I have long dreamt of time travelling. Things such as the time machine in the popular Japanese manga, Ding Dong or Doreamon, amuse me deeply. However, in *The Time Traveller's Wife* by Audrey Niffenegger, this 'dream' seems to be more of a trouble than a blessing.

The extraordinarily terrific romance of Clare & Henry began when Clare was 6 and Henry 36. Surprised? The fact was it's Henry who time-travelled over 20 years backward and met his future wife---as a child. This was how Clare came to love him first and only man of her life. Their path to happily-ever-after wasn't easy at all, though. Say, how would you feel if you and your lover were hugging and kissing and doing all sorts of things together when suddenly you evaporated backward or forward in time, leaving nothing but clothes and frustration behind? Depressing, isn't it? Facing such force that they could neither evade nor overcome, Clare and Henry struggled to lead normal lives where they believed firmly that given the maximum determination, they could. In the end, they learnt precious lessons of love and loss---lessons that many fail to understand.

The most impressive plot occurs after Henry's death. As Henry could both travel backward or forward in time, he sometimes still appeared beside Clare as his younger self. When Clare turned eighty-two and was walking the last few steps of her life, Henry came and walked with her. I found this particularly moving and it struck me that actually time is not flowing. Time is eternal, and so is love itself. Of course men grow old and die, but they still live in the past, in memories of the old days. What's more, the message, ‘past is past’, is brought out throughout the book, indicating that although we cannot change the past, we can definitely shape the present and the future, which is, in fact, far more important.

Cherish the present and never let yourself regret.