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Archive of a clueless man.



It was unconscious

and infinite numbers of time, the tea master had twizzled and poured the tea to the glass, that arranged symmetrically, picked one at the time, dropped abruptly at the table, signalling its completeness; that was picked by a dark hand, rolled rudrakshai at the wrist and pans carefully to his mouth, sipping, and in ecstasy and blissfulness, shifted his head slightly to left and right, wears a white dash of vibhuti, centred with small red kungumam dot, and back to reality, when the television was loud enough to blurt out the crime scene from some local village. He then back to his previous thoughts of doubtfulness; where it showcased and raised a question whether his front gate of his farm at the hill side that was surrounded by tiny rocks of different form, remote it was that only the goat and local dogs roam hither and thither; filled with excess of water from december rain; and none of the human soul would know such a farm exists that the gate, that was painted blue and bordered red; was in closed condition or not. It was this thought that triggered when he reached the destination of the tea shop; and was in a condition that it was not possible to travel back thither, the farm with the front gate painted blue and bordered red; and hence isolated with his thought of doubtless alone, regretting the thoughts, and also for its occurrence that distract the blissfulness caused by the tea that was dropped abruptly by the tea master on the table. And with the political rumours being telecasted on the television, he was back to the present, and intermittently was worried with the doubtfulness, like the stone that caught inside his shoe.

And next to him was another man, who wear a sadness and unshaven beard of white and grey, aged 60, was staring down at the bottom left leg of the table down, making false conversation within himself, regarding some past unpleasant event that was bugged him for long, about his village at the sea shore, a tiny one, that run parallel to the canal, that the cows grazing beyond that, and the tar roads were filled with dunkards and dust and stuff, was all of sudden embarrassed and awkward by the witness; the event of ladies; using the public open space as toilet and to conceal this event of embarrassment, he turned abruptly, acting not noticed, with blank thought, not known how to get distract, was in conversation on his mind, in seek of justice, with the government and law and stuff; intensed; flowed with the series of question and stuff; with the improvisation in the thought; pleasured; was all of sudden interrupted; by the bang on the table, by the tea master who dropped the freshly poured tea glass, on table, where he moved his stare from the lower left leg to the table slab, picked, paned, sipped, and settled to

present for some time, ecstasy, blissed, realised, dried, tilted, witnessed, heard, some random news from the television, that was blurting about some suicide case.

And at the back, there was a laugh, a pale man, aged 40, hair dyed, showcased two rows of frontal teeth, bright, laughed heavy, by the excitement of the event which involved in hatching of 35 crocodile eggs, that was tracked and protected for 90 days at the conservation and the thought of first time witnessing the crackage of the egg, where it emits the peak that consists of nostrils and gradually it reveals the eye and the whole head comes out of the white shell, then the front right and left leg; and the rear left and right one, to the mud now and was watching him, his dyed hair, from those little dark and yellowish eye, rotating, dwarf one and he, was in connection with them, the thirty plus dwarf crocodiles. With this excitement, it was interrupted by the cunningness that involved deception where for the three glass of tea, he paid two, and caught; embarrassed; not had clue what has happened; was in process to settle things right; paid the third tea amount; worried, internally justified and realised the cause of deception which was unintentional, and wondered it cause of occurrence, of its cunning nature, was half convinced that it is not of his plan to cheat; with the double mindedness to not to settle with two side, depressed, and moved, sat near the old man with the white and grey beard who was talking to himself with false conversation, for the justice, to build the public toilet; was ignored and tilted to the direction of television that was blurting about the forest fire that killed 90% of animals and other living being thither.



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I used to analyze myself down to the last thread, used to compare myself with others, recalled all the smallest glances, smiles and words of those to whom I'd tried to be frank, interpreted everything in a bad light, laughed viciously at my attempts 'to be like the rest' –and suddenly, in the midst of my laughing, I'd give way to sadness, fall into ludicrous despondency and once again start the whole process all over again – in short, I went round and round like a squirrel on a wheel.”

— Fyodor Dostoevsky, Crime and Punishment

People, why are

people troubling people ? It ain't like they are troubling intentionally by doing stuff but if people entered into your life, then reserve a moment of experience to your life list. Whether you love or hate folks, one or the other way they're gonna create trouble for you. That is how it was designed. Can you escape from this sinkhole ? Can people help you to come out of it? No. Even if you plan perfectly by knowing all the consequences that are gonna cause if people enter your life, it's gonna suck anyway. The plan won't work even though you planned perfectly. Then what will be the solution to this heck ? Is it death ? Have people found and preached to people ? Maybe it might have happened. It is kind of death but your soul still lives on the earth. Death is like when you are empty without a soul. Empty without soul by body. What if it is empty with soul ? Have you ever been on a lone walk on the street under the flickering light and jamming random riffs on harmonica ? That would be empty with soul. You are alone, no one is there for you. You are an independent soul. You are empty. Your mind is emptied with the random riffs coming somewhere from your head and you still got your soul and you are not dead. People trouble people. Get rid of them. People are the cause and effect. It is better to get rid of the cause so the effect won't impact you. Is it really possible for a man to be living alone his whole life ? Can anyone be like that ? History has known and unknown people who lived alone their whole life. It can be seen that it is against the law to live like that but there are some people who live alone and it is the law for them to be alone. If they live with people, it is against the law for them. So living alone is possible. You have no trouble since no people can be involved in your life, no idiot can ruin your life, no one can make you angry and it goes on. You really don't have trouble ? Have you ever been alone for a long time ? If you are curious to be alone, just try it for once. Still you will have trouble. But this time it's not by the people but by yourself. Yes this time it is you that is causing trouble for yourself. When you are alone, you will feel the inner peace within you, you will think a lot like a preacher and preach to people as well. You really know yourself better than earlier. You feel the newer version of yourself. But it won't last long as it is how it all meant for folks. It won't last long. You have to suffer. Either by you or by people. That is the design. That is what folks do. It ain't sin. This time the suffering is by you. You are jamming from your soul and you got a riff that makes you wonder that you have beaten Beethoven In composition. And you just thought of sharing the very moment to someone else in the world. And the very happiest moment is partially satisfying because happiness is real when it is shared. There comes the trouble oh man. There comes the real trouble. Now the lone man needs someone to share his happiness. Yes, he needs people. He knows, if people are there,

troubles will be marching towards him. Even though he won't care about that. Trouble ain't bothering him at that very moment. He wants someone to share his feelings. And if he follows that emotion it is like the cat catching her tail. Again people trouble people. Becoming an aloof man. Tempting again to people. What if he cares about none. What if he ain't giving a damn thing about anything or anybody ? Since he cares about the very moment, it leads to sharing with someone to satisfy his happiness. What if he didn't care about that stuff and just moved to the next riff that was even better than the previous one ? The cause and effect caused by the effect of care is more dangerous than anything else. Just imagine if you care none will it gonna affect you in any other way ? No, right ? But is it a proper way to behave ? You really don't care when you are willing to don't give a care. But you can't force yourself to behave like you are not caring about anything. You can do that temporarily but it won't last long. You can train your brain to be like not caring about telling them scary stuff but even it won't last long. You do care man. Yes you do care. People care about people. That's how it was designed. People need People. Then why is there chaos among the life of a man ? Is it really because of people ? Is he really causing all sorts of trouble ? yes it is caused by people but you can't get rid of the trouble. It is safe that you get the trouble from people rather than getting it from something else which might be even worse than that. People cause trouble and the effect can be worse than you have imagined. If you try to be scared of it, then you can't get rid of it. I will follow you in any other way as possible in a different form you might have not expected. Trouble is a constant man. What if you really don't give a damn about the trouble ? You got me ? Say you have made a sin which kills you every day. It is a big deal for you and that troubles you a lot. Is it really a sin ? Who has created a rule that says the stuff you have done is a sin ? No it ain't. It's just simple stuff you did. It's all up to you whether you are categorizing it to sin or not. Don't give a damn thing to sin folk. Don't care about trouble. You just killed almost everyone because they are causing you trouble ? Have you ever tried to think of killing the trouble in the first place ?? you have partial control over the cause but whatever the effect may be, you still can ignore it and don't care about it. But there are people who don't care about the cause itself. They are the aloof folks. Yes there are two types of folks out there in the town. The one who ain't care about the cause and the one who ain't care about the effect. The first one can be aloof. He is not forcing himself to live like that. He does that willingly. The second one likes to do stuff and doesn't care about the effect. They live with people and still they are with the law. For both types of town folks, not giving a damn care is common. You need to decide in which part of cause and effect you are ain't gonna care.

It's the stage

of your mind where you feel like a preacher to volunteer yourself to let people know what's going on in your head. People might take it or leave it but you are just willing to let them know the new invention happened within yourself. You just walk on the street alone without knowing your legs fainted yet you get satisfied with the knowledge you gained. At times you feel like you have experienced all the emotions and stuff a wise man gets to attain his nirvana. Thinking of philosophical stuff makes you feel like you attained nirvana. You thought you had faced all the troubles that people were scared to face. You thought there were no other problems a man can face in his life and yet you have faced and experienced it. You feel like you can write a novel about the philosophical stuff that you have gained. But did you know what will happen after that ? Have you thought that you might get a chance to experience the whole thing again and again ? Have you really attained nirvana ? Did you really think that ? By the time you were in the stage of thinking about this, life was already rooted to show you how life actually will be. You have not even done half way to attain nirvana. You were in the process. You still have a lot of things to face and experience. Don't conclude this is the end of the world. You're gonna be disappointed. You will again fail, again a heart break, again a heartache, again a first love, again a feel of lust, again a preacher's thought, again a lonely life. And this keeps on going. You just can't control this stuff. You are still in the process of attaining nirvana. Just go in a flow.



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That day was

a nightmare. It was a moment when you hear a phone call and the conversation that is about to be made seems to be an oracle from the future. If at all we had an intuition that the anecdote that we have yet to receive from the future makes us frenzy, we may at least try not to experience such an incident which led us to worry. But the truth is life doesn't work like that. He committed suicide was the sound that beamed from the microphone. That was around 10 in the morning. Half past twelve, an uneasiness forms which inturn creates an uncertainty about the incident.

He was a good fella.

By the evening, I got another phone call. From home, saying that I have to leave from work and return back to home immediately. As some kind of flu epidemic is aghastening the entire world. I decided to leave work and packed all my necessities. When I reached the bus station, some people were wearing masks and some didn't care. I took a bus to some place near the border of the state as the bus service between the interstate is closed on that particular day. It was 2 at midnight when I reached the border. Couldn't see any connecting buses to my state. I waited till 6 in the morning and I was informed by a driver that the state government had provided a bus on that particular day and it was scheduled at 6:30. The journey is to cross two wildlife sanctuaries, a tiger reserve, a hill station, a dam, a river rafting spot, a hot sun and a stereo speaker that blurted classic medley.

It took 10 hours to cross all these moor. People I had witnessed on this trip don't have any knowledge on what is going on. They just did their regular work of going to the field, chit chat on the street corners. Again I felt uncertain about what I was doing. But the bus was stopped at the entrance of the state. It was bathed with bleach. Including our backpacks. Crossed the dam and the river raft spot. Still the sun is tagging with us.

Dropped after crossing those moor. I looked like a gipsy. Still a 7 hour journey left to complete this trip. I was the only one with the mask. Rest of the passengers looked at me as if I'm an alien to them. Reached Home.

I was walking

on the sidewalk and a scene brought me attention to it. It was an ant taking dry leaves to somewhere I don't know where. I was brooding over it for quite a long time and wondered why this creature is designed to do this ?

And I thought after heading to my stay where I have a spider here and I call him Yosarrian. Of old yossarian is too designed to stick in a wall for a very long time and if you want to know the truth, I wonder from where it gets food and dont he just starve to death if he sticks there for a week even not moving a little bit. Then I thought of the human. That's me who resides inside that very room where Yossarian stays. How I was designed to do stuff. All I was doing is just stuff that the brain is currently holding something. If my brain currently holds the stuff to read books, I read books. If it holds to walk, I walk. If it holds to brood at something I just do the same. What it makes me do. It's just people doing some crazy stuff in their life. Even from birth till death like the ant taking the dry leaves. The thing is that it should be considered as the stuff that our brain tells us to do. It's not a bad or good stuff. It's just stuff. Now my brain just holds "who the hell actually decided this is bad or good stuff". Is that the same brain that decides ? If so then it has to be human consciousness that tells good or bad. or some other human seeded human brain by categorising the stuff you do either by good or bad. In both cases you can feel what is good and bad. Then I must say here there is no sin or karma stuff to interfere in this design. There is no sin or karma. It's just people doing stuff. It doesn't matter whether it's good or bad.

Here my brain tells me strongly not to believe in KARMA or SIN.

People.

The river is flooded with people. Hundreds of people.

The source of the river is always unexplored. It gets ruined when it is explored. It is a wonderful stroke of luck, if it is explored and yet not ruined. It was such a kind of village. Tea. It is not essential for survival. But becomes one if it is addicted. It is the second most popular drink in the world.

It was eight past half and still the sun hadn't shown up. An empty trunk with a parallel yellow beam is sailing toward the village to vacate the people from the village to the champ. The tea plantation was dead. People moving to work on the tea plantation near champ.

Right now we

are the best form of us. What we do now is a damn experienced decision from us. It is perfect. It is flawless. It is fascinating. Right now. Yet this very fascinating thing just fades from our memory eventually. And it will look like the most embarrassing stuff that you have done in your life. When you think of this years later.

What will be the result, if we stay at the very point, which our brains tell us, we are genius, our decision is perfect and so on. The same brain tells that it was the greatest shit ever happened on this earth. So obviously, the stuff which you are doing is gonna be shitty in future. So don't give any damn about it.

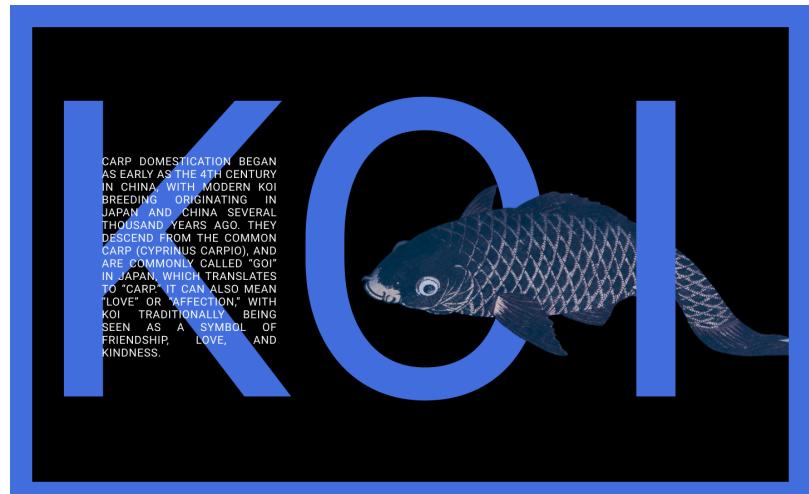
It doesn't matter how our work end result looks. Each and every result has its own audience. Some of your shitty work might be liked by millions. Some of your billion dollar ideas might suck except you. I don't have any faith in the existing seven of me but there exists a million people who might like my shitty work. The blockage here is they ain't know that I have made this shits and they don't have enough brain that their brain will agree to my shitty work.

If people from the eighteenth century look at our works of art and science and stuff. They just piss on your face. Yet those shitty works of art and science and stuff have an audience. People get used to shitty stuff. That is how the earth works. Get used to shitty. Some people from the twentieth century like eighteenth century shits and vice versa. Everywhere you see, you see shit. Pick wisely or let your head pick it for you. It is actually for you. Don't give shit what others say shit about the shit you have chosen. It is your shit. It belongs to you.

Call me Ishmael.

All it started from there and it just made me fall into the vortex for a month and half of reading the Biblical referenced content of Moby Dick. Before reading this book my version of the whale is of shark countenance but the book reveals the zoological portion of a great whale that is sprouting mist aloft the deep blue archipelago sea to enlighten me it is not so.

The interior and exterior portions, the skeleton, flukes, eyes, jaws, brain, sperm, and almost everything is explored in this epic. Their by-product, their power, the treacherous things we did to whales during the uncivilised/civilised period and so on. All those pictures of Monstrous watery leviathan are actually wrongly portraits of the Great Whale.



Whaling is not like fishing but an art. That is what this book tells us. I appreciate the author for this in depth effort in doing research on whales and tangling this adventurous fictional epic which led the reader at least to start fishing.

Book Survive.

It was for those people who were uneducated during archaic times. It provides knowledge to the people. Now at this time, the popularity of books has been reduced by half, since the same knowledge can be obtained in various forms and sources. As of now it is through technology, people are able to access the sources. Though this accessibility is high on the chart the quality of the stuff people gain through this is debatable. It is half cooked. Rumours and assumptions and myths are mixed. Myth is there in history for a long period but it is beneficial for society and for the people. But now, the rumours and stuff are happening for personal benefit. Hatred for a particular group of people. The myth gets rooted stronger into people's mind as that is the real thing happening with the fact and blindly follows it as it is the single source of truth. They rebel for it as well. But the facts which they own are half cooked. The knowledge they possess now is from the half cooked resource majorly passionate about their self purpose. Thus the knowledge people own now is useless and still people need the essence of the book of genuity. The book will survive.

No man will

like to stay low. If at all he thinks/decides to stay low. If an external thing acts upon him to stay low or a slave kind of stuff, he won't accept that fact. A man feels inferiority complex when he lacks skill or power or anything that he can't possess or he owes something. When he is a learner, he respects his teacher as he accepts this as a natural blueprint since the knowledge that the teacher possesses is more than his. This is applicable to some other factor like power, wealth etc., this kind of low doesn't affect him. And in some scenarios, he himself keeps low or some factor similar to inferiority complex where the opposite party doesn't cause any impact on him but he stays low. That is some theory regarding how the brain works in this situation. When he works under a landlord, he stays low since he owes something in return for the salary he gets.

The above mentioned factors are ignored since it happens within him based on some factors and no external factors. But...

But here is a situation where a man rages spontaneously not thinking a bit about his consciousness. It is when he is treated low when he owes nothing. It is some kind of invisible force that acts upon him which creates this rage. It is also expressed externally which may lead to violence and stuff. It can lead to mental and physical disturbance. He can hurt those who cast the invisible force. This rage happens because the opposite party stays top when a man owes nothing. The opponent party rages again for the same reason that he too won't stay low if he demands. So this stack overflows on and on and it leads to violence/some unknown chaos on both the parties. Which in turn creates a situation that even leads to death.

If any one party's conscience decides how to handle this rage, then none would have happened. Say if his conscience told him to treat equal when the opposite party is even lower than him, then the rage would have been destroyed at that instance. Even the opposite party can't continue the stack since he can't rage solo.

If a man can accept his inferiority complex, then he can also accept this equity. Allow his consciousness some time to decide. It Will take care of it. Just allow.

An old abandoned

tea factory. It is a lifeless village. Yet people live there. For there is no more tea plantation. Old tea shop gets village necessities from down the foothill. No faith in their future but praying all day at church. One time public transport available that too depends on the number of passengers.

Group of people circled near a pit where a scream echoed from it. It was a non-human echo. A deer fawn leaps hard to get out of it. Its muzzle is already painted red yet bids for his survival. Yesternight rain made the worst of the landslide on the other side of the village. People fix it with the stone and stuff from nearby. It is hard to see one's whole face clearly in the village. It is always coated by a figment cloud emerging when smutter the rock or Obstructed by the mist.

No young face. All their childrens were settled in the town as surviving in such a kind of village is absurd. If you ask them to leave the village, they hesitate to do so as they don't know anything other than living in the wild.

They rescued the fawn. But none to rescue them.

Recommencing further from the village is a British bungalow. It is haunted, says the villagers. It is constructed in such a way that the officer is in a position to see the tea plantation landscape on the right and a reservoir on the left.

If at all newcomers to the village don't have access to stay, they can in any of the houses by noticing them prior. That is the rules they follow. That is how we followed long back but not now. The road to the foothill from the village is blocked by the roots of large trees that were rolled recently due to the storm. One can see the impressive pattern plumage of peacock on the edge of the plucked root that is one storey.

The engine is killed. The zig zag road trip smoothened silently by just rolling the wheel on the slopes. It was an hour-long buoyant roll along the storm destruction path. It is not a destruction if it is done by nature where it has its own beauty. Have you seen the root of a tree the size of one storey building ?

Ain't got any

work to do. And I start this with Ain't because I liked to start something with ain't. I sat on the sofa that is right aligned to the hallway and I'm the aloof two-legged species who sits in-front of Mac at 00:28 under the knocking sound of the keypad. The giggling sound of crickets on the higher octave with the moderate tempo that adds one more layer to the song that is already humming in my mind. The Kinks were in a loop for a week. My looping count doubled because the same lyric repeated multiple times in that song itself. The save button on Google Keep just saves every bit of the word that I have typed to the cloud like someone is retying it somewhere else in the world.

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Crescent-shaped breads have been made since the Renaissance, and crescent-shaped cakes possibly since antiquity.^[4] Croissants have long been a staple of Austrian, Italian, and French bakeries and pâtisseries. The modern croissant was developed in the early 20th century. In the late 1970s, the development of factory-made, frozen, preformed but unbaked dough made them into a fast food that could be freshly baked by unskilled labor. The croissant bakery, notably the La Croissanterie chain, was a French response to American-style fast food,^[5] and as of 2008, 30–40% of the croissants sold in French bakeries and pâtisseries were baked from frozen dough.^[6]

Type	Course	Place of origin	Main ingredients
Viennoiserie	Breakfast	Austria	Yeast-leavened dough, butter

Hi, I'm Amare.

I was born in Irbit, a town in Sverdlovsk Oblast, Russia, located 203 kilometers from Yekaterinburg by train or 250 kilometers by cart, on the right bank of the Nitsa. The town was known by different names during different eras and when I was born it was known previously by Irbeyevskaya. My father was the wing commander for the Russo-Japanese War. He died when I was about to print my footprints on the black earth.

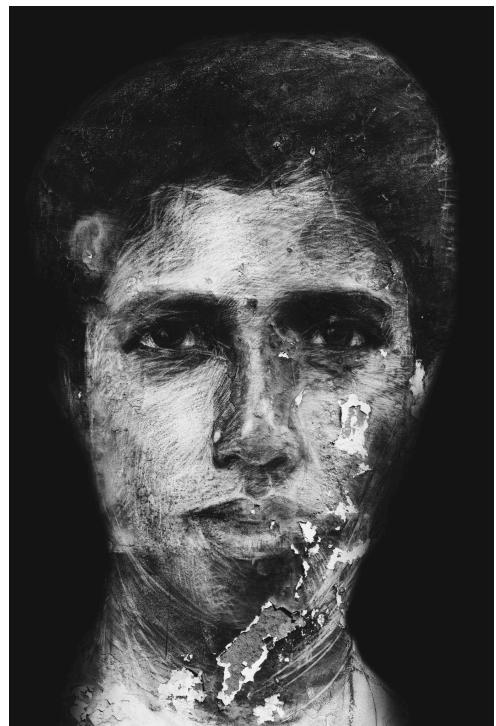
My mother is a peasant. I love her.

It was the time of crawler tractor evolution. The poor fellas ain't paid enough. The landlords are getting back the land from the poor. It was said as the reason as the village people are debted to banks. If the explanatory questions were asked from villagers, they echoed it was banks lands. Some farming families even vacated the village.

Me and Erasyl were playing around the dead tree. We were ten and like two peas in a pod. It was summer and the day was hot. As usual, Me and Erasyl along with his neighbourhood mates planned to visit the dead tree and begin our daily routine. It was a simple play. Tying four ropes on the dead tree center and circulating by gripping our hands on it and at a particular tempo which makes us fly above the ground. It goes on till we get tired. If parched, we go to the mammoth well at the end of the rye. It is huge and petrified. It serves as the single most source of water to the whole village.

Erasyl is a coward. It is easy to get him scared even with the ant. But it was the one thing that we all are scared of. It is the Zever, the oxen. It ain't like a normal one. He is the Spiniensis, the god of thorns. His eyes is alway looking for vengeance. His thorn faces sharp at us when he sees the ground. Curious how he renders us in his eyes. He obeys only to Kwame, an old man, his owner who takes care of Zever from childhood. Kwame is like a roman emperor Caligula who loved one of his horses, Incitatus, so much that he gave the steed a marble stall, an ivory manger, a jeweled collar and even a house. Though he ain't got any ivory jewellery, he made his barn like the one.

(Me and Erasyl turned 17)



It was dusk and the pinkish sky turned into the dark clouds with the twinkling stars. It was disturbed day. Something unknown is bothering me inside. So many questions are echoing on my header yet the answers are unknown. Why do poor people become even poorer but rich yet much richer ? They are nothing without us yet they have all the powers. I don't like mama not being paid what she deserves at this age. It applies to all those elderly people on the fields. I was looking up at the sky and asking for advice.

I heard the rail engine chucking its smoke on this murky night. The sound gradually increased and it echoed deep inside my head.

It was the end of winter and I felt the advancing spring. Me and Erasyl and the dead tree friends gathered. Isabis and Jafari are among the crowd who had been to Moscow and told us there are machines that replace humans in the field. A crawler tractor has been used for farming. We decided to buy one and use it on our farm. It was not believed by the Landlords. They thought it was the myth that such a thing doesn't exist.

We travelled back to Moscow and bought an engined tractor for ploughing. The entire village was waiting for our arrivals. Ma, Kwame, Zever witnessed the arrival of the machine. The engine suddenly stopped. We know to start that thing but not to repair it. Later we came to know the fuel was drained. We refilled and started again. The whole village regained happiness.

The landlord's son, who is our age, disliked the machine we bought. The jealousy rooted in him resulted in the killing of poor Isabis. Everyone in the village knows the landlord's son killed Isabis. When we took the coffin the whole village cried and we buried Isabis under the Yew tree.

It was the death of Isabis that was bothering me now. Even I didn't feel this weird feeling as I got when Isabis was killed. It was queer.

Later in the midst of winter, ma died. I couldn't express the feeling. I followed the hearse all the way back to the graveyard where Isabis was buried. We buried ma in a traditional way.

It was void. It felt like when someone held your hand and suddenly left you in the midst of the crowd and didn't know what to do next in your life. I struggle deep inside. I feel like staying alone at home. Erasyl came a couple of times. Knocked the door. And he went back. The candle was not lit for months, I did not know whether it was day or night. Madame Anastasia, Ma's closest friend, visits home and cooks for me. She didn't spell a word. She left me alone.

Erasyl visits home after two and half months. I nodded at everything he told me. When he got up, he handed me a book which was inscribed on the cover as Doctor Zhivago. I started reading with a lit up candle. It diverted me a little. I read more books. The shelf got filled.

The astounding knowledge the books have turned me to write something on the paper that strikes my head. Whenever I dozed off, I started writing poetry. Of people, of nature, of culture,

of troubles, of wonders, of lunatics, of eerie, of all the varied emotions that I felt during solidarity. This urge of poetry makes me move outside of the house. I visited markets, streets. Meeting people of different cultures. Observed the inner and external things and turned them to poetry.

The machinery sounds

crowded in the day room. It was a stormy day, a cyclone was on its way to hit the lighthouse. The people dismantle the roof to safeguard it from the high wind that moves 120km/hr. The media overflows with this news to each and every house in the town. The government is taking tremendous action to save lives from the coming disaster. The election is going to happen in another six months. People forget themselves and merge them with these electoral campaigns. And it was some strange feeling that rooted within him. He wishes this strangeness to last for some more time. This strangeness gives him ideas, creativity, peace and to be alone by himself. He thinks being alone makes him greater than with people. If this works, then let him have this as his motto. But this strange feeling seems to be partially helping. He clearly can't see why this feeling overwhelms him as well as makes him stand inside four walls stagnant in the same place. The surrounding is filled with the stuff that he likes, yet his heart treats them as the enemy. The word is the enemy. The room is filled with the old 80s funk music in its background. It adds to the mood of the room that hangs the wall clock on the top right corner where a female mask hangs aside to the left. The scent took his mind to the ghats he trekked two years back. When he returns back to reality, he hates it. A laughing buddha laughs at him, the room plants giggling at him, the lights emit a shadow, the old radio-player plays the song that irritates. He played some more funk to go back to some non reality place. It took him back to the 70s-80s russia landscape where people seem to live happily yet he found they suffer the same what he suffers now. He approaches an old farmer in this non reality world to take some advice to survive in reality. The old farmer wise words are inaudible to him. His non reality world is deaf and dumb. He can see but deaf and dumb. He roams like a gypsy by not blurting a word to people and sees the stuff on his way. It settles him down. It ain't supposed to be a river or an ocean or a ghats or rye but just exploring places makes him settle. He settled in the non reality world. When he returns to reality, he follows the same to settle himself.

I was meeting some group of people in an old abandoned house surrounded by a sea salt extraction field. Those people were not nice. This old place has strange statues and stuff but my intuition told me not to take them home as I was so fond of them. There was some strange game playing between the two groups in the basement of the building. It is like throwing a small teeny tiny stone from the basement to the second floor. All the people were cheering them from the second floor. I was there with them but did not belong to any team. It happened when one of the other teams won the match which led to chaos. The staircase was blocked to escape. Meanwhile, a good buffet is happening on the terrace. I went top and asked a fella to wrap some food to have on the way back home. He seems strange. but he wrapped and gave me the food. As the staircase was blocked I couldn't get down. Suddenly there was another staircase on the other side. It was also crowded with a bunch of fellas but they were wailing loud which felt scary and strange. I ignored them and came down and realised it was an old cemetery.

I took the exit and reached the nearby town. I was searching for a place to eat my food. Ain't got one. Suddenly I saw a bungalow with a big gate in the front and an old lady sitting on the front door doing some strange actions. I asked her permission to dine in the lobby. she nodded. When I came close and recognised her face, a stream of tears started to flow in me. I have seen the face before and I have always wished to meet her and that made the stream of tears. It was phoebe buffay from the friend series. I was astonished, shocked, and trembled. wailing as those fellas did at the secondary staircase while escaping from the strange old building from the cemetery.

I told her that I admire her a lot. She was preoccupied with something else when I told her that I admire her a lot. After a while she let me in. She introduced me to her friend. Her friend smiled at me and we exchanged our hands. After some time the friend smiled at me. After sometime again the friend smiled at me. And after sometime phoebe came. The friend then asked for the rate. I ain't got at first and later realised it was a prostitution. I was astonished, shocked, and trembled. Wailing as those fellas did at the secondary staircase while escaping from the strange old building from the cemetery again but this time it was for a different reason. When I tried to escape the friend grabbed my stuff and the hand. Somehow I got my stuff and got down. But she got my phone with her. The friend. I was looking at Phoebe but she didn't care and went inside the hall. And here comes another strange figure. This time it was a fella. A big fat dark non-smile greasy-hair brown-boot fella. A bad fella. I told them from the bottom that I got some of their stuff and it will compensate for my loss. The fat fella got angry against me and grabbed his brown boot and it was flying in the air to hit me. I acted like I was running away from the greasy-hair fella. The big fat dark fella ran down the staircase to get me and it happened to meet him so close and realise he was a big fat dark non-smile greasy-hair brown-boot PIG. He took a knife from his pocket and in that time gap I hooked his face with some punch that made him dizzy with the knife in his hand. He was trying to knock me by fapping his knife hand to his leeward where it was empty. He was so dizzy at that time and I made him dizzy further and I grabbed his phone and ran away from the bungalow. An old and greasy one.

The good thing

about being born during the 80s and 90s is that we witness the major change from one generation to another. Never in history had this kind of change. Or it might have taken place slowly. 90s born had most of the stuff in physical form. The big Cathode ray tube TVs, Radio FM, Walkman, Telephone, Typewriter, Cassette player, Calculator, Compass, Maps and so on. It feels so connected with us. And the beauty is that we care about them a lot. No matter what worse the output it may produce, it just satisfies us. The jamming of the typewriter, the rolling sound of the cassettes, click of button, fm tuning distortion. Even though it was not all perfect, we didn't get irritated by these kinds of drawbacks. It engaged us with vibes. How cool it is to trek with physical maps and compasses. Or just exploring some remote places with the maps. Identifying the spot and getting the destination. Two years back, I just explored a town using the physical map. Getting it out in print and exploring. It felt damn hard to locate and get to the destination. For a single town, I took almost 20 different locations of the town by zooming at maximum. Earlier days, when people travel long, they just calculate the geographical map in their mind and just ask local people help for the navigation if they struck somewhere. It was fun to do that. People do this stuff now but only if google map algorithm took them to some abandoned rice mill. The show is telecasted on TV now by all town and village people. Reviewed by them. Since the shows are less, it is valued more. The same applies to FM as well. In my native village, we used to listen to FM where we get Ceylon FM signals. Now we have tons of FM on the internet but who is listening ?

It sounds ridiculous for some folks as this doesn't make any sense. But there are some people who are just willing to stick with this kind of lifestyle. I'm one among them. And I'm trying hard to replicate them now as well.

When Apple launched the iPhone back then, everyone welcomed the change as no one thought it would kill a lot of devices. And Apple didn't care about that as well. Back in the 80s, TV was considered bad. Because it controls people. People from the top level, tell the people what they want to think via broadcasting. People just followed them blindly. The same is happening with the phone which we use now but in a more severe way. All those services are available in a single device and we just use them without any connection. And it just controls us what to do. This incident happened recently. I was just driving with my friend and we were discussing some restaurant But didn't intend to visit. We just navigated to some other hardware shop which is

totally opposite to the restaurant and blindly took the route, it just took us to the restaurant which we were discussing in the car. We had dinner there.

Maybe the latest technology made everything possible, but it lessened the value of it. Anyone can get stuff easily nowadays. Back then if we wanted to listen to a new song, we had to wait and listen to them. Can't repeat them, to memorise the lyrics in a time frame. To Memorise the tune and so on. It is inconvenient, but they are so connected.

Recently, I tried to get back all those 90s stuff either in working condition or not and managed to get some of the mechanical devices in working condition like typewriter, metronome. I couldn't find electrical stuff like a cassette player, walkman, radio, crt tvs, in working condition. Some people still have this stuff. But when I tried to get them at this point of time, I couldn't get them as easily as buying a phone online.

I always wanted

to live in a tiny room. A Cozy one. Since I have been travelling for the past four years and out of my home town without having a permanent place, I couldn't make one such. It was not a plan either. But this quarantine cleared the path to establish something similar. Initially the room was empty with a bed and cot. As I thought about getting out the old stuff from the store room, I could identify some stuff that could be put out for a showcase. Since my roomies are not to my taste I was diverted to place all those stuff in my room which holds only a bed and cot before. Gradually I got into this thing. Even though people ain't liked this much, I just put stuff I liked and it was engaging as well. The dim light, 24/7 music, cozy, fish, cat, keyboard, harmonica, typewriter and the wall, that's my living space in short.

I have mixed

feelings about this novel. The three volumes tell the different phases of the little boy who deals with a broken heart, disappointment, enlightenment and a lot more stuff. The character that spends time in and around with the protagonist is also clear and straight to the point. And wemmick of a simple character who lived in his little arbour and his simple life which attracts me more. The novels tell the consistency of the character again like how it portrays sense and sensibility. The final few chapter made heartache and it looks some time to coming back to reality and the last line of the novel still echoing in my heart. This happens in everyone's life. We alway expect something in our life without knowing what we are expecting and most of them end with disappointment. Even doing good to people is of an expectation and most of the time it ends with disappointment. The consistency is a very needed one. No matter how you change your character to its best or worst, there comes a base of your character which may be good or bad and obviously you will be settling to it at that end. And one cannot tell there ain't love. If that is blurred out, then it was a lie. Anyhow people have to face it like jealousy. It's a good read.

GREAT EXPECTATION

It just happened

a week back. I parked at the curb and thought of getting some stuff from the subway restaurant. I was the second one to order and it's been a couple of years since I ordered there. The guy who ordered first, was a pro subway customer. He orders like he used to eat here every morning and afternoon and evening and night. He orders what he knows. He has company with him. His girlfriend. He is impressing her. And he is on his way to success. When his order got over, he asked his girlfriend to customize her food. She got struck and didn't know what the hell to do next. Her boyfriend took charge of her and they went out.

It is my turn, the guy taking orders is native. I'm damn sure about it. For him, the speed of speaking English is more important than blurting them out clearly. If he says something in slow English, he is judged and embarrassed for not knowing fast english. And this time, i didn't get anything from him, because he is embarrassed to talk about it slowly. I was asking him twice to get what he was saying and started my customization. I moved to the next part where I was asked to choose bread. I didn't know what type of bread they had. I know somewhere they put it for the customer to order. But it was not catchy and I was searching and finally found and ordered my bread. The next step to get a meal is to select the veggie. I chose the stuff I know, and there was no label on the olive, pickle and stuff(would be hard for a layman for the first time to figure it out). Then the next procedure is to pick the sauce. It was horrible. I got my stuff to eat.

I feel embarrassed to order simple food to eat because I don't know what they put in them, or the bread or the sauce or and so on. Why do they in the first step speak in English rather than the native. The fella took the order, knew I was native guy and I knew the native language. But why is there a lack of communication ?

If the procedure were of native form, I would have customized a damn good food to eat but it ended up with a disaster as they lack a lot of communication. This raised a lot of questions. People nowadays learn stuff mainly to make other people embarrassed. I'm not telling everyone, but some people with vanity choose to be like this. I've faced many scenarios like this after this realisation. If a fella unlearns something which is in trend there he was made to be embarrassed by the learned person. It is just a tiny line that divides this vanity and sharing. If he really wants

to share his learning, he should make others understand what and how to proceed rather than make it embarrassing.

Internally he is forced to conceal this embarrassment by following some shitty trend. This trend is actually someone's originality. What is the use of copying someone's originality by being yourself embarrassed. Lot of stuff is happening inside which is not known to the individual but all they do is to conceal the embarrassment.

And I won't blame only people. It is natural for human beings to react to certain emotions and it is good to go but who is creating this embarrassment ? This embarrassment is caused mainly due to lack of knowledge and if the subway provided that knowledge by labeling the veggie, I would have been killed at its birth. But the company's selling point is creating those kinds of embarrassing situations in which people will make the embarrassment stuff to their friend and family and they to their friend and the chain keeps on looping. Or just put the stuff in layman point of view which is clearly understandable by all the other geniuses out there.

And one more thing I found is why we are so much embarrassed of being native. All we get embarrassed about is from the western or some other template which they put in ours. He is so good at his native stuff. He can speak clearly in his native language, he can dress well and feel comfortable with his native dress, he can order his native food so well, he can cook his native food well, but some minority of people think, other cultures' templates are so cool and trying to fix that with native is a foolishness. It is different when you are curious and mean to know their culture. But when you feel embarrassed about native stuff and follow other templates to pride yourself, and create vanity is purely foolishness. The nation's emotion is killed at this point. And the non native template is of no use here to build a strong nation.

“It is strange

how we hold on to the pieces of the past while we wait for our futures.”

Everything is rare and precious those days. I Watch a new release once a month. Eating biryani once a year. Store songs in walkman are 10. Everything is limited but the kids just enjoyed the stuff they had and they knew the value of it.

In the name of technology development, there came a sudden change in the regular stuff and we people completely forget what we missed in the past that once was a great pleasurable thing.

Democracy.

Democracy is just like imported cassava. It rots quickly. This based on true story is so inspiration with stunning cinematography with the root background and portraits the cultural thing that still existing in and around africa also the importance to being together no matter what the situation and the government impact on the tribe people expelling the village and many more things covered in a package that must to be in you list to watch.

A nameless young man trying to be superior in the field of science by experimenting to get invisible get ignored and harmed by people when he roams street by hiding himself and by getting irritate and ignored by the society and people he plans to take revenge on them in corporations with another scientist but the scientist by knowing the revenge thing, he plans to get rid of him to save people and society.

This six plot movie paints the 1800s wild western culture with its songs and landscapes and peoples and stuff. Each story is short and crisp that deals with fun, unique, strange, tragedy, heart broken, feels good stuff with the mesmerising cinematography, visual and dialogue which is a must watch for all types of cinema lovers. This movie helps people to picture some old wild west stuff while reading similar western literary books.

Crane, the author,

not been to any war makes this realistic civil war picture to reader through young henry who initially thinks to run away from war that caused by continues thunders of bullets and smokes and dead bodies, later felt ashamed of his act and thereby continues to face the war without his intention of participating accompanied with tall and stout soldiers. It started with the pride, joy, excitement of the young man continuing to the horror, blood, mud, skies, river, fear, sympathies, treachery, dead bodies, pain, sufferings and ended with coolness, victory, philosophies, skies, river and home.

If you are

a blues lover the 13 songs, 1 hr 4 min album will give you a vibe. If you get bored of this album, just listen to the "All blues" track which won't disappoint you. Weekly interesting stuff sent straight to your inbox. Stuff covered - Art, Culture, Film, Music and Cats. It's free and there is no spam.

I was discussing

with people what the hell is happening in North Korea. Why they are so secretive and why people didn't rebel against it if they didn't like the leader. I was reading an article in BBC about the history of Korea formation after the second world war. The north part of Korea is ruled by the communist Soviet Union and the south by non-communist US. After the Independence from Japan, both the regions splitted based on these philosophies. Further reading on the nuclear weapon stuff, the three generation of ruled from the same family, the gap between the north and south Korea leader meetup, the US view on NK, the threat by NK, the failed and useless missile demo by NK, the peace treaty between Japan, the meetups of leader, both Japan and US, they tweet chatting between both the leaders of US and NK, the secret phone line between KIM to US white house, the disable of the phone line, the visit of Trump to NK, the friendly chat between them and the whole article looks like reading catch-22 novel. It is funny and in the end still North Korea seems to be a mysterious serious nation.

It is a

known fact by all highway riders that wherever the rows of trucks halted at night for the dinner, the chances of getting tasty food is high. The hotel lights are painted green indicating that it is a hotel which has certain quality and quantity that satisfy the truck drivers. It used to be the older tradition to follow this kind of thing down south. Still in some places, this tradition is followed. I came to see this green lighted hotel which was already packed with the rows of trucks in the front.

I parked and went inside to have dinner. The taste is good. It was only me who was an outsider. Rest of the people are truck drivers. It is like they are regular customers to this hotel. All tables are filled with random drivers who share the journey and those of newbies getting suggestions and advice from the experienced driver.

The status of truck drivers in India reports that overall, 53% of respondents are dissatisfied with their profession. Over 9 out of 10 respondents (93%) confirmed that other than salary/wages, they do not get any social security benefits (such as provident fund, pension, health insurance, life insurance, gratuity, etc.) At present, Rs. 47,852.28 crore (approx. 6.7 billion USD) per year is the estimated bribe amount in the trucking operations. This is higher than the reported figure of Rs. 22,048.20 crore in 2006-07. On an average, respondents drive for nearly 12 hours in a day and cover a distance of 417 km daily. Almost 50% of the respondents said they drive vehicles even if they are feeling fatigued or sleepy. More than 1 in 5 (22%) respondents said they take some kind of drugs during trips.

One of the newbie drivers who looks like just turned 18 is operating a heavy vehicle with loaded machinery which is not tied up properly. When he was in his 60s, the vehicle was not stable which may have caused the accident. He was checking for any thread availability inorder to tie up the machinery. The host who loaded the machinery must have to verify this kind of thing beforehand in order to solve this kind of issue in the middle of the night where almost 90 percent of shops will get closed where the driver risks their life to continue their night journey.

Frida Kahlo,

the one and only female artist portrait I hung in my living room has been admired by many people for decades. She just got struck in the head when you see her for the first time. I have two of them. The self portrait with the monkey, 1945 tells her inner emotion with a lot more detailing. She is famous for her self portrait showcasing lifestyle, personal life, suffering, death and so much detailing of her native towns.

This XXL monograph combines all of Kahlo's 152 paintings with rarely seen photographs, diary pages, letters, and an illustrated biography.

Brita Olofsdotter

(died 1569), was a Finnish soldier of the Swedish cavalry. She is the likely first confirmed female soldier in Sweden, as well as the first confirmed Swedish example of the historical phenomena of women impersonating men to gain access to professions barred to their gender.

Olofsdotter was from Finland and was the widow of Nils Simonsson. She dressed as a man and enlisted during the Livonian War, where she served in the cavalry and was killed in battle. On 16 June 1569, John III of Sweden ordered Gabriel Christiessson to investigate the matter, and gave the order that her remaining salary should be paid to her family.

The Livonian War (1558–1583) was fought for control of Old Livonia (in the territory of present-day Estonia and Latvia), when the Tsardom of Russia faced a varying coalition of the Dano-Norwegian Realm, the Kingdom of Sweden, and the Union (later Commonwealth) of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania and the Kingdom of Poland.

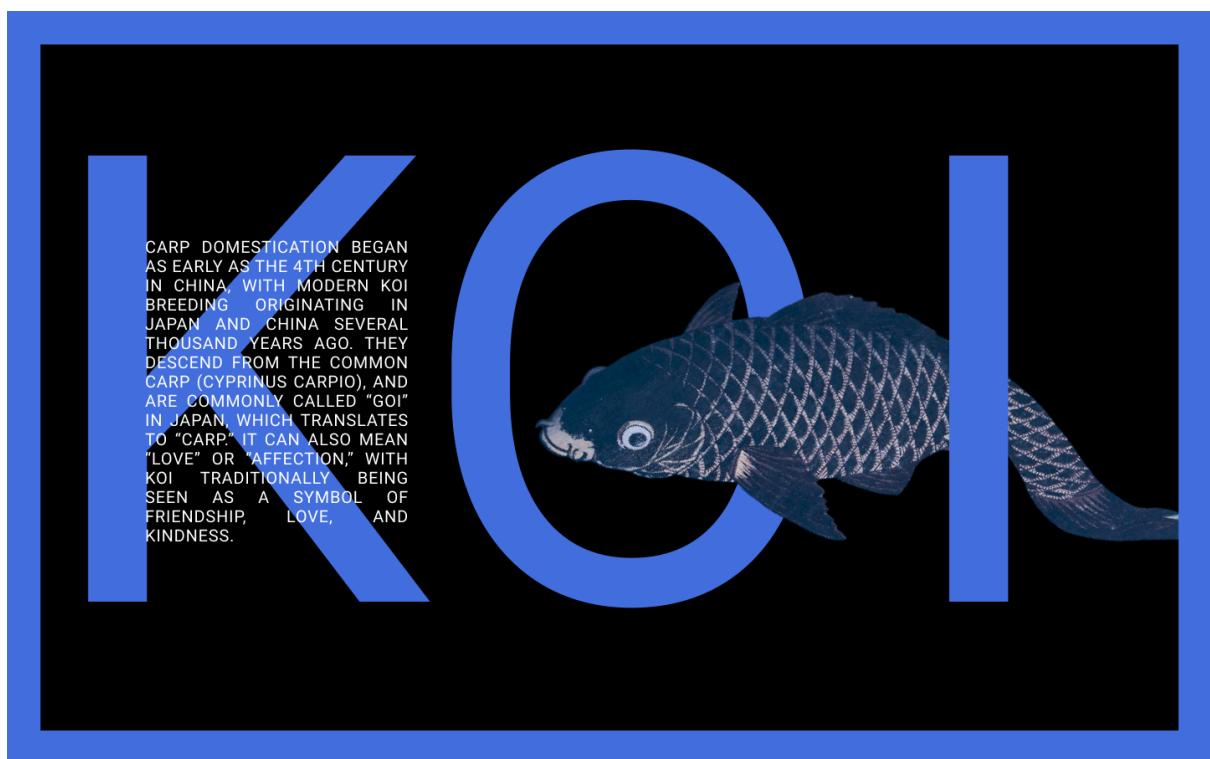
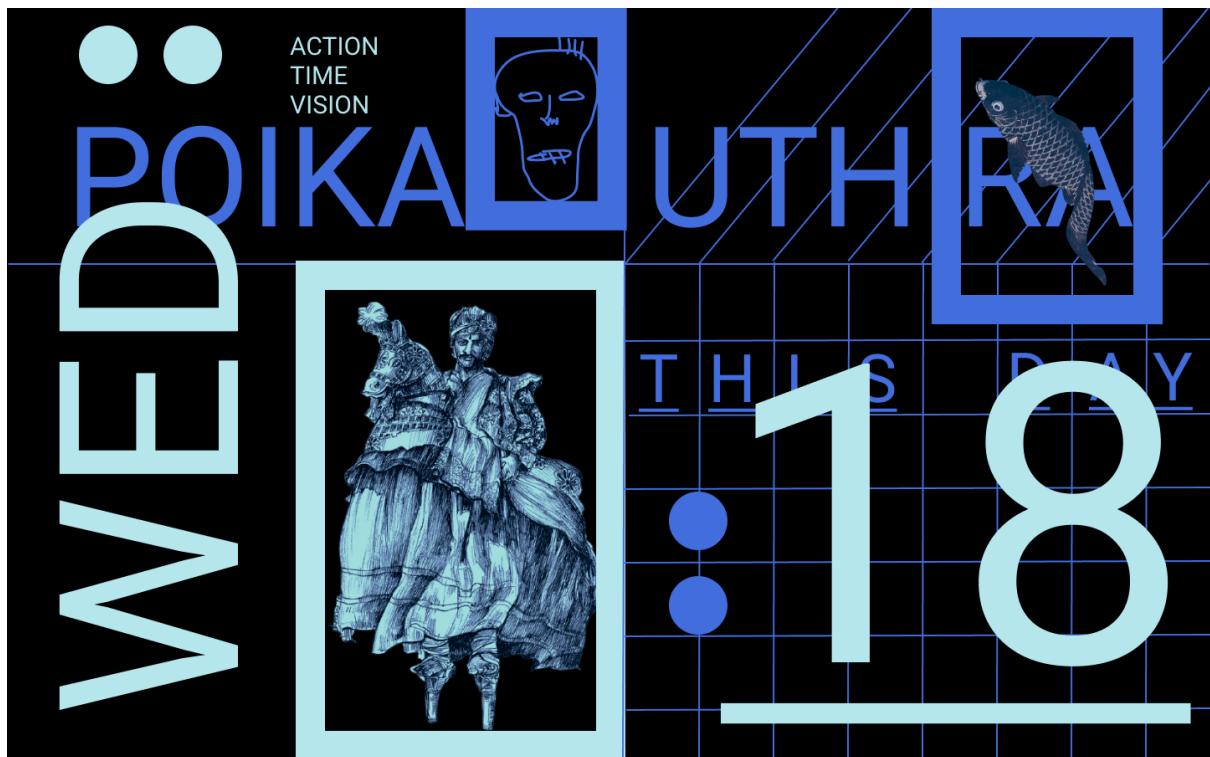
Kite runners,

an emotional roller coaster. I have read it slowly, hating that it is going to end. The good thing about reading the world's literary books is that we can learn their cultural thing which is so unique and each and everyone has a pride in their own culture which has been traditionally followed for years. The pride is seen well in kite runners. It explores the afghan region, their struggle, suffering, revolution, food, movie, immigration, and much more.

After a long

time I was into the photoshoot near my native. I was using Fujifilm monochrome. It was cloudy already and the wind was just blowin all directions resembling an abyss. I rode on xl heavy duty which went max 30 km which was the intention actually. It was a random route and I photographed old men and temple figures. Met a couple of mens on the road and we were introduced and blocked them from the work and had a photoshoot for less than 10 seconds. Just a normal portrait. Old people are famous for their faces and it is fruit for street portrait photographs. On shooting a couple of old folks, I just saw a fence less temple with the open ground with the lord riding on a horse. It has an old classic vintage look. I spent some time photographing them and I liked the eyes and the horse eyes.

The sky is getting dark and an old christian lady is just praying in front of the crowd. She just blurred "JESUS, JESUS, JESUS ..." On realising it was an accident, I just enquired about the place. It was a family who got injured. I don't know whether it is their less injury or the blessing of Jesus on hearing the old lady's prayer. The family members were safe and they were taken to the hospital. The old lady's lips widened after hearing this. She just thanked "JESUS" tilting her head. Both were smiling.



I was reading some articles for the coming week Fakeleghorse weekly digest and I came across <http://www.baubauhaus.com/> and started to admire the site. It is simple and the content is of my kind. I started seeing some Black and White illustrations and similar art forms. Thought of doing an UX in Black and White but this time with purple instead of white. So I used the Poikkal Kuthirai image and removed the background using removebg and started creating some stuff at figma.com. If struck at some point, I scrolled baubauhaus and got some ideas from it. Just

drew some horizontal and vertical lines, formed a box, diagonal lines, increased the font size, and played with words. Again I struck with the words to put in and I used today's date and day and gave them some tinted cool overlay. Koi strikes again and I search for koi with the looks of Japanese traditional art. Removed the background and again tinted a little bit and gave her a border and placed her top right above the header. I liked this koi portion separately and duplicated the current work area and replaced it with background removed koi fish and placed the word "KOI" back and put some facts of her to the left.

I used a pencil tool to draw the face which I drew yesterday in my journal. Gave him a border and painted him purple and placed him in the top centre.

Painting Koi Purple

Fakeleghorse,

a weekly digest, all about art, culture, books, music, movie and stuff non political mostly. I read stuff on the internet and pick the right one worth reading for a week. I scan some art and illustration in the same way. I did this manually without any involvement of bot or any similar one. Everything is hand picked. The art and visual stuff are sent each week and put today in one place, the Design Feed tab, which lets people see all those visual stuff that has been used in the weekly digest. If you feel like sharing any visual or article stuff, just tag me [@fakeleghorse](#).

I was doing

some UX work in figma. I usually visit webpages for their typography, graphic design, scrolling effect, animations and stuff. I was recently checking the UX community in reddit. People were just looking for user experience in such a vector graphical site. This vector graphical site is mainly designed for its look and feel in the first place as the user intervention is ignored in most of the places. But still people were just putting the standard landing page template to these vector graphical sites which is not fair in my point of view. Nowadays people expect the non serviceable websites to be a showcase material. They like to stare and scroll. Let's give them some peace via doing such a website.

Recently I was

watching a documentary series on Netflix. Sudden change in mood may lead us anywhere and this time it took me to a Formula 1 race. There is a documentary called Formula 1 on Netflix with 3 seasons of each 10 episodes. The series is all about politics, statistics, history, winning, losing and so much stuff from the Formula 1 race for the past three years. Once you are fine with the content, then you will be a fan of F1 races.

What I learnt from this ? Now I have started to watch F1. Today was a qualification round. Going back to 5 years back, I like to get into the world of F1. I tried so hard to know what was going on and wanted to keep in sync with the matches. But I was distracted by some other stuff without knowing I was moving to others. I totally forgot I was interested in F1 until recently when I saw the thumbnail on netflix. I was curious and clicked and watched and now I was in sync with them. I don't know how long I will be in sync but I am well connected with it. The major difference between now and the five years back is the lack of basics. Without knowing an inch of the stuff and trying to excel in it is a waste of time. It won't work and it will make it worse and make you feel you are useless. The impact of basics is realised when we are really keen to know the basics.

Recently, I'm just rolling back my memories from my childhood and analyzing what I was not good at and why I failed. It is simple that I was not aware of the basics and just went by the gut and assumption. It is not always a failure. Some people, by going by guts and assumption, may give them success as they are aware of what they are good at or something else that I'm not sure about but for some people, the basics are important before getting started. Without the basics we feel useless in the field we like to excel.

Advance and intermediate level in any skill is a byproduct of the basics. Without that aiming for advanced and intermediate level is useless.

So no one is useless if they try to realise and learn the basics.

Anything can cross

our path, impact us, change the flow, result in good or bad, become wise or foolish and everything solely depends on the stuff that is crossing. It can be people or emotion or laziness. For me it is laziness that made me do a road trip for a week and here i'm sharing you the experience about the trip.

The initial plan is to do cycling for a week but as I said in the intro, the laziness impacted me on the plan and I changed to riding in a car for a longer distance. I planned not to go outside Tamil Nadu and I thought to cover those districts which I have never been to before. Filled up the tanks, the tyres are inflated normal and the snacks are stuffed, the hydrate bag is placed perfectly, the shaders are doing their thing, the classic african pop is just invoking the vibe, I started the road trip 6th early morning. I know, the starting few phases won't excite me as I have already been there in the path for millions of times. So just focusing on the classic african pop and singing along with her. She is lovely and accompanied my whole solo trip. It was planned to do 80-100 kmh and I kept my word. The ECR is fun road for a ride. It is spacious enough to overtake and leaving space for two wheeler. It is also get us alert as the NH always make us sleepy. I planned to ignore NH mostly in this trip.

Day 1

Pondicherry is a million times explored place for me and I didn't use google maps on her. I simply went through some streets which I have never been on, as that is also a major intention of the trip. Just to skip the bypass and explore the town more. Early days, a decade back, when we took a government bus ride, it was mandatory to visit all the towns and there was no bypass road concept. When the NH was good and fine and a bypass was introduced, most of the time we preferred the bypass to ignore the town's beauty. It was Lunch time and I stopped at Abhiram hotel, parked my car parallel to the parked vehicle, saluted the security, ordered a special lunch meal, ate it full, paid, and returned to the car. A mechanic was trying to ask me for any repair in the car and I gave him a tip and my car is fine. Further going, the roads are good but stuffed heavily with vehicles. Since it is a weekday, I had less vehicles than usual, and I was doing 80kmp with braking often and quarrelling with two wheeler. The plan was not to go by destination so just went by the name board and saw Poompuhar. I know it is an old port area. Managed to visit vaitheeswarar koil which is so empty and explored the entire temple in 5 mins.

Outside, the temple is filled with naadi josiyar shops and asking all the devotees to know nadi yosiyam.

In Front of me, the name board says straight to mayavaram and so on. I know I just took a side road from the NH that directs me to Poompuhar so instead of roaming I took the left small road and I inquired whether this road connects NH and it was confirmed. This road is single lane without any vehicle on the opposite side. On the NH I took the right and enquired again the route of Poompuhar. I was told that a large arch will be there that indicates Poompuhar. After riding for 10 mins, I saw the arch to my left and took that road. It is a branch road that leads directly to the beach and it is lonely as hell. I was going at great speed and the landscape also seemed to be greenish. One could easily identify we are reaching the beach by the change in landscape and the white sand. I parked and went near the beach. It is old. Looked like it was not rebuilt after the Tsunami. People installed fish food stalls and were demanding people to eat in their stall. I ignored and moved to the big stones piled on the beach where people were sitting and enjoying the beach. It is like half a km, the stones are poured into the edge of the beach. Beyond them, there was an old lighthouse and it will make us doubt whether it is in use or not. The walls are half decade old clearly showing that it was part of the tsunami attack and the names writer on the walls is still visible now and it kind of looked like a mural art.

On the way back to the arch, on taking left will lead me to tharangambadi, an old danish town still winding up the same vibe there. On entering the town, the streets of old danish construction build and the entrance welcomes me and I was just exploring the street in my car that I can do all day that I have never seen danish construction before. There was a three century old church which had their church father's cemetery in the entrance. The word that is printed on the stones is of old that gives the danish vibe again. I explored the text and learnt little stuff on the style as well. It is also a beach but with a fort. The fort is not that much good from this generation point of view but surely it did a lot three centuries back. I spent less time with the beach and the fort and exploring the streets again as I liked the vibe it radiates. The day is getting dark and I planned to halt the day at karaikkal. It belongs to pondicherry. I took the coastal road which is quite similar to ECR. The town doesn't look like pondicherry. I explored the town a bit by going random streets and searched for a good hotel to stay.

Day 2

I opted for

Natgeo Magazine two months back and I read about a lot of problems that the world is facing. For the last three issues, I can see there existed an African issue. And Africa was a good place to live before colonization. It is a good place to live because no one knows about the place and people ain't care about the money and living with domestic and wildlife. Even if they kill wildlife for safety purposes, that doesn't make any animal a rare species. When the colonisation was happening, the country was looted and people became poor and sufferers. If the resources of Africa were used properly then it would have become like a gulf nation. They had oil and African people had gold, diamonds and other valuable resources. They were looted without giving credits.

Why I'm pointing this out is that from last month's issue, there was a cheetah smuggling article that states the illegal exporting of cheetahs to the gulf region. People just do that for money's sake. If at all the colonization did any good to those people, they wouldn't do that for living. Moreover still all the wildlife smuggling are exported to top tier countries and gulf which still they are looting.

I can see nat geo mag has been in the market for 200 years and all these years they just tell the world what is happening there in africa, how animals are killed for ivory, horn and stuff but they don't care who is doing that and no one is talking against them. There may be some stuff that might go against them. What are their impacts ? Still they just live a luxurious life and here people are just doing illegal stuff for food. Just do it all for just food.

Reporting the suffering does not help. Need to fix the root. Need to control the greediness of the top tier countries and people. Without fixing them and just giving temporary solutions to Africa won't help.

It is really

hard to break up with a friend. It is an awkward thing and doesn't seem to be a serious one. It is even harder when they are of the same gender. It has to be accepted from the other side as well. We just can't ignore it and let it pass. I did recently and failed.

Why don't they even consider a solo fella as a person? Wherever you go solo, they don't see and place you as a last priority. I was dining in a restaurant and this guy just forgot that I existed. And it is useless to quarrel and leave an empty stomach.

Apple's sound recognition is an utter flop one.

Things that I was realising last year are happening in reality. I'm glad and not glad.

Past prioritise things that made you awkward, ashamed, embarrassed and little, big shitty things that you did. Overall it is a shit. So ignore it.

Death is smooth if life doesn't create any problems.

People should mind their own business and stop creating problems or troubling others. If they pass then they can enter into resurrection and stuff else what is the use of them ?

What will happen if the problem of the country is resolved. ? Any chance that it may get resolved in future ? I feel like countries need an enemy to run in peace. Else they suffer.

I learned a lot about feminine from my queen cat.

The funny thing is that we eventually forget pain, how painful it really was.

Handpicked stuff from a horse. Not a bot.

Can you please

share the node_modules folder for MIP application. Some node_modules files are missing that are required to build the application.

Can you please share the node_modules folder for MIP application. Some node_modules files are missing that are required to build the application.

1. Design and

Development of B2B e-commerce web application for a leading retailer using front end technologies like React Js, Redux, Saga, Material UI, HTML5, CSS3. Worked on an Agile (Scrum) Development Team to deliver regular updates to business team and project managers. Responsible for React UI, architecture and Building components library, including Graph, Slide-View, and Table Grid. Configured Web pack to execute linters, magnifiers, pre/post-processors, tests, transpires, etc. based on build target.

2. Worked on point-of-sale application which includes development of responsive web pages which support front tablet, mobile and desktop for Windows and iOS platform. Designed with UI Technologies such as ReactJS, Redux, Thunk, Bootstrap, Cordova plugins. Enhanced and built reusable components across different modules using Custom directives and CSS classes. Ensured Quality and timeliness of implementation of activities involves design, development and coordination with team members.

3. Admin Panel file upload

Developing and designing SPA user interfaces in React JS for a data visualisation tool that handles bulk data. Developed Responsive charts using various frameworks such as Rechartjs, Victoryjs, D3. Involved in the designing of UX for the whole application modules and its components. Fixing security vulnerabilities such as CSP issues, CSRF. Applied optimisation technique to reduce the page size and increase the page load.

It was a

rightly balanced spectacle that was hanging at the tip of the nose and the temple end of it was rightfully placed at the ears steep so that it made the viewers betting on whether it would fall or not. It was the old man's first impression that he was sitting on the third row, second seat, holding a device that ran android os and swiping through the screen like a snail absorbing each and every detail of the post from social media. Nothing reflects on his face as it was the same for whatever he does.

And the staring was continued for hours and the information that was thrown as input and it was processed and yielded its result which was again nothing was shown on his face and moved to the next content which is of a text post with three line about a political division that was not yet confirmed but was a guess, assumed something from the future which was not in creator of the post hand or the actually political leader hand since the leader that supposed to make the decision gave the control to lord krishna to decide on the division of the party and hence it is in the hands of krishna to decide on the assume post by some unknown party member who actually assumed something to gain some popularity and attention which can be act as a feed for his future political journey which is also an assumed one.

The old man with the loosely hanging spectacle staring at this assumed content and thinking of some events and emotions in his head that was not revealed through his face but some serious process is happening deep inside on his head. His processing events is of again an assumption and the emotion is of type jealousy. The event is that the assumed post creator might gain much popularity and may be called by the party headquarters and was allocated to some low level position and as the time passed, his extraordinary talent in bribery and connection with other party members helped him to contest in the election and became a minister of transport and within few short term period he was chosen to be a temporary CM in case if the actually CM caught in the act of illegal law and order, thereby the temp can get replaced. To the old man's overthinking, the actually CM actually got arrested for scamming in land acquisition of the salt harvest flats where he registered to his name and constructed a salt guest house surrounded by salt and sea water from bay of bengal assumed that it is not that big deal to do so which backfired resulted in getting arrested and the tempperory CM (the content creator of the assume post about the political division) was appointed as the actual CM and soon he became the permanent one as people just ignored and forgot the previous CM who was arrested over the salt land scam.

This series of assumed thoughts by the old man led to the jealousy that he was suffering inside but was not revealed publicly and as he was aware that nothing can be done over this assumption that he moved to the next post which is of a video where thousands of party members welcomed the party leader. Thus again the series of assumed events and jealous

emotioned rooted into the old man's mind and that is how he spent his time till one in the morning until he closed his eyes to sleep.

The father,

the son upon long walk on the pedestrian heading towards the sun that was about to set which results in dimming the natural light of it and alerting the street vendors to light up the man made one to guide the path that led the duo to a small street food corner which displayed the tempting dish menu to order some mutton, chicken and a good meal for the night is done pleasantly. Upon finishing it off, they smoked and joined with another fella who accompanied them on smoke and happened to know that he was the bus driver who was going to take them to the duo's village right on the east coastal seashore that faced toward Bay of Bengal.

It was the death of the grandmother of the son. Nothing was shown to the duo that such a thing happened. They started the morning with their regular routine and walked to the father's childhood house. It was all of a sudden that some emotional river flowed through both that the father wailed from the bottom of his stomach that made the tiny dust on the floor to migrate and settle somewhere till the wailing things got settled down. The father's mind slowly realized the reduction in the intensity of the wailing, and he stopped and returned to the crowd that gathered and watched the duo as the whole ceremony was on hold for days for their visit and to perform the last rituals. The son too backed after a while, indicating that the relationship between grandmother and grandson is more emotional than mother and son.

The cried up faces freshened up after the cremation and the gathered crowd joined again for a nicely arranged dinner which made people look like such a past death event ever happened there. All done and energized and formed a circle for discussing the main event of the ceremony which is not the death but the asset's split. It was planned by the children of the dead mother to melt all the Jewel that remains and make the split even to not cause any issues among them and at the same time nothing more has to be given to any of the others.

But the oneness did not help the siblings as each had their favorite spot of the house which happens to be the Pooja room and main hall to keep hold on the luck and superstitious only to themselves that made them stubborn to not to agree to hand over to anyone but willing to let it get ruined. And the siblings of the matured class assumed that the stubbornness would eventually be gone, and they would agree upon splitting the house based on the order of the siblings born. But it was not the case as the time and days were going on, the siblings slowly moved back to their own places, making hold of the current affair to be taken care of later. As the day, month, year and decade passed, none came forward or willing to sacrifice on letting someone take control of the house to make it survive. But the stubborn jealousy makes them think that it has to be for them or for none.

The soulless house suffered a lot, and slowly it melted due to the extreme weather where eventually its roof, paint, floor melted and stood there like a shapeless form which changed

accordingly to provide shelter for weeds and small animals. Yet the people's stubbornness never changed.

The little shop

at the corner filled the space with dust, cigarette smoke, and sipping tea. The atmosphere is golden yellow from the evening sun, hot, and smelling of spicy snacks. There was a queue of auto rickshaws without a driver as everyone was having their break at the tea stall, smoking. Few from the museum, after seeing all the old stuff, searching for the driver. The driver saw them searching and did nothing as they wanted a little happiness in making those people search, and as per their expectation, the people were searching urgently and lost their cool and started to worry as if their life was about to end. The drama was broken when one of the drivers announced that he would ride them.

There was a wine shop nearby the tea stall. The remaining drivers were just waiting for time to pass, to get done for the day, and to get drunk. They smoked for some time and saw that the time was not gone too much. They went back to the rickshaw stand. Watching people, a young man bought a newspaper from the stall. One of the drivers stopped him and informed him that a 30 page book was free along with the paper and told him to ask the vendor. Fella replied and got his book. Still, there is more time left to get the day done. The golden ray was just fading, and it was dark enough to get drunk. They changed their uniforms and headed to the wine shop. It is crowded. The four got four quarters of liquor. Next to the wine shop is the snack bar, where they get a bite to go with their drink. Potato chips, pickles, water, peanuts, and other stuff.

Next to the snack bar is a dark, abandoned shop where no one goes during the day but where people can drink comfortably. They formed a circle on the ground, prepared their set up, cheered them on, and it went for four rounds. The final round without mixing went directly to the body to hit them high. They started their conversation. Each began to tell their story; none cared; some urged for more to drink; some smoked; some ate; and one fella simply exited and snored on the floor. The task of three is to take the dozed-off fella home. They tried and failed in the middle, where the auto just stopped near the graveyard. The three got out and were checking, and it was dead dark that no one was there to help them. They were unstable. One of the fellas from that three was afraid of this ghost and stuff, and upon coming to know that they were standing near the graveyard, he got scared and joined the dozed off fella, and he too dozed off. The two were doing something to fix it. They failed. They joined the dozed-off fella, planning to sleep in the auto itself. Some on the ground as there was not enough space for all four to doze off together.

The ground was

green and home for the dog family. They play nicely day and night and hunt when they hunger. They were barking at the crowd one day as the humans were seen with the measuring tape. At night on the same day, the hunt was over and they were playing what seemed like a dancing ceremony. The sunshined again and a wailing accompanied them. The JCB cleared the ground for construction of a human home. The wailing gradually faded and the dogs moved out in search of a new home.

Raj kumar,

a mid aged fella, wearing a blue shirt, was in the posture of taking a hitchhike, was standing at the corner of Adhavan rice mill, which was painted yellow and it looks vintage. It was an off road, filled with paddy field greenery on both sides and the dark clouds above; and raj kumar started talking about his job as a prawns seller for half a year and another half as a masonry. The green paddy fields, triggers something in him, where all of sudden he was telling about the harvesting festival, on how people wake up early that day, harvest, worship god for making it smooth, and how they celebrate this during pongal festival. He gave a rugged face when was photographed but on request, some varied smiling face was posed; hiding his face and mouth; but one can see the beauty in it.

The village has an old large banyan tree that was painted black inside and green out; it was providing shade to localities, who were taking naps under it. There were a couple of old men, admiring the drizzling on the sitting top of the brick block that was piled near the temple pond. The pond filled with lilies and lotus and droplets of drizzle that intense to form rain. A V shaped wood was fixed on the head, and another old man, who is deaf, was inquiring about the native and stuff, but heard none and left.

This route connects short from Minjur to pulicat. Minjur is the dead end of chennai outer ring road, filled mostly with the trucks and two wheeler. The highway, also filled with decomposed dog body, that got hit a few days back, was still indicating her presence, even after gone to heaven. The rooster was seen near to this scene, pecking the wet food on the streets, and all of sudden flew up high, amidst a truck that was passing. It was such a kind of rooster that was doing the same stuff to the passerby at the pulicat. They were a man and a decorated cow. He used to bless people on getting paid. Making some positive comments to the cow, and the cow nod YES, giving a positive beam to the payer. He walks all day and blesses people. That was his work.

They were walking towards the Pazhaverkadu lighthouse, which was painted an alternative white and ash colour. Crossing the lagoon was crowded with boats and small huts and people gathered, playing cards in gangs, goli, spinning fishing net, getting the motor ready for fishing, settling the grabbed fishes to the fish auction centre, which held crowds and shouting that blurting numbers in random. The pathway filled with dead and decomposed fish that was extras and not used for sales. There, it is a snake-like fish, in varied size, where some crows and birds prey on them.

There was a shout and playing of school boys, inside the dutch cemetery, of king and queen and minister, in marvellous structure, now ruined a little but the artwork and the writings still remains, was not cared a bit by those littles. Our lady shrine was standing tall near the cemetery.

Painted white, bordered blue, and standing majestically, among the small hut of slum. The tiny streets of the slum, all of sudden, show a building from 1950, where an old lady, converted it to a convenience store, and doing her business there, was in focus on clearing her tooth set.

Near to the st. Antony church, a small lone room, not painted colours but with the algae, had a doorless window, where a mid aged woman, hair trimmed, unclean, with staring eyes, blurting some words, was gazing over the sun that was about the set. Her face painted golden with the sun shine and after admiring it, on knowing people staring at her, realised and gradually moved back and hid her face but haven't stopped the murmuring. It gave a chill moment as the lone building was installed on a deserted sea shore of golden sand that was parallel to ECR, that parallel again with the back water. Some fishermen, on returning back from fishing, were in discussion with the night plans of getting high. He is dark and his face hasn't smiled for long, wears a black bracelet in his ankle and stuff. The town got only one functional hotel, where the owners were in discussion on improving their profit. Opposite, a little shop, which sells only cool drinks, was in charge of a young boy, who was in conversation on the excess of the stock that the deal had put on him last week.

The parallel ECR connects Ennore, travelling the off round for 20km. A young scholl fella in white and white, got the lift and was on zig zagging the patched road. It was horrible as it goes and the scenario of deserted barren sea shore and the back water on the right compensated for the trouble. The route holds less people and villages but more of cows and was in wonder to whom they all belong? Gradually the scenery gets updated where it shows adani port, L&T ship building, North chennai thermal plant. The whole area is covered with the huge machines that emit dark smokes but none care and riding the two wheels, rushing somewhere to the place where they initially got out deciding it is a bore.

The old lady, around 100 plus kg, took the ride from the thermal power plant to Ennore. She was in constant enquiry on the purpose and stuff and the bikes started to struggle due to the overload. The body was titled to some angle that most of the space was occupied by her and it raised a question on why the ride had been accepted in the first place.

Ennore express highway filled with trucks and only trucks. Parallelly, the wave sounds shouting, indicating its presence. A Huge cylinder-like pillar installed to reduce the intensity of the wave, and the aftermath of hitting the pillar, fragments its droplet, and sprays the people and couples who are in sync with the sea.

Some banner that holds the articles, that was published about the Atho street food, was in the background, and the fella who was posing on the post was actually preparing Atho and was serving people. It is at the beach road, backside of HSBC building and crowded fully with people, dogs, beggars, old mens and womens and stuff. The nearby Atho stall was empty and they didn't care either. The empty shop owner was in conversation with a mentally challenged lady, who was already occupied in feeding hot strong tea to the stray dog, which she called her julie, but failed at it after pouring it on the pedestrian. The empty shop owner started giving life

advice and philosophy to her. She was already sick of it as this was the same saying that she hears from the empty shop owner all time.

Already 30

sambar

sadham poiduchi, nee enna nalla illangura, said by the waiter at J.R.Jana restaurant. The enquiry was made and a chaos happened and it got clear as it is of useless in spending time fighting for justice hence moved and reached Shell Select for redbull, snickers and stuff and it was about 1:30, taking right to chennai outer ring road with 60% of setup. Not sure about the stuff behind this but when something starts up with negative, then the whole trip is positive.

On the left of Outer ring road at Poonamallee, was the bengaluru highway. Within a KM, taking right, connects Thirumazhisai, and continuing further for half hour, reaches Thiruvalluvar. It is a pleasant route, though one can find some factories and other manufacturing stuff. Unexpected heat caused people to stop aside, and was cooling down to continue further. After numerous zig zags, it joined Uthukotai road, and at the Poondi was halted for the boost. On watching the drinking of redbull, an old lady inquired about the availability of water for her thirst and without second thinking it was said NO. There was a water bottle in the tank bag, which is a hydration bottle, and it is hard to give her water. But even though, if really intended, then it can be provided in any way possible. And the devil in the corner acted cruelly and said No to the lady and the way she turned her face strikes hard as she thought the water was being drunk but not provided to her for some reason. After the revelation of the devil, there came the good in us, in an instance, and made regret for the evil event that had taken place. It humiliated and made us look like an inhuman, that we had made a tremendous mistake to mankind and stuff. The good in us, will justify the bad act the devil had done and worsen the scenario. We sinned when the good was revealed and made its justification. After some thought on this, finalising the good justification, decided to give the water to the old lady, but she was gone and lost.

Poondi lake looks like a fully drunken man. The face and eyes and stuff popup out after consuming enormous amounts of drink and food, was the view of Poondi lake. People baited for fish, some caught huge, and put them on the stall outside the lake, selling it for the road passersbyers. The road is smooth and filled with greenery looking in any direction. The freshly made pots and drishti bommai, were kept under the seven shaped tree, background with paddy field and it was a look one can admire for hours.

It was a dark smoke, that was emitting from the truck, the whole truck body was decorated with all sort of decorating item available, was struggling to climb on the steep hill road, and its whole

body was settled by the smoke for the opposite truck that was emitting the same dark smoke and this time it also hit on the fella, who was tailgating back with his black splendour bike, was making a disgusting face, as it was the first time, his face receives such an amount of smoke and his face layered black with all sort of dust and not able to hold all this sudden event, he closed his eye and slow downed his bike, stopped aside, rubbed his face little and took a bottle of water and poured on his face and rubbing like he made a sin as it is sticking on his face. A stray dog was passing by, and it was chased and frightened by an old man, wearing white dhoti, with his stick in a beating position, was also frightened by the dog as he was bitten by some other stray dog a couple of days back. To the left of this scene, standing tall, Vel Talkies, an old structured cinema theatre, abandoned now, was painted yellow and painted some advertisement front below the foot of Lakshmi statue that was installed at the top of the building.

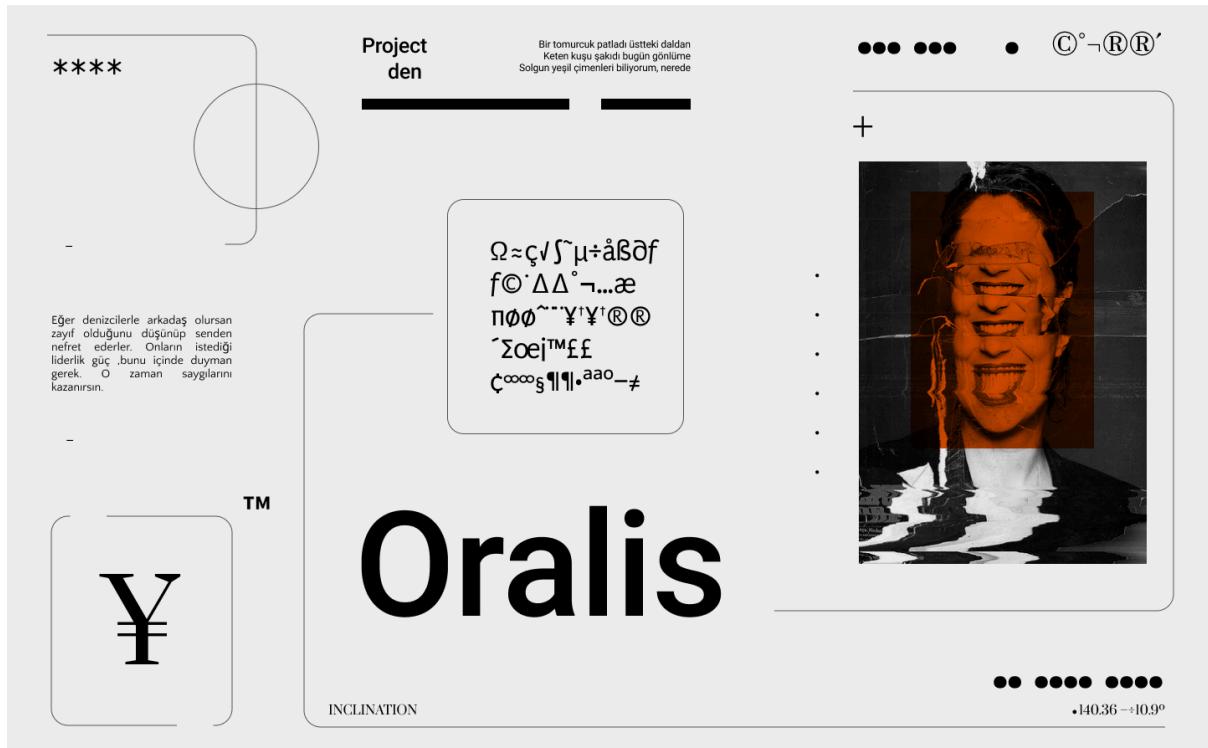
Uthukottai borders TN and AP. Continuing straight, it takes to Satyavedu, a small town in Chittoor district. The road is little off and there are a lot of villages who speak both Telugu and Tamil. It was Puthupakkam, where a lady, wearing black saree and with sabarimala mala on her neck, was constantly in action with the monkey, rounding her to get the bajji and snack that she was freshly cooking to sell it for the passersby. It was the old bus stop that she turned into her snack shop. Near to it was a hut, green painted, with a Vilaku shaped spot in front to keep Vilakku, bordered with Red colour stripes. Six old men and a lady were in conversation about some event from their village. It was an intense one. Beside this, was a street, cement road, echoed by the sound that someone was dragging a stick on the road. It was a buffalo, whose neck was tied up with a big stick inorder to make her to only graze and to prevent her from running away.

People in bulk were taking the left turn to an empty ground and on witnessing it, it was a camel that was taking people for a ride. Selfies and stuff were taken and it looked unusual. To the centre of the town, was a big clock tower painted red and in the centre was placed with Gandhi statue. At a distance, there was a square shaped little temple in the centre of the road, where people worship and sabarimala devotees put their malai from there. All the stuff for the pooja were provided by the nearby shop, which is a hut, owned by an old woman, wearing yellow saree.

The beam that was a hindrance for riding in the evening darkness, was rowed by the quarry truck. Intermittently, there was a diversion road and it was a long ride to join the Kolkata highway. Kattil and chairs were presented in front, and the back was a dhaba, where the gang from North India were in preparation of roti and gravies. The drunken gang, who had no clue of what they were doing there, managed to get some food, parcelled, and stumbled and went East ward. The road now belongs to trucks as it was filled with other states and their own state lorries and stuff which is hard for the other vehicle to move. Redhills, Porur highway, Toll, Tambaram, Shell Select, Medavakkam.

Tambaram, chengalpattu , Arakkonam,

Local train announcement, was blurting out at the Mambalam railway station. There was a constant sound of people, train announcements, advertisements from the shops and everything clubbed together to form a huge sound of Ranganathan Street. The street is as usual crowded and noisy and at the corner there was an Anbalagan fruit stall which is an older one and on entering the basement, it was so hot as there was no ventilator, the AC was turned off. Since there is no customer it was in such a state and it was asked and requested to turn on so that the ventilators were proper and stuff. Still people were crossing the road in front of a Saravana Selvaratnam shop for more than 10 years I guess and earlier where Saravana Bhavan Hotel was supposed to be was now replaced with Murugan Idli shop now the same Saravana Bhavan is on the backside which can be navigated upon taking the next left Street and on the initial view, the hotel seems to be a less quality compare to the earlier one and the serving is so dull, the dining is happening outdoor and overall it's not as before classic one. Play the film while charging hundred rupees for the parking around the Panagal Park and it is the only parking space available within Ranganathan Street. Hotel Aishwarya Bhavan was closed as it was the only hotel which is situated near to the Mambalam railway station to the left of this hotel bar a universal mobile shop which was now replaced with some textile shop.







**Gefäng
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O.**
Wie Der Wahrhaftig
10–11, 1547.
1523;

Auch Was Er Darauf Geantwortet Hat Aus Seinem

Am :::: Köstlicher
Guther elegt
Vom gott,
Mühldorf **1523.**



..., O. O. Um 1524

AM KÖSTLICHER GUTHER
SERMON VOM STERBEN,
MÜHLDORF 1523;

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Human Being[®]



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POSTAL USE ONLY

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Io credo che un po' di scuola faccia niente.



卡车司机

Cercare dentro di sè quei sentimenti che si devono esprimere attraverso il personaggio. Offrire al pubblico la propria verità e non accettare di offrire al pubblico la propria capacità

100 %

Io credo molto
a un metodo di
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Mamma mia con questa
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L'attore (F. von Uhde, 1893)

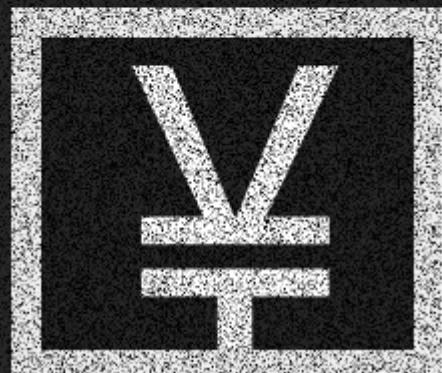
C'è chi nasce per recitare: gente che ha la passione per il teatro nel sangue, e si applica per tutta la vita a perfezionare la propria arte, raggiungendo talvolta la grandezza. Altri iniziano a recitare per puro caso, dopo anni di ricerca di un mezzo per esprimere la propria personalità, anche fra questi qualcuno raggiunge la grandezza. Stroheim appartiene alla seconda categoria.

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Oggi spesso la gente chiede a mia moglie Joan: "Come fa a capire quando Larry sta recitando e quando no?"

***** REVIVAL>

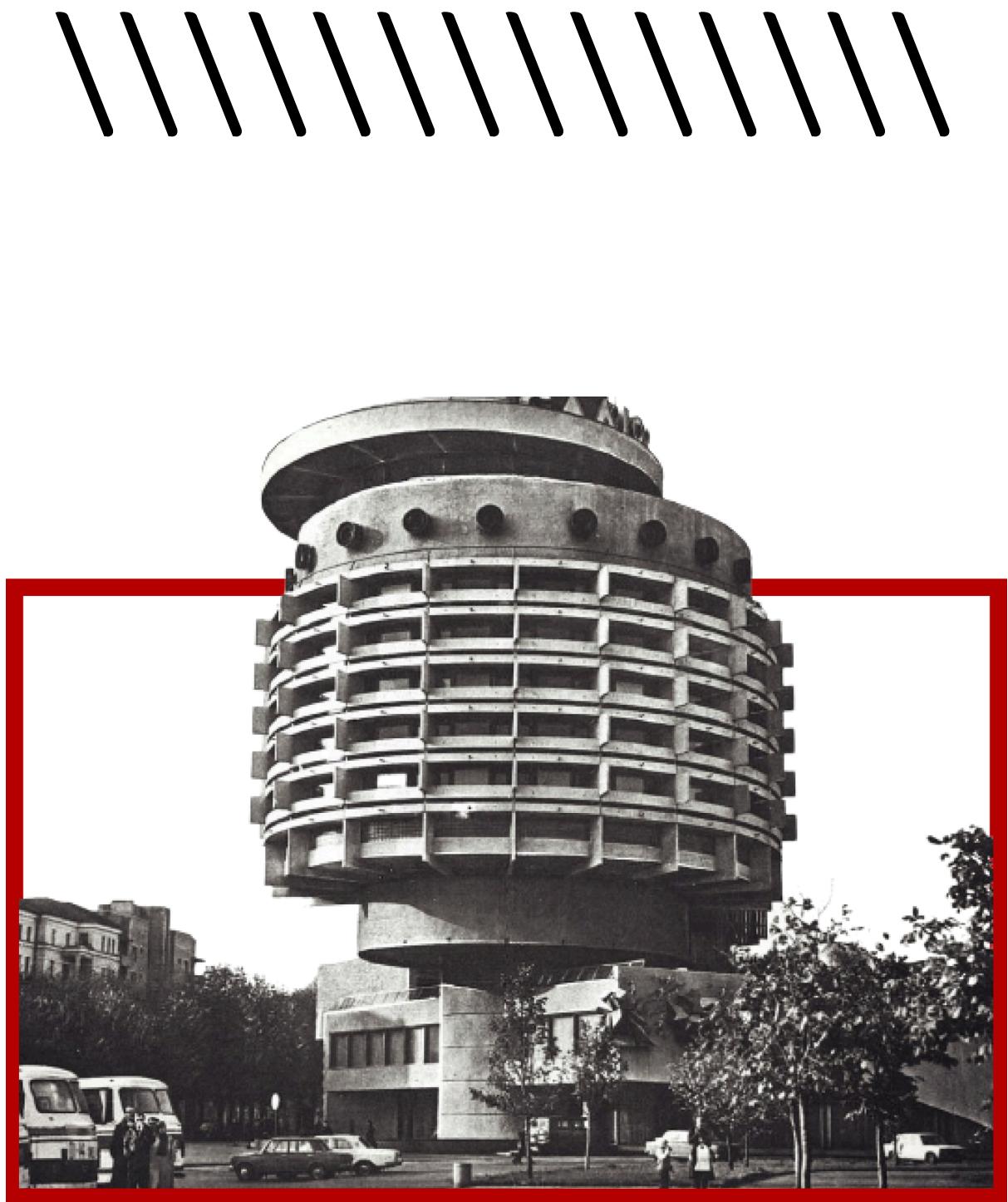
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**design.
and stuff.**



/



Gleaners and I. It was a documentation from MUBI.

The pain is

in the left ear, and that gives the left a headache and it also, the consciousness, confuses me to ask, maybe because of a wisdom tooth ? And as it keeps on asking the question, the pain gets intensified and keeps on focusing on it and eventually the pain occupies $\frac{3}{4}$ of the ache. The remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ urges to be creative. Urges to draw, to play keys, to write and stuff. But the $\frac{3}{4}$ is intermittently reminded that being creative is so tiresome and further intensifies the pain and it was what had become, the $\frac{4}{4}$ for instant creativity. It now urges to take rest, on achieving $\frac{4}{4}$. To shut eyes and rest. But even after the consciousness instruction, the pain gets $\frac{5}{4}$ and troubles with the pain more and more, that at one time, it feels to keep the head out of the body. And upon the newer thought root, the pain slightly reduced and into the urge to improvise on the new thought. Radio-Head ? What if it was a goat head ? Or Horse head ? and so on. If at all, the body has the cat head, survival is not a big deal and it can be managed and that was the sole purpose and would skip the unnecessary question of who am I ? What is the purpose of this and that stuff? And the reasoning too got involved, that with humans head but in a cat head consciousness. It is thinking nothing is what the cat's head is about. Would become a cat. With whiskers and stuff. With routine and seeking people by mesmerising them and ruling them. In Fact cats are indirectly ruling humans. If at all, a cat.

The nurse with

the trolley and the child. The frames of desertion were seen and there was an intermittent people of sadness, depression, blunt and emotionless. It was some adulthood gap that concealed them to get attached that has some strangeness with the flow, as in contradiction, people are with amusement and excitement to the tragedy of deathness. It was the press and the media, in the same kind of pleasantness about the event of death and the similar stuff, creates sympathy on people, casting in them, in which people feel superior on witnessing such a kind of tragedy, was seeded, by the tragedy of the car accident, where the right hand is dropped out of the door, face unrevealed.. It is the shithole, the vision and the destination all about lied, that the civilised people, with the purity of soul, with the capitalistic thoughts, that none cared about the other end of the contradiction that the gap between the two soul of majority and minority creates a conflicted thought of rebel or blunt in the way of thinking.

And it is

still December in mind that it was the case when the date was mentioned in the journal; was rectified; and realised it was something that the month had impacted unknowingly; blurred; stubborn to get revealed and spotlighted; but was not cared at the same time. And this caused confusion on what was the month that was written on the postcards that was posted yesterday from Jawadhu hill. There was a huge story to tell via videography but it had the same impact when the exact thoughts and emotion were put in words and the effort too seems to be less compared to the processing of videos and stuff.

The snakes, birds, flies, squirrel; that got hit yesterday night, by the vehicle, was jammed onto the tar, was pecked by the dark crows, in fear in her mind, and it was not allowed to eat them in peace as there was in constant come and go of vehicle of all type; managed; evolved; sensed; and in sync with the speed of the vehicle approaching; picked them that were jammed in the tiny gap between the tar, escaped and put them into her stomach as the early morning food. And to the left of this scene was a closed chariot; in steal; sat an old man in white shirt and blue checked lungi; on a stone; was in intense talk to himself; unconsciously; and as it gets intensified; realised the madness it involved; ashamed a bit; managed to be normal as the society had said; got up and crossed the road and entered the temple that was singing suprabhatam; was distracted again with the statue nearby that was crafted in care and effort of a big hand, which was a political party's identity; grazed it; and frowned as a heavy fish odour that was abruptly hitting the passerby; disgusted and joined the gang that was in discussion about some gossip.

The early morning music is good to the soul and the touch and feel of the old statue that had some classic language on it where it was carved by a man with bow and arrow, and nature had painted it yellow and green algae and some dried hive. The yellow followers dominate the sight and the blue sky as a competitor; stays a banyan tree along with the house of none visible; the cow that was grazing there got frighten as man run near by it in fear of dog chase; was controlled and settle by the villagers who were working on the under construction building. It was the church that stood in the middle of this yellow flower bed; painted white and bordered red; ruined a little with the cross in the centre was giving out the eerie effect to the pass by peoples. There was so much pride and stuff to the old man who praised the old carved stone that it was pandavas and their stuff is seen on the ground that his father used to collect them. He was saddened at the end when the castle was grounded a few years back and now no know about the carving and stuff. Tapioca was in full swing.

The post office was in ruined manner yet an functional one, nearby was the public school for tribal and was opened on sunday but the little ones were playing in front, shouting and running and there was a group gather in front of the temple, not sure on what to do was staring at the pig that was eating her rice; tied at her neck; was filled with full of fat and stuff; and her sudden

drop down and sleep mode made them chuckle and that made their conversation to kill some time at the 10 AM morning hours. And the way that is to the direction of north was of a slop where a JCB trying hard to move a overloaded stuff and the owner who was not strong with the prediction and probability of the success of such an event; frowned; feared; and altered the facial expression according to the struggling of the JCB and at the end it was smooth and things got settled up.

That was the preparation for the tourists, who were returning from the falls, feeling hungry as the snack they tried to eat there was unfinished was grabbed by those monkeys, and when they saw this snack that was cooking live and fresh, the old ladies got them and were satisfied. The waterfall was in a zone that restricting people not to go near and it tells the story how the mankind was in earlier time depend on her and she was in sync with the humans and animals, now left alone, worried and it was the tear that was flowing through the big rocks which was the cause of such a huge water to fall, and its green algae on its path tells how emotional she is and in want of humankind to be in again insync with her. People were watching her tear behind the steel grill like a prisoner's visitor at Puzhal jail.

It was the home cooked food, the mother and son's hotel that was only one that is good to eat there, on opposite to the bus stand,, in middle of the mud of grey in colour, that it was distributing it dustfulness when there was in and out of local buses that labelled with the place names of Polur, Amirthi, Tiruvannamalai and stuff, and people were uncared the dust fullness as they were in busy with their stuff, some were on their way to a festive of home celebration, fully dressed up, and some holding big black bible that was colour red on the corner pages was passing in row like the herd of buffalo that was shown in tv when they migrate during famine.

The foothills were busy with the paddy and manjal and stuff as it was the month of pongal for the localities, and at the corner to the field was the home for the idols that was sculptured to be in seating position in multitude; symmetrically; placed unroofed under the palm tree, backgrounded with the horse and stuff which was left there untouched after it was installed in the beginning and intermittently worshipped when they remember to do so.

The morning thought

was on people debate over the definition and leaving off the point that they are intent over the conversation. It is as if they draw a conclusion of a new point of view to a specific word and restrict their thought to not to go beyond that and put the two points of view and put in front and the fight is done to which side the support is high and how well the view is put forward and so on. The definition is merely a baseline to improvise it and to name it in whichever way it is wanted as it is merely man made stuff. The conversation gets its beauty when the detail over the word is added on. For instance if the question is asked whether or what is god, the people would be blurting out the instant definition that they were taught in some period of past and not a second of thinking about what has been put forward, and it is something a conditioned definition. And instead, what impact does believing in god make humans to not kill this absurd concept which even they know the truth in but aren't willing to not to believe that it is fake and a manmade concept. If the conversation goes in such a manner, then it is not a debate over the known fact but the newly born thought over this newer question that put forward and it is improvised in a manner that it may look madness at some point but it was the truthness the only the people who involved in it will understand and upon telling in non sync manner to the people, it looks absurd and nullity.

And how beautiful, the different point of view one put forward. If the intention is not debated, then one would be in ecstasy over the point of view, how bliss it was, how elegant the way it was put and stuff.

And is it possible to be in sync with the group with the same mentality to be making the conversation is so absurd. It is the way it was preferred by nothing in reality that happened as a person preferred. It was what it was and accepted and moved on.

Why is getting a tip considered cheating for oneself, refusing to provide even though the service is proper ? The Traffic policeman in the busy hour, was in urgent need of using the restroom of the hotel and none questioned as it was basic stuff to not to care and it was the same hotel where the service is not proper yet a tip is demanded. Is it something inner self telling to not provide any reason unknown. Who is that actually ? It is not the true self. All of sudden it reaches oneself and in a zone, an extraordinary thing gets executed or a very basic stuff on the contrary and nothing to blame the self as it seems it is not responsible for something that happened

without consciousness. It is like someone's soul, that was roaming there, got into the body and acted differently out or nowhere, made the self to wonder and admire and in expectation to occur the same in future and get disappointed.

And the day

was so suspenseful and it didn't hold any of the data of what was going to happen; yet when things happened, it got its numerous judgement, label, events and emotions. And among this, the suspense would be the common which hold an emotion which is strange one, and it gets instated resulted in any of the consequence it lead, it may of positive or negative and it also creates a series of question, that gets asked, but not spending much time in seeking the answer to but to enjoy the beauty of how well the question is put forward, and it tells on how intellect oneself was, admired; wondered; regretted as it moves further in digging deep about the question, lost its freshness, withdrawn and got over with it. And it is also should be noted that once the suspense is crossed either in positive or negative way, the event skips the suspense stuff and cling to the freshly triggered event and it most of the time is not that intense when it initially was intended.

It was such

a bothersome thing that it kept coming back to the head and waiting for its right time to let it out and thus become free from its prison so called in some terms by itself. It felt like a feather and easy upon the reveal. Everyting, the stuff that was trembling on the earth, or road, with the wind and dust and the rays of sun reflect on them, to resemble like a snake, but on releasing it was a dried palm leaves, the disappointment of the thought that was not true, was put back and moved further and watching over the direction of right and left to get distract from the odd feeling and it was with the same expectation that it must be a snake this time, and with the expectation to get disappointment, it was to the surprise, turns out to the real snake of adult one, flying on the tar, seeking for heat and stuff, and caught under the bus, that was painted red, hiding in between the tire gap for safeguard, and it was wrapped up, the scene, without reveal of what had happened to the snake that was settling there assuming it would be the safe one.

It is of

all of sudden, the place that was expected not be seen, was seen, and upon continuing, without the white guiding line, it looked like it was an abyss, without an end, and some patch on the side revealed, it got end and the mist was spread all over the places, making dull everywhere and the peacock chocking and cock cooing and dogs barking and the corner tea shop start making coffees and the sunday morning was slowing starting off with the expectation of crowd that to gather and the gang waiting to get paid with the information and the contact they hold within the authority was succeeded at the end by providing the information as well the implementation of stuff and it was some beggers on the street, so called saint, was also in contact with them and they too got paid with the stuff saying it was not supposed to take outside and everything has to be within the premises and it was done as said and at out, there was a discussion of elite group, asking question and stuff to the quality of information the gang had, and with half hesitation, they moved to follow those again till the saint got his stuff.

The cat that was waiting there to catch the bird was seen by the dog searching for the cat, and he climbed on top of the roof, safe and secure and staring at the dog's inability and vibing with it. It was the pond nearby, that reflecting this scene in blurred and the highway hold the parked car on both side, caused traffic jam, raised conflict and chaos, ignored and scene was into the garden of plants and stuff where the fella holding his tobacco, stuffing in his mouth and starting ploughing the fella and making comments to the women that were entering the place for their daily work.

It was unexpected

weather that turned dark before dusk, and the strong wind dominated initially, but later was dominated by thunder and lightning. He was doing the routine work of journalizing and reading novels. The oil lamp struggled a bit then died as it is hard to maintain as all the electricity had gone out. The muffled sound hits hard and joins with the thunder, signalling people to witness its marvellous play. The lightning revealed an extraordinary landscape for a second that no one had ever seen before, and it made admiration and disgust at the same time as its power plucked the pupil for a bit. The earthly odour starts to evolve and fill the air among the people's bodies, which makes it a refreshing feeling to enjoy this ongoing parade. As all the sensory organs were in full swing, so did the hearing that captured each and every bit of this drizzling. Like a drum roll increasing eventually, the drizzling gets its tempo and hits the max, pouring like hell until it becomes a noisy voice from all the mixture of sounds. But among these sounds, one was unique, and it hit him differently. It is coming from the window side, and it is the wailing of a puppy that was born a couple of days back. Its den was fit to keep predators out but not strong enough for the sudden change in the climate.

The puppies' chorus did something to him. He felt sorry for the dog and puppies. At that time, he felt a different emotion which was not of sympathy but a different one for him to understand. The puppies' sufferings were hitting him so hard that he was trying to get the puppies' sufferings and was willing to put on his and suffer for them. It gave him a feeling of pleasure, satisfaction, purpose, and much more, much more like first love would appear to a person. So strong and new and indescribable. As the wailing continues, he is just willing to get all those puppies suffering. And it lasted so long that it made him pleased as the wailing kept on increasing. He got to know that as the pleasure increases, he is indirectly getting all the puppies' suffering. At one point, when it was at its maximum, all this feeling suddenly stops as the wailing and the sudden rain stop. Everything became normal, and he lit a candle and returned to journaling what he felt.

The morning was ruined. It was a nice sunny day, but something strange still hung within him. He tries to recreate the emotion that he felt last night but couldn't. This made him sad. There was chaos in front of the office building. People gathered, and all their eyes looked at the opposite apartment, a third-floor veranda, where a similar wailing sound echoed. It was from a lady about 30 years old. She beats her husband and curses. The man getting hit didn't show any

violence or anger, instead he accepted it as if he deserved to get hit. The lady didn't care about the others but was wailing in a ruined tone that none was able to get what the issue was. The crowd just passed various rumours, and it doesn't make sense for such a violent event. Both the man and the woman were suffering. out of the blues. It was said that the man had an affair, so the violence. He was trying to get the couple suffering to feel like what he felt when the puppies were wailing from yesterday's rain. But he couldn't. He was trying hard to grasp their suffering, but no, it was not happening this time.

Friday.

Created an account in chat gpt, a popular AI chat based bot where I google how to write non fiction books and stuff. The topic that was in my mind was how to be a poor man. Currently, I was reading Rich dad and poor dad, and from there I got the inspiration to do some analysis on writing some stuff on this. But it wasn't easy. Nothing comes to my mind. As I was scrolling through the web, I came across Sylvia Plath, the author and now it is urging me to read the bell jar novel. The one hundred years of solitude was more confusing than expected. With the stuff piling up on my writing table, the artist's mind was firing inside some stuff. But there is a lot of stuff on the plate to eat.

Two movies are done. The salesman and The man without the past. I liked the second one. It was subtle and delivered it nicely. How beautiful if stuff were simple.

Banksy

confirms he

is behind [street art](#) along England's east coast

The Isley Brothers: [Tiny Desk \(Home\) Concert](#)

Meet '[boaterhome](#)': the rare half boat, half van hybrid from the 80s

Website of the week : <https://www.jonway.studio/>

Monotype Releases '[Helvetica Now Variable](#)'. Don't miss the landing page video.

[London Design Festival 2021](#)

[Ferrari Maranello](#) Flagship Store by Sybarite

[Two Fela Kuti Albums](#) From 1971 To Be Reissued

Phlegm's Monochromatic [Comic Book Characters](#) Explode Onto Walls Across Europe

A Massive [Crocheted Canopy](#) Provides Shade for a Shopping District in Malaga

Kris Sowersby: [The Art of Letters](#), a visual feast of letterforms celebrating one of the world's leading type designers

Brutalist Hong Kong Poster [Part 1](#) [Part 2](#)

[Playlist of the week](#)

[VISUAL OBSERVER](#), provides visually inspiring stuff. I kind of liked the on hover effect of the site header and the real time time below it.

You know it's been a rough year because nobody is talking about it being Friday the 13th.

Almost no one has a negative number as their favorite number.

Salt is one of the only things humans eat that has never been alive, most everything else has or is alive.

Your pet might have also named you

If life was a game, and net worth was our score, no one would believe Jeff Bezos got the high score without hacking.

“Andha light

oru masam eriyala thambi" said the old man, blurting out while walking and settling under the banyan tree. It was the public school name board light, he was referring to. Behind the school was an area filled with greenery and empty land and the series of rectangular cake stones installed, painted red, indicating the boundaries and separation of land, stands an old couple, along with cows, trees, mist and birds. The old mother was in constant swearing about anything that happened and it was the old deaf and dumb father, hears nothing but senses it was a swear from his wife, concealed his temper, but intermittently revealed and showcased it to the nearby cows or tree or mist or birds. She is always in the past, as it holds the memories of her two sons, who migrated to town two years ago and was thinking how pleasant they were with their marriage and people and gathering and all of sudden, the face goes down thinking of that specific moment of jealousy which splits everything that was smooth. And with these thoughts running randomly, the old couple moved and passed the streets that were glowing bright with vilakku and stuff for the deepam festival. The centre junction was installed with the huge cylinder of hay and flammable material, in order to light them, for the rituals.

It was a left out under construction single room building, partially painted blue and with a rusted grill that separates the buyers and the sellers, and at the back, a large steel door was in open condition, adding up the stock of alcohol. It is like a mushroom shaped crowd that was gathered in front, and the immediate people are in an urge to get the liquor and the latter part was recently dropped off and in discussion with the night plan to be spent with fellas and the reason would be of deepam festival. The younger son, was taking one of his mate, in the back seat, was riding a bike, which is of old rusted, non maintained, bike of 2000s, and with the delayed response of brake, made them to halt hundred metre further than expected, balanced with the two legs, reversed, stopped, parked, enquired, finalised, brought, and settled to the left of the dark street, out of the village. His unmarried bravery made him do all sorts of crazy things and didn't care a little about what was happening out there surrounding him.

Parallel to this scene, the elder one, was in urge to get together, since the quarrel, and in the intention, enquired the same with the old couple, confirmed and promised his arrival, with the family and with his brother, to the old couple house, to have a family dinner there and to settle up things which is left out without concern two year ago. And the same news was shared to the old couple and the mother, who was always in past, for the first time, settled to the present, and the swear is gradually turned to haste as it was such a unexpected moment, that she thought of, and hurried home; to arrange things for the sons arrival of the night.

He, the younger, started to imagine his childhood memories, when his left canines were in an urge to drop off, and using his tongue, sensed its movement forward and backward and it was an unexpected moment that the space was empty and the canine dropped off. In search of it on the

mud, found and buried and slept. It was the same sensation, he felt and used his tongue, sensed the canine, but this time, it was strong enough not to be dropped off, but was blurting out his disappointment to his fellow drunkards, inside the darkness with mist and birds and mosquitos, insects and flies.

And there the old couples were busy, preparing, getting stuff, for cooking and amusing the grandchild, and the house was lighted up with deepam and stuff and the mother too was lightened up and the swearing ceased. The deaf father acted as if he had become un-defected.

As the drunkard gang raised up and following the buzzing of flies, with the disappointment of canine undropped to the earth and mud, in urge, to closure the hardness and depression, bent, tilted his ankle, removed the sandals, with his right hand, raised above his head, and chasing the buzzing sound, and in quarrel with the flies. The instability took the unconscious gang to the highway and was danced and zig zagged hither and thither and in thought of finally hit, raise the sandals to the maximum, and with the force, slapped onto the bike that was passing, and both the team of drunkards by foot and drunkards by bike, rolled, went and settled inside the darkness of the deserted street, mingled with dust and stuff, unconscious and dozed off there, the gang of drunkards by foot and drunkard by bike. It was an older son, among the drunkards by bike.

There, the villagers gathered around the hay and flammable stuff, and lit up, and danced and enjoyed and rolled and did crackers and it was blasting on to the dark sky and stuff. The old couple were missing at this celebration as they were waiting for their sons arrival for the celebration at home.

The Thalassery beach

is full of fish and stuff. The scent is disgusting in the beginning but is just filled inside you and you kind of start liking it and at some point it is indifferent and gradually you hesitate to get rid of the place and thereby a stream of golden beam already accompanying the scent to dig a pit and install you permanently there. Yet you feel pleasure in it.

It was in

1984, that I read first when I was into the book reading phase. I have read a few books before but considering it. It just invokes the thought that I haven't seen the work before and it lets me explore more on that similar subject which turns me into a book worm. It eventually grew and at some point I became so vexed from reading books from internet lists, so I just headed to an old used book stall, bought some 50 books without reading the title, but was making sure it should be a fiction which is not contemporary. But it was not what I expected. It seems to me like a movie directory collection that I lost how the book felt. And after realising this, I just randomly read NO LONGER HUMAN and it just invoked all the dead emotions buried deep inside and just made me feel light how i felt when i read 1984. It was a disturbing story, a biography actually, but apart from the dark stuff, most of the things I am able to relate to myself. The narration is simple and unique. It is a short read that I read in two days.

It is disappointing

if life doesn't have any disasters.

Waiting on the shore to see the ocean drains.

It was said

that people live in the past in their mind mostly. Sometimes the present seems to be less interesting than the past and it dominates the brain as it yields the enough pleasure and emotion that is required for the brain which is not possible by the present moments, events and emotions.

Also, this event and emotions are unique and private to the people it was connected to. Our lives are like a single flow of timeline where people come in and go, creating events and emotions. None of the events and emotions are labelled like "Sharable" or "Not Sharable", but it was decided upon in conversing with the people (in converse), that some of the other people's events or emotions are shared. It is a matter of how well the people in converse are connected and take you to reveal the events and emotions from the past.

Even each and every person will have some events and emotions which are secret to themselves that they might have not shared to their close people like their partners or close friends. It is not intentionally hiding, but even the conscious mind ignores it, that it ain't suitable for sharing.

Why is it that we are pressured to share everything from the past to our life partner ? How does it show them the character you have ? Even the character is so inconsistent that for each and every person we come across, we show different us and different characters.

As mentioned in

the earlier post, figma is a pretty good online tool where we can replace XD totally. I saw today on Reddit about a prototype that is well framed and animated.
https://www.reddit.com/r/FigmaDesign/comments/phbgwb/made_this_in_figma/?utm_source=share&utm_medium=web2x&context=3

This proved that the figma can be used for high complex UX as well. In search of finding its treasure, I was exploring the options and I was struck on how to make all the frames scroll vertically in presentation mode. I searched google for the work but my search keyword was the worst because it always gets me the result of making a carousel on figma. I finally figured out how to place the frame, the order and all and I got the result of vertically scrolling.

The left panel has the frames and elements that we have used in prototyping. The base of those elements to be placed is a frame. Create a new frame. This is the initial base frame from where we will be placing the other frames below to view it in a vertically scroll.

Ideas are rooted

from the past exposure with the sudden current knowledge which just connects and forms a mental picture which tempts you. Such a thing happened today and I tried the tempting picture in my mind and I'm totally happy with the outcome.

For the past few weeks, I was scribbling on my drawing notebook. I just found that I can't draw stuff perfecting with lines and drawing knowledge. I concluded that those things are just a guide to just replicate what's on our mind to the paper. I just tested my guide and it told me that you just need to scribble to get things done. So I just cleared that path and started scribbling by picturing some person from the movie and street and each and every scribble forms a unique one.

I was scribbling with iron wire on tiles. I felt the same feeling as scribbling pen on paper.

I recently came

across a tool for creating UX design. Usually people use Adobe XD for doing such creative stuff. It required some decent computers, knowledge of the tool and required some cash in doing some creative stuff. It is a hectic one and I personally hate XD for so many other reasons which are off topic as of now. Figma <https://www.figma.com/>. The good thing about figma is it is a web application and we can design a UX via any web browser. It is free, it is so simple and straightforward. In UX design, learning the tool is just 10% of stuff required and the rest is creative. I just created a simple page using figma and it is so easy and simple to use. Initially I was blank and was thinking of creating something mind blowing. But doing stuff simple always makes the job easier and I just started off the design with the header. Thought of making the usual horizontal header to be vertical with a pair. I kind of liked it. Filled the background with red and changed the alignment a bit. Using a pen tool, I scribbled something on the right with a little dark red. Removed Fyodor Dostoevsky background using <https://www.remove.bg/>. Added his name and birth year. Found some quotes of his from The Brother Karamazov and just added like a line and it was the intention to do it in such a way. Finally filled some space with an arrow. Below is the output of it. If you are really good with creative skill, just dig this web app to become a designer. It doesn't take much time and it doesn't need to be cased. Just for some creative pleasure doing this kind of stuff gives you peace sometimes. If not, just ignore my statement.



It was my

first road trip after getting a Yamaha FZ FI. I was cruising at a maximum of 80 kmph and the mileage seems to be good. For a full tank fuel capacity of 13 Litres gave around 600 km of ride and both highway and inside the city traffic. Captured photos and recorded some events of people's talks.

The tea shop fellas were witnessing the live accident and his explanation.

The truck drivers teachings at SriPerumbudur

The mates talk at the Gudiyatham, Palar river

Fake flower decorated face fellas at Chittoor border

Blues is everywhere.

It is a music genre which can be played for years by knowing a single blues scale. He used to play D or G or C depending on the mood. His room is either filled with blues music from the radio or him playing blue on keys or harmonica. He lives in a dark room where a dim yellow light pushes hard to give some light. The walls are stuffed with frames and masks and stuff. Sometimes, the fish tank bubbles accompany his blues stuff.

It is all set and prepared for the weekend jamming session. It was his first at a tiny restaurant at the street corner. He is doing it for free as this kind of stuff is new to people. He jams at the subways, street, restaurant, market but no one gives a damn about it. So mostly he does it for free. It was his friend's brother's restaurant where the session was going to happen.

He was so excited about tomorrow's session thing. He was picturing himself playing harmonica and keys and planning how things should be done and all. And after some time he realised nothing was going to happen yet he kind of like this picturing stuff. It was scheduled for 7 in the evening. He got up, wrapped his things for the session and headed over to a nearby coffee shop. The morning vendor installing their stalls, the street is getting its life and the crowd is slowly spreading like a cancer on the street.

He ordered coffee and decided to watch people. There was cat on the street, little boy chasing the balloon, a guy over a phone, a lady with her plants, old people watching the ground and going somewhere to get fresh air, the sky is blue, the shredded wall post flying along with the dust and stuff, and an old man with his cat sat opposite to him.

The old man took out his morning newspaper and skimmed over it. The cat is just watching humans and stuff. He tried to poke the cat but she didn't give a damn and he ain't got nothing to do so he was thinking of roam the street for a while. Maybe the old man skimmed the newspaper scene might have seeded slightly into his head, he got a sudden urge to read something. He roamed and found a book stall and got a 90 page book. He is always scared to read bigger books. He hesitated for a while but he got some courage there to get the 90 page book. He returned back to the same restaurant, sat opposite to the cat and started to read some pages.

He completed the book within half an hour. Something is revealed to him when he finishes reading the book. He liked to reread it again. He does that. And again he got something from the book. He started to enjoy reading those lines. He again headed over to the same book stall and got another book of bigger size and he started reading at the same spot. It was literary stuff. It gave him clarity about a lot of things he was aware but not exactly aware of. It confirms the things that are in doubt in his mind. He got addicted to words, sentences, passages, paragraphs, chapters and volumes. Some words just rolled in his head for a while. The book seeded something different in his mind. He felt fresh and started off to the restaurant where the blues session was going to happen.

The very beginning

of the day before like three hours back on the highway 45 that one couldn't see clearly what is in front that you feel like you lost in a abyss along with the motor car sound accompanying you that leads to a sudden crash on a big stone like object later seems to a repaired lorry on the same highway. The same happened to the following cars and two were lying on the side of the road like a dead dog or a cow. But did actually escape from the crash and lying there to realize what was happening and he could see one of the other drivers is dead and the lorry driver returning with the shout by seeing the accident.

Some stream of

thoughts resembled. It echo perfectly and took to the past and it intent to think and make to believe it was the same soul that once jotted down these one, were transferred, suffered, fragmented into different and split multitude, evolved and thus now connected with the same thought but that was of more literary and complex, that evolution is not always that of upflow but the other side as well. But these thoughts died soon, when it sensed as whole, as it looked and beamed different that one could admire and follow it its base, its flavour, its genre, to dictate the flow in stream of word, that sometime make sense, at the end, it eventually it looks untidy that that was how the complex it looks, the thoughts.

Orchestrated resonance into the ear abyss and letting tears glide over deserted cheeks.

The tress that

was panned and revealed the rivers and stuff and the movies is the package of documentaries of the historical Hiroshima bombing and how the post war protest against it. The revelation of suffering and pain from the past is beautifully crafted and delivered. It was the finger that played all through the film and told its story. The ever blinking of Japanese shop banner lights tell the parallel story of the city.

The blue dizzy

sky is slowly disappearing to a golden wheat. I was on the way from trivandrum to somewhere. The draft was to go along the sea at the right side till it reached somewhere. The fuel tank was dumped full and the journey has started. Since it was at the time the road work was going on, I was diverted to some rural routes where the route is actually on the seashore. One can see the waves crashing over the rocks and it fragments over the face. This rural route took me to a church backyard where it was a home for 100 plus graveyards. Our childhoods are mostly filled with the haunting stories about graveyards and stuff but the truth is it has its beauty. At the huge church in the background with hundreds of cross signs piled on the foreground, it was a perfect delight for photographers and I used the opportunity. It was a squared room hotel, where its mouth opened towards the road. I parked my wheeler and entered to have my breakfast. The so-called hotel was unloaded with two tables for eating on the right, one on the left for the owner and to the left corner for the chef. I shoved some food. Since it was school hours, it was proposed by some school fellas to drop them at school. The way they hitchhiked showed they have more heed towards bikes than schooling. The street was seized by a vertical tower painter red and white horizontal. The beacon was beaming from its head. Nearby the lighthouse, a fleet of boats floating on the estuary. Past some miles where the bay of bengal starts and india ocean ends, one could catch the glimpse of windmills that are planted on earth. It whirl as the tempo varied randomly. It was 11 past quarter, lone lane, wind farm to the left and a couple of mounds to the right.

The reddish sand slowly emerges from its ground as the miles keep on its track. In front of me, I saw a cross sign floating above the road. Is it a miracle of Jesus christ. Or it was a trick of mirage. It was nature. An old village church once built on the floor is almost covered with red sand. One can fancy it like an old church found on the slopes of a desert mound in thar. For some moment, I was uncertain about the location I was currently in. Now I was hit by fragmented red sand. Two past half, I was travelling again on a lone track where everywhere I saw mirages. One has to tilt the head full backward to meet the vertical sun. I crossed three dry spelled river paths. I stopped at a scene where it happened on the dry spelled river path. A woman sucks water from a well and returns back home via the cracks of the river path. Some people have a trolley of buckets to draw water from well. Herds of sheep grazing on the black soil everywhere. No farming, no water, no agriculture, but still people surviving with the stuff provided by nature. I was welcomed by a board saying Ervadi Dargah. On entering, I was greeted by a wail of old men making chaos and hastern here and there. One more lady was tied up by her hand on the tree that stood amid the dargah. Everywhere wail echoed. It was a place for treating mentally ill people.

The black soil transforms white gradually. The sun was at a perfect angle, where its ray strikes on the salt flats and reflects back to the pupil. The road smells salty and fresh. The mirage is

filled with salt moisture. Miles and miles of white salt flats with a thatched hut at the centre. It looked like the hut was the entrance to heaven. The golden wheat is back again to the sky as it was in the background to my view where a silhouetted train is passing parallelly as a foreground. The dusk forms a filter that coloured the soil light yellow. The filter added more flavor to the brig and boat and train that passing pamban bridge. I was one among the crowd to witness the moving chariot.

Commenced the next day with the same blue dizzy sky. Now with the bay of Bengal on both sides of the road. An old carrack hit the shore. Group of men stand in a straight line holding a thread and doing some stuff. Women and men on the streets opened their shops and began their routines. Horizon is filled with boats and fishermens. I was wheeling in a speed, a walking lady of the 90s can take me over. I wheeled 10 miles till the blue faded to golden. The morning wind with salty moisture refreshes. The smell of fish everywhere. Half past the distance, an Old abandoned church at my right. Further continuing, an old abandoned railway station at left. I was enlightened by an old preacher who lived at the time where the station was alive, that the train from Chennai to Ceylon stops there and picks people by boat to drop them at the tip of North Sri Lanka and continues further by train again. It was during this process a cyclone hit this place and spoiled it entirely. One could walk to Sri Lanka if the sea level is low. I was ruminating at the edge of Dhanushkodi and reckoning for a walk over. The fishermen moved from bank to bank. I was collecting bivalvia, sea shells, hard clams, cockles, limpets and other stuff like three kg in weight. The dizzy blue fades and golden emerges at the background and the boat moves horizontally as foreground. I belong there. The sound of flat waves, the smells of the shore, the blue sea, the golden dawn, the fishermen, the boat, the brig, the limpets, the sea shells. I belong there. Wish I was a fisherman.

The haste rickshaw.

The haste family. The Haste wind. Lay the unconscious daughter on the shoulder of the mother. The mother was one among the family. The haste is towards the hospital. To get treatment for her unconscious daughter bitten by the venomous snake. The family includes uncle, aunties and old neighbourhood lady.

The family member from the rickshaw with the unconscious daughter by the mother's shoulder was stopped by the hospital receptionist. It was said that the doctor was supposed to be available at that time but he had a personal emergency and he is off. The worried family returned the rickshaw.

The driver took them to another nearby hospital which is three kilometers away. It was midday and it was hot. The rickshaw driver pulled it to maximum acceleration and flowed through the street. The hot wind makes everyone sweat and tired. Their eyes withered with worries. The closed eyes of the unconscious daughter made the mother too sober. She wailed all the way on the rickshaw.

When they reached the hospital they were told that the doctor will be in half an hour. Since the next nearest hospital is more than thirty kilometers away and the uncertainty of the doctor's availability, they decided to wait for the doctor to come. It is worse to wait with a dying daughter by the hand. The whole hospital was echoed with the mother's wail. She is praying to the god, known and unknown. Her face too started writhing. She was the centre of attraction at that scene. Her worries slowly started to spread to all those who came for treatment. Everyone worried about the daughter. The men rushed to the reception to check for the doctor. It disappointed them.

After an hour of wailing, the mother saw the doctor coming. She rushed to him holding her daughter and told what had happened in a wailing tone. The doctor asked her not to worry and took to his cabin.

The mother's known and unknown god answers her prayer with positive. She hailed all the gods and the doctor and returned home with her conscious daughter.

Jan 22, 2024.

It is said that if you have anus, don't laugh at neighbours fart. It is an African proverb. I always admire the African way. They were straight to the point in simple terms. Just like the Chinese or Japanese way. Not sure from where I came to the conclusion. The truth may be different, but with the information and prejudice I had on them, from the inputs of browsing and stuff, this is what it felt, that they were straight to the point and simple in terms.

I remember those stuff from Things Fall Apart. It was a short read and told how the colonisation just ruined the tribal stuff and its root and its branch.

The day was dull. The intention was to sleep till 12 in the afternoon, but got up around 10 and was struggling between taking rest or to do the work. Connected to work post lunch and nothing much was there to do today. Cleaned the room and wrote some todos and stacked them on the wall in front of the study table.

Yesterday was my sister's wedding. It was fun for her but not for me. The concept of reception on the day before the wedding event is one of the worst things that I came across recently. It is just a pre wedding photoshoot with people and relatives. And for that, a bunch of money was spent and nothing made sense at all. Maybe some people get excited from it, but it is surely not for me stuff. And the marriage too went smoothly. No it was not. It was a mixed marriage and it was kept secret from long distance relatives. But when the marriage ceremony is about to happen, the iyer echo the names of the bride and grooms parents name with the caste and boom, all that was kept as a secret blasted and the stunned people were unspoken and blunt and dull and confused and the doubt that was there inside them, now resulted to be true and they were excited about their finding as well as the shockness it just impacted. And I was the one among the happiest people out there. That it got revealed easily without any effort or energy. And I liked the caste system for the first time ever in my life. I was happy.

We went home, slept nicely and returned back to the wedding hall. We met the next marriage gang and we joined them and had our lunch. The butter milk saved the afternoon.

Panruti, Feb

03, 2024.

It was early in the morning, waiting at the bus stand, watching over the buses nameboards that might look interesting to travel for the day. Whenever i travel via panruti and vadalur route, the under construction road work was still incomplete for the past three plus years. And this time, it was still under construction. At the junction where it beams out the clock tower and the arch, that always looks familiar to me as I visited the same place a year back, roamed the street, had a dinner over the corner food stall and went to the next town concluding that there was nothing to see. And this time, I went to the bus stand, photographed people and stuff and got settled into a bus that was destined to Pillaiyarkuppam. Before the next sequel, I would like to jot an interesting incident that happened at the junction where the clock tower was beaming high and the arch. The old man selling tender coconut was in conversation with another fella where in his last night was ruined by three rats, where he threw away two rats and with vengeance, he twisted the last rat's head and body and with the struggle, the rat bites the index finger and left the world and died. He was seeking medical guidance and the fella responded to find a drumstick tree and bite them. He nodded and probably he was on his way to do that now.

Coming back to the Pillaiyarkuppan bus, it was filled quickly by the school people demanding their routine seat and it was given back to them. I jumped to the next bus standing parallel to it and its name board is Kedilam. Boarded. I was sitting in the window seat. Watching over the scenarios and stuff and photographing some.

At Kedilam, it was a cross road, intersected with the national highway 45. At the bus stop, there are 7 men doing nothing, killing their boredom by watching the passers and stuff and few scrolling their mobile phone to speak to someone. Infront a flower shop was installed and a cat is sitting next to the owner where it was vibing cooling over there. I photographed them. Passed the subway and it held a small temple, a garland shop, and a tiny tiffin shop. They were quarrelling among themselves to some stuff.

At Villupuram, at 12 in the noon, the book fair speech is being echoed in the town centre. By hearing it, I just realised that it is more of public speaking than the content and stuff. Inside the book fair, it was a simple one, not many shops had been installed there, but I bought three books. They were Tamil novels. While returning to maruvathur, was reading Vaadivasal, a

short novel. Near me was a guy who was having a group call, troubling other peoples life in the name of solving the issue. It is better to cross those stuff early in the age.

Not a social

person

And hence if needed let's talk one on one and I can reveal all

Also not good at judgement and if anything that relates to judging stuff I simply nod.

Villu paatu oudikkatha vana pudichi kelvi ketta jalra dha thattu vaan

Mani meenu married and mani stays with her in the ashram. And the stuff happens there.
Stories of a guy who left his wife over haircut fight

Op out patient. It is asking the people to be patient because anyway you're gonna die. So be patient

20 benefits of walking for 30 mins daily

Barakei ordeal id roses

Son of the body by Elliot erwitt

Humans can't be a god. Hands to eat. By seeing that a child learns to eat. But humans defined earning a money is so unfair that if it was a god, she won't do such a stuff

The image is a collage of various photographs. At the top left is a logo for 'Jawadhu HILLS' with a green dot pattern. To its right is a large green circle containing a detailed image of a multi-tiered Indian temple tower. Below the circle is a large black number '10'. In the center, there's a black and white photograph of a person's head and shoulders. To the right of the person is a small statue of a deity. At the bottom, there are several smaller images: a group of people, a close-up of hands, and some abstract shapes.

Eddy, toi mon fidèle ami

Œuvres illustrées de

36 Jeanne

1853

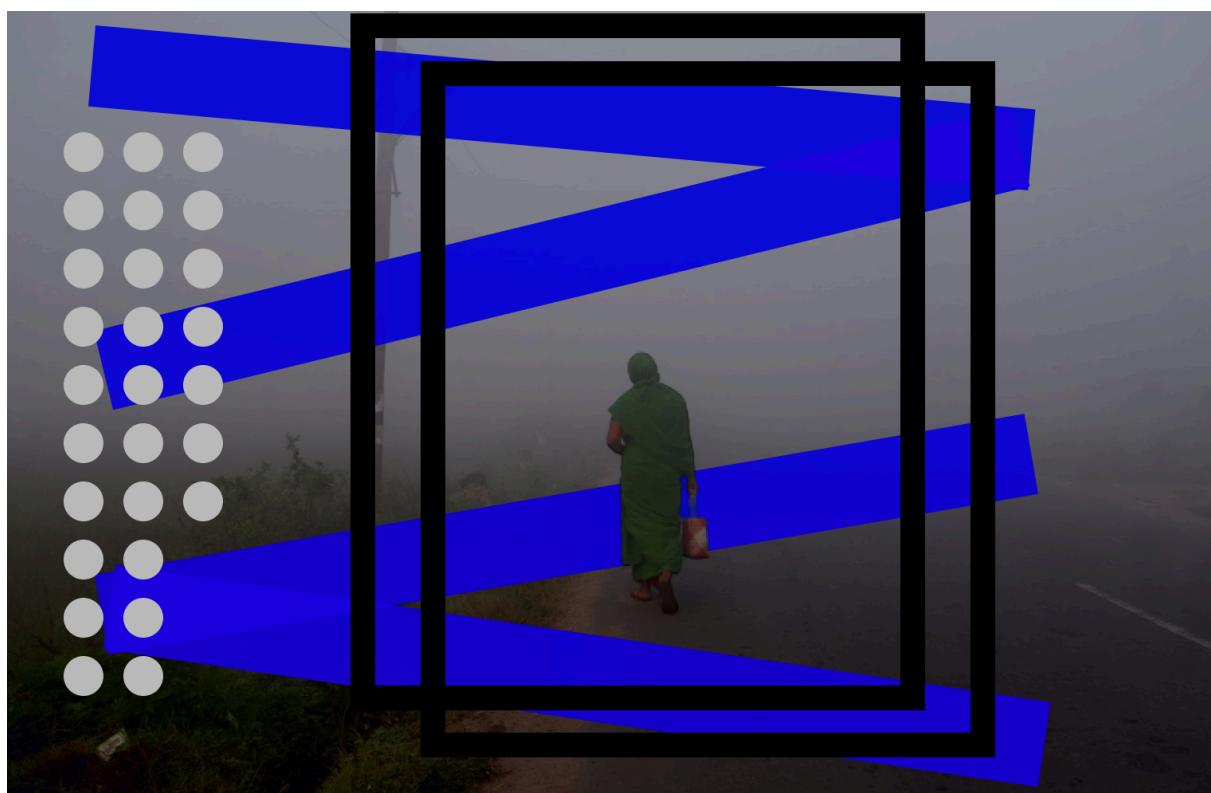
Sappho

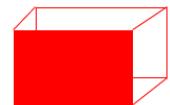
La liberté ou l'amour I, 1927

Robert Mancini : Ils ont tous baissé leur froc, là-haut.

Léo Vrinks : Même vous ?

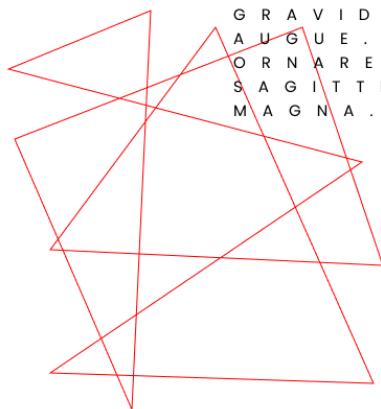
Ce but, le but du roman, c'est de peindre l'homme ; et, qu'on le prenne dans un milieu ou dans l'autre, aux prises avec ses luttes, un monde intérieur l'agitent continuellement, tout au long de l'homme, proie à toutes les émotions.

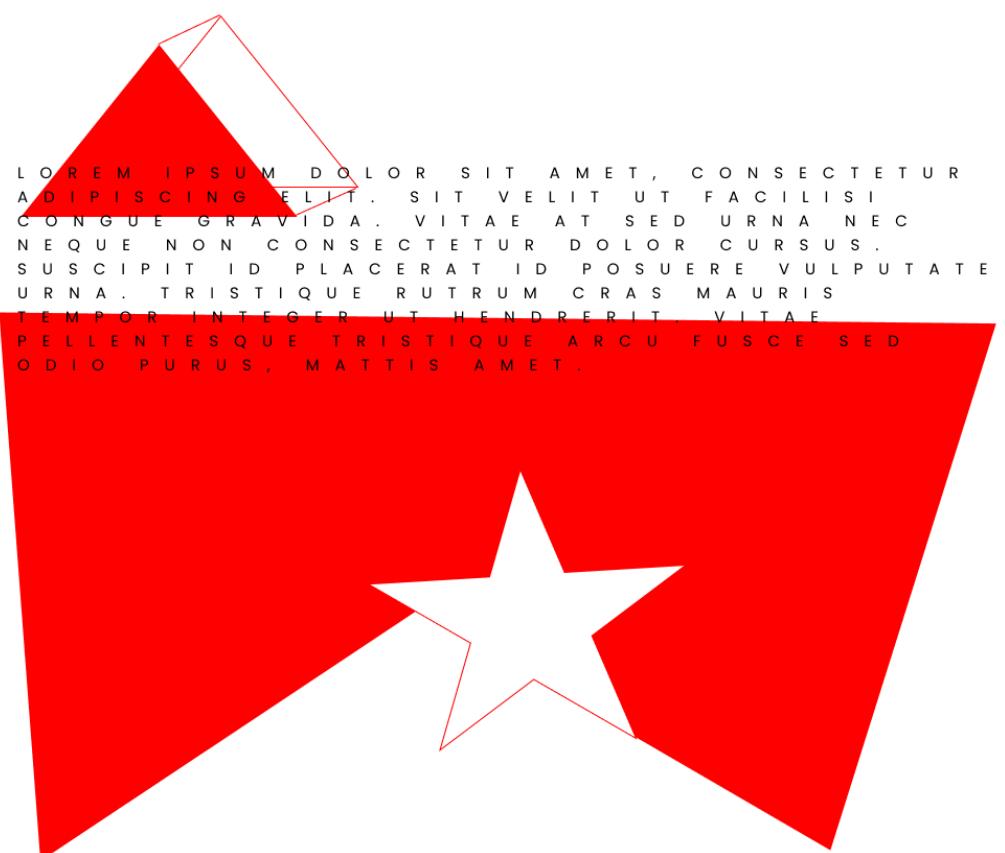




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S A G I T T I S , S E D
M A G N A .





The Idiot

notes.

Prince Lyov Nikolayevtch Myshkin - the fellas , the last Myshkin prince
 Rogozhin, Parfyon - Dark man along with Myskhin in train. Related to Semyon Parfenovitch
 Rogozhin, who died a month ago and left two and half millions
 Zalyozhev - Brother of Parfyon Rogozhin ?
 Seryozha Protushin - Rogozhin got money to elope
 Mr Nikolay Andreyevitch Pavlishtchev - the one who pay the fellas and he died two years back
 Madame Epanchin (Lizaveta Prokofyevna) - fellas distant relative and he is seeking her in petersburg. Last Myshkin princess.
 General Epanchin (Ivan Fyodorovitch)- General, 56 age
 Lebedyev - Forty year old official who knows stuff. Elena, the departed wife, Lubov- the boby daughter, daughter vera in mourning. He was talking about the Zhemarin family murder and that his nephew was planning for that and this fellas is only of his deceased sister anisya
 Vassily Vassilitch Konyov -0
 Nastasya Filippovna - Her name is Barashkov, lady, princess,
 Connected with the man called Totsky Afanasy Ivanovitch
 Totsky Afanasy Ivanovitch - Man of property and great fortune, great friends with General Epanchin
 Alexandre Lihatcho
 Armance
 Coralie
 Princes Patsky
 Alexandra , Adelaida , Aglaia - General Epanchin daughters
 Gavril Aralionovitch (Ganya) - guy at general room talking stuff
 Schneider - Myshkin's benefactor in country
 Pavlish Chev - Caretaker of Myshkin
 Afanasy Ivanovitch Totsky - Nastasya should choose between him or the general at the party.
 Age 55
 Nina Alexandrovna - Mother of Ganya
 Varvara Ardalionovna - Sister of Ganya
 Ferdyshtchenko - Tenant in Ganya house
 Filip Alexandrovitch Barashkov - fellas near to totskys estate.

Fyodor and Mava - Generals maids

Old princess byelokonsky - general wife mentioned her when she met myshkin for the first time
Yevlampie Nokolayevna - widow of a clerk, who comes to see general daughter.

Jules Thibaut - school master at execution

Marie - 20, girl miserable

General Ivolgin (Ardalion Alexandrovitch Ivalogin) - ganya's father. retired from service. one of the border at ganya or He was there when mushin's father and mother died.

Kolya - Ganya's brother, 13.

Varvara Ardalionovna - Gany's sister

Ivan petrovitch Ptitsy - Tenant at Ganya's

Lyov Nikolayevitch - Myshkin's father, 55

Captain Larionov- (Aralion Alexandrovithc ?)The commander of the company, died; myshkins father was appointed for a time to take his duty.

Private Kolpakov - Treft boot leather for drink and myshkin fater threatened to have him flogged. He died sooner and he turnps up after 6 month.

Sokolovitch - ganya father's old frind who lives on the first floor at nastaya flats.

Marya Alexandrovna - Sokolovithv wife

Alexandra Mihailovna - young lady along with Marya alexandrova went to see her grandmother
Madame terentyev - window where ivolgina went to see

Marfa Borissivna -widow ivolgin said he woukdbgive moneyb to her. Kolya took them to her place at fourth floor

Lenotchkha - 8, daughter of above

Ippolit - elder son of above

Marya semyonovna - daughter of semyonovna

Darya alexeyevna - sprightly lady that nastasya birthday party

Platon Ordyntsev - Marshall where Totksy was telling about him when he was asked to tell about the basest action.

Anfisa alexeyevna - wife of above.

Prince S - 35, high society and in acquaintance with Geran epahin, adelaida, the second sister into hiim

Yevgeny Pavlovitch Radomsky - 28, witty, brilliant, modern wealthy - highly recommendedby by the oldr princess fromo moscow. May bo with aglaia the third daughter of the general

Keller - Nastaya with this guy at moscow.

Zemtyzhnikov - guy at moscow that nastasya known of

Yevgeny pavlivitch radonsky - young man along with general epachin

Antip burdovsky - son of pavlishtchev

Vladimir doktorenko - lebedyevs nephew

Keller - retiered lieutenant who came with the gang to see myshkin

Ippolit terentyev - koyla friend

Kapiton alexeyitch - yevgeny pavlivitch uncle who shot himself

Chapter 5: It was about the general backstory and his colleague an about natasya's growing up and how she suddenly become strange that the general wifes know about this and it was at the

moment the general used myshkin and left to his story for the natasya stuff. And the general's wife and her daughters were curious about myshkin that he was telling about the execution and stuff.

Chapter 6: The mother and daughters were discussing the executions and he told about the children of the village, and how people treat marie, Maire was cheated by a French man. When she returned back home, her own mother didn't care about her. Two months later her mother died, and for the two months she didn't speak to marie. Post that the villagers and childredna nd everyon started to hate her. And myshkon met her, sold his diamond pin and gave stuff. He kissed her and the children saw this. The village came to know about this. Mykshin tried to make things clear on stuff. Slowly the came to understand. Children visit his palace. He tells them stories about marie. Marie worked with the herdsman. And she died. Children praised her. And this he tells the gang about their face and stuff. It was a nice read though.

Chapter 7 : Post that myskin reveals the natasya face to the gange and the mother got excited and asked to grab it from ganya, who was out and ganya thought myskin had revealed all the sacred stuff and got sacred. The mother asked the ganya to come and enquired about his marriage, and to that he nodded no and it was recorded. Before this, when ganya handover the photo to myskin, he gave a letter that needs to handed over to agleia, to which it was succeeded and upon the mother went away, aglia, myskin and ganya were there and to reply to the letter she didn't, and that was the conversation about and both went to ganya house

Chapter 9: All members in Ganya's house assembled. The mother and sister were curious about the decision for the day as nastasy was about to relieve what is gonna happen, and ganya starts to scold and stuff. And all of sudden when myskin was about to exit, he came to see Nastasya. She was inside. Having conversation. Ganya's father came. He told the lapdog story. That the two lady irritate by his cigarette, where they throw the cigarette out and for that the father throws the dog out and later came to know about this is the princess that the general's wife said to myskin to get introduced and also nastasya told that the exact stuff she read five years back in a magazine.

Chapter 10:

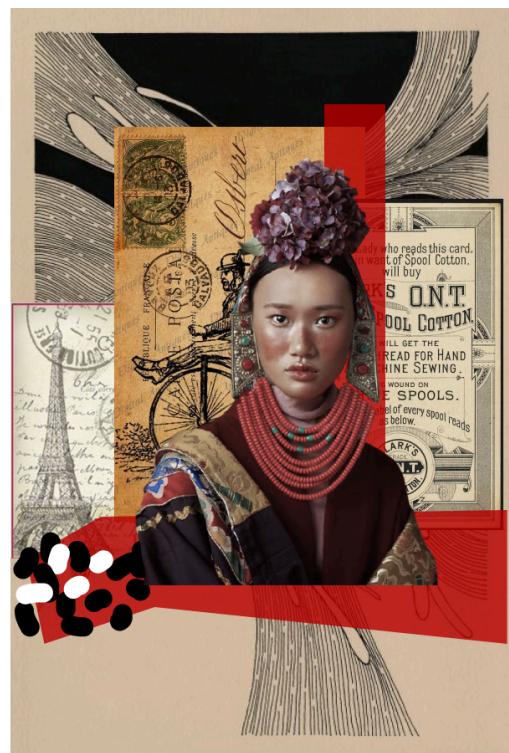
So this chapter is about at the ganya house house the gang includes are mushk will be seeing those two guys on the train right so they all came without that ganya is going to marry nastocia so they came and he will be revealing that to ganya and masters I will tell no and what happened next this happened and slapping myshkin and nastaya went out and stuff.

Chapter 11 so this chapter is all about what happens if g a n y a and mushkil where having conversation and it becomes more than and talking about nastasya. And about her character and stuff and Kolya receives a letter from his father to meet him.

Chapter 12 so in this chapter what mushkil do is he have a conversation the general and never planning to go for nastasya party general myshkin went and its not before that event to the bar

and he bought the general three bottles of liquor and he was full and they were walking to a n a s t a s y a and after that he took them to to sokolovitch and got to know that the ladies were of home. Post that he took the general took him to what to say Kolya was also there. And general slept there and Kolya and myshkin went to nastasya house

Chapter 14: All at parties, there was a game of saying base stuff, Fed general and totsky were saying and nastays base stuff is that she asked the prince whether to marry ganya or not and he said no. and that was her decision. All shocked and now comes the rogozhin gang of 12.





We were having a discussion on a topic where it involves prime time.

People were so good at what they were doing and got succeeded and at some point, it reflected to the public. The public, so called common people, consume its essence, pick it up and start to work on it, to achieve the same level of success and that was their prime time. To focus on one thing, work on them, till you get fulfilled which won't make you realise what we are really doing these many years. What I'm trying to convey is that people should admire the stuff they do, enjoy the pleasantness it gives when it is fulfilled rather than feeling about their past actions which gives them a disguise.

I was talking with my wife about this. Every human (from my point of view) has the bad thought that they feel worried about not succeeding. For them, success is not in their timeline. I was telling her that success is a chunk. One should realise it then and there in order to accomplish the passion they are taken in their hand and no matter what the consequence is all about but if a human who has figure out what he wants to do in their life itself is a successful stuff, that this one moment of realisation will keep them in sync till the end. It is a feeling of success now that long last as there is not a threshold where one can achieve and call it a success, and if one does, then it is not, according to my view.

It's September 2nd, and tomorrow is our 1st year anniversary. Looking back in these month, I got to know that how we were passionate about our things that we never let it go, that we were constantly work on them parallelly, without sacrificing it at any matter, and with this process, we learnt new stuff from each other that I feel that i've already succeeded in this life. And that being said, that doesn't mean that I'm gonna get rid of my passion, and look for a new one to consume the taste of success. It is always a big chunk of passion, where we are constantly working on its branch and at one point of time, the chunk looks majestic yielding fruits and shades and stuff.

I'm glad that I'm a successful person even though it was not approved by the third person who doesn't know the spelling of my first name. Why should we even care about their opinion? It is the self realisation on these matters and the passion and interest towards the big chunk is all that matters.

Scrudder or theoplis - the guy on the run.

Paddock - the fellas man.

Karolides - the target guy.

Julia czechenyi - decoy to get karolid out of the guard .

A DAY AND THE FAMILY

The clap echoed, their presence was showcased, and the entrance they were entering was decorated with lights and roses and people who were welcoming the other people for the event. All of sudden, their expression changes by seeing the new gang entering, by clapping their hands and hesitation for a while whether to let them inside or not. Fear made them do nothing and the gang entered into the marriage hall with intense clapping. The transgenders, on the stage, were blessing the bride and groom, got their reward, and left without saying anything. It was their first such event, both for the transgenders and the marriage event people. Outside, few young people were playing football and watching the transgenders coming out, still clapping, and one of the transwomen made a wink at a boy, who looked handsome, and smiled at him as if to seduce him. He blushed and feared. And ran over to his home.

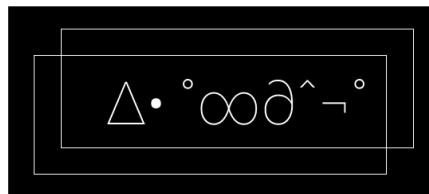
It was raining intermittently and the subway was protected with the blue semi circle shield, in order to conceal the rain water stagnation. The rail, which was halted for half an hour finally got its signal and it started its journey towards the west. Kollidam is showing off its cruelty and the silver beach blurting out her history of chaos and stuff. It seems that it is a normal thing to take vengeance on the next village; and the village goes back to sadness if not any such stuff happened for the enemy village. Hence is the routine for both the villages to trigger the event that resulted in vengeance and stuff that hold the pride in that, and thus that is how the generation were fed with the purpose of their lives. And it was one of those events where there was wailing at the house, in front, knowing her husband was killed and melted at the sea, was crying with the neighbour holding two of her children side by side. She, sick of such an event and the silliness, moved far away from the place with her sons to the town. And she was blurting those past events to the new neighbourhood. On revealing those past sadness, a lot of emotions which were unknown to them were revealed, making them sad and inferior and struggling to mingle with the new town mates.

It was the elder son, who was on a bike, in search of coffee shop, alone and scared, was passing the head post office, and found a old little dirty shop, hesitated, cancelled the intention for having coffee, took right turn, passing the governing buildings and stuff and stopped near a stream, grazing the tharaipalam. Its wail made him sad. He sat watching its flow and remembered his past and the darkness crowded his soul as people were wailing at that time, when his father was killed and thrown into the sea. Maybe this steam will reach the same ocean

and may wail to his dead father, he thought. He remembered how stunned he was when he heard the news and the strange feeling that occupied him, and how he didn't cry a bit, but everyone, the known and unknown faces were crying and wailing for the disappearance of his father. Is he dead or eloped? Why am I not crying? Am I that much of a rude son? Why can't I act like them? Why is no one asking me to cry? Am I invisible? My soul is invisible? His baseness was making him suffer and all of the sudden the whole class people came from his school, with the teacher and stuff. When he saw them, he cried and tears dropped down and the whole school gang accompanied him without consoling him and letting his emotion drain along with the people surrounding him. He was back to present, hesitated watching this tharaipalam, and the dark past event, got up, ignited the bike and returned home.

The new town and people did not impact, for the elder one. He didn't feel anything post the dark phase. He wanted new alternation and focus, to make his life move one. They didn't sleep the first day at the new town and new home. After some chaotic thought and unable to bear those emotions, scared with the thought, they slept frightened, the two sons. But the mother wanted the night to stretch long as she got the night only, a solitude one, with her thought, was in struggle with the past sadness and the future horror-ness, that was continuously altering in her mind, and her tears soaked the pillow. The tiredness of the body and the eye, triggering her to get rest but she was afraid to sleep. She wants the night to suffer with those horrible thoughts. It was a safe place for her to handle those thoughts. The morning was bright and sound with the street traffic and stuff, and she hesitated on why she got up, releasing all those dark ones all at once, and wishing the day would pass soon, for the night, to handle the thought again. The sons were ready for school and she, for time being, was distracted with the thought and focus on the sons, feeding and the positive future of the son's life. The boys too were positive with the new day.

She winked, the lower left corner of the lip twisted and animated and the iris half shut by the eyelid, and to upgrade more of this seductiveness, few thin lines of dark black hair screened in the left part of the face and danced as it reflected how his soul conditioned. She got up from the stop, rock under the banyan tree and moved to the back side. He too got up, without winking, and followed her face and she disappeared back of the tree. With intention to not to leave her face a moment, rushed, and with the intention to seek the continuation of seduction, he happened to see a big pond with lilies and lotus. His flow of thoughts got stopped and on search where she was, there she stand behind him, and blurred out a hard laugh of cunningness and stuff and the face slowly forms into male feature of moustache and beard that wears saree, and the base voice of laughing intensified to gave him a chill moment of discussing, and she now become a trans woman. He got up from his dream, the younger son hesitated, nodded, settled, drank water and lay still on his bed and remembered the morning event with the transwoman.



Atenas, el ojo de Grecia, madre de las artes y la elocuencia, nativa a los ingenios famosos». John Milton Original: «Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence, native to famous wits».[1] Fuente: El Paraíso Recuperado «Cuando eran expulsados de otro país griego por una guerra o una rivalidad interna, los hombres mejor provistos venían a Atenas para buscar allí un refugio estable; se volvían ciudadanos e incrementaban aún más, desde la época antigua, la población de la ciudad».[2]

F uente: Emblemas, 1531, tr. B. Daza.

Atenas es la capital de Grecia.

ATEANS

Trajo por armas
Atenas pintada
una lechuza,
que por más
prudente entre



we're bearing grecian christian dogs;
some are fat beauties gently born,
and some rough corsairs born.
we hardy summars of the sea
are as lucky in each tally,
and, eighty, to the port of alkyon
the dreaded pirate galley,
a nummer was spied ashore,
we lowered away the cutter,
and, landing seized the youngest nun
ere she in the city could stir;
beside a wall she sat, her hair
she slumbered in green alleys
as eighty strong, we sent along
the dreaded pirate galley.

'be silent, darling, you must come—
the wind of a short bowing;
you may be large, but you will
not be fat, and you will be strong;
his highness dots on milky cheeks—
so do not make us daily'—
we, eighty strong, who send along
the dreaded pirate galley.

she sought to flee back to her cell,
she dews stretch the flower,
she a well worth three putes full,
and with three putes full,
for van her vond the bower—
thus to pine and die
she espouse me till alkyon
the dreaded pirate galley.

(“Nous emmenions en esclavage.”)

{VIII., March, 1828.}



I was listening

to the audiobook Amma Vanthal. Initially, I was drawn in by the narration, and soon found myself absorbed in the story. At first glance, it seems like a simple tale, but upon deeper reflection, it delves into the mindset of people and how they react to certain situations.

Appu, the protagonist, is a scholar who remains unaware of many happenings around him, yet he is rich in thought and pure in heart. The narration begins with Appu arriving at the banks of the Kaveri River and reminiscing about his admission to a scholar's school during his childhood, where Bhavani Ammal was in charge. He was accompanied by his father, Thandapani. Bhavani Ammal cared for Appu, teaching him the Vedas and other subjects. As his studies concluded, Appu found himself reflecting on his past and future. Indhu, a young widow living with Bhavani Ammal, begins to develop feelings for Appu.

When Appu decides to leave for Chennai to reconnect with his family and his mother, Alangaram, Indhu expresses her affection for him, much to Appu's shock and discomfort. Unaware of her feelings before, he becomes irritated and leaves Tiruchy for Chennai to stay with his mother.

Thandapani, a city clerk who also taught the Vedas to high-profile individuals in his spare time, was regularly visited by Sivasu, a wealthy man seeking help with his horoscope. As the story unfolds, it is revealed that Alangaram is having an affair with Sivasu. This revelation deeply affects Appu. Alangaram had once hoped that by making Appu a scholar, she could atone for her sins and seek forgiveness from him.

Later, Bhavani Ammal falls ill and writes to Appu, prompting him to return to Tiruchy to check on her health. She decides to leave her house to Indhu and entrusts the school to Appu. Despite all this, Appu chooses not to write back to his mother. One day, Alangaram visits, seeking answers as to why Appu hadn't written to her since returning to Tiruchy. Realizing that Appu had not forgiven her, she plans a pilgrimage to Kashi to atone for her past actions.

Thoughts

I've outlined the main plot of the book above. However, when viewed from the perspective of each character, the story takes on different nuances. The narrative centers around Appu's decision on where to settle after finishing his studies. His choice involves Indhu, who loves him deeply, and the realization that he prefers the simplicity of village life over the city. This decision is solidified when he learns of his mother's affair.

From Indhu's perspective, she fell in love with Appu even before her marriage. The death of her husband, though tragic, gave her a sense of hope that she could finally express her feelings to Appu.

Thandapani, despite knowing the truth about Alangaram's affair, chose not to cause chaos or drama.

Alangaram, even after deciding to redeem herself through Appu's education, continued her affair with Sivasu.

This story reflects the complex nature of human behavior. There is no clear distinction between good and bad; people are often compelled by societal norms to follow a protocol. In truth, every action stems from a person's heart and desires. Humans are inherently designed by nature to behave in this way. Nature bestows upon all living beings a set of instincts, but only humans have the added complexity of labeling actions as "good" or "bad." This labeling happens only after the action is completed, and over time, it can create guilt, even as the actions persist. Most of these actions aren't connected to conscious decision-making. While it may seem like we are in control of small choices, when viewed from a broader perspective, we simply repeat the patterns of the past and future, regardless of what the Gita, Bible, or Quran says.

Every country,

state, district, institution, and every fragment that involves a group of people aiming to accomplish a task in a protective, less chaotic way chooses a template with rules and regulations to make the task easy and smooth. The rules and regulations are stated, and those who engage with these fragments are informed and proceed to be part of the group. It is the duty of the individual to abide by these rules and regulations. If not, there are several actions that will be taken as consequences. This is how I view laws or rules.

And my curiosity is, why were these laws introduced? The concept of law and order has existed since ancient civilizations, with early legal codes like Hammurabi's Code (Babylon, around 1754 BCE) aimed at ensuring justice and maintaining peace. Now, law and order have evolved rapidly post-17th century, and in the name of creating a peaceful world, it has sometimes resulted in unintended consequences, which they are now trying to fix. This is a different topic that I will cover later on.

Now, what will happen if the rules are not followed? The foundation of all these rules and regulations is built on fear. Even when I look at the holy books of religions, I see a set of rules and regulations where the core point is: if these are not followed, the consequence will be punishment. Hell is for the bad, and heaven is for the good. With the fear of being punished and sent to hell, people follow good practices, and consequently, there exists some peace compared to non-law periods. But whether society has truly found peace is another topic we won't get into now.

What happens if someone acknowledges the rules but not entirely, perhaps only 99%, while that 1% doesn't align with their personal views? Should they abide by that 1% they dislike, or should they ignore it? As a whole, the law should be followed, but each person has their own sense of consciousness, which sometimes takes precedence over any law. But will this impact society or the group they have chosen to work with? No, everyone has their own opinion and perspective. One such case involves an IPS officer who, while pursuing an M.L., received 59.91% and filed a case in the Madras High Court to round off the mark to 60%. The University of Madras denied this request. What went wrong? Why did the university say no, and why did the officer file a case in the first place? The results are grouped into First Class, Second Class, and Fail. Based on the marks, the class is assigned. But how can we say that 59.91% is not First Class? Some people blindly follow the rules and argue that if the mark is less than 60%, regardless of the decimal, it's Second Class. They might say that if the student wants 60%, they can rewrite the exam to get more than 60%. On the other hand, some argue that it's the range that matters, and 0.09% won't

significantly impact eligibility in the class-based system. Competitive exams are where precise numbers matter, and so on. Some argue that it is the university's ego that led them to say no to the High Court's judgment. If society is built on rules and the university is a part of this system, it should have abided by the judgment and rounded off the value to 60%. If it didn't, according to the classic concept of law, it should be penalized for failing to comply.

No one can definitively say what is right or wrong. Every individual has their own set of right and wrong. Even the nations we live in are built on rules that not every individual has agreed upon. There are always ups and downs. But the intention of law is to calm chaos and bring about peace. To achieve this, the fundamental idea is to follow the rules. If an individual, institution, or any fragment doesn't like the rules and chooses a chaotic path, it is illogical. The common assumption is that such acts are often associated with left-wing ideologies. But it's not just them—it exists within every individual. We often rebel based on the sense of rightness we believe in, and others will be stubborn in their point as well. It's human nature to rebel, but this tendency has only been labeled as a left-wing trait. Even this point will be contradicted by many, which is exactly what I'm getting at—everyone rebels.

What feels right is dharma.

அவரின் முகத்தில் வன்மம்..

குட்டை, தலை சொட்டை. மதம் காரணமா இருக்குமோ? மை பூசி இருந்தார். சிரித்து பார்த்தில்லை. மற்றவரோ, தலை பின்னால் கொண்டை. டிக்கெட் வாங்கும் போது பிரம்சனை. பின்னர் கூட்டம் அதிகம் ஆனபின்பு, அந்த மைக்காரர், குடுமியாரை பார்த்து ஏச தொடங்கினார். பாதையின் நடுவில் நின்று இடையூராக உள்ளீர்கள் என்று. சண்டை போட்டார்கள். வார்த்தைகள் அதிகமாயிற்று. குடுமீக்காரரும் தன் குரலை உச்த்த, அங்கு அமர்ந்தவர்களுக்கு கேளிக்கூதுக் கிருந்தது. குடிமிகாரரின் மனைவி வினவினாள், திரும்பி அவளை பார்த்து முறைக்க, அவள் வாய்டைத்து போனால். இருவருக்கும் என்ன ஆயிற்று என்று தெரியவில்லை, தான் முன்னோர்கள், இந்நாள் வரை கொண்டுவந்த நல்லது கேட்டது அனைத்தையும் காரணம் காட்டி ஏச தடங்கிறார். வெளிப்படையா இல்லாமல், ஆனால் இந்த பிரச்சனை மூலமாக, முறைமூலமாக. ஒருவரோ, முன்காலத்தில், கடவுளின் பெயரில், தான் செய்தது தவறு என்று கூட தெரியாமல், அது தான் சரி என்று சொல்லிக்கொடுக்க, அவர்கள் மற்றவர்களின் அடையாளத்தை அகற்றம் போராட்டத்தில் எதிரிகளை சம்பாதிதலில், ஒரு தரப்பினரின் பிரதிபலிப்பாக வண்மம் காட்டி கொண்டு இருந்தார் குடுமிகார். இம்மண்ணும், மக்களும், தெய்வமும், கலாச்சாரத்தையும் அளிக்க நினைத்தவர்களின் எதிர் குரலாக அவர் திகழ்ந்தார். அவர்கள் இட்ட கூச்சலை பார்த்து ரசித்து கொண்டிருந்த மக்களின் முகத்தை நீங்கள் பார்த்து இருந்திருக்க வேண்டுமே நீங்கள்!