

CORONATION OF SUCCESS

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Failure is the most discarded, rejected realm with apparently no happy visitor, of course, thronged with innumerable ones. Failure tired of admiration & tomtoming of Success, fed up with its cheers and trumpet, congregation of happy faces, bright attires on its gate thought upon organizing coronation of Success.

What a great idea! Failure's furious rage and agonized, afflicted self wanted to acquire composure and maintain solemn gesture so it invited Success to celebrate its flying colour.

Success, no doubt, finds and feels itself a bosom friend of Failure, it could not disapprove Failure's idea and plainly accepted the invitation. Next day, at the appointed venue, of course, a public place preferable a pedestal, Success alighted with its entourage riding in a egg white chariot, clad in snow-white fairy like gown with coronet of diamonds around its head. Yes, it was study in contrast, with its dazzling white and diamond, to Failure that was somber, morose and maintained a cheerless disposition. Melancholic temperament of Failure got accentuated in presence of Success but it was a compulsion on both to compliment each other with or without choice; company was to be maintained by each of them despite being poles apart to each other.

Success, with all noise around, was a bit loud in articulation, stationed itself on her dazzling, splendored throne and commanded all to offer silence as first oblation.

Since it was coronation countless offerings were heaped before her. Now came the turn of personal salutation; among the visitors the first one was flattery that came and started licking feet of Success. Success got a little irritated but didn't shoo it away as it clutched feet of Success like anklet. The second visitor was admiration. It was a bit decent unlike flattery, it had its own dignity reason and confidence. It wished Success and grabbed the seat close but equal to Success. It was so close to Success that it looked like its reflection.

The third visitor was luxury. It came along with all its show and pomp. Its dashing demeanour eclipsed for a moment even sheen of Success and glared vision of all. It came slowly offering banquet of its menu to every eye and gently took the seat at right of Success.

The fourth visitor was comfort who with all calmness approached Success and like cushion crept under the seat of Success. The next visitor was pride. I came with a puffed up head, body upright with wrinkled lips and assumed air of toughness on its face. It came and embraced Success and seated itself as a top jewel in crown of Success.

Friendship clad in artificial silk, in gaudyclours, with heavy makeup on its face and with an ear to ear smile came clapping to Success and Success with all its innocence slipped into its folds.

Failure, undoubtedly, was one that arranged the event but overwhelmed by resplendent aura of Success placed itself near the door as its requirement was negligible there.

Everyone present there was dyed in the colour of Success and fully identified oneself with Success. Suddenly a sharp sound banged on the main door which alarmed everyone soon

came in sight the swift horsed carriage of will power flanked by its companion hard work, talent and opportunity. The show was not glamorous but so powerful and captivating that all present rose to their feet and Success sprang from its throne to welcome the visitors.

Will power had the whip to tame the horses of Lethargy, Greed and Ease and was intermittently flogging them. Its three gracious companion remain seated at the side of carriage paying scanty attention or indifference to Success; Failure issued a grin and rode the carriage and headed forward to Success. Success smiled, nodded its head and allowed Failure to cross its door. To everybody's surprise, Failure metamorphosed into Success. On this carriage fusion of Success with Failure was witnessed.