



ROCK MY
WEDDING

Captain Corelli's Mandolin

Louis de Bernières

Love is a temporary madness, it erupts like volcanoes and then subsides.

And when it subsides you have to make a decision.

You have to work out whether your root was so entwined together that it is
inconceivable that you should ever part.

Because this is what love is.

Love is not breathlessness, it is not excitement, it is not the promulgation of
promises of eternal passion.

That is just being in love, which any fool can do.

Love itself is what is left over when being in love has burned away, and this is both
an art and a fortunate accident.

Those that truly love have roots that grow towards each other underground, and
when all the pretty blossoms have fallen from their branches, they find that they
are one tree and not two.