

## **Love and Tears: A Story of Discovery**

Love is the only thing that makes a human both evil and good. Some say love is eternal, some say it is just a phase which fades, some say it is what makes a human real, and in some cases, they say it is a teenage feeling that changes every time you see a new opposite sex. Funny to listen to them... Although the words come from the mouth either by experience or the viewpoint that they see in their lives. Most of the cases it comes from their experience, but does anyone know what does love mean? In my point of view none know the true meaning of love. Writers write love as their hobby or as a feeling that is enraged between two opposite sex. Novelists write love as the relation between a mother and her children. Worshipers feel love is the relation between them and the Almighty. Cinematographers film love as a weapon which destroys or creates a world and some others in their own point of view. Some of the above points may be true and some may be false. But out of all the point of views each one of their points have a value and need to be respected.

However, the question remains unanswered “What is love?” or “What does love mean?”. Respecting all the views of philosophers and other intellectuals along with my experience I could write love in many words or sentences. In simple terms of my mind Love is passion. To make it simpler it is the emotion that makes any living being to weep his heart. I could also make a statement on this as “If you never cried for the person, you love then you did not experience love” in other words I can also frame “The amount of love does not depend on the time you spent with them but it depends on the amount of tears that come out of your eyes when you think about them”.

Now some people may think of the moments when a child cries for a toy or a boy crying for the love or the feeling that he felt for the girl when she left him. But in both the cases there is a presence of love. In the first case the child loved the toy for a while so cried for it. And in the second case the boy cried not for the girl but for the moments that he spent with her remembering that he will not be able to relive those moments. The main point to be highlighted is I am speaking of the cries that came from the heart but not from crocodile tears.

Let me narrate you a short story of my close friend. He was so active and also emotional at the same time. He loved a girl during his Intermediate and broke up with her in B.Tech 1<sup>st</sup> year. He fell in love with other girl and broke up with her after 2 years. He fell in love again during his final year and he broke up with her after two years. The paradox repeats and he fell in love again and broke up with her after 1 year. Now the irony is all the four girls returned to him asking him to love them again and marry them. He was shocked and frustrated. As I said earlier, he is emotional, so he kept on thinking of them and stressed out. He came to me and asked for some advice. After listening to his story, I felt like to take a slipper and beat the shit out of him because I felt embarrassed as I don't even have a one successful story, and this idiot is running 4. I gathered myself and advised him to think of them individually while I started noting time and his emotions. I said if you either feel happy or sad when you think of them then remember you love her or loved her. This was the first step. During the second step I noted the time that he took to remember her memories. Last and final step is I noted the strength of emotions he gathered when he thought of the person. At last based on all the notes he selected one girl and married her.