



oh!!!
wo-(man-ia)

[woo-m-uh-nia] noun, abstract most of the times, raw, unadulterated, ridiculously suave

HUSSAM UL WAHID

WAHID

HUSSAM UL WAHID

brave the storm...

Contents

Peek into Mythology
Chaos in Tandem
Warmth of Grandparents
My own little battle
Marriage?

Courage. How easily we lose it and how strangely it holds on to us in times of despair. When a mother fights the world for her kid, it's courage. When a soldier braves his life for the country, it's courage.

When a young girl, filled with dreams, breaks all shackles and tenets of the society and flies to a foreign land to pursue her dreams, it's courage. When a boy voluntarily takes up the responsibilities of his family, it's courage!

Courage comes in small packages, at times when we don't even realise. We all have been braving the storm in our own capacities since the time we are born. Some say, they have not seen any struggles. They've had a pretty blissful life. Finding the positives and living optimistically, itself is courage.

We have been reading so many stories about the humans of the world, some from New York, some from Mumbai, as and when they share it on the Facebook page. Isn't it startling to read stories which are simple, yet full of zest and life? How every person finds his way through the mazes which creates a delusion every now and then.

These immense guts to live life, to continue existing despite all odds is an amazing thing. We do not need a very adverse circumstance to prove our mettle or to show how much we have struggled. Everyone is struggling and everyone has a different tale to tell. Some don't. Some do!

In this complicated stream of activities, we intend to simplify our lives by promoting love and peace.

This edition we bring out to you, personal narrations of experiences, and stories, which have pushed people to live, despite difficult situations and frustrations.

If you've made through life so far, you are have done it amazingly well! Kudos!

Love,
Diba&Yamini

Hussam ul wahid



A peek into Mythology

I am very weak at these things. Religious concepts, mythology and Gods. All I know is the gist of the two great epics Ramayana and Mahabharata. I want to speak with reference to these two epics after re-reading the 7 secrets of Vishnu by Devadatta Patnaik. I may be wrong in many places while I write whatever I want to. But the intention of writing this is something else, and if that is conveyed across successfully I think my job is done. Apologies in advance for hurting religious sentiments whatsoever.

It is said, that the Bull of time, stands on all four feet during Satyug, which is the starting of the time cycle. When the SatYug ends, and Treta yug begins and the Bull lifts one foot and stands on 3 feet. When Treta Ends and Dwapar Yug begins, the Bull of time stands on two feet, and when the Kal Yug begins, the Bull lifts another foot and stands only on one foot. The end of Kalyug means the end of time cycle, end of Kaal Chakra. It means Pralaya - Apocalypse.

Apparently we are living in the Kalyug and the end is anticipated. The Mayan prediction passed by and nothing happened. I don't know about the others, but I was prepared to die on 21st Dec 2012, as I am every day. Fortunately or unfortunately, everything remained as it is, meanwhile Arctic pole continues to melt faster and there are some changes happening in the Antarctica too, leading to global warming and shifting of the climate cycle. Meanwhile, the intermittent rains and heat is taking a toll on all living beings. Everything is happening so fast, at the same time so steadily, that I am wondering, what will all this lead to?

Ramayana is a classic example of Dharma being followed religiously. Ram is the only avatar of Vishnu who is worshipped as a King. He was a principled king who heeded to the pleas of the common man and made attempts to create a peaceful, society based on rules and regulations. He ensured that everyone, including him would not break the rules, if it was the question of the society and its people. When the society pointed out Sita, as a tainted woman, for having lived with Ravana, and when her modesty was questioned, Ram gave up on Sita as the Queen. She left the Palace and went on to live in the forest.

Despite Ram's love for Sita, he was forced to take up the decision of forsaking the queen because it was unacceptable by the common man to take Sita as a wife to their king. Ram gave up Sita as a Queen of Ayodhya, but he never gave her up as wife, because he constructed a gold statue and placed it besides him and never married another woman. Because of the rules, and in order to ensure peace in the society he took such a harsh decision. That is the reason why he is known as "Maryada Purushottam Ram". He lived by rules and regulations of the society, there by establishing a Dharma.



Meanwhile Krishna was someone who believed in bending the rules for the benefit of mankind. Speaking white lies, attacking the enemy from behind- when it was known that the enemy had sinned, going against the law of the war and attacking below the waist line are the things which Krishna employed during the Mahabharata fought at Kurukshetra.

When Dronacharya was to be killed, Krishna asked Arjuna to lie about Dronacharya's son - Ashwathama being killed, which was actually a lie. Ashwathama the elephant had died instead. This caused Drona to give up and mourn his son's death, enabling the Pandavas to Kill Dronacharya. Krishna said, a teacher who cannot teach his students about peace, and only preach about war is not a person who follows dharma. So he deserves to be killed.

When Karna is busy disengaging a mud-stuck wheel Krishna orders Arjuna to kill him from behind which is against the war-rule. Krishna explains, that a person who chose friendship over Dharma, who simply stood watching Draupadi's integrity get tarnished, who did not help her, doesn't deserve to live.

There are many more instances during the Mahabharata which indicate that Krishna broke many rules to ensure that there is justice.

This was the stark difference between the Treta Yuga and Dwapar yuga, when Dharma was established in the former, and strictly following it meant that one was living by the tenets of the society and was righteous. Meanwhile in the latter, Krishna encouraged that the society or one of the harbingers of the society has to bend the rules to make sure that Adharma perishes.

The concept of Dharma has nothing to do with any religion. I quoted the Hindu mythology here, because I read it. Dharma is nothing but a way of coexisting peacefully in the society where everyone has equal rights. It is means of ensuring that people are not exhibiting animal instincts and fighting for territory or mates, and everyone is living in harmony.

Adharma happens when someone refuses to follow the good and behaves like an animal.

What is this evil all about? What causes Adharma? All the fights that we see today are either for territory, power, a mate, money or position. Men are expected to live in harmony, share whatever the nature offers and not snatch and demand honor. If one behaves like animals, Adharma arises, threatening the basics of Dharma. That's when there is a need for an Avatar or the need to bend rules and do what is right.

But for how long do we wait for an avatar? Until evil reaches its peak and gulps us down its throat? Human beings are bestowed with everything that makes it capable to reach the levels of Godliness. Killing the sinners alone is not the act of God. Distinguishing the right and the wrong, and thereby executing a punishment requires a lot of discretion and control over mind. The mind and the soul of these Avatars are evolved in such a manner that they are capable of executing the tasks which perhaps Vishnu himself intended.

This is the yuga of Kalki Avatar. Many Godmen have claimed to be the Kalki Avatar. How do we know that indeed the God has been reincarnated in the Kalyuga? We don't know a thing, except that we have a power to develop that. We are the harbingers of the society. We have the responsibility of maintaining dharma. (Dharma doesn't mean religion here, or anywhere.)

With increasing crimes, murders, thefts, terror attacks, how do we still maintain the righteous way of living? We are mere humans and to begin with, we do not know the difference between the right and the wrong. We follow female feticide in the name of righteousness, we offer human heads to God, we donate millions in temples leaving the hungry suffer, we give bribes to get our work done, we steal, we lie, we cheat, all in the name of standards and virtue.

The rules again need to be bent – more than what Krishna did in Dwapar Yuga. This yuga is the dangerous of all. We never know when the time will come and we all shall perish in the Armageddon. With increasing sins, we find it difficult to breathe and sustain. We all can be avatars. We all can take pledges to stand against inhuman acts. We can have a righteous way of establishing and maintaining dharma which benefits all. It need not be as rigid as it was in the Treta Yuga. This is Kal yuga, we need better laws, and modern thinking and fresh approach to way things exist in the society. We all can strive to make this world a better place to live in.

There is no Jesus, Kalki, Allah coming on earth. They already exist within each one of us. We just have to do what an avatar in a kalyuga would have done!

The time has come.

Chaos in tandem

I sat on the chair, looking at the clouds. The monsoons had finally descended. Why do they predict things, which usually screw up? There would be insufficient monsoons, this year, the news read few days ago. I thought I needn't spend on a new umbrella then! I'll manage with the old black one I had. I had been eyeing a new purple umbrella though, since a long time. But I wanted to make use of the one that already lay unused. But, it has been raining. Pretty consistently. They say, Mumbai shut down, last month, because of heavy rains!

The window is my gateway to imagination. Sometimes, when I close my eyes, I feel my thoughts strangling me. So I look out. And seek inspiration. They do not kill me so much, then. It's like a slow death. The Whys, Hows and Whens are all spaced out.

The thunder broke my chain of thoughts, and triggered me to make some chai. It's interesting to have a beverage accompany you, when you are doing something so thoughtful and meaningless at the same time!

Why am I not understood? What is that I need to do to make people understand everytime?
I just want things to get better between me and people in my life. I don't care what it takes.

The usual conversations took the form of a string of thoughts and knocked on my forehead. Peace has been on my side for a while now. Thankfully. Haven't seen it leave me. I am glad at least something supports when the time is not right!

And then there is this..

All I want is for you to support me when I am in the middle of nowhere. You should do this, do that. You are a daughter, wife, mother, sister, friend! Just keep doing!

Yes! I see guilt engulf me at times. Someone depends on me for love and support and I should be available to give that! So I listen patiently. Very patiently. I don't say anything.

And when I am going downhill, and demand a shoulder to lean on, I find myself stuck in a maze. Lost. I hear voices, but there is no one. Perhaps it is just a juxtaposition of my thoughts on reality. There has never been anyone. It is just a phone. Talking! The person on the other end, could be any one. Real or fake! I have no idea!

Because, many times, the person on this side of the phone, is fake too.

What am I expecting then? The virtual world has masked all the sincere relationships. And it is not getting any better any time soon.

The milk spills off the vessel, as I browse my instagram pictures. I make a decent cup of tea, and go back and continue staring at the sky. It has turned darker.

I think I should get that purple umbrella!



The warmth of Grandparents

My grandfather, I used to call him daddu, never went to a salon. By the time he turned 40, his receding hairline almost vanished and he never found a reason to go to a barber for a haircut. He always liked to shave himself so that errand never required a salon visit.

Whenever he would feel that the tiny strands of hair over his ears and neck were tickling him, having grown to a length that needed attention, he would ask me to give him a haircut. I would love this one job immensely. My plan B in life was always to open a salon and give people haircuts. But Daddu was the only one who wholly trusted me.

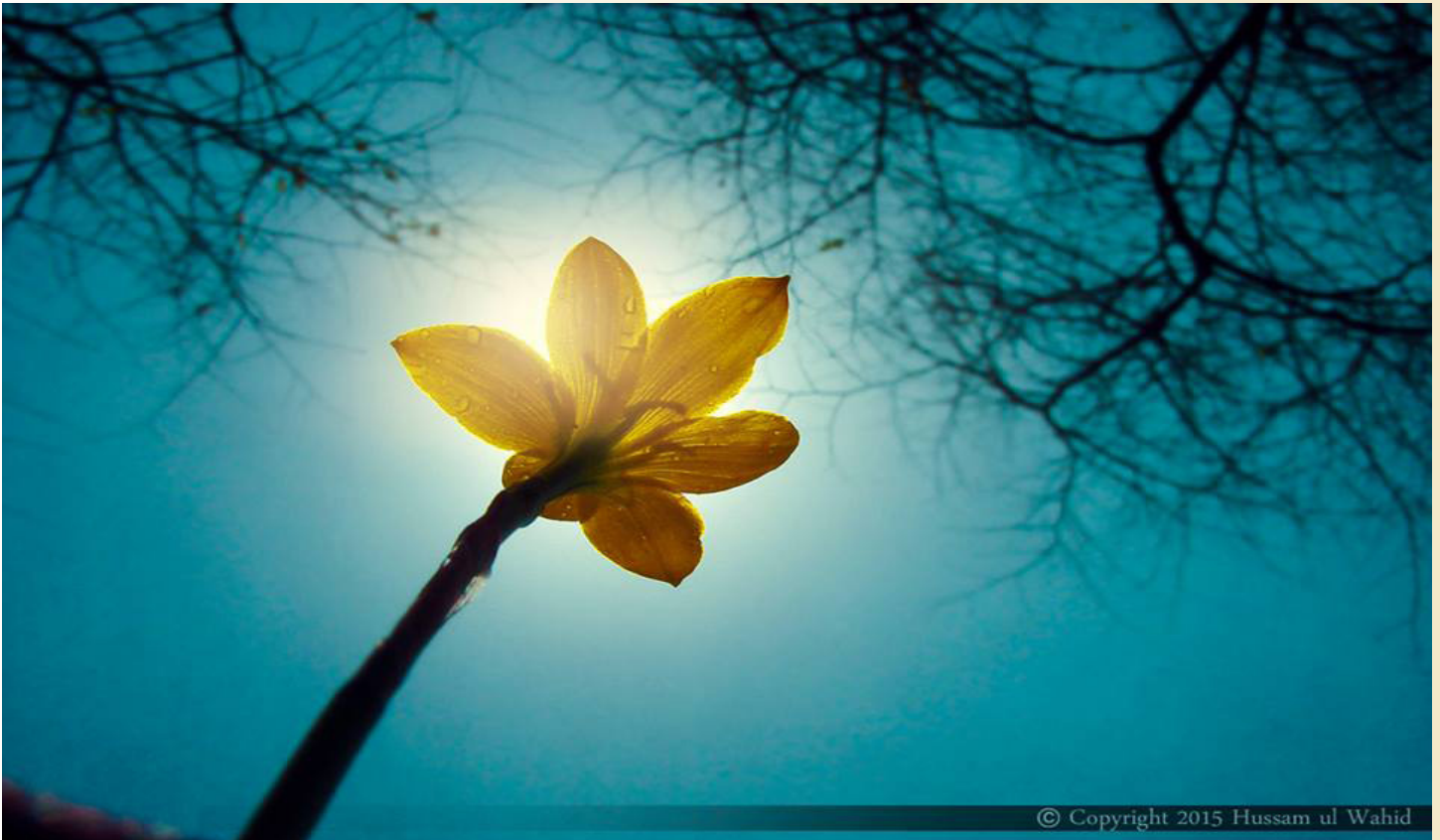
One day I was giving him a haircut. I was totally engrossed in making sure that the length looked same throughout. The tough area was the area above his ears. I would cut them with ease and poise. I did not have a pointed, small scissors that day, so I used a big pair of scissors to cut his hair. In the process I cut a part of the flesh of his ear and did not notice the bleed at all. After I was done giving him a cut, I showed him the mirror and he said something out of the blue. His usual reaction would be “kya mast lagra hu main beta.. Thank you..!” Instead he said, “Beta, ispe dettol cotton laga de”.

And he casually exposed the bleed.

That was it. Neither did he ask me to be careful the next time, nor did he budge when he got hurt. I was oblivious to his pain, and having changed the sides I did not see the bleed. I wanted him to yell in pain, at least say an “ouch”. But he let me finish my business and all that he said at the end of it was that he needed some cotton and dettol. I feel a pang of hurt, a pull within, whenever I recollect this incident. That’s how much he endured pain. That’s how much he loved me. When I think about the times I yell on my loved ones for not doing certain thing my way or if they hurt me, I bawl my eyes out and keep cribbing about it over and over again. And all this man did was just make sure that I never felt guilty or avoid giving him a haircut again.

For the longest time I would be utterly careful so as to not hurt him.

Today I miss him. I miss giving him those hair trims. I miss his inspiration, though I know he is still out there teaching us so much in so many different ways. I am glad I had such an amazing Daddu. Blessings of grandparents is a rare fortune. I have learnt so much from him.



My own little battle



It's a struggle! To breathe peacefully, to find happiness in little things, to stay optimistic and act sane and sober. Sometimes you feel like gulping down a few shots of vodka and speaking irrelevantly, because usually people who are drunk are not taken seriously. But does that make sense?

I wouldn't lie, but I have been through that phase. I have also considered taking a dozen of sleeping pills and laying to rest forever. The pain would vanish, the endure-r would be liberated, and the people who were putting up with me would be relieved. But that was the most stupid idea ever and I decided to make things better only by will. I am big coward. I think I will never be able to kill myself. Not because I am scared of dying, but because, I know the repercussions of committing suicide.

I am sure every person has, at least once, contemplated the idea of this form of escape. But this idea is not the only option to get rid of the pain. Instead there is more that we give back. The aim of a suicide should be "End of pain", not the end of a Life... But we end up giving up the most precious thing, and leave behind even more pain. The solution therefore, is not really the solution.

So for problems like ours... which are usually miniscule, I considered so many options, to come out of the negativity and finally resorted to building the lost Will. I have started with an experiment finally. This process kills me, and relieves me of a lot of pain and i thought I should write it here, so that when I again come to life, I can read this and kill myself again, and live happily ever after.

I am comprised of three levels of existence. Conscious state, Subconscious state and the Supraconscious state. I turn out what I am, by the things I do in the conscious state, I call it Karma. If I hurt someone, I get it back. If I am rude to someone, I am treated the same way. There are times when I do not get answers to what I am getting. Like being lied to. I never lie, but I get back. I couldn't figure this out.

I decided to figure that out, why certain behaviour or certain incidences that occur to me are totally baseless and make no sense in my conscious level of existence. I decided to explore the subconscious. I googled, and found a way in which one can get into the subconscious state. It's a very simple exercise. I got in there, and decided to simply observe what thoughts I get in my mind. I felt something blaming me for being a liar. Something telling me that I needed to be more honest, needed to be more faithful. But I always thought I was. And then in one of the dreams, I saw being prosecuted of a forgery. The forgery was at my workplace, where I had ably handled a situation by smart usage of words, but I was actually being complacent in submitting my work. My power of words, worked there, and I realised someone telling me how shrewd I was in using words so effectively and ruining my own good self. It made sense. Pieces started falling in place and a few things that happened in the past started making sense.

So after all, I wasn't the most honest person on earth. I lied at my convenience. I lied to myself, more than anyone else. I was a liar! The person who claimed to be the forerunner of truth and all the Blah, was a loser instead. I felt ashamed. The next process was to program my subconscious. I had read this in an ebook too. While I was in an alpha state of existence, I could program my mind such that it came true when i was awake. So I tried with a small experiment, I told myself that I will wake up the next morning immediately at the alarm sound, without snoozing the alarm. I was able to do it. This is called as self-instructing.

Since then, I am working on my Will. I wouldn't say I am very successssful. But I know I would be, if i am consistent. It is crazy at times, to experiment like this. People who are on the border line of mental illness do things like these, they say, but I don't mind being termed as a psycho, as long as I am trying to do something which helps me live in peace with myself.

I am trying to kill every part of my subconscious which was all wrongly programmed all these years, I don't know how. I want to build a new one. Program it the way, which will make me feel that I am the ruler of this world, I cannot be mowed down by little things like jealousy, melancholy or pride. I am slowly committing suicide, to bring to life what needs to live. I am fighting my own little battle of being able to survive the way I want. An existence of truth, and honesty. I would want to live a life which would make me sigh in wonder and satisfaction after 30-40 years , "Huh.. that was some good living, eh!" The fight is on. It will be on until I master myself. Be proud of who I am, get rid of all the grossness around me, and be thankful from the depths of my heart, for this human existence

PS: The exercises are from the book called "Megaliving" by Robin Sharma. We have ebooks in our library. Please write to us at ohwomana@gmail.com for a copy. We'll be happy to mail it to you.



TYING THE KNOT

Marriages are made in heaven. Everyone has a partner destined for him/her. When we are born, we are born with only half a soul. The other half seeks us and we seek the other half. Union of two souls, meant for each other is the sole purpose of any human existence.

I understand, people can be independent, they can be successful and ambitious and they are free to do anything they ever wanted. But at the end of the day, what use is all the success, if you have no one to share it with. I am not orthodox. I don't say that girls should get married at 18. Or they should get married at 22. No! Every girl has a right to study, to make a career for herself. But eventually, it is very very important for one to get married. Why do I insist on all girls getting married? I sure have a reason.

Imagine, if a girl who is unmarried, at 30, her life perhaps would be going excellent. But one day she will turn 40, and then 50 and may not physically so efficient and may fall sick, and may need someone to take care. Parents are not going to be around always. Let's face the facts. Parents will pass on, and they would want their daughter to have a family, a support system to fall back on when they are not around.

One cannot survive alone. It is impossible. I do not know how other people do it. You need someone to share all your sorrows and joys with. You need someone to give you a different perspective about life. Marriage is very important so that one can have kids. You create and give back to the nature what nature has given you. It's the rule of life! No matter how many people fail in making marriage successful, I only call it destiny. You make mistakes and then you find the right person. And when that person walks your way, you know what it always meant to wait. Family derives a new meaning and life seems complete.

The Indian society especially thrives on the concept of marriage. I believe, if you are not married, you cannot exist in the society. You need to socialize in order to exist. You need society, the society needs you, and hence there are a set of rules that one has to follow. More than just rules, its a natural process. Humans were not made to survive in isolation. Caring sharing and loving is the way humans should live. And Marriage is all about that.

If not marriage, then how can one experience the true bliss of life. Grihastashrama leads to fulfillment of Karma! Even the texts say it. In times when everything is so dynamic, feelings and preferences, waiting for the right person, is a difficult choice. The right person will come to you, when the time is right. Having said that, marriage, togetherness, union, commitment is what makes life beautiful! Think about it!



TYING THE (K)NOT

Marriage? It's the biggest illusion. Especially in India! How can one live with a person you don't even love? Nowadays, marriage means committing to something you don't want, but the society wants. How long can you please the society? Don't you have any responsibility towards yourself? You should be responsible for your own happiness.

What is marriage without love? Love is the most important feeling. It's a commitment, it is a promise, and that requires no one else but two people to edify. You should be with a person who makes your life better than it was before. And when you find that person, just start living with that person. Why have an exorbitant affair and spend 10s of lakhs of rupees in feeding the unworthy representatives of the society. Marriages are nothing but a show off. If a couple wants to be together, they should. There is nothing that can stop them from living together. They should make a nice life out of whatever they have and stay committed.

Why does commitment have to be such a huge and showy affair? Marriages in India specially are just a showoff, rather than celebration of love. Very rarely does one experience the happiness of love and commitment in a marriage. You can rather feel the pain of the father who has spent on the wedding, or the pain of the daughter who is worried about adjusting in a completely new household!

If I ever get married, I would get married to the person I love, and have a very intimate ceremony with people that matter the most to me. I will not do it to prove anything to the society, but just to celebrate the love I have for my partner and vice versa. I will spend for my own wedding, because what wrong have my parents done to deserve such a huge monetary shock?

Life is very uncertain. We do not know what the next moment holds in store for us. How can one even think of committing to a stranger and spending all the life's saving on a wedding party. I believe in knowing the person before committing into anything for a lifetime. Rather, nothing is permanent. What if you outgrow each other's spaces and are not in love anymore? There should always be a way out. I am not a person who believes in commitment for the sake of it. I believe every human should think twice before getting into something for the sake of others, and not oneself. One should get married only to celebrate the love, that two people and two families have. Not for any other reason. Not because, one is losing it out on age, not because everyone else is getting married, and not because, you want pretty pictures on Facebook!

Love is very very important. And loving a right person more so! Unless there is love and unless you are 101% sure, there is no point in getting committed.

Marriage is the biggest sham of this century. It has become a money making business. Let's get real about things around and about us! How long are we going to keep chasing things that make others happy, and not us!

OK. Enough said!

Until Next time:

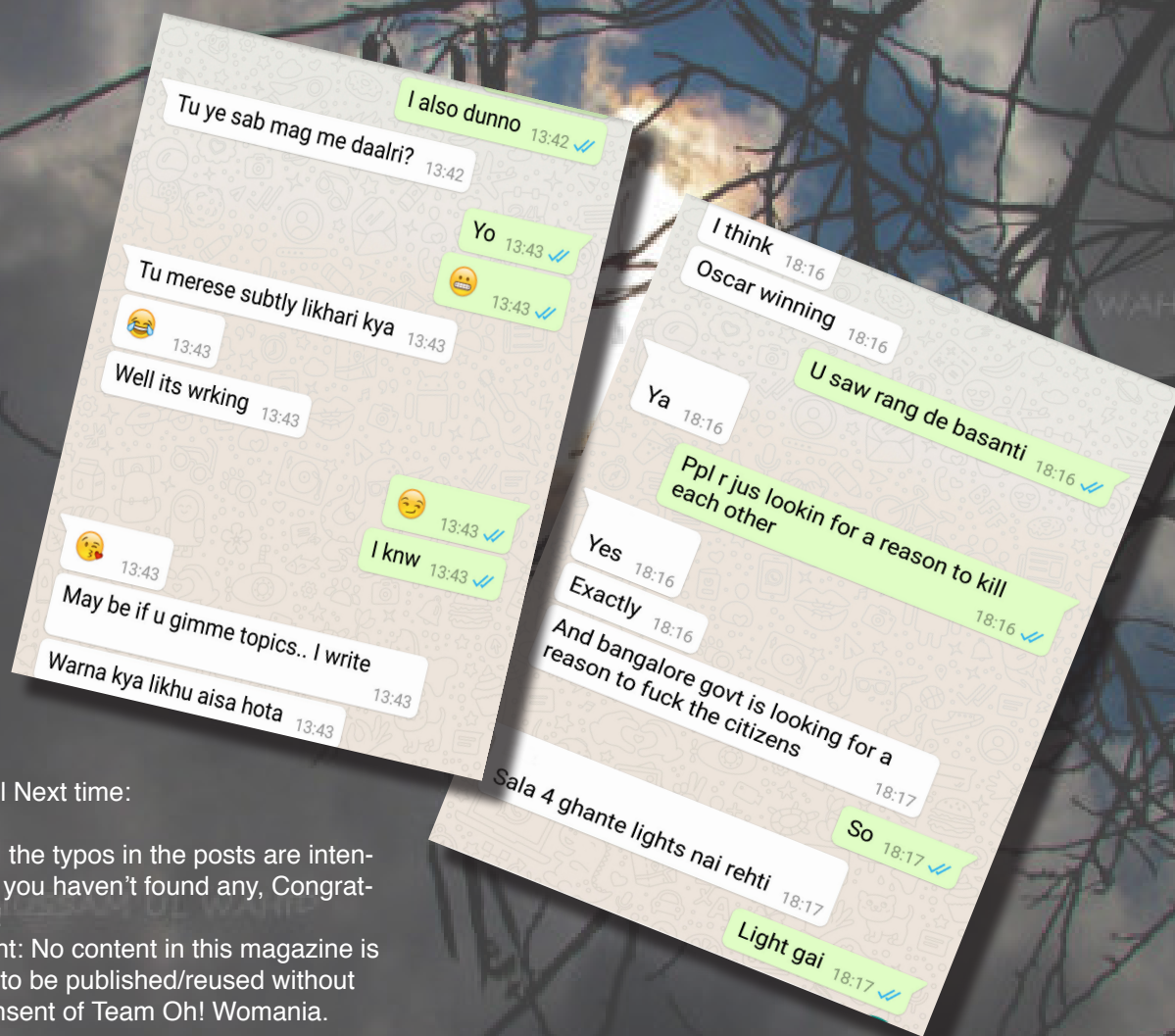
Note: All the typos in the posts are intentional. If you haven't found any, Congratulations!
Copyright: No content in this magazine is allowed to be published/reused without prior consent of Team Oh! Womania.

We welcome contributions/comments/feedbacks from readers and writers. For more details on the coming issue, please check the "sneak peak" section or write to us at ohwomania@gmail.com.

Follow us on our new FB page : <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Oh-Womania/469025103199711>

Visit our website to keep track of our activities – <http://ohwomania.wordpress.com>
More light, more power to everyone!

Help spread the love with Diba and Yamini :)



Cre Until Next time:

Note: All the typos in the posts are intentional. If you haven't found any, Congratulations!
Copyright: No content in this magazine is allowed to be published/reused without prior consent of Team Oh! Womania.

PS: We have read the comments and taken up a few pointers too. How much we follow and stay in our senses, is all up to the rotation and revolution of the earth! We are unapologetic, but we sincerely respect feedbacks and we couldn't have been more thankful! :)
So keep 'em coming.