### PREAMBLE TO THE OASIS: THE REVOLT IN THE DESERT

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### (Autobiography that based on British Literature)

###  “What is it that agitates you, my dear Victor?”

With post period of Ma’s death, my reign on congregated words to Literature assembled to have been leaping and leering in the intense shallow water. I was looking very much exhausted and skittish. Everything in the ‘freakish Atlantic’ oceans approached me to come ‘stuck in a fence.’

I wanted to rise up and to shift my mind from the *raw dusk*. Unfortunately, I was feeling those very attempts were defeating me, with grimy bound words, and I was carried out of the place in strong convulsions. I was reducing on reality to the bare negation of appearances: Demogorgon, the Lord of the Universe, is ‘a mighty darkness, filling the seat of power.’

Writing the book ‘The Immortal Fly: Eternal Whispers’ (Based on True Events of the Family) was a sudden and disoriented reaction of the 7th February, 2019 with death of Ma. Aftermath of Ma’s demise, my life never proved to be fair. “*I miss Ma at every moment: It’s very cloudy, although the stars, from time to time shed a twinkling, and uncertain light.”*

*I was* almost feeling on dearth situation, that slowly carrying me to the Arctic oceans and alienated towards frozen ice, realizing self to be very estranged and isolated which penetrated me into the world of shrieking and despondency. I have seen deaths but *this* Death was so close to me: It happened *just* a few years back. As the tree falls, so let *it* lie... It was closely the same look, with calmness and was placid with ‘no breath moved the lips, no pulse stirred, no sight or sound would enter those eyes or more.’ I appeared to be laden in daily –fear, when I cried and cried to self a lot: there was no sacred solution.

By then, “Anguish and despair had penetrated into the core of my heart, I bore a hell within me.’’ I blamed God on giving me such territory, the unwanted-circumstances! Everywhere around I felt to be jam-packed.

During the tenure of my *solitary* irrevocable moments, I had come across with different sorts of people- from known to unknown, from plucky people to merry devils. It appeared to me, as interspersed with an utter chaos and more haunted sickness!

 Before ‘tear fountain’ would receive, again, signals from the part of my brain, I silently *favoured* to be aside, and then lugged into my room. ……. Concerning with time on ‘principle of life’, I realized, it is true to say of Carlyle that his conception of the past was a vision; but it must be added that Carlyle’s view of the present is a vision too. The love of life is a habitual attachment, not an abstract principle!

Waked out of this dim and the bleak place, twilight existence, and startled with the passing scene, I have felt wishes to ascend on steps of the world of realities, and join the chase. It is much *later*, of humility and tediousness, I had earned with self-realization, ‘Life, although it may only be an accumulation of anguish and hatred, is dear to me, and *I will defend it*.’ I was looking very dazed by this time!

 “Zanetto, lascia le donne, et studia la matematica, I will think it.’’

(But I fear too late, and that I had better return to my bookish chimeras and indolence once more!)

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