



MARRIAGELESS



ESR

MARRIAGELESS

ESR





An imprint of The Individual Publishing

85 Rio Robles E, 1403, San Jose, California, US

www.individual.pub

First published in USA by The Individual Publishing in 2015

Copyright @ 2015 by ESR

Book Interior Design by Red Raven - www.redravenbookdesign.com

Book cover Design and Drawings - Concept and Ideas by ESR and
execution by Janrise.in

This book is a work of fiction. Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Other names, characters, places, and events are products of the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual events or places or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

For information about special discounts for bulk purchases, please contact
The Individual Publishing sales at 1-650-421-3869 or

business@individual.pub

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, telepathically or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publishers.

ISBN 978-0-9966710-0-2

ISBN 978-0-9966710-1-9 (e book)

MARRIAGELESS

ESR

“To the little friend”

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Having learned, with curiosity, something of the different shades of life, I was struck by the idea of writing down what I had learned in the form of a book. Since it was I who had this idea, I would like to thank myself, as a pure gesture of respect to the concept of ‘the individual’, before I thank others.

My ideas have been formed by my experiences, and by all the people I have seen, met, heard or read about in my entire life so far. In this regard, I thank my **Dad** for cementing the foundation of being open and of questioning the status quo, which has helped me keep my ears and eyes open and accept notions based only on reason, rather than tradition.

Next is the lady I respect and trust the most. To me, these two words are applicable to only one person I have known: **Vaishnavi**. There are few personalities which are so impeccable that I can learn and draw inspiration from them but can’t claim to be qualified enough to go any closer. I thank her for being the reference and the standard, which I can merely pursue to better myself, knowing that I will never be able to achieve it.

Sushmita has been my muse for this book, and I thank her for the time she has spent time with me. Writing is a painfully pleasurable act, and as a writer, I needed to endure the same pain that my lovely characters do. I thank her for making me experience that along with her.

Finally, I would like to thank **Deborah** and **Elizabeth** for editing my book to make it error-free.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Beginning - The Naked Man, The Question, and The Assembly ...	07
Past - Horror, Bleeding, and Time	45
Past - Places, Women, and The Commandments	85
Present - Questions, Confusion, and Love	123
Present - Different People, Different Problems, Same Evil	155
Future - Time, Predictions, and The Godly Deadly Future	195
The End - The Judgement, The Answer, and The Book	229

MARRIAGELESS

PROLOGUE

My name is Mr. Rational, and I know I am not someone you would like if you met me. That would not be your fault, though.

Likewise, it is not my fault that I don't see a good reason for many things that most people do these days. I just cannot appreciate the dumb things around me. This is my sixth glass of whisky, so I have the courage to say that I really don't respect my brothers. But really, no one should say something like that, and really, it does not matter what I think anyway.

I hope you have not started hating or judging me already. What I think is less important than the questions I ask. That is what I do. I ask questions. I have always felt the need to write a book that includes the questions I have asked in my life and what I have learned in the form of answers, and to share it with you all, but realistically, I am not sure if it will ever happen. I am too old now, and I might be dead by the time I complete the book. I have always questioned searchingly and shared shamelessly with the world of my brothers, even though it only brought me disgrace. But, I felt if I wrote a book, it might bring insight to another thinker who must be sitting in the dark and teasing the candle light with his fingers, trying to learn, trying to misbecome society and be another Mr. Rational, while the rest of the brothers remain asleep. Yes, I am the one who asked The Question, and I am still trying to get an answer. I could not stop myself from asking it, I had to. Let us see if the case is ever opened, if it is, I don't want to miss it for anything. It's been a long and lonely journey. It's not the loneliness that tires me now, it's the impatient anger in me against what is obviously wrong. Even more irritating is the fact that everyone is capable of seeing the truth, or might be, but they don't want to admit it. The reason I am writing this is so you understand why I asked The Question, which evidence has shown you all think is a silly one. Nonetheless, I must ask it.

The Question is: Is the institution of marriage still relevant? By that I mean: Do we still need marriage? And in the absence of this institution, would one get more fulfillment and accomplishment from life?

At this time, I need to make two points.

First, I don't have a bad marriage. More importantly, I did not marry the wrong woman; instead, I got the right—the best!—woman, and brought her into the worst institution. I agree, it's totally my mistake, no doubt about that. All I can really do is reason, and I definitely know that's not the smartest thing to do these days. So, I ask The Question, which is not a result of my personal life; it's a bloody outcome of things I see around me every day.

Second—well, before I tell you the second point, you'll need to excuse me for a moment so I can quickly pour my ninth glass of whisky—and please forgive me that I cannot offer you any. Just imagine that writer and reader can both sip the best liquid in the world virtually, through the pages and words. Isn't it wonderful? (I always feel it's not my mind that jets out the sentences to be written, but only my intelligent fingers under the mighty power of whisky).

Getting back to my second point, I have learned that the institution of marriage gives a sense of fulfillment and accomplishment to a few people, and I totally understand that.

That said, my question about marriage is not for the individual; it is on a larger scale.

I don't see a purpose for this institution in the present day. It's as simple as that. It's an unnecessary and unintelligent piece of baggage from the past. You might not be able to understand everything that I am talking about now, but you will. It is just a matter of time. As you flip through the days of your life like the pages of a book, you will see what I am getting at, and you might need to come back to re-read this. Even if you don't, I am sure that if you just wait a few more years, you will remember me, because my questions will be even more relevant then.

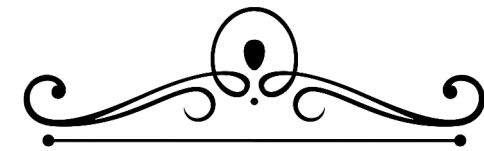
I am looking at my fingers, and I am so bloody tired. I have argued, I have fought, I have screamed, and I have shouted at people in the marketplace for so many years, all alone, but now, as I write this, I see that I no longer have that in me. I don't have it in me to make you understand. Now, I feel so empty in the absence of my purpose that I am giving up. I am not giving up on the subject on The Question, but giving up on my life, I guess.

Shit, I need to drink more to feel better—to feel sane. The question is killing me now. Oh, my bottle is empty. All my bottles are empty. I don't think I can sustain myself until sunrise. In that case, let me just drain the last drops.

I called you brothers, thinking we both were on the same journey of pursuing a better humanity, but I now see you were never my brothers; you are all just some dead meat produced by the millions with just enough life in you to do what's prescribed, but never to think. Sorry, brothers, I thought I could write books and share a lot of stuff, but I was wrong. This cryptic piece of paper is all I have to give you. Oh well, I'm sure my unborn book would not have mattered to you. However, as one of my last actions, I applied to the courts to open a case to examine the institution of marriage. I am envious that you might be lucky enough to witness it if the case ever happens. But I doubt it will.

All life looks meaningless to me now. All my questions, answers, and reasons. They just did not matter and do not matter to you. You never cared, and now, I don't care either. You are here reading just for entertainment, and that's not even what I have to offer you. I am sorry. Just forget it, and let me simply strike through this piece of crap as well.

I am not blaming anyone. All I am saying is: why marriage? I can't fight my brothers any more. I sinned because I questioned. Yes, I sinned, because I questioned.



1

THE BEGINNING

THE NAKED MAN, THE QUESTION, AND THE
ASSEMBLY

BASIC QUESTION

“I cannot forget his pain. This is the place he used to scream and ask, ‘Oh, Mr. Marriage, why do we need you?’” said Mr. Philosopher to Mr. Truth.

Mr. Philosopher could still picture him. The man used to kneel in the center of the marketplace among the well-dressed population of men and women, shouting and raising his burdened, sun-burnt face to the sky, his eyes closing in pain and his arms flying into the air, while the sun mercilessly bathed his naked, wounded body with its heat.

“He definitely looked like a hero. Yes, a naked hero, screaming alone. The nude man was Mr. Rational,” explained Mr. Philosopher

to Mr. Truth. They were walking in the middle of the marketplace. Everyone was bustling from one side to the other, performing their daily duties. The marketplace was the busiest, most colorful place, where all work, trade, prayers, and sacrifices happened.

Mr. Philosopher was everyone's friend. He could always be found in the marketplace wearing crumpled, dirty white clothes, discussing or debating the merits and issues of human life. He loved conversation, and always asked people questions that started with "why."

Conversation was key to him. He had no need for food or drink; conversation sustained him. A good debate filled his stomach; hence, he was hungry most of the time, and eager in his pursuit to find a person with whom he could strike up a good conversation.

Mr. Truth was an intelligent person. His features reflected his intellectual capacity. He was fit, tall, and handsome, and wore smart clothes: a well-fitting pair of black trousers and a white, double cuff shirt. The clothes fit as if they were sewn onto his body. His hair was slightly disheveled, but that only added to the impression of sharpness and intelligence he gave off. His lips were his best feature. They were always eager to tell the truth. He had a long nose and extremely sharp eyes that could pierce through anyone and find the truth. He found strength in truth, and had never felt guilty or regretted anything in his life.

It was Mr. Truth who requested an appointment with Mr. Philosopher in the marketplace to enquire about Mr. Rational and get up to speed on what was happening. Mr. Truth had been preoccupied with some other truths related to the creation of the universe, as well as life in other universes, in recent times. But the consequences of Mr. Rational's questioning of Mr. Marriage had come to his attention.

"Why did he ask such a question about marriage? Tell me more about what he was like before that," Mr. Truth requested of Mr. Philosopher.

"Of all people, there was one man who was always found in any minority group. It was Mr. Rational, of course," said Mr. Philosopher. "He was unusually taller, stranger, and more intelligent than his brothers. He hardly ever smiled and always appeared to be deep in thought about everything in his life. He thought that every move and decision humans made were worth thinking about."

"Interesting; his likes and dislikes?" asked Mr. Truth.

"He loved nipping whisky."

"Whisky!" This surprised Mr. Truth.

"Yes," said Mr. Philosopher.

He explained how Mr. Rational loved the whisky's journey from the glass to where it danced on his tongue, its smooth ride into his throat, and how it finally settled down in his stomach, fuelling his blood and puncturing his liver. Mr. Rational always said he loved making love to whisky more than to any lady on any given day: such was his love for the spirit. It was rumored that no one had ever seen him without a glass of whisky; hence, the sight of him nipping his whisky was a complete image of him.

Mr. Truth and Mr. Philosopher strolled slowly through the marketplace, passing colorful shops. Every shop, at its entrance, bore a photo of God, smiling.

"Tell me more about Mr. Rational, apart from his romance with whisky," requested Mr. Truth.

"Even though he never smiled, he did not feel sad. Miraculously,

since birth, he'd never felt the need to sleep either," said Mr. Philosopher.

Mr. Rational felt sleep was a half-dead state; sleeping would interrupt the world of colorful, continuously running thoughts that he lived in.

"How about friends—did he have any?" asked Mr. Truth, stroking his chin.

"He was only ever capable of making one friend," said Mr. Philosopher. He explained that Mr. Rational addressed all people as "brothers," but never meant it in the true sense; that was just his manner of speaking. But all of his "brothers" considered their families or communities complete without him.

Mr. Philosopher said, "His brothers felt he was unwise because he was more intelligent. They felt he was weak because of his absolute strength. They considered him a loser because he was the most successful person they knew, and they considered him sad because he could never be any happier. He did not love or hate his brothers. He certainly knew they existed on the same planet as he, but he was not certain if they ever really lived life.

"I remember that night," said Mr. Philosopher, dropping his eyelids.

"Which night? What happened?"

Mr. Philosopher explained how Mr. Rational had met him in the marketplace while shopping for cigars and whisky. Since Mr. Philosopher was his only friend, Mr. Rational insisted he come home with him that night to enjoy a few drinks.

"Both of us had our vices, and at times our vices served as our common bond," said Mr. Philosopher, reminiscing.

Mr. Rational's house held nothing that could be called finery. Every object in the house had a purpose. A study table, books, three whisky bottles, one glass, one chair, candles to read by, and a window that was always open. Mr. Rational thought the window served the purpose of conveying his thoughts to the outside world. He could never close the window; it made him feel like he was suffocating. One difference between his house and all others was that he did not have a photo of God. That was a big difference.

Mr. Philosopher continued, "We arrived at his house, and he told me that his wife and children were sleeping, so we went straight to his study. I dropped clumsily onto the floor, resting on one arm, drinking directly from the bottle, letting Mr. Rational sit in his usual place with his usual glass."

Looking down as he walked, Mr. Philosopher said, "I still remember his face in the candlelight, burning with questions and questions."

"What did you speak of with him that night? Anything unusual?" enquired Mr. Truth.

"No, we both spoke, as usual, about life and death. That's it. That's all that happened that night," said Mr. Philosopher. "But I saw something new in his eyes. I remember his face that night."

"What happened next?"

"I went to see him again the next day. I had a strange feeling," said Mr. Philosopher. "We were once again in Mr. Rational's study in the darkest hour, after his habitual family dinner and drinks. We were nipping 55-year-old Macallan whisky and smoking cigars, talking about our lives and eventual deaths. Suddenly, Mr. Rational blew out the candles and fell into deep thought. I waited.

Finally, Mr. Rational asked slowly, 'Do I need Mr. Marriage? Do we all need Mr. Marriage?' This was the first time he had asked this question, and from then on this question became his life's mission."

Mr. Marriage headed the institution of marriage in human society.

"Why did he ask that question? Did he tell you anything about his marriage? Was he not happy in his marriage? Was his wife not loyal to him?" Mr. Truth asked one question after the other, curious.

"His reasons were only known to him," said Mr. Philosopher. He explained that he was sure the question had not arisen because of Mr. Rational's personal life, but because of everyone's lives, and because of how marriage played a role in society at large.

Mr. Philosopher continued. "The question apparently fatigued Mr. Rational so much that for once, he did not want to be awake; he wanted to sleep. That night, after I left, he forced himself to sleep for the first time in his life. He slept soundly and had a dream, which he shared with me later.

"In the dream, Mr. Rational was sitting naked in the center of the marketplace at night. There was no one around. As he raised his head, he saw a person who had appeared out of nowhere, crawling from a distance. For a moment, he thought it was a ghost or a god. But he realized, as it approached, that it was his own naked body, punctured with wounds and bleeding from the mouth. This tired body, with his own low voice, whispered in his ear, 'When your proud, old acts no longer excite you, when the closed family chokes you with their love, when you are no longer sane, when society acts according to its traditions, you will see

the arrival of a true person who will clear the clouds to uncover the philosophical meaning of life. I know you will be discarded and insulted by your gentle brothers, and you need to be strong in order to continue to be indifferent to them until you end your life.'

"Mr. Rational awoke suddenly from the dream," continued Mr. Philosopher.

"Immediately, he regretted his decision to sleep. Again, he asked himself, 'Do I need Mr. Marriage? Do any of us need Mr. Marriage?' He said this aloud to his wife, who he had been married to for many unpardonable years. Later, he asked the same question of his sleeping partners, who had always whispered in his ears that he should marry them. He asked his brothers, who claimed their success at marriage made them experts, and offered unsolicited suggestions. Everyone thought he was a fool to ask such a question.

"Had the question not been basic and obvious, the answer would have been apparent. Quite often, people will say that the simplest sounding questions have the most basic answers, but it is often difficult to receive a simple, clear answer when asking such questions."

Mr. Philosopher continued explaining to Mr. Truth that in the case of Mr. Rational's question, he was never given a satisfactory, rational answer. He got quite a few regressive answers such as: "God says we should be married." That answer reminded Mr. Rational of a totalitarian state leader dictating the behavior of all his subjects.

He was also told, "It is good for children." But Mr. Rational considered that marriage could be either a positive or negative influence on children. Not all parents and children were the

same, as if they were objects of equal length and breadth. They could not be generalized in this way.

“Husbands become faithful since they are bound by a legal promise,” was another answer he encountered. Mr. Rational thought a legal promise could exact penalties for transgressions, but could never make an individual voluntarily faithful. He believed a husband would only be truly faithful if he sincerely wished to be.

“Marriage is the foundation of society.” On the contrary, Mr. Rational believed morals, ethics, and values were the foundation of a society, and that a society could exist just fine without the man-made institution of marriage.

Others said marriage “teaches integrity, commitment, and morality.” Mr. Rational thought that was a stupid reason, since integrity, commitment, and morality should be individual values, rather than attributed to a collective institution like marriage.

“Marriage offers security,” still others argued. Mr. Rational hated that answer, because he believed banks, not marriage, provided security. Moreover, he believed security should never be the pursuit of a free individual.

Finally, others decreed that marriage was “a blessing from God.” Mr. Rational declared that he did not need blessings from someone who hides and speaks; he needed reasons.

“None of the quoted answers impress me either,” said Mr. Truth, lighting Mr. Philosopher’s cigar. “What happened to him next?”

Mr. Philosopher explained that over a period of time, the answers to Mr. Rational’s simple question became so complex and irrelevant that he gave up his full-time profession and his

family, and he began asking everyone he met the same question. He desperately wanted to learn the truth. But one thing he had learned from the various responses he’d gotten was that God was related to marriage in a big way.

“Marriage and God, really?” asked Mr. Truth.

“Yes.”

“Mr. Rational traveled from colder places to warmer places, from places where people had no money to places where everyone was wealthy,” said Mr. Philosopher. “He asked the question of saffron-painted beggars, junky-looking imams, and white-clothed priests. For years, he was naked, walking the world from one marketplace to another, asking the same question over and over again of everyone he met. Over a period of a few hundred years, everyone got to know the naked man and his famous question. No one had any respect for him, but everyone loved the sensation he gave them. People never tired of this naked man unceasingly asking such a puzzling question.”

“He must have become quite popular around the world, then,” said Mr. Truth.

“Yes. After a while, God started monitoring his popularity with the help of social media,” said Mr. Philosopher.

God loved being popular, and He could not allow for any competition, particularly from a naked, intelligent, sympathetic man like Mr. Rational. Finally, after waiting a few years, God called one of His assistant angels, who looked like any other human. God demanded that the angel bring Mr. Rational before Him so He could understand the naked man’s rationality.

“That was generous of God,” said Mr. Truth, while Mr. Philosopher picked up a few stones from the ground and lazily started dropping them.