

Sea of Strangers PDF Book by Lang Leav



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If I have learned anything this year, it's that I won't ever be ready for what life throws at me. I will never be adequately prepared. I won't have the right words when it counts for something. I won't know the right answer when fate itself is staring me down. I've learned I can go on waiting for something, sustained by hope and nothing more, or I can put it to one side and shrug my shoulders.



accept the fact that I am powerless to protect my heart, just as I am powerless to prevent love from stealing everything I have from me, and do so with bravery. To live my life in the most genuine way that I am capable of, I have realized that I need to stop saying "yes" when I don't really mean it. to give the tips of my fingers permission to brush against the darkness, so long as I don't

forget to keep my eyes focused on the light. And as one door opens, another one will close behind it.

I will move forward with the knowledge that, in contrast to so many other people, I have another year ahead of me. This gives me another opportunity to make it all the way around the sun, and it gives me the opportunity to get it right this time around. A lot of my time is taken up by what could be considered an excessive amount of reflection on events and experiences of the past. When we first got to know each other, I told you that one day I would marry a fisherman and make my home by the water.

Then, as we started to develop romantic feelings for one another, that offhand remark took on a deeper significance. On the other hand, you are always considering alternative scenarios and asking yourself "what if?" Spinning these wacky hypotheticals, which can be very upsetting at times and very funny at other times. Oftentimes, I find myself wondering if we are actually residing in one of them. On the other hand, I don't believe it's possible — not even for you — to conjure up something that's quite as perfect as this.

This is the primary distinction between us and them. You will always be looking for new territory to explore, while I will continue to mine the ground that we have covered to determine whether there is anything that is worth salvaging. On the other hand, there will be times when we switch roles—when you will be the one operating the metal detector and I will be the one in charge of steering the ship. So we'll always be okay. I am certain of it due to the fact that this very moment, here with you, fulfills every desire that I have ever had.

You are the one who fishes for me. Even after all of these years apart from you, I haven't found a way to make peace with this pain. It has taken me a long time to come to terms with it. I have no idea how to even start explaining this. They assured me that time would heal the wounds, but seeing you once more transports me back in time to the day before. And every day from then until now, I've been living off the lies I tell myself, despite the fact that the reality is that I can't let go and I haven't let go.

There is one thing about writing that you need to be aware of. Because you can't write authentically about something unless you've experienced it

firsthand, it will inevitably lead you to some pretty dark places. However, you must never forget that you are merely a tourist and you must continue to behave in that manner at all times. You were given the gift of words in order to give a voice to those who are suffering, and God has blessed you with this ability.

But despite how addictive sadness can be and how simple it is to get lost on the road to self-destruction, you shouldn't give yourself too much leeway to wallow in it. You have to come out of adversity scarred but victorious in order to tell your story and, in turn, illuminate the path for other people. How much time must pass before we can say for certain that our feelings for one another have changed? PDF Book Version of "Sea of Strangers"

How many summers and Septembers, distractions and chance meetings, remnants of our sad, hopeful love in another's look, a gesture that is all too familiar — how long do we continue to drag our aching bodies day after day through this yawning, yearning world, searching for a glimpse of what could have been? Tell me there has been someone else like me, for you.

that the manner in which I uttered your name into the hollow of your neck did not define the nature of the love you have felt for another person. Ask me if I have ever found the same kind of reverence anywhere else other than in your slow and patient hands, your sea-salted lips spilling laughter in the middle of your sentence, and my heart building up to a climax like a wave about to crash.

Look at you. You've done such a wonderful job of putting your life together. You put in a ton of work to get where you are, and as a result, you now have everything that you've ever desired. Why do you continue to focus on the one thing that has the potential to undo everything? My history has peeled off of me like layers of skin. I let them fall at my feet like discarded clothing. I make good on my debts and atone for the mistakes I made when I was younger.

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I walk barefoot and free into the light, leaving the darkness behind me. My spirit is singing, and I can hear it. I can literally feel my wings spreading out. And I hear my name being called by the sky. At the age of five, I questioned my mother on the topic of love. She grabbed me in both of her arms and

began to spin me around as her laughter echoed throughout the space. She compared love to a crimson balloon with a round opening.

There was a part of you that yearned to watch it soar into the vast, open sky, and there was a part of you that wanted to cling to it as tightly as possible.

When I was ten years old, I questioned my mother once more about love.

When she described love as being like a sleepy kitten that came to you without being asked, crawled into your lap, and made you the center of its world, she did so with a gentle smile playing across her lips. On the day that I turned twenty, I mustered up the courage to inquire of my mother for the very last time about love.

She held my young, hopeful face between the palms of her gentle hands as she tucked a lock of my hair behind my ear and did so. When she answered, "love is a dormant volcano," her eyes were red and raw with yearning as she waited for the right moment to speak. Did you find your ever after? Do you feel like you have a place in this world? Is there a lot of laughter in your world right now? Is there nothing that you crave or look forward to? Do you ever look behind you? PDF Book Version of "Sea of Strangers"

And are you curious about what you find? When the memories come back to haunt you, do you ever think of me in those moments? Do you believe that pretending that love isn't present can make it stronger or weaker? Do you ever, ever wonder what might have been if we had the courage to try something different? Are you content to let it continue for a while? Does the thought never enter your head? The world that we let slip through our hands is something that I frequently reflect upon.

You won't believe what I see from this vantage point, the years stretching out before you like a long and winding road. You won't believe what I see from this vantage point. I don't mean to frighten you, but there is a forest just ahead of where we are now. one that is so thick and dark that the sunlight cannot reach you for a considerable amount of time. In this protracted and dangerous night, you will find yourself wandering aimlessly, not knowing when the ordeal will finally come to an end.

Believe me when I say that the light will eventually find you again, and when it does, you won't be afraid of the night anymore. Take a moment to pause

and catch your breath. Soon, a jagged mountain will rise up in front of you, and its gradient will be so severe that it will make you want to retreat. Don't give up hope; gaining that initial foothold is almost always the most challenging part, and the more of that icy, rocky precipice you can conquer, the stronger you will become. Download the Sea of Strangers Book in PDF Format

Before you know it, the terrain will even out beneath you, and when you look back, you will see that you have accomplished something that you had previously considered to be impossible. Do you see that turn that's coming up just ahead? That is the location where love will find you and embrace you with arms that are so toasty that they will instantly make the cold disappear. After that, summer will last for a very extended period of time.

I dreamt about you once more the night before last. As they always have been, my dreams of you are on the periphery. An overheard conversation in which your name is mentioned; a letter in my hand that I am attempting to read as quickly as possible before I wake up. A Styrofoam coffee cup and a book that was only halfway read were left on the table where I knew you had been just a few minutes earlier.

It's almost as if my dreams are a reflection of my waking life; for example, I might find myself walking down the street where I thought I caught a glimpse of you, only to look again and realize that it wasn't you after all. It's almost as if my dreams are a mirror of my waking life. I look for you in the same way that I was instructed to look in both directions before crossing the street. tense and wary, bracing myself for something I am aware has the potential to destroy me. Download the Sea of Strangers Book in PDF Format

I loved you in a way that was the only love I'd ever known. Before I had the ability to restrain myself. I used to believe that when people loved, they did so with their eyes closed and their hearts wide open. Because of you, I now know to close my curtains and lock my doors when I go to bed at night. Be wary of strangers who have their arms tightly crossed and their eyes downcast. who want to reveal their deepest, darkest secrets to you like the ocean, but who will pull back once they sense that you are getting too close.

I long for you in the same way that a sleepy child cries out for their bed, or a bird that was so close to reaching the sun. I want you so badly that it hurts, just like when I think about flying. You are trespassing on holy ground, so kiss him if you must, but be respectful. Every place you could possibly go, I have already been there. And when you put your body next to his, you'll find the places I mapped out long before he even knew you were there. Also, when he calls your name, you should be aware that I am the one who erected those barriers.

You should have learned by now that it is impossible to build cities on top of other cities. You can kiss him if you want to, but keep in mind that you are a visitor in this country. I was his very first love, and I'll be the woman he leaves behind. Some people are constructed to be like the string of a kite; they are untethered and free, much like a bird soaring on the wind. Some people have a constitution that is similar to the brittle, hard rope that climbers use because it is strong, consistent, and unbreakable. Free Downloadable PDF
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And then there are those who are delicate and ethereal, much like the strings on a violin. strung taut and tight, on the verge of breaking. There is no other sound in the world that can compare to how beautiful or eerie their singing is. I am no longer in close proximity to you, and as a result, I have turned into a legend or a story that you tell yourself every night. I am the one and only genuine thing you have ever held in the palm of your hand. I am the master key that unlocks everything you have ever desired.

Your name appears on a crumpled envelope that is addressed to the past, and it gives me a smile. Unsent and unseen. On the inside, I wrote you a story about the moon, about how night after night the darkness chipped away at the delicate curve of her body until she was only a shadow of the woman she once was. There is a word that I try to avoid saying out loud because it causes me so much pain. I am unable to divorce myself from your recollection, much like a shadow that lingers after the light has been turned off.

However, there are some evenings when I look up at the sky, and the moon has been restored to its complete state. Spread your wings; now is the time to be daring; now is the time to dream; now is the time to reach for the stars. If you want it now, you can have everything you want; this is the moment you

will soar to new heights. Others will be able to see your grace, and their resentful hearts will cry out in spite; they will attempt to take the best parts of you in order to diminish the brilliance of your light. Free Downloadable PDF
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And as your fragile courage wanes, something nudges you in the ribs and says, "Wait!" Face them head-on and tell them, "Not today, I will not let you decide my future." You do not have as little strength as you believe you do because today is not the day that you will give in. Now is your chance to prove them wrong and show them how far you are willing to go if you believe in yourself.

Recently, I've found myself wishing that I had more time to devote to writing. that everything would come to a complete stop for just a second so that I could sit down and tap away in complete contentment. As I was in the past. Today, I observed two strangers sitting on a park bench next to each other with their fingers only a few centimeters apart from one another. Both were silent and looking forward without breaking their gaze, and neither appeared to be in a rush to leave.

While I was walking back to my house, I couldn't help but think about who they were and what their future held for them. Will they continue to be strangers or will they eventually become friends, or even lovers? After that, a thought crossed my mind. Life is providing me with a story at the same time that I am trying to find time to write, while at the same time my words are collecting dust in some kind of cosmic inventory.

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