

The prize of winning is a golden cup. The cup of justice has been filled with the liquid of glory and splendour. It is earned by gifted men and women. Talented athletes, who move in their own ways. The blindfolded Lady of Justice still holds the scale. She looks like she is on the side of those, who choose the right path to follow. The air above her head is clear. Contours of white clouds sit against the blue sky. Somewhere from a distance, I hear the sound of roaring thunder. I see the striking lightning bolts. The ocean also rages and roams. A tidal wave could appear and destroy everything that was once created. Creation and destruction follow one after the other in natural chaotic pattern. Somewhere beyond them is the space of inertia and peace. This timeless space of wonders makes all good things possible to happen.