



**T**his is all about **Me, My** life and all priceless life experiences **I** gathered throughout.

Profound fondness and hate, amazing comforts that came along and unbearable sufferings that came after, then, concrete gains and losses, the friendship that came along and the enmity that came after, all played pivotal roles in shaping me. I sense, looking back at the chain of events that constructed me to be a right-minded person as I am today, all must be transmuted into a readable medium. I am standing in the midst of knowledge and experience gained from my own personal growth. I am confidently standing here, in a safe zone, without a worry whether I would be trapped again into any of the many sticky layers of my own illiberal society.

To be me, has always been far more important to me than getting myself being sucked up by many breeds of humans and their inferior philosophy. There were religious species tried to claim my independent thinking. There were some political slaves, who had already been blindly sucked up by the illicit ideology now came to pull me in.

All must be penned. My writing is still in infancy, however. Not sure yet where to start and when to finish. So many imprisoned episodes in my mind demanding for an early release. Started to pen now to ease me. Putting all in one acceptable format is where all complications lie. So stepping now into travel writing, which has some kind of chronological events that could be followed while writing. Still, there could be some discrepancies anyone may encounter, while reading.

Many of my immediate thoughts have already been transformed into a written format and are still detained in a soft form on my hard drive. Whether it has reached its maturity to be hatched is undecidable. Albeit, I do revisit and reinstate whenever that should be. Also, when I am sure that my bank of vocabulary has become brimful, when I have confirmed that I have cleared off all the anomalies on the language skills, and when I am confident that I have invented a unique and a readable style of my own, then those will be liberated for public access.

I am also aware that finding my voice pristinely heard or expecting anyone to read all of my writings in this complete pandemonium is an illusion. Despite, regurgitating all that I have seen and heard is a must for me now, I am not keen whether could I gather readers or not. Thanks to the invention of the internet, for allowing all these openings.

Although I proudly claim to have read well over 300 plus books (since birth, not taking comics and periodicals of any kind into account), both in Tamil and English, I still feel insufficient. True-life tragic stories amaze me. Fiction isn't my cup of tea, unless it's written in first person singular.

Strangenesses don't scare me off. Willing to experience new challenges coming from afar. Love to journey through many roads less travelled. Don't mind getting lost. I always find my way out. Can't stand people those who possess and values duplicity. Would rather maintain a lifetime enmity with them.

Anyway, enough said about me. Give away some compliments whenever you feel like. Criticise me if you dare.



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