

## **Death Speaks**

DEATH told me regretfully, 'It is sad that you all fear and hate my embrace so much.'

Smiled I and replied, 'It is simply because after you hug anyone of us, we are not in a position to express our experience of hugging you to anyone else.'

## **A Fruit of Laziness**

Every time I tried to embrace Death lovingly, somehow it escaped from my embrace and smiled at me wickedly. Once I looked at it questioningly, it told me, 'I feel like dying in your embrace. In fact, I am accustomed to embracing others and don't want anyone to embrace me lovingly.'

I gave a hearty laugh knowing that Death was also scared of dying.

## **Death at Doorstep**

As death was looming over, lying on his deathbed a man realized that joy, happiness, celebration and love are the only essence of life. A faint smile made its way to his lips and he thought of sharing this realization with all his near and dear. With difficulty, he opened his eyes but looking at their face he remained silent. It struck him that until death knocked at their door none of them would really understand cherish and treasure moments of joy, happiness, celebration and love.

## **Death - My Best friend**

One night when I and my best friend, Death, were having a drink, suddenly Death became thoughtful, and then tears started issuing from its eyes.

The worried me asked him the reason for his tears.

'How can I tell you how sad I am?' began the inebriated Death. 'Everyone celebrates when Birth visits his or her family but once I visit someone, I invariably receive curse from people.'

Death paused, thought for a moment and remarked, 'But you see, if life is led in a right way, happily and completely, Death should be welcomed not cursed, isn't it?'

I tried to solace my best friend, 'You cannot blame human beings. After all, none of us are aware as to how to live happily and totally. So how can we welcome you?'

Death nodded thoughtfully, 'Yes, you are correct. Besides, I myself am not perfect as I often visit many people at the wrong hour and then regret. How can I expect human beings to be perfect?'

Soon Death wiped its tears and we enjoyed another drinking session.

## **A Visit from Death**

One night death knocked on my door. As I opened the door it told me, 'See, I have come to take you with me. I will give you a new birth. Aren't you happy?'

I shrugged my shoulders, 'Very much. Besides, I love your optimistic approach. Only request is that please make sure that my doubt and fear leaves me in my next birth but my love remains the same for that is what I breathe in and out every moment.'

Death thought for a moment and told me, 'In that case I cannot take you with me for I have no control over those who breathe in and out love.'

## **Death Unrevealed**

After gazing at a gigantic tree with myriad branches and leaves for a while a little boy asked his father, 'Papa, will a huge tree like this ever die?'

The father looked at his son's face with melting eyes and replied, 'My son, no matter how powerful and strong a tree becomes, there is no escape from death. But you see, so long as it exists, it never ceases to offer cool shed and pleasant breeze to everyone around it.'

## **The Smile of Death**

One day Reality and Dream met together and at once in a verbal altercation began.

Reality said to Dream, 'You are just a reflection of mine. Whatever one does throughout the day, months or years, the same thing comes in a picture form when one sleeps. And that is none but you.'

'You are all wrong my friend,' began Dream accusingly, nodding its head violently, 'In fact, Whatever I show anyone in a picture form while one is sleeping, the same one wants to execute in everyday life. So you are nothing but my reflection.'

Their quarrel reached a higher level and the pitch of their voice rose when Death entered the room. At once Reality and Dream both became silent.

## **A Visit from Death**

One morning when I was weaving the finest garland I could ever make there was a soft touch on my back. Looking back I found that it was Death.

It was smiling at me.

'How strange it is that you have come to pay me a visit. In fact I am weaving this garland for the last and final guest of my life and that is you,' I said to Death joyously.

'But no one can gift me anything while I come to anyone to take him or her with me for good. It is simply because just before my final visit to one, one closes one's eyes and goes into a peaceful sleep,' commented Death.

'Please allow me to be aware once you pay me the final visit. If you don't allow me, I will think that you don't appreciate the love and creativity with which I am weaving the garland for you,' I remarked, showing the garland to Death.

Death thought for a while, and then an inscrutable smile played on his lips. He said at last, 'Well, keep weaving more and more garlands, bringing more love and creativity to your work. I will decide the matter at the time of my final visit.'

And then the apparition of Death disappeared.

# Death outside my Window

One night I saw Death outside my window, looking at me intently.

'Have you come to take me?' asked I as my voice palpitated with an unknown fear.

'No,' chuckled Death and added, 'you will stay here for a while before I finally invite you to my kingdom. But yet I will keep on paying you occasional brief visits.'

'Why?' asked the trembled me.

'For my visits will remind you that you are just a guest here and that you must utilize whatever time left for you more wisely.'