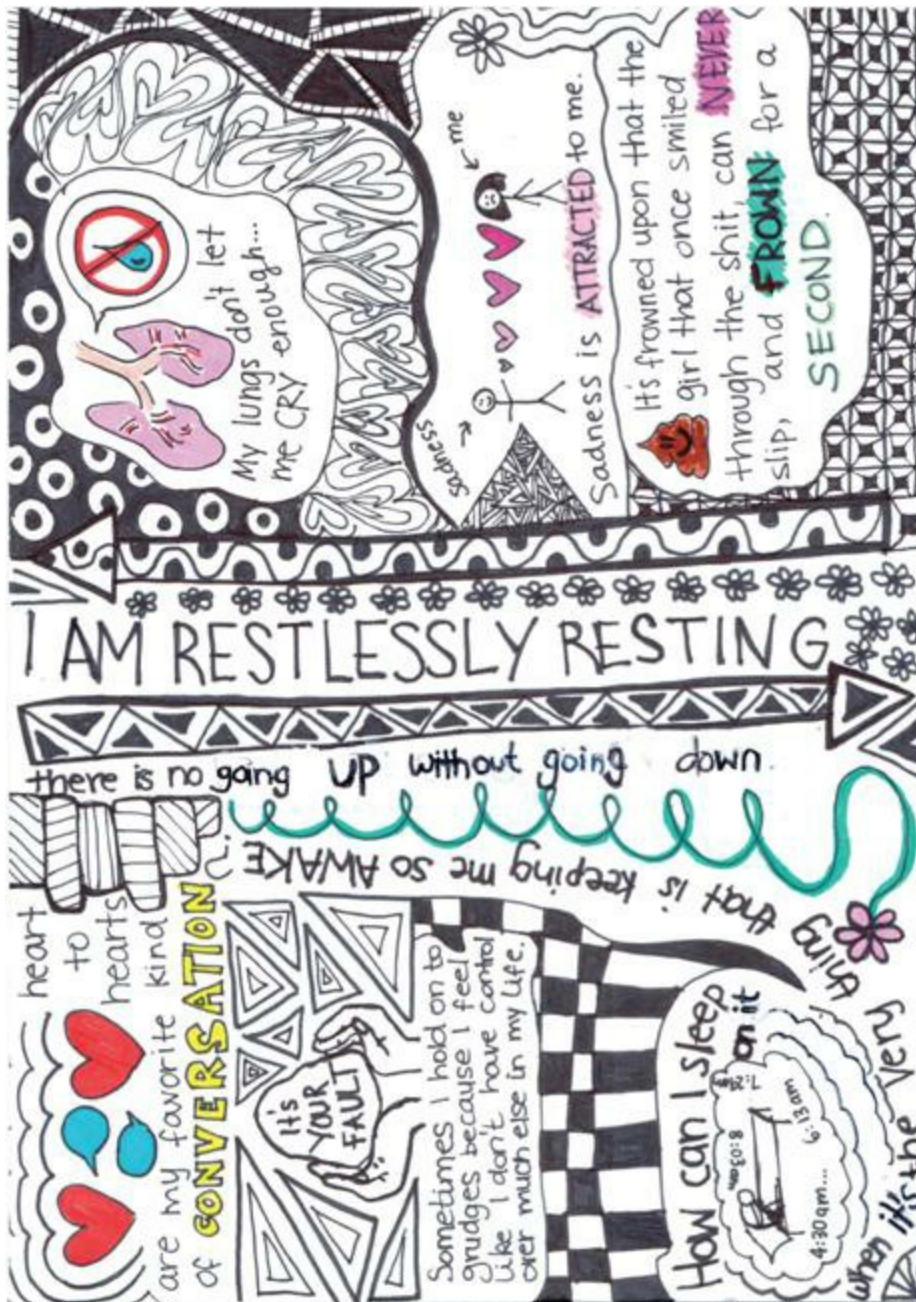


It has come to a point where I feel embarrassed of my dreams.



In the end, overthinking is poison to the heart.





How is my heart functioning when it feels so broken?



When your happiness starts to depend on somebody else, protect yourself, because you are fucked.



I'm waiting for a surprise...that really defeats the purpose doesn't it?



I just saw things from his eyes, and in that moment, my heart slipped away.



What is his soul making him think? Is it that I am not worthy?



Maybe I am too real to be touched. Maybe that's the problem.



What would happen if I wasn't in my own shoes anymore? If I didn't have the life I'm living this very second? What if I didn't know the people I love so much today? What if I didn't do the things that I love to do in this moment? What if I wasn't all the qualities which fill me with who I have become today? What if I didn't feel the things I'm feeling as I'm typing this word? What if I wasn't me?



I think we are the truest versions of ourselves at night before we go to sleep, just before we close our eyes.



There's only one type of fish in this sea, and that is the selfish kind.



Other people's dreams are coming true; their memories are being created, their life is happening outside these four walls, and I am still here...I am still me.



If emotions are bags, I've gone so far through the sadness bag, that I ripped a



hole at the bottom of it.



They say you have to love yourself before you love someone else. But then again, they also don't like selfish people.



D E A T H—Drop Everything And Trust Him



I'm merely trying to survive until my respective death.



It's frowned upon, that the girl who once smiled through the shit, can never slip, and frown for a second.



I will do a cartwheel one day, and on that day I can say, 'I've made it'.



I want things to not be what they are, and what they are to not be.



Lie down, kick back, and listen to the sound of your heart falling in love.



They are watching me like I am some TV show.



They say that there is such a thing as soul mates, but mine is the only one that will die with me.



I had love for you, but lost respect for myself.



Why do we put those we love on a pedestal so high that it's impossible to reach?



You know you're in love when their spark ignites the light in you.



Even bad moments are moments, you know.



I want to get over you, but I want you to do things, and when you do them, I love you.



If you feel like things aren't moving, there is a cure for that, and that is time.



I feel like I have to keep reminding myself that this is really just a phase, and I'm going to get over it.





I believe our little world is bigger and better than the entire universe in some way.



If you could only know how loved you made me feel that day.



People think that I should be thrilled that it's not yesterday, just because I'm better today.



These people that give me advice can breathe for themselves, and I am just not applicable.



My body is sinking, and I can't seem to find which way is up.



I hope I'll never forget you in the hopes of remembering.



Why is sadness so unattractive?

Sadness is attracted to me.

I am sad because I am sad.

I despise the feelings that come with jealousy.



I dream of the littlest moments I hope to become my future. I dream of one of my aunts asking at my wedding where the one I'm going to marry is, and I whisper to her, 'Come, let us find him'.



What is living if I can't breathe?



You know you've won the game when the person who used to bully you and make life hell, recognises how far you've come, and feels badly for their earlier doings.



I've forgotten what it's like to wake up in the morning without feeling the insides of my lungs.



It's the worst for me. I am suffering. It is my body that is broken.



If life is the show and we are the puppets, I wonder who is watching.



There is no going up without going down.







And in that moment I realised, if I keep him close, I fall deeper in love, and if I let him go, I will soon not remember. Which of the two makes me happier? That is the question.



Being bathed head to toe by someone else at 18 years old, triggers insanity.



In the end, it's the little things that make us big.



It's funny how we take a long time to give somebody our hearts, yet, within seconds of knowing someone, we are willing to give so much of ourselves. That's what I will never understand about this generation.



Heart to heart is my favorite kind of conversation. It is the way to feel the most connected to a person.



Your problems are my problems, and that is never the case.



The cure for any sadness is connection with the people we love. Once you've lost all connection, then you know you're losing the battle.



I'm at a place so low that if anyone does anything in the slightest way to push my buttons, I become angrier than I actually should be, and it's the scariest when it feels like you're out of control.



Having lost something so big has taught me to appreciate the littlest things. I am blessed that I have my eyes to see the vividness in the green trees. I am blessed to have my sense of smell, so I can inhale (pun intended) that particular musty stink that hangs over Delhi after a day of rain. I am blessed to have my ears, so I can listen to the sound of my mother's laughter. I am blessed to have my lips, so I can speak to those I love. I am blessed to have my hands, so I can paint whenever I please. I am blessed to have my legs, so I can still walk on this earth. I must remember that I am blessed.





I'm going through this, therefore, I am real, but what am I really real for?



To think that you don't love me is painfully disappointing.



I really don't know what I know that I don't know.



I'm so stressed that falling asleep feels like a nightmare.



I think that we get really pissed at the superficial, irrelevant things, when we are really pissed at what our lives have turned into. I think that is the underlying truth.



I feel sorry for myself, and then I just tell myself, 'it's okay'.



Just being with a loved one is a real mood lifter.



I like to paint my pain.



I find that I do not remember the various invasive surgeries and trauma I went through as a baby, or even in the recent past. My mind has learnt to erase the pain I know I will want to forget, and for that, I am very grateful.



So let's succumb to the inevitable truth; death is upon us and we are all screwed.



It's weird how we once never knew the people we know now.



I'm hanging on for dear life, literally.



What is, is, and what will be will be, and what was never really was, was it?



My head is the room, and my thoughts are the elephants, and I am just so awkward.



Maybe sadness is unattractive, so we are conditioned to want to feel it less.

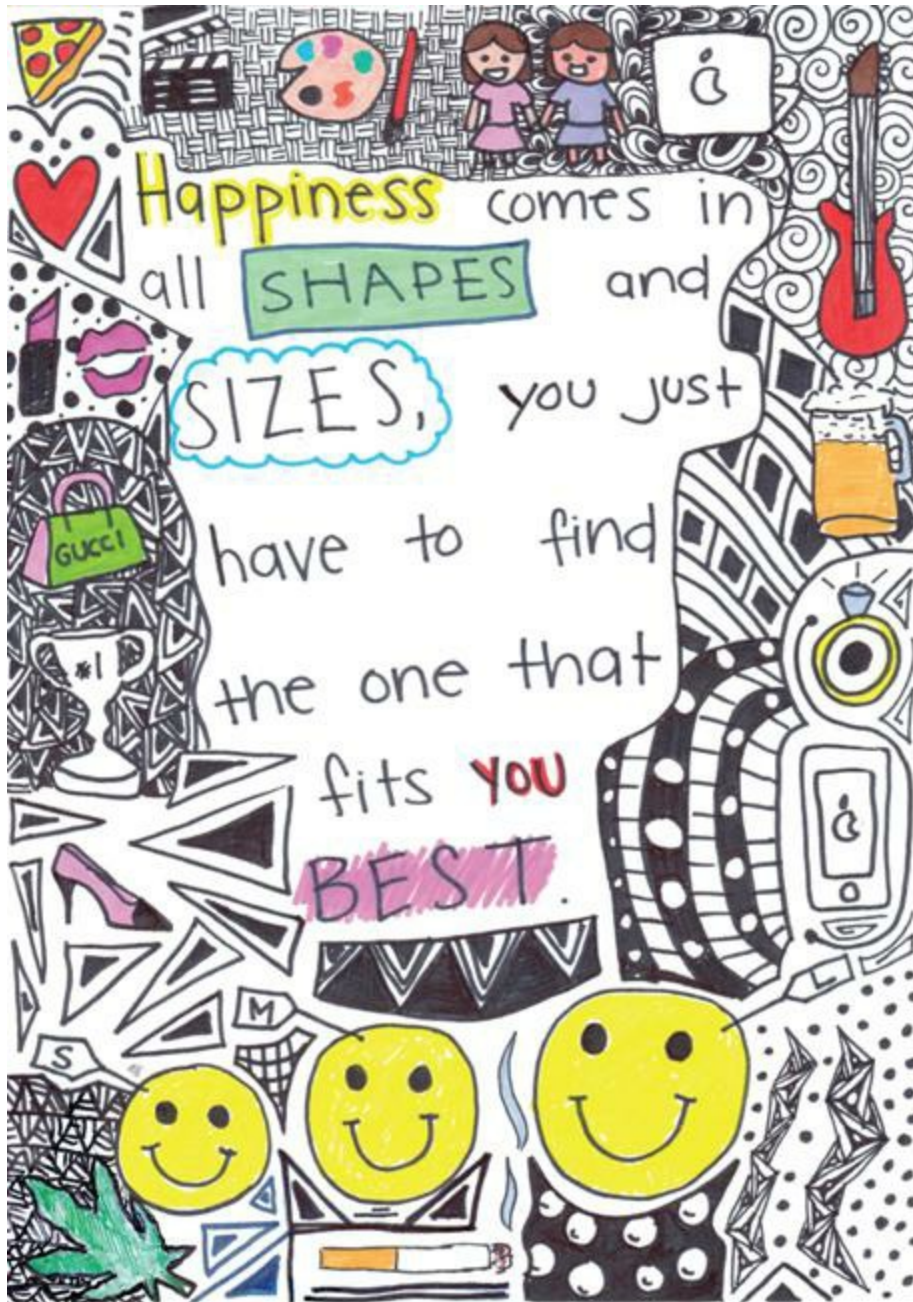


Sometimes I hate myself and myself hates me too.



If I look back on my early teen years, I realise I had lungs but lacked self-confidence. Now I have self-confidence but my lungs are lacking. Which of the two is better?





It seems like everyone else is wearing a sugary coat, and I am the only one wearing the salty kind.



It's like I'm being sucked in by quick sand that is my disease.





Some words are worth gold. Say them while you still can. Say sorry. Say I forgive you. Say thank you. Say you are welcome. Say I love you. Say I love you too.



It's the scariest when I feel my own spark start to slip away from my own body.



Darkness has emerged into the light, and winter is coming.



My heart is lit with a thousand fairy lights. I will never let them fuse.



I must admit I am jealous of everybody I see. I see girls just standing up and chatting to one another. They look so healthy, and I would kill to be them, and just be able to stand up too.



Let's swallow our feelings because saying how we truly feel is not really the done thing these days.



I don't want to be so transparent that you know exactly what I'm thinking; yet I don't want to come across as absolutely fake. Is there a place in between?



Self-recognition is the best kind.



I remember when I was little and it rained; I used to think that God was sad at

the world, and the rains were his tears.



Sometimes I find it easier not to talk, or even put a smile on my face, and sometimes, I think that is okay.



If I was not like this, I would not have met the people I love so much today.



Happiness comes in all shapes and sizes; you just have to find the one that fits you best.





I do like the superficial things too. They allow me to decorate my body. Those things bring me to life, even when I don't feel very alive.



I am so weak; my only way to shout is to be strong.



I felt my lungs were steadily running out of air, like it was a ticking time bomb.



I don't want to jinx it, but I should be grateful that I haven't had three life-threatening diseases.



I want to make you see the world through the eyes of my soul.



Sometimes it makes me happier to hold on to a grudge than to consider letting it go. Holding on to it gives you a weird sense of power, and it almost feels like you have the upper hand. It's my choice whether I fall into that trap or not.



When I'm sad, people tend to brush it under the carpet; but I can't do that because I am the dirt.



My biggest fear of death is the notion that it is all over.



The love I had for you was just another bad influence.



I have come to accept the sadness within me.



It's funny how we all see common random things in the day, and connect them to our own life's situations. We all see the same news on TV, we see





If I didn't have this life and I had that life, I would still pine for another life that is not my own.



My thoughts have become my best friend, and I really don't get along with them.



I think over the things I over-think.



It's the little girl inside me that still wants the fantasy ending.



I want to live without being pitied on.



If anything, it's wonderful to know that there are people like you in this world.



A dramatic life calls for a little dramatic thinking.



When I was younger, I used to think I was the sickest I was ever going to be. Today, I still think that as I lie down with the oxygen tube in my nose. What's around the corner? I don't ever want to know.



We are in the most vulnerable state when we think we are about to die. I think we mostly get one main thought that gets stuck in our hearts. It is either, 'I should have said this', or 'I should have done that, I should have been this'. If you are lucky enough to get a second chance at life, you must say it. Do it.

Be it.



If you can't change your own life, there's always someone else's.



How can I sleep on something when it is the very thing that is keeping me awake?



I have come to accept the sadness that overwhelms me.

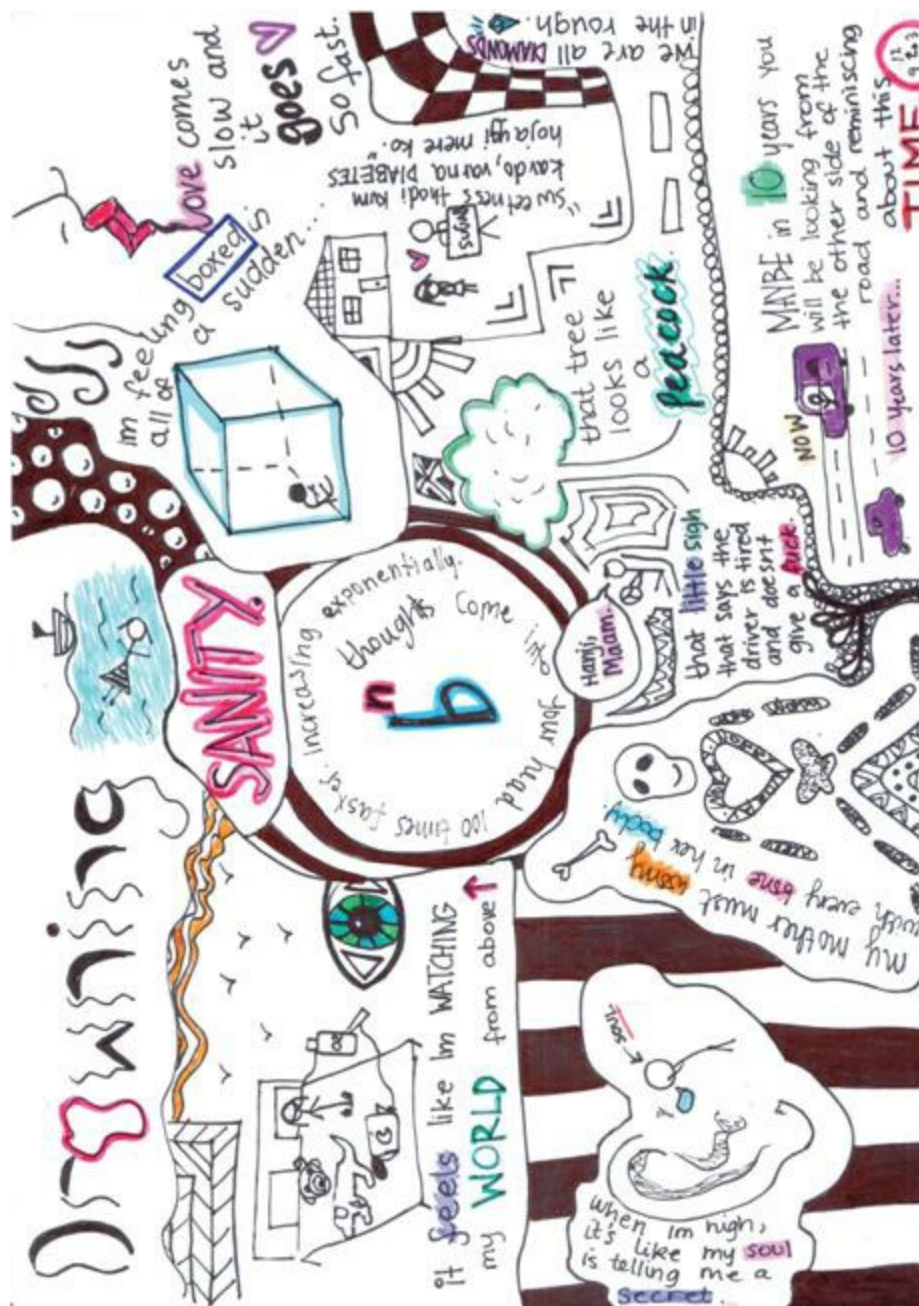


The hard part about being determined is staying committed, and vice versa.



All our thoughts get recreated in the universe, written down in God's plan for our future.





It's only now that I can almost see what my body feels.



It's like I can already see things that are slowly being born into the truth.



I felt my feet stepping closer into the relationship.



Just because I was strong in one moment of weakness, doesn't mean that I am strong enough to be in each moment.



Things that are brushed under the carpet always have a way of getting stuck in our hearts forever.



Love struck by your presence upon me.



When you're unwell for a really long time, it becomes your identity.



Will you hold my hand and lie with me in the grass, the blue skies above, where the world is turning around us, but we are one?



I never thought about my lungs when they were healthy.



Pain lingers in the mind longer than it really lasts.



When I feel the monotony of my day turn into sheer pain, the only thing I can really do is stop and appreciate whatever I may be doing. Just stop and listen to the words in the movie I am watching. Just stop and feel the soft fur on my dogs, and give them a million kisses. Just stop and embrace the hot water on my body in the shower. Just stop and look at my surroundings. Just stop and take in the sweet taste of my favorite candy. We should just stop for a second, because one day, we may not be able to start again.





There is a lot of you in my heaven.



Sometimes the jealousy really gets in the way when I want to connect with someone.



Even when we are in a group setting, and not saying something, something is always being said.



It's heartbreaking to hear people talk about the future, when your first thought is to wonder if you would still be around.



When is the right time to die?



Sometimes I hold on to grudges, because I feel like I don't have control over much else in my life.



It's ironic, because I want more time, yet I'm struggling to cope with a lot of it.



My lungs don't let me cry enough.



Even though I'm not okay, I must remember that sometimes other people may not be okay too.



Knowing all the facts doesn't make anything easier.



I should be grateful that the shit isn't shittier than what it's about to be.



I am restlessly resting.



The minute you realise you're thinking about dying more than living, is the moment you need to change gears.



We are so selfish, because we are never truly in love with another human being. We are just in love with a reflection of our desires, an idealisation of a dream, which, in the end, is merely our own.



I dread falling asleep, because of those dreams that will never unfold.



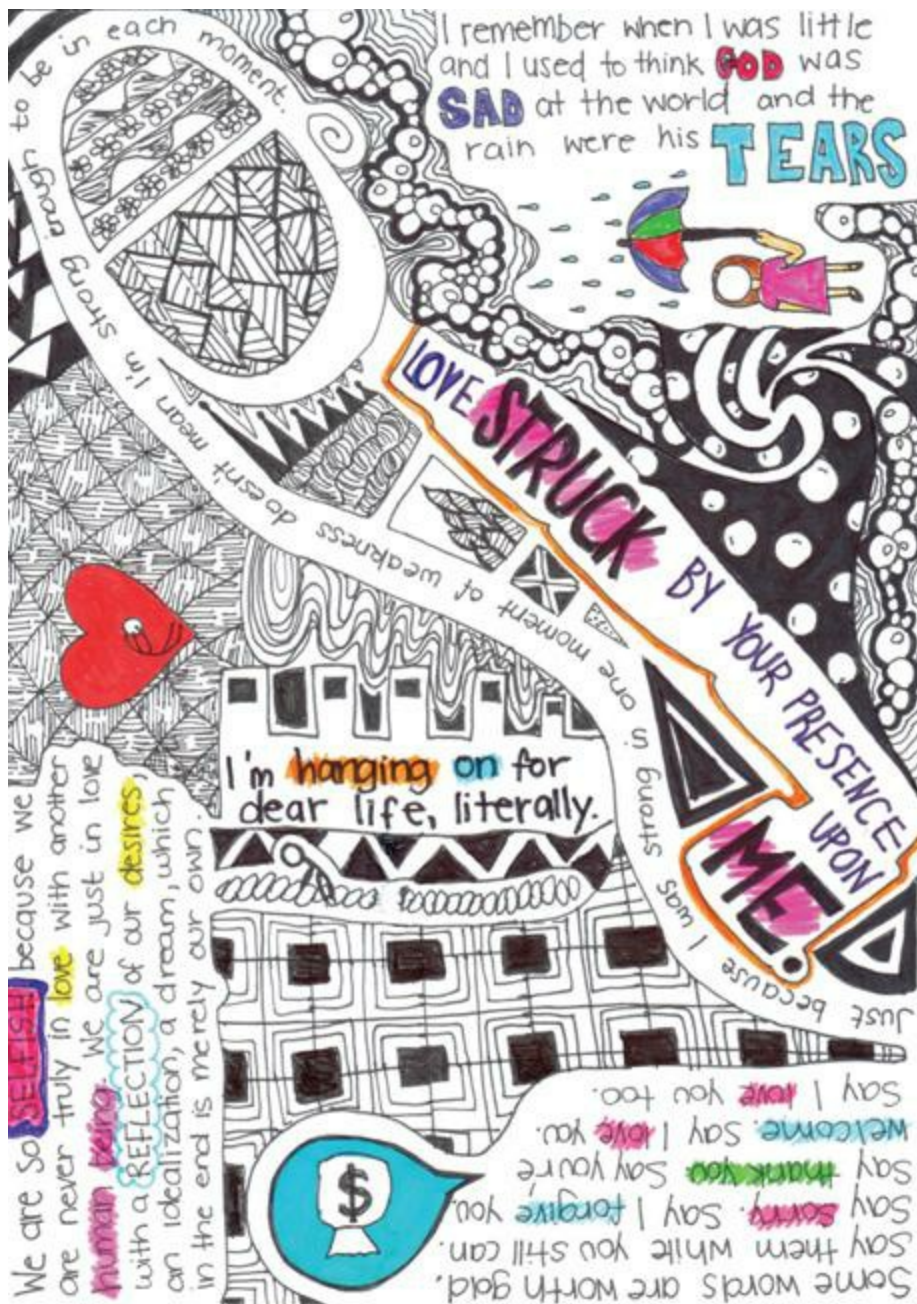
Has anyone else hit the bottom of this rock?



What was, is not.







Friends are just people you meet along the way; people who are written in your destiny, the characters in your life's play.



And suddenly I found myself caught somewhere in between not living and not dying.



The thing is, I've been on both sides of the grass, and now I know for a fact that the other side is greener, and I'm just stuck on the less green side forever.



I sleep in the late hours of dawn on purpose, in order to waste most of my next day, so that I have to kill less time. Everybody is moving with their lives in the day, life is happening outside these four walls, and I feel as if I am stuck in time. At night though, everyone is supposed to be sleeping. It is my time to be alive.



Let's rise above those who want to make us sink.



Nobody realises you are dying till you are actually dead.



I like to think that if someone is being remembered in a good way somewhere else in this world, they are one step closer to fulfilling their dreams.



Sometimes I simply need to speak to someone to hear someone else's voice but my own.



I find it so easy to be honest, but it's so hard to be honest about being needy.



The best part is not everybody's mind knows what your mind knows.



And at that moment, I didn't know if I was insane, or sober.



I want to run out of my body.



I've written these pages, yet I myself am afraid of what's coming next.



When you're dying, in your mind you think everyone will soon lose you...  
but in your heart, you know it's you who is going to lose everyone.



I am fearless when it comes to being fearful.





You are the food for my thoughts.



Sometimes it gets so bad that I just want to put my hands up and yell, 'I surrender'.



Empathy is the hardest thing to give, when you think you are the one who needs it most.



She never knew of the silver light that sparkled inside her, until he smiled at her and turned it on.



It is so unfair. I compare and compare. The older they get, the more they can do; but the older I get, the less I can do.



Honesty is only the best policy when you are certain that the other person can handle it.



My head is so heavy; my thoughts probably weigh more than me.



The great thing about being terminally ill is that you can say whatever the fuck you like, and not care about it being a huge deal. #nofilter



His voice crept into her heart, and she no longer felt the sting of being alone.





Then is not now, but now will soon be then.



Dear God,

I have some unfinished business here, so if it's okay with you, I would like to stay here as long as I possibly can.

Thank you.

Love,

Me



When it feels like you have lost all hope, remind yourself that in time, it always has a way of being found. That is what hope is after all.



I was in desperate need to hear that everything would be okay, as death came to say hello.

My mother is an angel sent down to help me glide through the broken ice.



Even though she loved, she forever hated her reality; but when it slipped away from her, she never loved again.



Bubblegum makes the blues a little pinker.



And that morning, my head was no longer on my shoulders, and my bones had burnt to ice.



My disease gave me a feeling that I never knew I could experience; that feeling of not being human.



I'd like to think that one day we will all meet up there and throw a huge party in the sky.



Maybe those who I want close can't get any closer, because they fear that I am the one who will go far too soon.



And my soul weeps to the symphony of your lullaby and at 7am, I fall sound asleep like your little baby.



The mind is such a strange thing once it hears something different; it shifts to a place you never knew it could go.



Insanity loves profanity.



As I held him dead in my arms, the fairy dust that once sparkled inside his soul froze to shattered glass, scarring my heart for eternity.



And somewhere between the middle of sleeping and waking up to her dark world, she heard the voice of her angel, as he whispered from afar, 'Now you know the feeling of grief, my darling. It has only touched upon you now that I am gone. It had to be me before you; else you wouldn't experience this great life that everybody is living.'







His absence stained her reality with a million permanent markers.



The threads that are attached to our death are the very ones that keep us alive.



Maybe life is a bad dream that we only wake up from when we die.





And soon I realised that my lungs had turned to stone.



I don't know how the broken pieces of me are still sticking together, just hanging on by a piece of withered thread. This thread that was once thick and silky, becomes thinner and thinner, as God takes one more thing away from me each year. It becomes rough and raw, as I begin to realise that everything I thought I had, was never mine to begin with. I had nothing. I have nothing, and it is when this thread snaps, that I will be nothing at all.



That night she spoke to her anger; the dirty maroon ball that was burning on the inside of her knotted stomach. This is what he told her: 'I hate God for doing this to you, and I hate anybody who pisses you off. I become bigger and bigger, the more your heart aches. I control you. I am much bigger than you, and I know you hate me. Of course you do. I am unpleasant because I simply don't feel good in your body. But it's okay, because I am here to teach you a lesson. Without me, you wouldn't have anything to feed off of. You don't know it yet, but I am your friend. You can never get rid of me, for I will always be with you. You need to crack now. You have been hiding me away for far too long with those pretty smiles and the million, "I'm okay's". It's my turn to shine; I am fed up of rotting inside you. Actually, maybe I am the one who is scared of you. I don't like to see you upset. You are my friend. I'm going to come out whenever I want to. I don't really care anymore. I know that you are strong enough to deal with it. I have won this game. I feel powerful. After all, it is me who makes you human, my darling.'



So, let's aim for the moon, walk in the darkness together, and catch the glittering stars along the way.

Black sunshine baby

Why do you hurt me so

My eyes cry when it's rainy

My heart melts in the snow

You tear me to shreds and bits

They told me I have a sad smile

My nights never again star lit

Black sunshine please stay a while

Thank you

Thankful for my angels on earth:

Aditi Chaudhary (My mother)

Niren Chaudhary (My father)

Ishaan Chaudhary (My brother)

Kobe (My Labrador)

Rita and Sandeep Kamat (My God parents)

Dr. Egbert Gerritsen (My immunologist)

Dr. Terrence Witt (My guardian angel)

Gaya Turowicz (My guardian angel)

Anja Palombo (My inspiring art teacher)

Beth Miller-Manchester (My High-School protector)

Virginia Holmes (My friend and mentor)

Dr Avtaar Litt and the listeners of Sunrise Radio

