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LIFE IS A BOOK.

EVERY MOMENT IS A PAGE.

EVERY DAY IS A CHAPTER.

AND

EVERY PERSON YOU MEET IS A CHARACTER.

Some of the most beautiful incidents in our lives don't have a title/heading until much later. So, after reading the book you can decide what title suits best because I still couldn't figure out.

When you find a suitable name for the book, please ping me. I'll try to use it for the next edition/copy/print with your name in the credits.

You can find my details at the end of the journey.

By the way, by characters I mean, *family, friends, girlfriend, boyfriend, enemies and frenemies aka relatives who torture us and so on.....*

And one more thing, for easy dialogue or you can say interaction I would like to call/address you **Reader** (the one reading the book) as **Siri**. At the end I would like you to remember me as a boring friend rather than a boring waste writer.

It will be more like a friendly chat rather than a serious dialogue. So keep in mind, from now on your name is **Siri** and **this is my story**.

The day came, I saw you again
Vowed to myself I wouldn't cause you any pain.

Stood behind the crowd hoping nothing to go wrong
Watching you smile was like a beautiful song.

I remember the day the words you said
Loved you so much, but, left with emotions unsaid

I lied about my feelings from the day we met
Coz, I feared my love might hurt and die with regret

I promised myself never to fall for you
But as the days passed, I realized, I couldn't live without you

Your voice made me smile, your love made me win
You taught me how to love and to think of other women looked like sin

Your dimple melts my heart and smile made my day
I know it's my fault I could have expressed in a better way

I wish I could say,
You are my dream you are my soul mate
I love you, and I do from the moment we met

I wish I could tell how I feel
Coz, there is nothing in this world that can help me heal

Looking at your smile, I questioned myself
Chose to walk away with tears in my eyes and love on the shelf

I love you today. I loved you from the start
I'll love you forever with all my heart

Hope you'll understand before you hold someone's hand
Coz I am and will wait for you till I go in the sand.

Siri, for you, these lines might look like just another failure's word, but for me these words are life. In simple words, they sum up my whole love life.

Sometimes I feel if I could have expressed what I felt about her I wouldn't have lost her.

I LOST A BEAUTIFUL UNDERSTANDING AND A FUN LOVING CRAZY FRIEND FOREVER.

She's gone so far it is impossible for me to reach her.

I realized, in the end, we only regret the **chances we didn't take, the relationships we were afraid to have and the decisions we waited too long to make.**

It all began at the beginning of everything.

When GOD created this world with its keepers, HE created few special angels hoping they would protect, guide, and accompany its custodians.

GOD was so impressed with these angels initial behavior HE made them the most powerful angel of all. HE bestowed these angels with few special powers

which not only made them supreme, it put them before everyone. Even before HIM.

HE created these angels with confidence that they will accompany the keepers, but, as the ages passed they changed. They changed sides.

It is said that, in life, when everything goes according to plan these angels (*now known as Dark Angels*) enters our lives and turn everything upside down. It completely destroys our lives.

Over the years many blamed GOD for their behavior and nature, but the truth is it isn't GOD's fault at all. GOD created these angels with good intentions, but, as the ages passed, they grew soulless and cruel. Their sadistic intentions had, have, and will have no end.

Looking at keeper's pain HE tried to change everything, but, it was already too late. Darkness took over the angels.

HE too couldn't stand or question their paths because these beautiful angels turned into a nuisance.

When HE couldn't do anything in his creation, HE left their fate to FATE with a hope that they will learn from their own mistakes.

Siri, these angels are so deceptive their presence will give chills to our body. These angels are so powerful and mighty they have the power to take control of our mind and body without our approval.

To be precise, these dark angels are trained to feed on our happiness.

It is said that these angels are raised in the darkest and dangerous parts of the underground. Be it heaven, earth, or the underworld its footsteps create quakes in our heart.

At times, even the guardian angels cannot protect you from them.

People say only a few good souls have fought back to the light, the rest surrendered to the darkness for their personal gains.

Legends say the Lord of the underground himself couldn't control it. The legends also mentioned, at times, the angel's behavior was so aggressive it gave chills to his spine.

Siri, Once think how powerful these dark angels might be that gave chills to the lord of the underground.

I always tell my fellow people to watch out, keep an eye on your surroundings because "These dark angels look like humans."

I always warn them and say, "Brothers, keep in mind, though they look like any other human there is nothing human about them". We cannot identify these angels' manipulative tricks even though they are sitting or standing next to us.

Siri, it is said that, many Great leaders, Kings, and Warriors have lost their lives trying to fight it. Many great notable wars have started because of these angels.

Sometimes I wish I knew how to alert you on their inner form, but, as of now, all I can say is, ***IT CANNOT BE STOPPED, and IT CANNOT BE CONTROLLED.***

When you come face to face with these angels, everything that is significant to you will no longer be important. They will encourage you and at the same time de-motivate you.

I have personally seen how these angels drop kind hearts at a crossroad where they have no clue of what's happening, what's going to happen, and where to go.

Trust me, by the time you understand what their intentions are, your life and your happiness will be squashed beneath their feet.

You will be at a stage where your identity will be lost, and you will be left with nothing, nothing but pain and suffering. You will be in attendance but lifeless, a depressed stage.

I personally saw what happens when weak souls cannot stand the dark angel's rage. The only option left with that poor soul was/is (*I'm sorry I cannot use the word*).

The moment we realize their true intentions and try to get away, they come forward and impress us with their magical tricks and irresistible beauty which cannot be described in words.

Siri, you might be thinking how I know so much about them.

At first, I too couldn't figure out their intentions until I faced all the dark phases and was left all alone. Sometimes its presence created problems in my life. Its voice echoed and followed me until I was left lifeless.

Because of one dark Angel's greed, I had to shut myself behind the doors for years.

Siri, these angels have the power to make itself your weakness.

They will command you, and make you its slave.

They have the power to turn their desires into your temptations, and feed on you.

At times, when these Dark angels don't find what they are looking for, they will unleash their vicious wrath and see that you are completely destroyed. They are so mean they don't care about you, and your feelings. Their main focus is their happiness which has no limit. They will not stop their hunt till someone fulfills its desires.

I was shocked to see how influential these dark angels were.

They have eyes and ears everywhere. They could hear me, my thoughts and more. Their scream made me weak, and their tears were like drops of acid burning my soul.

Trust me, these angels will drop you at a stage where you can hear and see the

warning signs of escape, but you can do nothing.

They blind us with their words, eyes, smile, and irresistible beauty. These angels have the power to build your life and destroy with just a smile.

In simple words, it is raised to raise HELL.

The day will come when you will know you are in F () C#! &@ hell but you can't do anything. The day will come when no one will stand for you. The sides will change. Once your allies will now be her demons waiting to pounce on you.

Siri, do you want to know who the Dark Angel is that gave chills to humankind?

Well,

What I'm going to say might hurt the feeling of few but what can I do, truth cannot be hidden for a long time.

In fact you see them, interact with them and also live with them without knowing the truth.

If you want to know who the dark angle is, please turn the page.

The dark angel is called.....

“WOMAN”

Yes, you read right, A Woman.

A woman is that Dark angel who destroys a man in and out.

A Woman is a being who manipulates innocent men and uses them in the name of love. A woman is a temptress who turns a pure soul's life miserable.

To sum up in more simple words, A WOMAN IS EVIL.

Siri, I'm not speaking this based on someone else opinions or what biased society says. I'm speaking based on my personal experiences.

I was humiliated for a woman, I was criticized by women, and I was hurt by women.

Few years back one girl used me and hurt me very badly in the name of love. I was so immature I couldn't figure out I was just a pastime for her.

People gave me names on how I looked, dressed and spoke, and said, *“NO WOMAN WOULD LOVE A PERSON LIKE YOU, AND YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A PASTIME.”*

I was at a stage where I just wanted to leave this place. I didn't want to meet or see anyone. I was left lifeless because of a mean hearted woman. I didn't know what to do. I just wanted to I'm sorry.

Do you know what the funny part is?

I was so stupid I believed in the concept of “*IF ONE BREAKS YOUR HEART ANOTHER WILL HELP YOU HEAL.*” and gave myself another chance, but after meeting another beautiful (*at heart*) woman I felt these great words meant nothing. They were utter bullshit. What I mean is.

I felt I found someone who healed my scars. I thought she was the one, but I didn't know she would heal me and leave a bigger unhealable scar.

In fact.....Her actions forced me to slash my scar even deeper.

Sometimes I feel I'm some kind of a use and throw toy because of these new age confused women in my life.

Siri, I cannot express the pain what I have been through and how hard it was for me, my parents, and friends to bring me back to normal.

No one in this world knows what I have been through, and no one knows what my parents have been through looking at their son ruin his life.

During this painful phase what hurt me more than that mean woman's behavior were the words that came out of the society's mouth for being emotional and real.

To an extent, women started calling me names for being real and genuine.

Their words and actions hurt me, and as the days passed my hatred level reached an extent where I just wanted to thank them.

Yes you read it right. I wanted to thank them.

One beautiful day when I couldn't take it anymore, I decided to express my gratitude.

I wanted to thank them for what they did.

Once I finished, I realized, approx 40 to 45 women started hating me for being real. They wanted to kill me.

That night I received many hate messages on FB.

By the way, the thank you speech/note goes like this.....

I would like to thank all the beautiful women (*both inside and outside*) who knowingly or unknowingly were part of my beautifully ruined life. If it weren't you and your typical way of analyzing people I would have been lost.

Today, I want to thank those special few because of whom the whole women society has, is, and will be put on the negative side forever.

It is because of your special few, women will be called cheaters until the end of this world even though they didn't.

My beloved few thank you.

Thank you for teaching me how important looks and physical appearance matter in life.

Thank you for body shamming me, and mentally harassing me for not looking like the one in your dreams.

Thank you for ignoring me and criticizing me.

Thank you for showing (*pointing*) me my place, and where I belong. Thank you for telling me, I should have a standard to be friends with you or stand next to you.

Thank you for using me as an option, when you needed someone for pastime (*when the one you loved dumped you/ignored you*)......

If it weren't you, I would have never known/learned that we must value the ones who dumps or uses us.

Thank you for two-timing with me and the one from your college/office and.....

Thank you for telling me money matters the most than a person's intelligence, skills, and most importantly feeling towards you.

Thank you for reminding me true love exists only in stories and movies, and I NEED A MIRACLE to find love in real life.

It is because of you few the words like true love, genuine love, and affection have just become words in the dictionary.

It is just because of you few manipulative mindsets, the words women are equal to GOD is slowly diminishing.

Thank you for ignoring the true love for you fascinations.

And

Thank you for teaching me the best lesson in my life, i.e. NOT TO TRUST A WOMAN (*except mother and well-wishers*).

If you didn't do this I would have never known the real side of you and your kind of love.

You might say "*I'm a frustrated, women hatred guy who is pointing out negatives in women than the positives.*"

Well, according to me if women are worth respecting like a GOD for their positives then what kind of respect should we heartbroken ignored men should give women for their negatives that put the entire gender into negative shade?

What kind of respect men like me should give whose life is completely spoilt because of?

I thought she healed my scar, but I didn't know she would leave with an even bigger scar that cannot be healed for a lifetime.

(Sob.....)

Siri, I'm sure based on the introduction you must have formed an opinion that I'm some kind of a frustrated, women hatred guy, but the truth is, I just wrote it to give a dramatic effect.

Yes, I hated women for almost five years. And out of frustration and anger I did behave a bit unsympathetic, or you can call immaturish.

Out of frustration and anger, I gave the above speech in a gathering (*or you can call a seminar*) but, as the days passed, everything changed. The gender and the word that I hated the most brought me back to life. What I mean is. The LOVE which I hated the most taught me importance of love, and the gender (*Woman*) I cursed the most were the reason why I could bounce back to life.

They taught me "Love is not confined to a specific person, Love is eternal."

As Gary Zukav said, "Eventually you will come to understand that love heals everything and love is all there is."

To be precise, the unconditional love of a mother gave me the confidence to fight back, the love of a sister/friend (PO) gave me hope during my hard times, my lovely friends who stood by me at all times, and finally Dimples. They proved nothing is impossible. They proved, not all women are evil/bad/negative. They believed me, trusted me, and helped me cope with depression.

They taught me, in this confused biased world acceptance is important.

They showed me, you don't need someone special to heal because every person in this world is special and unique. All you need is ***“love to heal” and “an eye to find love”***.

“One woman destroyed me” and “Many women (*words and actions*) brought me back”. They pulled me from the quicksand of negativity.

That is why I say, A Mother, Sister, Friends, well-wishers, and Girlfriend (*and every woman*) deserve respect worthy of a GOD.

Except for few manipulative minds

Ladies, I have a message for you on page 289. You can read it now or wait until the end

Siri, those five years were hell. I didn't know where I was heading. I was clueless, and lifeless. Haters enjoyed my pain.

Coming to my story, before you know what happened, why I hated women so much, and what brought me back to living, you need to know few things, i.e.,

I fell in love.

I fell in hell.

Found Love in Hell.

And

As the days passed

Found Hell of an amazing LIFE IN LOVE.

Let me tell you one thing, ***Love is not confined to one person or one day. Love is eternal.***

Siri, I'll tell you what exactly happened in brief, but first, it's time to introduce myself. You should know what kind of a guy I am before you judge me, because, when I'm done, you will be the one to tell me what I did is right or wrong.

You should tell (say to) me, do I deserve a chance or not, and apart from that, you will be deciding the suitable title.

My name is "S," and I'm a bit crazy or you can call passionate. The title crazy is given to me by the people who know me, and tried to understand me.

My biggest problem is I observe a lot. I remember a lot.

I have an incident and a mechanism based memory (*I don't know whether is correct term or not*). More than dates, directions, names and location names, I remember people based on incidents, signs, dresses, food they ate, and what happened at the venue or location. My brains memory bank is so F-upped, the more I try to forget, the more clearer the incident becomes. Sometimes, I remember minute details that people don't give much heed. That is why they call me crazy and different.

Actually people don't call me crazy and different for remembering a lot, I mean my memory. They call me crazy because I really don't give a S#!* about what others think.

Over the years, most of the time, when people meet me or see me for the first time, they think, I'm some kind of good for nothing inefficient guy who remembers everything, and doesn't care about anything.

Actually, it's not their fault. I really don't care about what others think (*except my parents, brother, and 2 or 3 well-wishers*). I believe in living, I believe in individuality and personal space than existing, showing off, and so on.

I believe in living and loving from open eyes to close my eyes.

For me Valentine's Day/Mother's day/Teacher's day/Birthday and the remaining 364 days are same.

I love and live to the fullest.

For me, every day is a celebration. I think you don't need one day to express your love to your loved one. Every day and every person is important.

More than a job, job satisfaction, and societal acceptance, I work for life satisfaction. The fact is, in the world which gives importance to appearance, position, where you work, and how much you earn is a bit difficult and tricky for me to adjust.

By the way, listening to my words, you might think, I'm some kind of a philosophical guy who is skipping responsibility using these kinds of words.

Let me tell you, I have two Master degrees, and I enrolled for the third one. I am certified in DM, Designing and Advertising, and I'm also good at Pen-testing and programming. I also have a hands-on experience in few computer skills that scare the S#!# out of most of the netizens.

I paint, I write, and also participate in social issues which most of them don't consider that important.

By the way, the cover of this book is one of my paintings.

And

Apart from having fun and spending time on my hobbies, I work.

I happen to be a risk taker. I own two small firms which manage to feed me and pay my bills, and I also invested in 3 new ventures which they say will increase my value someday or the other. I hope it does.

And

I believe in spending on me and my loved ones than saving and spending on others who enjoy and talk shit. I have saved a little that can help me in hard times, but most of my earnings just poof. By the way, I don't drink booze, I don't smoke, nor I do things that offend others (*except haters*), I spend my money on food and charity. I believe in giving back to the world.

Siri! nothing is inherited. I worked my ass off to be where I am. I don't care about others, but when my work, my business, and my people are involved, I make sure I do it right. I'm a workaholic but I know my limits. I make sure I spend time with my close ones.

The fact is I like to keep it low. Not everyone needs to know everything about me. I like (*in a humorous way*) when people try to know about me and fail.

Till date, most of them who think they understood me say, "*Why do you hide when you know what to do and how to do. Why don't you showcase your talent?*"

There is nothing wrong in asking these kinds of questions, they said what they felt. I don't like to be remembered as a painter, a writer, a marketer or a designer and so on and on.....I want people to remember me as a fine person, a person who lived than just existed.

That is why society put me on the negative side. This society wants people like me to exist on its rules and be an example.

The day I started living and taking decisions is the day I failed to pass the Good guy benchmarks of the society.

You didn't get it right. Let me explain it to you.

This society considers me negative because I'm a single tongued guy and I don't care about the society's norms, rules and regulations. I'm kind of guy who

speaks the same thing and same way in front of you, and behind you.

I see no gender difference, and I respect those who deserve respect.

The point is this society wants me to judge people based on their pasts, actions, what they do, where they work, and then decide he/she is good or bad.

I feel that's a bit awkward.

I feel, judging an ever-evolving person is wrong. And in this biased world, one person's right is another person's wrong, so it's a waste of evaluating.

Unless and until other person's actions and words doesn't create disturbance in my life, and hurt my inner Hyderabadi, I'm fine with them.

Siri, According to me, one of the biggest mistakes in my life was, few years back for the first time I listened to people/society with wrong intentions and judged the most loved person and lost her forever.

That moment I realized never to trust anyone's words. If you want to know something you just need to ask. You must never judge a person listening to people.

By the way, I might be confused but not fake.

In the world that points out others mistakes and hears and sees to what they want, and responds to what they like, finding a crazy guy like me is rare. (*This is what most of them say who meet me*).

Siri, now I think you understood why I'm not a good guy. This society is scared of single-toned people. It is scared of people who live on their own terms.

Now coming to "MY CRAZINESS" part

To prove a point right (*and for the loved ones*) I can go to any extent.

In fact, I proved it recently (*few months back*) using my book.

To prove the above point, i.e., “*PEOPLE ARE MORE INTERESTED IN POINTING OUT OTHERS MISTAKES*” I purposely made many mistakes in my previous book (*like spellings, sentence formations, grammar and so on*) and got it published.

I know it is thoughtless but I just did it. I purposely did it.

I insisted publishers to print it, as it is. They were shocked when I insisted, but I wanted as it is. I wanted to show the world, and the professor, that most of the people try to find mistakes than understanding the core. I mean gist of the book.

To my surprise, the world didn't let me down.

Five out of ten readers, instead of understanding the importance of REVOLUTION, SOCIAL LADDER and RESPECT TOWARDS OTHERS they were more focused on, “*Sir.....I found ten mistakes*”, “*there are mistakes in sentence formations*” and so on.....*and to an extent, they also spoke about caste, caste issues, and also asked me to which caste I belong.*

Crazy isn't it.

Sometimes I feel in what kind of a world I'm living in. Human heart and emotions have no value at all. I sense this world is advancing in each and every field leaving discriminating mindset.

After reading my book, many asked me “to which caste I belong.” They never change at all.

In the technologically advanced generation, “you might be a hero, but still the world tries to find ways to make you a villain.”

Siri all I can say about my craziness is, Just to prove my point I was ready to make a fool out of me.

Well, there was a catch in it. Except charity, I don't do anything without a motive.

Actually, one day, one of the professors from a prestigious college (*who requested not to reveal the name*) and I went into an argument during a seminar, at a point, that spoke about POINTING OUT OTHERS MISTAKES.

He said new generation people are evolving and changing. They are no more the same. He was firm on his decision. He said ***new generation focuses more on the core than finding mistakes.***

So, after he finished, I asked him to read my book (*rough copy before printing*) and give his opinion.

He read my book and said, “*Your book “I” will surely make a difference, and people will understand the true meaning of unity, respect, and revolution. There are few debatable topics, but I think people will not point out mistakes.*”

After listening to him, I laughed and said, “*No, they will point out mistakes. Finding mistakes is a human nature that satisfies the inner ego. Generations might have changed but not the mindset. I can prove it, and I can prove it to you using my book.*”

And

I also said *if I prove you wrong will you pay me 50,000/- INR?*

He got offended and said double it. So, we both agreed on the amount, i.e., 1, 00, 000/- INR (Approx 1,500 USD) in 2017.

I went back home with a big smile because I knew the money would land in my hand. I purposely made mistakes (*sentence formations, spellings, and grammar*).

By the way, do you know why I did this apart from trying to prove him wrong, and my point correct?

The kind of books I write don't sell. My books speak more about how people should act and work for a better society. It asks people to think and respond.

Siri, I hope you know making money is a bit difficult when you ask this society to change.

I know, someday or the other my books will be used for packing stuff in a chat shop or a bhajji shop or so. So, I thought, why not make money like this. I wanted to cover up my charges and make profit using one man's ego. Actually the professor didn't know I changed the script more than what he asked.

Once I got published, I didn't have to wait.

Within days I won.

I won the bet, and I was satisfied because my inner ego proved him wrong, and I earned money.

I know it is wrong but I had to prove him and his ego that tells "**I know everything**" wrong.

Siri! Do you know what my strength was, than my outlook and instinct in winning the bet?

It was/is our Society's mindset. More than me, I believed in society's mindset that is ready to find mistakes.

Siri, you might be thinking why I' speaking about this.

Well, in our biased society, People focus more on mistakes and words than understanding the concept. By finding mistakes, they feel satisfied. They feel "*WE KNOW MORE THAN HIM/HER.*" It gives them a superior feeling. To satisfy their ego they point out mistakes.

So, today, before you make up your mind on what my mistakes were, and what kind of person I am, please read to respond than react.

By the way, response is thought-out, calm and non-threatening, and a reaction is typically quick, without much thought, tense, and aggressive.

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