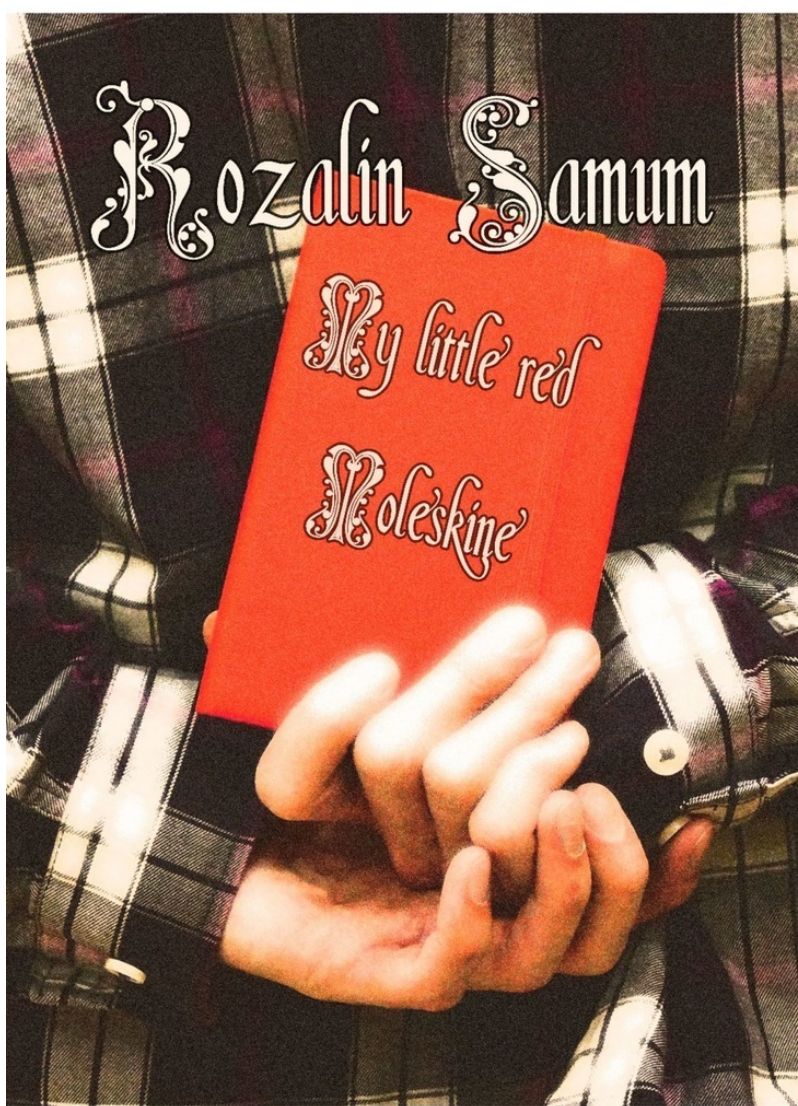


Rozalin Samum

My little' red

Moleskine



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My Little red Moleskine

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Аннотация

My little red Moleskine is a red diary of moleskin, which was stolen by the author from a bookstore in 2014. Throughout the year, he made short notes of his life in him. You will learn how he fell in love with a girl, went to India, wrote a book and sent her to various publishing houses. These records are sometimes deep, sometimes superficial, filled with joy or sadness, but always real.

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Author's Word

Dear reader! I stole this notebook in 2014 for two reasons. First, I always wanted to have my own Moleskine but I found it overpriced, and, second, I was a fool. I am really sorry that I could not control my desire to possess the thing and I was not able to cope with it. I have been making notes about my life events for the whole 2014. They do not represent a novel, but short fragments which often miss many things, however, in some places you will find comments, which may help you to draw up a logical chain. For better understanding of the mood of the notes, at the end you will find a list of books I read in that period. You may find some of them strange, but I always wrote what I felt. You will know, how I fell in love with a girl who helped me to get to the country of my dream – India – by foul means, you will know how I tried to have my book published sending the manuscript to different publishers, how I started making videos for a blog and what all these things happen to become. Reading my notes after four years made me reflect on many things and inspired me to share them with you.

Today I am returning you, my little stolen Moleskine, full of my thoughts. I hope that these notes will inspire the readers in some way to realize their dreams.

Lots of love, Rozalin Samum.

JANUARY

Week 1

* It is gloomy today. It was raining cats and dogs. I saw people dripping wet. But as for me, I had a tremendous fun while watching the drops dancing. Rain is a beautiful event, you know.

* Having heard Kitaro music, I learned a Zen lesson.

Week 2

* Today I got acquainted with a new employee from a coffee shop, who turned out to be a very interesting girl. She does yoga.

* Today the snow fell, so virgin and airy, it is tempting to jump into the snow banks. It is tempting to play with snowflakes and go sledging down the hills.

* Everything goes as it was planned. I am searching different ways of my book promotion. I enjoy every day. It is happiness¹.

¹ I worked in a book store. I started writing my book at that time and got acquainted with a girl whom I called Rosalina Butari Makesh. Yeah, we were quite a couple. Strange like hippies.

Week 3

* Clouds are eternal nomads

* Rather pleasant evening. Some new ideas came to my mind while editing the book.

* I have not decided yet where to travel. New places always give inspiration. I also have not chosen an aroma lamp, but I would prefer that one made in the form of Buddha's head.

* Just as a river freely rushes to the ocean, I do my own way to the eternity. A thin wisp of a smoke is coming up and spreading through the room – it is the incense. I am about to finish editing my book. Such a pleasure to thumb through the pages of my book.

Week 4

* What caused this wonderful flight? Cosmic energy? Invisible ties between the earth and the sky make thousands of flowers bloom. I cannot miss this dance of swans in the lake, dance of leaves in the wind, dance of snowflakes and dance of two hearts.

FEBRUARY

Week 5

* How sensitive my beautiful Rosa is.

(the note was made by Rosalina)

Getting to know a person (his or her soul) can take rather long time. To learn him or her, to perceive and look at him or her for long minutes. To love the sounds of the lashes' movements, so a person brings to the world a poem inside of you.

He brings to the world flowers in me. I feel like there is a fresh air in him. I feel like he hears the sky.

Week 6

* Deeper and deeper I dive into this immense ocean of joy, full of silence. Dive to the place where the air is clean and fresh mixing with the fragrance of thousands of odorous flowers. Melting in this feeling is so pleasant.

* When you feel the unity of souls, the touches of your beloved are the touches of the divinity itself.

* In a divine garden the air is sweet with the thousands of beautiful flowers.

* Two roses dancing below clouds – what can be more beautiful in the world?

* Being alone you meet all the essence.

Week 7

* How happy is to grow among beautiful blooming flowers. I am drunk with their fragrance. Her breath fuses with mine and we are becoming a whole. We are united. It is a stratospheric feeling, we are flying to the distant stars on big wings. The whole universe is not enough. High in the mountains we will hide like a mist. We will blend in, the moon enlightens our way. We will become the biggest shoreless ocean, the most beautiful carpet of stars.

Week 8

* A rose is not aware of how beautiful it is, but I see it. A rose has no worries about the life, it grows gracefully in harmony with its nature. So, what are your worries about? Calm down your mind, realize your beauty and live delighted with life.

MARCH

Week 9

* People always make the things more complicated than they really are. The mind is sly. Being here, on this amazing earth, they are busy with thousands of things or do not know what to do. I can say only one thing: bloom with flowers and fly with clouds.

* Beyond all words.

* I love women wearing sari. Praise to a human who created it! It shows the godhead of a woman.

Week 10

* We love our world with its flowers, trees that gracefully stand spreading their branches. We love our world, its blue and endless sky with floating clouds. We love our world with its unique nature, its falls and oceans, volcanoes and mountains.

* Words sometimes disappear. Silence becomes a frequent visitor. It is amazing to speak staying silent.

Week 11

* Sounds of silence, only clouds are floating across the sky. I am sharing the silence with my beloved sitting on the river bank. The sand is so soft but still cold, as the sun at the end of March has not warmed the air yet. A cold wind is haunting waves. The city is disappearing in the last rays of the setting sun. I would stay here forever, just holding her hand and looking into the eternity. I would kiss her lips and see myself in her eyes.

Week 12

* When a person oversteps the limits of duality, the limits of joy and sorrow, when he becomes united with the whole existence, then he reaches the bliss.

* Spring comes quietly, the sun shines brightly, the sky is almost cloudless. Characters of this life carry on their daily routine and I carry on drinking my tea.

Week 13

* With the spring, everything wakes up. I got into the swing of things and regularly visit a gym. I like coming in the morning and hanging on the bar. I like to live this life under the warm sun. In the shade of trees. To see the eyes full of hope, the see the pupils shining.

* To find silence means to become Buddha.

APRIL

Week 14

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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