

Seaside Citadel

Fantasy : Do you ever think about escaping, what do you see when you close your eyes. Have you ever made yourself a seaside castle? A castle made only for you? Where you can escape everytime you close your eyes and want a minute for yourself where you feel completely at ease with yourself, completely in power. You feel at power, you feel at ease. As you, take yourself around in the air of authority the sea breeze comes to tell you, you are still free, you still have a choice to make to be happy. Then you open your eyes and place yourself back in the room, the room that made you miserable but now you feel its somewhat bearable.

• If you could build yourself a castle would you build it deep in the forest, in a mountain or in the seaside. Do you want to smell the smell of the trees, the fresh smell of the salty sea or the smell of the white snow flakes with a hint of all the exotic flowers hidden in the valley. And what does it tell about you, does it define what you are going through in life. What would you choose? To go on long walks on the beach; sit on the sand as the sun sets and the sky turns pink, watch the reflection hit the water and feel satisfied.

Or

Sit by the window of the castle, hearing the chirps of the birds as they turn towards their home, writing

your thoughts on a wrinkled piece of paper. Or would you like to live a calm life on the mountain side, waking up to the cold mountain breeze, and living the quiet, slow life.

•) What if your escape was a glass castle on the beach and everytime the sunrays touched the wall, a rainbow would form. The castle you build in your head is nothing but the shelter that you built to protect yourself from the surroundings; your reality, it's not just an escape it's a sense of you; And a sense of hope brings out all the colours in you.

The friendships, the relations in your life are the hope; it enhances who you are. And will glass be able to withstand the thunder storm? Will it break down, the roof scattered into a thousand glass pieces on the strike of a thunder or the walls forced to crack as the waves hit on them? Maybe, but maybe glass is much stronger than you think, just like you are.

•) As you sit in your seaside castle, waiting for someone to come from the other side of the sea, you sigh in despair as you don't get the sight of them. But maybe sometimes our disappointments in life are created from our own expectations; If people's reactions differ from our perceived answer. Maybe the sight of the person we desire to see coming on a white horse, is our mind's model solution of that situation pertaining to

our needs ,and happiness. But nobody can be more true to that solution than we ourselves . Only we can feel what we truly feel. Its hard for us to explain it to others sometimes and so its fine . We need to find the happiness in ourselves and then seek friend ship in others for people can momentarily gift us happiness but only we ourselves have the power to create and cherish happiness .

The Small things matter in life.

A child builds a sand castle dedicating his time and energy to get the details right, putting hours of determination grit and patience; but a wave comes sometimes later only to crush it . So should he have built the castle ? knowing it would come down ? Maybe, maybe not ; he built the sand castle in the present not thinking about the destruction ,time would do to it but the utter joy it would bring to him once its completed . The sandcastle is completed now what ? His mother takes a picture and his father taps his back ; he takes a final glance at it and 1 hour later he's home miles away from "it".

It was never about completing it but somewhere the process made him more happier than the result , the result was more about just a moment but the process was a collection of thousands of moments .

Most of the things we do today will be erased by time , the friendships the notes , the drawings the poems would lose meaning but should we stop making friends? stop writing ? stop drawing ?

The waves are getting higher , the castle stands strong in the dim moonlight ; We shouldn't worry about the result much for at the end nothing can be saved from the gasp of time ; it will turn into nothingness; so why worry so much . Instead one should give there best so that they could enjoy the process . One must be taught that its okay for the best of the best things to fail . Thats the nature of life , all great things must end , and its the way of time . So why be sad by it but rather accept it as newton's fourth law and try to start afresh again to built something bigger.

The waves hit the walls of the castle , it falls ; it breaks and the sand is deformed once again waiting for another child to come and reshape it . Some months and some years later a child comes with his family smiling from head to toe on a sunny day .The child will go with a smile on the face where somewhere an adult will smirk remembering the sand castle on the beach that he made on that summer day .

Things end so that other things can start . Life is nothing but a canvas ; if you fill your canvas with a painting and try to put too much paint on it , it will destroy the painting as well as you can't draw something new . Instead try to whitewash it , paint with new colours , and its true the old painting will be gone but a new one will appear .

Tell me what do you remember at the end of a hectic day the results from your boards (okay maybe if there was some celebration attached , but I guess mostly you remember fond memo ries with your loved ones. Many trivial memories make up the prime core memories. Building a sand castle

on the beach as a child is a memory you can revisit from time to time, the sweetness of those few seconds of nostalgia will always bring a sense of fulfilment in your life.

- We need things to hold onto when times get rough, and if memories serve their purpose well in this aspect.

Sand Castle on the Sea Beach

The tighter you hold onto sand the more it starts to escape from your grasp. As you overthink a situation, try to stimulate in your mind what you could have done and what went wrong you feel more restless, more helpless, all you want to do is regret. You feel numb at your stupidity. You feel that you are tearing up. Just sleep, and I guess you will survive till the morning, the next morning and soon. Your life will move on and so will you. All you need to get control of the sand is to hold on gently to the sand, let go of what is slipping away and focus on what's still left behind.

Can anything escape the ~~sorrows~~ of time?

I met a traveller from an antique land,

Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,

Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,

And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,

Tell that its sculptor well those passions read

Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,

The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;

And on the pedestal, these words appear:

My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;

Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay

Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare

The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Ozymandias - A poem written by Percy B.
Shelley

It speaks about the power that time holds and how its impossible to restrict change.

No matter how strong, how beautifully authoritative a thing ; it will turn into nothingness once time decides so. The sand castle so gigantic and majestic will be swept away by the waves and there will be no trace left of its existence. And next day the seaside will witness a new story a new sand castle. Old things needs to go for new things to happen. We feel that we own stuff but in reality , in life we are allowed to borrow them from the universe and when the time comes we need to return them even if we want to or not. If the sand castle was to stay in the beach forever , another child would had been deprived of his part of making a sand castle , while the sand castle is not of much of a physical significance but its much more of an emotional significance .

Many people will come in our lives momentarily and leave , but their impact will be imprinted in our lives forever. Everything happens as its supposed to happen , the probability of the existence of this universe the way it is , at least tells so , so maybe its okay to trust the process.

The same sea beach connects a hundred different stories which in turn are intertwined with a thousand different others .Hundred random strangers could describe the seaside in a thousand different ways; which one would describe the sea beach the best ? Is the world in turn connected by stories of all these random people ? And will a polaroid of the beach with the sand castle in the backdrop describe the whole story of the world at that instant ; as people get connected and their stories start to tell a thousand different others?

Did the elderly man sitting grumpily on the mat , give a little smirk as he saw the little boy jump happily in the air as his papa praised his sand castle .

And did the couple expecting their first one , just plan an outing with their new family in their mind just by seeing the kid ?

- Does an insignificant sand castle connect and affect so many lives in such little ways that sum up according to butterfly effect to create a beautiful picture .