

Ciccina

PASSION OF TRIP IN SRI LANKA

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Passion of Trip in Sri Lanka
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Prologue



The Business Committee of a large multinational firm based in France organizes for its staff a holiday trip to Sri Lanka, formerly Ceylon. By that time, Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher and Francois Mitterrand are in power.

The author of this book takes advantage of a last-minute cancellation of a colleague and participates to the journey, accompanied by his wife.

From day one, he has a crush on a young woman in the group. From the first night, he discovers himself a poet within the scope of this new passion of an intensity he had never known.

Not to spoil the holidays of the young woman, he decides not to tell her right away his feelings. The presence of his wife at his side requires it to adopt a special tactic to avoid detection. It will therefore be “foraging all the flowers while pollen from only one interests him”.

His passion will allow him to live this journey into extraordinary wakefulness with heightened sensitivity. He tells us, at first-person singular, everything he sees, what he feels with extraordinary acuity. The slightest fact resonates in him in such a way that his story takes the reader

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to bottom of this wonderful island that is Ceylon and of the thoughts of its author.

At the turn of the story, it sometimes emerges from the context to give a very personal opinion on topics such as Paradise, the Relationship between Men and Women, and many others.

All this without any complacency and with much humor.

This book can be considered in two very different ways: either it is the story of a trip to the tropics with the birth of a boundless passion, or is a declaration of love in the context of a wonderful trip to Asia.

Book that must be read and recommend to your friends.

1

The Beginning of Paradise



Coming from the West, one discovers Ceylon at the last moment. The first impression: it's nice and we see only coconuts everywhere. We really believe landing in the middle of the tropical trees that are associated with so many dreams. Compared to Roissy potato fields, the change is not unpleasant.

The aircraft door opens directly onto the track and it looks like we've poured molten lead over the shoulders, as soon as you are going down the stairs. It is an absolutely sweltering, unbearable after yesterday frosts. We immediately understand the benefit of "après-ski".

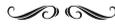


Upon leaving the airport, kids all smiles greet us by putting us flowers around his neck. Obviously, they do not do this for our beautiful eyes and they must be given a bit of money. They are ready to accept any currency.

Some are incredibly beautiful, and very dark skin with very fine features. Their faces are expressive, their eyes sparkle with mischief and their smile

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is simply irresistible. But with the advanced state of decay in which the group is in, we do not have the leisure to enjoy everything at its fair value. Our first bus is waiting for us and we must go again. We were told then that there was still an hour away before arriving to the hotel. This becomes a hassle, especially as we will need, in fact, more than ninety minutes. And guess what will happen at the hotel: a meal will be served to us at four o'clock in the afternoon. This is great, I was just a bit hungry!



Fatigue begins to accumulate as we left home for about the past twenty hours ago. I did not sleep a wink this night, and if I closed one, I cannot tell which one. Despite this, we must say that we did not come here for fun, you should take advantage of good things as they do not last, as would say my mother in law.

Very quickly after the first hundred meters, the show keeps us from thinking about something else.

Oh, you wanted to be disoriented, my boy, you are going to be. Coconut glimpses of top landing, O divine surprise, they are also available below.

Oh, you wanted to see coconut trees, my boy, you will see them.

The change is immediately total. People smile and make signs on our way. It is almost like on the Champs-Élysées when trying to smile at a woman in the crossing.

Have you ever noticed the bright smile full of promises that gives you a parisian woman if you cross her smiling. It is worth trying it. Especially if your morale is shaky, the result is guaranteed. This is the sleep cure

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assured. The mask! This is a mask that looks far from those used in Rio. Here is an icy wind that gets you down in the veins. Foreigners like Paris, as it seems. It's certainly not for its inhabitants.

What welcome can offer those animal lovers! Just take the subway to realize the phenomenon.

I even remember a time when there was an accidental stop between two stations. This lasted only a few minutes. What do you think happened then? Immediately, everyone started talking, grumbling against the disastrous conditions of transport, to laugh, to smile even No, my good lady, you are not there at all. It happened an incredible thing: a sepulchral silence was installed in the wagon. Not a word lower than the other one, nothing. That is, my dear lady, the reaction of Paris to an event that takes a tad out of the ordinary. And you think we have to deal with a rich country. For me, it is rather the trend toward the deepest underdevelopment.

When a nation has become so withdrawn himself that he is no longer capable of generating any joy from simple public events, it means that his life is on the lam. I would prefer to be less educated but be able to laugh or smile with only wonder of living, breathing, seeing the sun, the rain. Of all that is the source of that life which is so dear to me. And this all as one day, already distant, and under the influence of any drug administered by medicine, I decided to stop everything ... Fatal error.

This is life we want, not the slow death as shown in Paris.



The road here is particularly bumpy. The car moves at an incredibly slow speed. One would almost want to push it down.

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We understand quickly why the driver does not further push his vehicle. Here we find the original sense of word “way”. People use the way to get around on foot, by bike, by car, by bus and there are many. Cows are not sacred as in India, but just met, they can stay without problems in the middle of the road.

So if you got money enough to pay you a Ferrari, it is useless to take her over Sri Lanka. A good bicycle would do the trick.

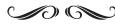
The advantage of this bustling traffic, is that we have time to admire the scenery. We are not disappointed. We cross for a while now the suburbs of the capital Colombo. Under the coconut trees which form the basis of the vegetation in the region, low houses enjoy the shade. They are often beautiful and make you want to live there.

What also strikes immediately is the abundance of flowers of all kinds. Frangipani that gives these white flowers with so delicate perfumes we still have around our neck. I recognize bougainvillea with lots of shades of colors ranging from yellow to purple through pink. These flowers emit a very bright light. One has the impression that they could remain bright even at night.

Our misty eyes begin to fill with new images. What is surprising is the appearance of people themselves. Women in saris of every color, although not pretending being rich, are magnificent. Even when they are not pretty, they are still beautiful. They are all very small, but they are built like dolls. Their head port gives them a kind of dignity which is contradicted by the smiling expression on their faces.

They are going, in general, barefoot despite the state of the road. Men are often dressed in a sarong. It is a simple rectangular tissue passed around the waist. They just make a knot at the front to make it fit. Thereafter, I noticed they do not stop doing and undoing this knot. I guess it is more for fun or by reflex than by sheer necessity.

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Apart from a delay of an hour at Paris Airport, the fear for some chronically anxious to miss the match in Amsterdam, everything goes well. We travel by KLM to go. Albert warns us if the service is ok, it is nothing compared to the return provided by Singapore Airlines, best company in the world, according to him. You'll see what you'll see, let he heard.

In Amsterdam, miracle of organization "albertesque", group members are scattered in the 747. This is not done to create the unity of the said-group. A few of us are completely isolated, including a lovely young girl who is all alone in front of the plane, at about a mile from the nearest of us. Albert stammers explanations as clear as his eyes. But as the plane is full as an ostrich egg just laid, we will have to wait till stop at Dubai airport, if there are more people who go down than people who go in if we want to put ourselves in a more compact manner.

From there one, a new ritual takes place:

- You drink,
- You eat,
- You watch the film,
- You listen to music in your personal seat-man,
- You try to sleep,
- Just when you arrive there, you are awakened by a very pleasant voice that tells you that you are hungry, no doubt,
- How about a coffee or a tea,
- It's time for breakfast,
- Stop,
- How about a cold meal?
- You make a good aperitif,
- Gosh, but it's lunch time.

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All this is offered by a staff quite charming and, as we have nothing else to do, most of the time we agree to consume.

This is the slimming diet warranted. After this high calorie diet, you do not want to see any food for three days. And it is at this very moment that you lose weight.

It was enough to think about. From here, I can just see the slogan:

IF YOU WANT TO LOSE WEIGHT TAKE A LONG DISTANCE
PLANE

At first, you take three pounds, but the following days, you lost six. And let's go for three less! Guaranteed result.



On the plane, just behind us, three young women from our group have the opportunity to travel together. One of them has big and beautiful gray eyes and is all the time laughing, especially if I throw a few bad jokes. And in this case, if I have a receptive audience, I cannot help but to drop a few.

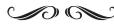
This is usually a sign that I 'm not too unhappy about the passing moment.

Beside her stands a young girl who, according to her, has traveled all over this world, has seen it all and is ready to advise anyone who will listen to her. And believe me, she does not need to turn her tongue into her mouth more than a quarter times before ether does fills with her comments.

The third stands near the window. She is obviously younger than the

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other two. A brown horse tail adorns her shoulders, her eyes are large and a bit naive, she wears almost constantly, a smirk rather shy smile which makes, from the outset, her very friendly. When we hear her, it is a small voice that surprises with a slight foreign accent, no one can say exactly what country she comes from. It feels great kindness pierce through her smile. A few hours later, I learn that her name is Josepha. The first mistake is to believe that she is italian. Above all, do not try to understand anything: Josepha speaks fluent French, she works in English, but, despite her italian name, she is actually German... And yet, she is going to Sri Lanka.



So, at this stage of the competition, I have a solemn statement to make. You are asked to do a bit of silence ... O...K, thank you:

- Miss, Madam, Mister I am pleased to announce that, after years of patient toil and of constant uncertainty, this time, that's it: the European Economic Community exists. The young girl present here, is representing the living incarnation on her own.
- Josepha, please stands up and take a few steps.

ECE stands and more, it is walking!

I ask you to applaud...

I do not describe you the crackle of applauses, it looks like a red light district of Beirut a nice quiet Sunday.

At this point, I had not yet understood that Josepha was to Europe what Marianne is to France. Let's say that her smiling presence was extremely nice to me. It was enough for me to turn to the right and to the back to see her smile.

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A woman who laughs at my left, another one who is smiling to my right and the third one holding the wand in between.

What people would ask more? There is not anything to complain about.

You will recall that at the front of the plane, another girl should have been with the previous three. Our benevolent Albert had decided otherwise. With the help of scientific calculations that enabled him to assign seats, in my opinion, he must have used a program to automatically generate random numbers. It is not possible otherwise.

This girl randomly isolated, amazingly, does not seem to suffer the least of the situation. Once or twice, during jogging sessions, I had the opportunity to take her side. Once even on returning to the plane after the Dubai stop, I asked her to come near us where a place had been released.

- No, thank you, it's very nice, but I will stay here. The journey will not be so long now.

The look and the smile of this young woman have got something extremely sweet, although only glimpsed and make you want to know more. I do not know it yet, but I just passed by Christel... She is tall and thin and her very long neck gives her a, I do not know what, haughty, perhaps. She is very slender and moves with a sort of release which suggests that she is an accomplished sportswoman.

For now, she prefers contemplation, all relative, while on the middle of four hundred others. Let her there meditate in peace.

Anyway, for the width of roads drawn in the plane, if we stop over a quarter of a second, the mass of pursuers soon catch up and accumulates quickly. The pressure from the back of the pack is such that it becomes necessary to decide continuing our march towards the future. What I do.

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During this journey from the airport to the hotel, we met our guide cinghalese, since he is like this that are called the inhabitants of Ceylon. He is a little man wearing a beard, and I cannot blame him in any case. Like its congeners he is small, but significantly less tanned than them. His family had to receive from numerous invaders of the island a few external inputs through the centuries from left to right: Arabs, Portuguese, Dutch and English. The French who had understood everything, have just had to come and buy one or two sapphires and drink a cup of tea.

Our guide called Liman is also very smiling. Although a little shy, it proves to be of a great culture and his conversation full of finesse personally delighted me in many ways. Given the cosmopolitan group that is opposed to him, Liman must speak several languages. In general, he will speak in French and then translated into English. If necessary, he will speak privately in German.

This is pretty impressive for someone who was raised as far away from

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Europe. But if you do not want to be desperately poor in such countries, knowledge of several languages is undoubtedly a “must”.

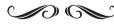
From start, Liman will struggle against a disability severe enough. The bus, although equipped with air conditioning, is also equipped with a microphone. It allows you to hear from all the seats of the vehicle. It is not the volume that is involved, but the sheer quality of what comes out of the speakers. I wonder, although Liman is generally expressed in French, if the electronic system of this last generation of this bus is not trying to make simultaneous translations in English and German!

In any case, it is necessary for the auditor to sort what is proving to be a very exhausting exercise.

Despite these easy conditions, we will still learn a lot of exciting things about the country.

We are going to love it, adore it, fall in love with.

Yes, Sri Lanka, in many ways, looks like a paradise.



A question arises, however. Should we really dream in paradise? This is a question that is good!

Imagine for a moment that we are there: We have got all women, all men, all jewelry, all the flowers, the music, the food, everything we want. It's great.

You think it's wonderful. Well, I tell you, on the contrary, it would be the most complete ordeal. Have you noticed what is missing in your paradise, the essential: there is no more desire! Of course, you have everything, nothing more is to be desired.

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No, paradise will never be my goal.

What keeps us in suspense throughout our lives, what motivates us? Why do you think I am writing these lines? This is because the hope and the desire guide me. Because my current situation does not satisfy me completely and my desire is to improve it.

It is having the worst problems that you better enjoy the day their quantity decreases. What happens then? You're smiling, you're happy because you have overcome chance, because you managed to give a little well adjusted kick to the damn stone that blocked your way. You are making progress, you are going somewhere, even if you do not always know exactly where.

In Paradise, where can you kindly go? You're there already.

What immortal boredom!

Then you, I see pensive in third rank, not you, him on your right. That's it. Well, you are going to make me for Monday an essay on the following topic:

We will all go to paradise, for what?