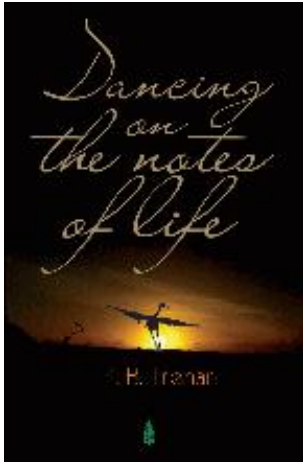




## Dancing On The Notes Of Life



**Author:** K.b. Trehan  
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Dancing on the notes of life is a motivational semi-fiction about a character named Seth. It shows how he fights his way through the various hurdles that he comes across in life. He is not a superhuman or a divine creature, but just an ordinary human being like us, who has the courage to bid farewell to his hurtful past and move on.

Often while going through the aisles of our lives, we come across various hindrances we stumble upon. Some people remain where they are, brooding over their fall; while some make the brave effort to stand on their feet again and boldly cross the obstacles. It is the latter who emerge victorious at the end.

A smooth sea can never make a skilled mariner. In the hard times, we learn the vital lessons of life. The key lies in accepting each day in life as it comes. Remember, it is in darkness alone that we get to see the stars!

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
wears yet a precious jewel in his head  
- William Shakespeare (As You Like It)

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Originally a mining engineer, KB, as he is popularly called, has exceptionally unique heavy industry leadership experience. He also has admirable experience in operation management and project accomplishment that synchronously meshes the industry gears of power, steel and mining.

He has authored several papers on technical and management subjects, as well as 'Achievement through People and Principles'. He is a member of several professional bodies and a widely travelled person across the globe.

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## AN EXCERPT FROM THE BOOK

### Turning Point

SETH WAS SWEATING and fumbling as he inserted the key into the main entrance door. A strange feeling had gripped him the moment the company plane started hovering over the mining town Dhanbad as it prepared to land. The skyline, the blackish ground beneath - everything looked so familiar to him. Serving on a senior managerial post, the company plane was made available to him. It was rare for him not to be accompanied by his wife on flights. She insisted and always had her way, whenever he had to fly. With daughter Neena already married and son Vaas having joined the university in faraway Chandigarh, she hated being left alone.

For a change, it was Neena who was occupying the adjoining seat, while he was peeping outside through his window seat as the plane descended and made a somewhat bumpy landing. An apologetic pilot explained that the strong surface wind of a typical mid-May day, when the summer is at its peak, shook the small aircraft.

Neena held his hand and said, "Papa we have landed. Let's go."

His white Ambassador car was waiting for him right at the tarmac. Neena joined him on the backseat while Ravi took the front seat. Although the car air conditioner was on, Seth rolled down the pane of his side of the window and kept looking outside totally oblivious of the fact that the outside temperature was hovering around 43 degree Celsius.

"Give me the key, I'll open it", Ravi said. Seth managed to insert the key into the hole after all those fumbling and was able to open the door.

It was difficult to make out if the drops rolling down his cheeks were sweat or tears. Both Neena and Ravi knew it was a combination of both, though tears heavily dominated his wet looks.

Seth continued to stand there for a while as if waiting for his wife to receive him, as she always did. He soon realised that it would not happen ever again and stepped inside.

He slumped into his favourite sofa almost instantly as if he had just returned home from office after a hard day's work. His wife would often chide him for not taking off his shoes since she took extra care of the red Kashmiri carpet she had bought during their last sabbatical that had taken them to Srinagar from Chandigarh when they visited Vaas at his university hostel. She hated the carpet getting soiled and would ensure that the maid brushed it every morning and evening.

The news that Seth was back spread like the wildfire as neighbours and his juniors in office rushed to see him. Ravi, however, ensured that his friend was not disturbed and politely turned them away, telling them he was fine but tired, and would be able to see them only the next day.



Seth was unable to take his mind away from the time when they had left that very house, a sprawling bungalow, two and a half months back.

He was a happy man, contented with life. He had a loving and adorable wife. Neena was already married. Vaas had done exceedingly well in his school exams and joined a reputed university. Seth had a nice job, money, fame, respect and a good lifestyle. Certainly, he couldn't have asked for more!

NEENA BROKE HIS thought-process and insisted that he proceeded to his bedroom and took some rest. Like a zombie, he followed her without saying a word.

The ghostly feelings returned to hound Seth the moment Neena left the room. His wife's framed smiling picture was still there by the side of their bed. Her clothes still lying around, the cupboards, the dressing table filled with her cosmetics and her red bindi sticking to the dressing table mirror were the reminders of his wife. She would just smile whenever Seth expressed his anger at her habit of sticking bindis on the dressing table and bathroom mirrors.

"They are not so costly that you have to preserve them for prosperity," Seth would say with a touch of sarcasm.

"Remember this is my house and my bedroom. And why waste money when these bindis are reusable," she would say with a tone of finality, making it amply clear that she was not keen on taking any jibes about her personal likes.

Seth finally took off his shoes and sat on the bed feeling depressed and extremely low. The 6'x6' rosewood polished bed reminded him of his wife, who would sleep curled up. He was never tired of admiring the innocence and serenity - her inner qualities - that would come to fore while she would be asleep.

SETH SWITCHED ON the bedside lamp and looked at the watch. It was only 2 am. "Oh God," he thought, "Still four hours to go before morning." He dreaded hours of wakefulness at night, which had become a part of his life by now. Being alone in the bed he shared with his wife was not a comfortable feeling. He remembered his wife. How she would sleep there curled up! Occasionally, he would snuggle up to her - a move she never resisted. Everything about the house reminded Seth of her and with each passing day he missed her more and more.

He had, however, started to realise that he cannot let his life become a prisoner of his past. Sudden flash of lightning broke his thought-process. The pre-monsoon showers had started; a timely reminder that the summer would be over soon and that he cannot enjoy the company of his children for long, since they would be required to go soon.

By now the drizzle had turned into a proper rain. He could hear the raindrops hitting the trees and the drops falling on a thirsty parched earth, the smell of which he enjoyed ever since his childhood.

Seth pulled the curtain and opened the windowpane to enjoy the sight and smell of the first rain of the season. "Am I not being selfish?" he questioned himself. "Fine I have lost my wife, but my children have also lost the most special person in their lives - their mother," he muttered.

At once, Seth decided that henceforth he would have to be both father and mother to them. He realised it won't be easy, but he resolved to give it an honest try so that they could pick up threads of their lives without worrying about him. While his outer wounds had healed sufficiently, the very sight of his official bungalow had reopened the invisible wounds he had been carrying since that fateful day. Ever since he was discharged from the hospital earlier that morning and the entire hospital staff stood at the portico to bid him goodbye, Seth was gripped with just one thought - couldn't he have saved his wife!

Inside the tent on that ill-fated morning he had seen the fire - sacred most of the time - doing a bizarre death dance. The words 'Fire', 'Run' were still echoing into his ears. Nothing could blur memories of the moment he lost sight of his wife trapped in a wrong corner and trying desperately to escape to nowhere.

## About Pustakmahal Publishers

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