

# LIFE IS BOOK IN MAKING!

LIFE is like a book. It is in the making. As in a dummy, all the pages are blank. We live it year by year. We can look back but we cannot erase. There are bright and blotted pages. These may bring joy or tears, sighs or laughter. There are dark secrets which, as Rossean says in his autobiography, we wish to conceal even from our own selves.

As age creeps on, do we thumb through the pages, till the book is closed? Will there be a sequel? Who knows?

But while the book is in the making, distilled wisdom of the gone generations ordains that we write the book page by page.

These pages make the cycles of life. The world goes in cycles. Time goes in cycles.

As individuals we colour cycles with what is in our minds, a combination of knowledge and ignorance, intelligence and emotion.

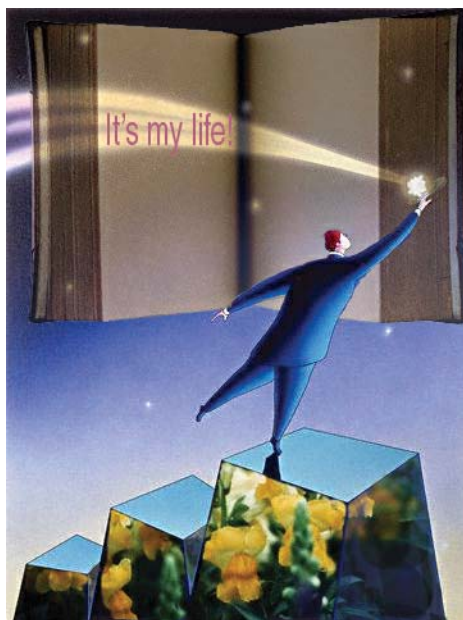
We colour it with hope, for this is seldom dead in our mind. Mercifully! Here is a new day—something which always appeals to men and women: It breaks the monotony, the staleness, and pricks our sense of expectancy and curiosity. It is an opportunity, a challenge, to throw off the boring burdens, the blunders and start a new.

Hope springs up that the new day may be better than the old one. If we have suffered sorrow, sickness then we hope for joy and health. If we are already happy and healthy, then we look forward to their continuance.

Look forward we must, for there is no returning down the road of yesterday. No re-writing of the finished page in the book.

We must step out on to a new road and start writing on a clean new page. But some face the new day with dread, for the shadows of the past hangs over them or their knowledge of events and their attitude of mind causes them to build clouds of foreboding over the road they are yet to go.

Like any love-lost young lady, many more who will look along a road clouded in gloom. There are many faced with a loss in love, and other young people with little hope



of a job. Countless are seeking homes, work, love or justice. The ray of hope does not shine very brightly down that road just now.

Yet, the secret is to keep the chin up, as you try to peer into this unknown future. Today the clouds are down. But we do not know what may be around the next day. Indeed, we cannot at the moment even see the next day.

Keep smiling: do not moan or whine; don't get down at heel to wear a hangdog air. Success is to the one who looks successful; in the end the unfriendly world will reward you. This is mental and moral courage. Fate may be cruel, but it is more so to the whiner and the quitter.

You are the instrument of fate. You have to chisel it. To seize or create opportunities.

Life is hard for some than for others. But no one gets off scot free. Everyone at some time has sorrow, trouble, hardship or sickness.

We become better, strong, more understanding and sympathetic through our troubles, and more appreciative of the opportunities and good things that come our way. The man or woman who says he/she is sunk in despair and can find nothing worthwhile has not really looked around him/her. Not has he/she explored own inner space.

We have to look around our own area, choose something in which we may be interested and plunge into it. What appears a small thing may grow in proportion, so that it fills the major part on one's time and energies. Many freelance writers started fishing in a pond. They are now fishing in a river.

Have an aim. Both for work, leisure and pleasure. Build a dream of future achievement with its accompanying thrill or success, however small or insignificant. Take hold of life, and live each hour and day to its fullest, with something done, not just wasted hours of idle chitchat, but some knowledge or activity acquired so that at the end of the day you are filled with a sense or satisfaction in something achieved.