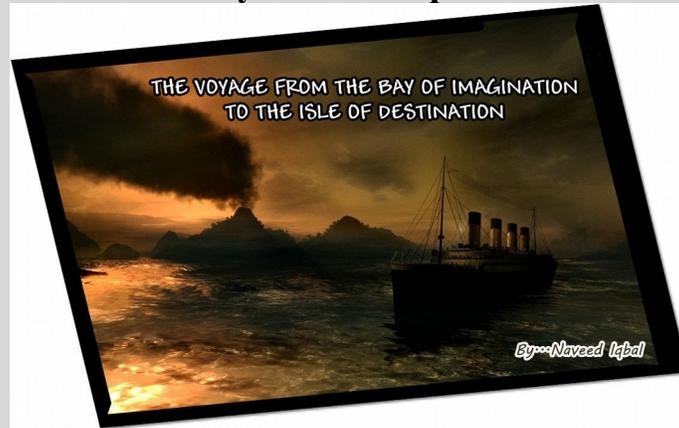


# THE VOYAGE FROM THE BAY OF IMAGINATION TO THE ISLE OF DESTINATION

By: Naveed Iqbal



Every so often..... the Titanic of Fate voyages us to mysterious destinations. Those lands never remained in the atlas of our notion, but once we disembark there, and have glimpse at even each and every minute creation, our passions turn fanatical with bewilderment upto the extremes of conjecture that each and every thing breathing in that anonymous strange terra firma existed in the isle of our desires, in the hamlet of our imaginings since ages .....

We had an enticing urge, desperate longing to be part of that, to own that, to make it part of our survival .....but our powers were feeble to be there, to turn our imagination into reality. Our imagination would have withered unnoticed like an aromatic rose in a garden in some isolated island, never been visited by someone....never feeling the feel of some gentle hand, nor making someone inebriated by its fragrance.....

It's the fate that directs us to the destination, but the complementation of toil is a must to pace on the highway towards that doom directed destination. If we take the pains of following those paths, if we dare to take those risks in the Titanic of Fate, only then we can get bliss from the dream destination of our imaginings..... and can link the two specks namely imagination and destination to become a part of that destined awe-inspiring Finca .....

**“There's much superior fervor in daring to pilot a Jet to hug the destined target, than to get dropped by a parachute to lick the dust of anonymous soil of fatalism.” (Naveed Iqbal)**