

From the author of bestselling novel 'GOLDEN ANGEL & THE DARKNESS OF MIDNIGHT'

# For Your Beautiful Dreams



Satyapal Chandra & Nazia Tasneem

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*Satyapal Chandra & Nazia Jasneem*

*... I Love you Rachu ...*

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**For your Beautiful Dreams**

By - *Satyapal Chandra & Nazia Tasneem*

*... I Love you Rachu ...*

*Dear Frnds pls spread this msg until its reach to my rachu*

*I think see knows my name*

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# ***Dedication***

*To everyone who believes, friendship is the  
most precious treasure in this world.*

# *Acknowledgement*

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Last but not the least in a novel drawing, I would remiss if I didn't acknowledge my self-confidence.



*You are the angel of my imagination.  
You are my love and my destination.*

*When I saw you for the first time,  
My lonely heart filled with love rhyme.*

*You are the one for whom I was searching since long,  
You came secretly like a love song.*

*You are a ray of hope,  
You taught me the way to cope.*

*You are so soft and supple,  
I promise I will never let you crumple.*

*You are just like a fire,  
My first love and last desire.*

*You chased the darkness of my heart,  
I promise we will never apart.*

*You are the one and only one for me,  
To whom I adore and I do not want anything more.*

# Prologue

I read the poem, which she has written couple of weeks ago for me. I tried to understand the feeling of words and how delicate our love was for each other. Its only been seven days when I didn't communicate to her and I am feeling as its been a year. I hate seeing her presence anywhere in college after realizing the fact that she didn't love me at all. She was just making fun of me, but somewhere, in the corner of my heart, I am still not ready to think bad at all of her. I avoided going college as her presence in surroundings made me frantic as she never knew how much I was crazy of her.

I didn't know even she loved anyone else? If yes then why she didn't tell me ever? Was she really want to play with my emotions? I don't know. My red and swollen eyes don't deserve these tears. She is not the one, now in my life, where I can get a shoulder to lean on.

She wasn't here with me. She never loved me, everything was fake. She made me fool. She treated me like a pathetic creature and I was the one who was always there for her. I'm the one who cares of her more than anything in this world but she didn't care of my feelings. Why do I need to feel this way for her? These where the things I wanted to ask but can not.

I asked her about it and she didn't reply. She tried making fun of me in presence of my friends. My heart started to break apart. I don't think I could get her love.

I musn't cry; letting her get away might be the only way that could help me to rearrange my shattered courage. Finally I came at a definite point of my life. One more time I visualized her angelic face and made the decision.

I must let you go.

I must let you go for your happiness.

I must let you go for your best.

I must let you go to find your better way.

I must let you go so you could get rid of me.

I must let you go to find the better match for yourself who will love and care of you more that I do.

I must let you go, because I know I never had a place in your heart, which I had always been expecting.

And I must let you go becasue I love you and wish you all the best, no matter where



ever you would be, without telling, how much I love you and without you, how I will be shattered.

Finally I wiped my tears and came on the roof. Under the naked sky, vibrant moon was laughing at me. I became one of the biggest loser, who lost everything. But I was satisfied because, after going away her to me, at least she would be always happy. Whatever happened, I am still grateful to her because she was the one with whom I fell in love. She is not with me and she will never turn up I know but I still love her and will continue to love her. She has gone, not her love.....I thought.

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# Chapter-1

Time, I think, doesn't matter but it is exactly 2:10 am, and here in Delhi cold is much enough sickening my bones. Everywhere, there are clouds of fog. According to the announcement of meteorological department, temperature is expected to fall down below two tonight, that would be one of the most coldest night of this city. But when I think about you I never feel shivering at all. When I remember you I feel you are here, very close to me, holding my hand, talking to me, smiling at my witticism, giggling a lot on my stupid jokes or those all illogical shits that once a time used to make you very happy. For an instance when I get a reflection of your vivacious face, I feel a kind of freshness in surroundings. I take a huge breath, inhale enough quantity of possibly fresh air of this early morning.

Here I am working on my laptop; lot of project works are needed to be done. You know, I have to manage all of my two hundred forty five employees who are working day and night for me. Sometimes I feel this is a boring job and I don't like it at all doing because you will never come again in my life to compliment me for this. There was a time, when you used to wish me for my better luck and I knew everything used to be in my favor but today when you are not with me, in fact you are not a part of this living world. I felt as there is no any motivational factor working for me. I am doing it just because I have to manage a life and move ahead. I am in a race of stiff competition in market and I am working very hard so that I could establish my unique image among all those competitors of same field and interests. But still my eyes are hanging on your gorgeous picture which, I set as wallpaper of my laptop.

I look at your image and smile. A smile, full of self satisfaction to enlighten my soul. My fingers are running very fast on keyboard. I don't feel at all sleepy. There is no use of trying to sleep. As after completing my work I want to talk to you. I know you are not in this world but for me you always exist. You reside in my body, mind, heart and soul and whenever I need you I just close my eyes and you appear in front of me with having same miserable and very innocent face.

All lights are off and room is completely dark. The only light in the room is the screen light of laptop, reflecting on my face and I am working very hard, evaluating all the details which have been provided by my colleagues as I know I have to be the best in this industry. There is nothing now in my life remains except this work but your inspiration is always with me to move ahead on the lonely path of my life. Whenever I glare at the way, in which I am moving on, it seems craggy with lots of path holes as there is nothing remains in my life on which I could feel proud. For me the time is surrounded with sadness and I feel desolation everywhere. Each moment, there is restlessness in my body. I realize, how alone I am in this world. There is really no one to care of me. If I talk about the reality, then there is nothing like that. I have a strong team of two hundred forty five professionals and they care me a lot but to be very honest, no one is like you. Lots of girls, impressed by my passion, business, success and probably

wealth also, always try to develop a relationship with me on personal ground, but I can't manage this type of relationship with anyone out of them. I really don't want to offer your place to anyone in my heart. I don't care if I will always be alone or never establish a family. No matter, I don't want to have any family. I don't want to get marry with anyone. I don't want to say angel to anyone except you. I really don't think, anyone can make me happy the way you used to make me or anyone can give me the same feeling which I got when I used to be so close to you. I am sure; no one can give me the same feeling and affection. I can't find any pair of eyes, where I could see the reflection of myself every moment. I can't find a very soft heart in anyone which would be same like yours.

I know it's a kind of insanity to love you because everyone knows you are not in this world and there is heavy pressure from my family and well-wishers also to find a perfect match for me. But I always give them a kindda lame excuse and divert their attention. I usually ponder about their proposals. Wouldn't I feel like a whore, if I think for another girl after knowing the fact that I still love you a lot? What does it make sense to me that you are with me or not exist in this real and materialistic world? But you are always with me in the world where only two creatures exist for each other's and I know this world is so beautiful than the world where I am living.

In every moment I can feel your presence in surroundings and see your beautiful face. I always find wind is ruffling your hair and a strand of your long hair is falling on your beautiful cheek and you are keeping it aside by the tip of your finger and in the same moment you are smiling and staring at my face. This is the moment of pure eternal solace to me.

I look at the watch, it reads 3.21 AM. Looking at watch makes me irritating because it always appears just like a command which almost order me to finish my work within stipulated time, as it is trying to order my life, settling me down in a fix routine. It reminds me of my professional life and how busy I am at every moment. Yes, I am always be damn busy, working hard on different projects, handling different international clients, monitoring the progress of my company, and studying the market everyday carefully so that I could prepare a perfect strategy to become the best in market. And I am also very punctual at my work but whenever I look at watch it sucks me because I am not a person, looking my destiny entrap between the needles of watch. That's why I hate it and never bought a wrist watch.

I have a huge breath and for an instance I stop my fingers pressing on the keyboard and stand. I stretch my arms wider and look out through the window. The darkness of another side is utterly pitched like there is nothing in this world except the kingdom of blackness. I try to look into the darkness remembering the dark part of my life. I feel as this darkness is the reflection of my heart and my life is same like it nothing except blank.

## Chapter-2

It must be four in morning now, I guess, avoiding my gaze at watch. I shut down my laptop and try to rest my head on the bed which consists of three foam mattress and two heavy pillows. But sleep hardly overtakes me. It's general schedule of my life. I prefer myself engaged in different work and I know this is the only way now left with me to manage a very satisfactory and happy life.

For time pass I switch on the television but another fraction of second, I turn it off because there is nothing new on the screen except few crap political news and some skinny programs, which are showing the hot and seducing cleavages of foreign babes with different angles, resolutions and poses.

City seems like it comes in life again. It's always been told that Delhi never sleeps but yeah, in between twelve to three, we could hardly hear the irritating honks of cars but in the early morning of four now, vehicles again start honking and the traffic of Delhi comes in life again. I don't think so that people are aware of the poster of Delhi Traffic police requesting everyone not to honk in order to avoid sound pollution but this city is not so caring in such matters.

I sit on the bed. I feel drained drunk without taking a swing of whisky or a sip of black wine. For an instance I feel, a heavy stupor is clouding in my mind and little dizzy. But within an instance a beautiful face appears in my mind and I sit down as I really don't want to surrender myself to bed. I feel my muscles aching a lot due to hectic schedule of day and irritating work of night but now everything is fine. Little physical pain meant nothing to me.

One more time her face reappear in my mind and I go to the drawer where her diary is kept that she used to write for me. The cover of diary consists the picture of two red roses with a couple holding hands of each other. In one hand she mentioned her name and in another she mentioned mine with the sign of smile. To be very frank of mine, it is a miserable way for me to drift into the shroud of very pleasant dreams.

The reel of my life again rewinds back to the days when she was so close to me. There was happiness in every moment. We were so perfect to each others. She had everything what I sought in her. She had my heart and I had herself. She was my ultimate destiny and I was for her. Life was so miraculous that we were enjoying of every moment it in the way no one can think. Life was beautiful and we were soaring in the heaven. She was the strangest blessing that came in my life, the strangest blessing that brought out the best of me.

I take the diary and kiss its cover and then very sincerely turn its pages. Every page gives me the fresh fragrance of rose. Finally my eyes stick at one of it and I start reading a page randomly. It was dated April 23, 2005.

*Dearest Ravi*

*Hope you are having your best time and I know you would have been. Here I am getting bore in my dark room that's why I thought to communicate with you. You know when I write this diary I feel as you are here, sitting in front of me and making me laugh with all of your stupid jokes.*

*Whatever I say to you shows the depth of your love in my heart. I may be lacking in choosing the right words. My dictionary seems short to explain these feelings. I am not an extraordinary writer so I can't compare you with moon, sea, wind, star, angel, miracle or anything. But I think there is no need to compare you with any of them. You are just amazing. You are the person who makes me always happy in these days also when I really don't know how long I will be here in this world. One more time I am remembering all those beautiful moments which we spend together.*

*Ravi, do you remember the first time when we met? You were just walking on the lawn of college, when I was passing through you, for the first time we looked at each other. Your gaze were following me and I was getting blushed and casted my eyes downward. What a beautiful moment it was. I always feel you are still standing on the lawn, glaring at me and smiling. One more time you looked at my face and asked about my department. I said Metallurgy, my voice was feebling. You again complimented me saying good in a very affectionate way.*

*And this short meeting became one of our life long memories. I must say I became passionate of you. Your gentle behavior, caring and way of talking touched my soul and we started loving each other.*

*I love having nice chat with you. I love the way you used to bunk your class for me. I love the way you tell to the canteen owner to prepare a cup of special ginger tea for me after all you never take tea. I love the way when you used to pluck apples in an orchard of Shimla, just for my happiness. I love you when you fight with me for my stupid behavior. I love you when you used to get angry with me and then suddenly melt down and gave lots of compliment to me.*

*In fact you have hypnotised me. Every moment I used to think about you. Every time, I went with you to have a memorable walk on the street of city without caring what my warden would think. I had not been even nervous for my exams because I knew you were with me, the most precious treasure of my life.*

*Each day we felt as we were the happiest persons of this universe. I love holding your hand and take a long walk in the park when it covered with fog and snow. I loved those stupid dresses you used to wear and which didn't suit on you. I love when you didn't shave you face and your beard and moustaches appeared like grass on your face. Do you remember how you got irritated when you lost the dress which you had purchased for me to gift as my birthday present? You couldn't give me the first*

*surprise and you always regretted of it. You were crazy of me. You again went in the shop at two in the night and after arguing a lot with shopkeeper you again bought a new dress for me and came in my hostel in the early morning of three to handover me those dresses through my window and I was angry with you seeing in girls hostel, because I was scared to get caught by warden. But how simply you convinced him by handing him a hundred rupee note. That entire day I thought about you, your love, caring and affection. To be very frank Ravi I didn't want any gift or surprise from you. Why would I need a gift when I had you for me?*

*There is a long series of memory Ravi. Every moment, which I spent with you seems like I had spend all times in heaven. I really don't know, will I able to see you again or not? I really don't know, do you remember me the way I use to or not? But I am nothing without you. There is only loneliness around me now and the only best thing that I have is your memory. Perhaps! My destiny deserves this.*

*Wish you for your grand success in your life.*

*Miss you a lot.*

*Your love*

*Priya*

Now I feel as she is in front of me telling these words and a thick stream of tears starts to roll on my cheeks. No matter how hard I try to be firm or showing that I am a grown adult and mature but whenever I think about her I start crying like a little kid. I feel as life has cheated me. What wrong I did? Why it has snatched her away from me forever? Why it didn't create any miracle so she could be healed and cured?

Suddenly I feel a vibration of pain rising in my body. Every time, I choose to reflect back on the sad moments of my life. I'm haunted by those sad moments that still have a profound effect on me. I always feel as I am being thrown inside a valley and everywhere there is nothing except loneliness and no one is coming to hold my hand and take me away from here. No doubt, I'm not alone in this world. I have friends and well wishers across the globe but without her there is nothing to me in this world. No any physical thing can create the same feeling, which once upon a time, used to rise in me when we were so close to each others. For me she was the girl of any fairytale.



## Chapter-3

*A tear rolls down my cheek  
As my fears let life pass me by  
At times I feel so meek  
It is too often that I cry.*

Some time we lose someone without whom we become incomplete and we find an empty space in our life but couldn't get anything that could cover it because it's always irreparable. We move ahead after facing the harsh train of reality that the person whom we love is no more in this world but it really become impossible for us to precede a step without the caring, suggestion and affection of them. Lots of people lost their loving one at some point in their life. And slowly by slowly through duration of time their memories vanish but to me situation is quite different. There is not a single moment happens in my life when I don't miss her. Whenever I think about her sacrifice and the way she bears all the pain without informing me, because she didn't want to make me distract of my study because of herself. I feel restlessness in my body. Because I didn't offer her the things that she deserve.

I start hating myself. What could I do for her; I did nothing except shouting and hurt her. Whenever I think about those moments, the sad memory of her confronts me.

But the next moment really drove me out of those sad feelings after realizing the fact that she has managed a life full of self contentment. It is painful to recall me those moments because it makes me sadden to know that they have come to an end.

I again close my eyes, remembering her magnificent face and there is kind of sadness reflect on my face. Today although I choose not to remember those sad moments of her death.

By mistakenly my eyes stick at the watch and one more time I curse it. It's already been six in morning. Sun has finally come out after two days of gloomy rain. The melancholy lingers. My heart is weighed down as pessimistic thoughts, swarm like bees in my head. I have to go my office to finish lots of work. My future is full of both certainty and uncertainty. While trying to look forward to more peaceful time. I'm aware of what must come first.

I am about to close the diary, suddenly my eyes hang at another page and finally I decide to read it so I could deepen into the deep chasm of her wonderful memory. Where she would always be my angel, princess, and life. I always ask to my destiny that why it is so cruel to me because it parted us. It parted the two souls which were destined to be always together. My eyes hang at her beautiful hand writing which she had been written by pink pen. It was dated 26th May, 2005.

*Dearest Ravi*

*Though we have been apart these days and I know you are not going to contact me ever because I have hurt you the most. I know you think that I am the most depressing girl of this world who has broken your heart. But I know I am not that bad the way you use to think of me. I hurt you because I really didn't want to distract you because of me. I always knew that the last day of my life is so close but you have to live a very wonderful and glorious life. I really didn't want to be path holes on your way.*

*I don't know Ravi, what wrong is happening to me. I am not feeling well at all. My head is aching a lot. There is numerous pain in my scalp just like someone pressed a hot rod inside it. It is very early morning but I am feeling everything dark around me. My memory has become so weak. I am not able to remember things properly. Every moment I want to sleep and sometime I vomit also a lot. My eyes' vision has become feeble. This pain is gradually increasing day by day. I am just silently crying because I know no one can heal me now. It's been too late. Doctor is not able to say anything perfectly but I am sure about my destiny.*

*The room is so dark and I am only thinking of you. I have always been hoping that I would be able to see you again for an instance and life will fulfill this little wish and you will again cuddle me in your very protective arms. This hope makes me comfortable and gives me a kind of new surge to wait for the future.*

*As time passes, it seems as you are drifting further and further away from me and I feel my wish to see ourselves together for the last time will vanish soon. I don't know how should I say you the feeling of my heart that I didn't want to hurt you. I just want to make you happy always but I am helpless. I really don't want to go out of this world with having a cruse that I have hurt you a lot. I want to amend those all mistakes and give you the justifying reason why I was so rude to you and I know you will proud on me after knowing it. But I know this is not going to happen again. You will never come back in my life for me. After all I am pretending that you will come and I will confess everything to you. Perhaps only for an instance I could see you again.*

*I am scared of my life Ravi; I really don't want to go anywhere. I want to spend my entire life into your heavenly lap but my sixth sense has warned me that my last time has come so close. I really don't want to say you good bye ever but I have to say because I am helpless. My destiny is not favoring me.*

*Your entry into my life gave a new direction to me. Every moment I felt I was the luckiest girl of this world. Every moment there was an eagerness to spend more time with you and have a very close look.*

*I must acknowledge that I couldn't ever feel so peaceful and protective except the moment when we were together. Every moment was just like a beautiful dream. I am a great fond of your passionate glance at me, your way of talking and placating me,*

*your gentle touch on my wrist and cheeks and most important your deep and amazing kisses.*

*You will always reside in my heart and I will cherish your memory, no matter I will be in this world or not. Please try to understand my helplessness and forgive me for those all stupid things that created distance between us. Because I didn't have any way to make you distract away from me.*

*With lot of love and pot of sweet kisses.*

*Yours forever*

*Priya*

I close the diary and tears roll down with more speed. Every word reminds me the mistake that how far I was when she needed me the most in this world. I was not with her when she was in numerous pain, when doctors were taking different tests and she was struggling dude to never ending extreme headache. I feel as I was the biggest moron, who couldn't understand her girlfriend. I couldn't understand the reason behind the rudeness of a girl who was so close to my heart.

People say when you truly love someone you can know the feeling of his or her heart but in case of mine, I was failure. I was failure to guess that why she was behaving so rude to me. I was failure to understand that how deeply she really cared of me. Love never gives up on us and it will always stay deep within our hearts, waiting to cherish its fullest blast, and poured out into this world with all the warmth and passion that it can offer. It is the feeling that infuses within us and we need it as we need the air we breathe. Love is meaning to existence and this is the only way we can get through our days with a happy smile and a very sweet and soothing dream when we lie down. Sometimes, we just don't appreciate those people who really care for us until they leave us or until we lose them. Then, it would be too late for regrets. And then we realize that how precious diamond they were for us. No matter people will not be good looking or talented or stunning. External beauty doesn't matter; it's the inner one that counts. It's better to tell someone how much you love them rather than not to tell them and lose them. Love is when we fight till the very last minute just to show and tell someone how much we love them to live life without regrets.

## Chapter-4

If there is one thing in my life that I would cherish the most. It's probably the day I met you. Yes girl, I have achieved grand success in my professional life, getting many accolades and awards but the day when I had your first glimpse will never fade in my memory. In a wonderful phase of my life you bring into me my sweetest smile and another crucial phase of my life my most painful tears. I got the deepest love for you and it causes me so much pain, knowing you are no more with me because you are not part of this living world and I also regrets for those all stupid things just because I went so far from you without knowing the reality that I didn't have any right to see my destiny separate from your life. You just don't know how a single word from you delighted my days and still I am savoring those all moments and try to make myself happy. It was a time, when I experienced how to be truly happy, even without reason at all. I learned to offer everything without expecting any return. I am happy from your joys, and I am sad of your pains. Your memory is the most valuable treasure of my life and you still reside in my heart the same way you used to five years ago. After meeting you, within very short span of time, I learned that love can't be measured by length of time or moments we shared because deep down in my heart I know there will always be a place for you.

Today I am quite alone in this world even after having a crowd of many people. I don't think that there is any bliss in this world remains to me after you depart from my life. I think that I will never be able to love anyone the same way ever again. Everything reminds me of you. I really don't want anyone to replace you because you mean a lot for me. So, I keep myself away from everyone who tries to get into my life. I live with emptiness for five years. My heart has been tattered like the tinted net but your place is still very safe. I think that I won't be able to feel the same way for anyone ever again and the candle of your love that you have sparked in my heart will never fade. I will always take care of its fuel so it will be illuminating my soul. You took something away from me that no one ever had. You have taken my heart with yourself and I know you are the only person who can care of it as the way I want. I can't see your reflection in anyone. There are lots of beautiful faces in this world but you were the real beauty because your inner soul was so beautiful and generous and I can't compare anyone to you. It doesn't mean for me that, how anyone tells me that I have to move on and I have to look for a girl for myself but it's really hard for me. How can I, at least, think of someone's? She took away my most valuable possession my heart. Now I sit here alone. Staying up, remembering everything that we ever had. That emptiness in my heart can never be filled. And no matter what, she'll always have a place in my heart.

I close my eyes and try to rewind the film of life back, year and years and now I am five years back to my life. How wonderful the time was. Five years ago it was a time when I didn't ever believe on this miraculous word *love* and tried to manage all possible distance but one day my destiny created a thing for me that stuck forever in my memory and I am not hesitating at all saying that it is the best thing that I have ever experienced in my life.

“Hey baby, you know how much I miss you, life has just been horrible without you,” I always utter this word in my loneliness and then I feel her presence in my surrounding as she is ready to take me into her lap and ruffle my hair by the very soft tip of her fingers, and suddenly my memory stuck at the day, the wonderful day, when for the first time in our life, we looked at each other’s.

It all happened when I was in the last year of my college that was situated in Dehradun. She was one year junior to me and her branch was also different. I had been having my best time of engineering college. It was picture perfect morning and red sun was brightening on the horizon scattering its rays in all directions. First time in my life I decided to have a walk because I became so lazy to keep myself confined within my study room. I felt I needed at least some light exercise. Finally I came out of my hostel very early in the morning. Wind was crisp and soothing, blowing very slowly. A group of fluffy clouds were still above the horizon. A flock of birds were flying away from their nests in search of food, warbling and chirping. Drops of dews were still very fresh on the grass and the leaves of trees which fell down in campus. Due to my daily habit I was walking on the campus with naked feet, jogging, and that was the moment when destiny wrote something into my favor, I couldn’t think in my wildest of dream.

I was walking ahead looking here and there, all beautiful things of nature, plunging into my own world and suddenly something pulled me back into the world of reality. It was a face, a smiling face, in front of me and a pair of beautiful eyes was staring at me. For an instance I could feel the intoxication in air, that fragrance made me overwhelmed. I closed my eyes and reopened again to make myself assure that what I was looking in front of my eyes was something real or I was still in the weird world of my dream.

I spun my head so fast that I almost sprained my neck. I felt mesmerizing by the glowing charm of someone who was in front of me having very innocence smile on her face, making surroundings very passionate with her captivating presence. I felt an exultant wave running into me that I never realized before. One more time I closed my eyes and diverted my attention to sky. It was fresh and sparkling blue, wide and vivacious. A beam of beautifully scattered rays of sun flashed on my face. I took a breath of fresh air. I again looked at her. She was looking at me.

# Chapter-5

The girl in front of me was breath taking. She acted on me like an invisible force that was drawing me more closely to her. I hardly could think of the face, musing, as if it really existed in the world. She waved her hand and I could feel a soothing gust of breeze passed through me touching my soul so closely and the very same moment birds chirped with exciting magical tone.

Everything around me seemed hazy except the beautiful face that was gazing at me. It made me feel that I have been in a dream and I wanted to be inside always because it was so peaceful and amazing.

Now it's become my daily routine to come for a morning walk, not because I was mainly interested in my jogging, but there was also a silent reason, that was making me restless to drive my feet there in the campus of college in the very early morning at five and every day we had glimpse of each others.

A week passed and by then, we had exchanged a few casual smiles and hellos. It was the eighth day, as I well remembered, when we had the real conversation for the first time. There was fog still in the campus and I was finishing my second round when I caught her so close to me.

"Hi" I suddenly waved my hand feeling the embarrassment as my gaze was still at her.

"Hey" she wore a beautiful smile.

"Which department?" I asked.

"Metallurgy and your?"

"Computer science." I replied.

"Do you come here daily for jogging?" she asked.

"Yes" I paused heaving a breath, "I daily come, it's my usual habit." I lied like congenital liar.

"It's good habit, we should feel the fresh gust of breeze. It gives us new inspiration to do something better in our life." She told.

For an instance, I really laughed at her philosophy as it was my nature to screw any girl.

"Why are you smiling?" She asked as she sensed me.

"Nothing, I was remembering something." I mused at my word.

“Do you really enjoy this habit?” She asked smiling at my face.

“Not really but it’s not also bad,” I told. “And by the way what is your opinion?” I asked.

“I really love it, I really love the gust of cool breeze touching me, I love the very fresh air and beautiful color of sky, I love the soft sunlight, I love the chirping of birds, I love the ambiance, I love everything and that’s why I come here daily.”

I really didn’t know what to say. I really didn’t know about these long listed benefits of morning walk and how could I know. I was lazy enough to enjoy my sleep and I didn’t want to spoil it. But I didn’t know why I was lying to her.

“Okay then see you tomorrow morning again,” she told having smile on her face and then vanished from my sight.

I really didn’t know what happened to me but I felt a kind of strong feeling towards her without knowing the fact that, who she was? I started walking on the ground examining her word that, really it gives us inspiration? After taking fifth round of lawn finally I returned to my room. Aakash, my roommate was there still snoring, just because of late night porn watching.

Day was as usual and I got her glimpse in college lawn but she didn’t hang proper attention on me and seemed busy with her friends attending her classes. Entire day I was also busy with different lectures and presentations.

Night was cold. Aakash was sitting on the bed, playing a very rock song and I was looking at the screen of computer. That night I went to sleep very early so I didn’t miss my morning walk after setting the alarm for five o’ clock.

At five o’ clock. I woke up rubbing my eyes. I was still feeling very sleepy and for an instance I laid on the bed once again but suddenly I threw the blanket and stood up after remembering her. I splashed water on face and finally came in lawn.

I took two complete rounds of lawn and went into the ground. Sky was blue and wind was chilled. I was about to start my first round of ground, I saw the same goddess of beauty coming to me. An instance I felt everything to be stopped. She came closer to me. There was a seducing smell in surroundings. It drove me crazily. She waved her hand looking at me.

“Hi I am Priya, Priya Jaiswal,” she told.

“I am Ravi. Ravi Shankar.”

“Nice to see you again,” she smiled.

“Me too.”

“Come, let’s have a round.” She told.

“Hmmm.”

I accompanied her and we started having a round of ground. Within few minutes I felt as I became tired. To be very frank of me I didn’t want to walk more but I couldn’t show the true feeling of my heart to her that how damn I hate this habit of taking a walk on this ground. This was a perfect time when I should have been inside my bed rather I was wasting my energy, revolving around the ground in bone sickening cold.

Finally ten minutes later we finished our rounds. We sat on the ground and heaved huge breathes.

I looked at her face. It was looking red, just because of a thin film of perspiration and it was giving her the best look. She was breathing like hell. Her hairs were all loose touching her waist.

“What else are your hobbies except this?” I asked.

She looked at my face and I could feel her captivating eyes transfixing my gaze.

“I love painting, singing and dancing also,” she told.

“Wow.” I amused, “Great.”

She smiled and said, “Thanks.”

“Will you paint me?” I asked.

“Now?”

“Of course.”

“No no way, but one day I will definitely,” she assured me smiling.

“I will be waiting for that day,” I teased her.

Far from us a flight of birds were chirping. An old Maruti was crossing leaving the clouds of fumes.

“Your eyes are so nice,” I complimented her after a long silence.

“Oh, really! Thanks.”

“And you are also incredible, you are looking smart in red T-shirt and black trouser,”



I teased her.

She laughed looking at me. “Your dresses also suit better on you.”

We sat on ground for half an hour. Discussion revolved around the environment of college. She tried explaining everything philosophically.

Finally she seemed ready to leave and that was the moment when I risked to elongate this relationship.

“If you don’t mind, can we have a cup of coffee in canteen? I guess it is a good mind refresher.” I applied skill on her.

She looked at me and smiled.

“Of course.”

“Thanks.”

“You’re welcome,” she said.

## Chapter-6

Finally we landed in canteen. Canteen owner was preparing tea and coffee. Canteen was empty because most of students were snoring that time. I sat on the chair, she sat beside me.

“What will you take?” I asked.

“I prefer tea.”

“You love tea,” I said.

“Of course, I love tea a lot. Why are you asking?” She looked amazed.

“Because I haven’t tasted it ever.”

“So you don’t like tea, right?”

“Hmmm.”

“So taste it today,” she offered her proposal. “I think you should try. It’s amazing.”

“No, no, I prefer coffee.”

She tried to say something but finally didn’t.

Few minutes later, canteen owner, served cups of tea and coffee for us. We took our sips.

After very formal sip of tea and coffee, I escorted her to the gate of her hostel and finally returned.

Next day was also as usual with same boring schedule of college, lecture and project works. At five o’ clock when I was returning to my class I caught her glance. She was talking to her friends. I waved my hand looking at her. She also replied the same.

And after that day, my life entered into another phase that I couldn’t ever think of. I was a kind of guy, who used to have relationship with girls, but it was just like friendship and nothing else. I always used to tease them a lot. No matter what anyone would think about me and I was already notorious in my college for teasing and stupid comments. But with her things were getting changed. I was not the same person which I used to be. I quoted this for her— *“So many times I thought I would never find someone to love me the way I needed to be loved and then you came into my life and showed me what true love really is”*.

Next day morning came with budding hopes. I left my room very early at four in

morning. I really didn't know but I thought I was going crazy to have a glance of her and talked a lot. I really didn't know what she had been thinking about me but I didn't care of anything.

I went in ground. Temperature was freezing the surroundings. A cloud of fog was so dense around the campus and it seemed very difficult to see either of our hands. I moved ahead, looking at sky but there was nothing except darkness. After bone sickening cold, I didn't wear cap and gloves. But I was not shivering at all. I took two rounds of ground and finally sat on the grass. The very fresh dewes wetted my dress.

After one hour she joined me. She wore a woolen jacket and sweater with cap and her hands were covered with gloves. I waved my hand. She also waved and came closer to me.

"Don't you have cap and gloves?" she asked concerned.

"Yes I have."

"Then why you don't wear it."

"I don't like gloves and cap, I am perfectly fine in this attire," I told.

"Hey," she said, her voice was very soft.

"Please use to wear at least cap, it will cover your ears and you won't get affected by cold." She asked heaving the breath.

"Hmmm will try," I told.

"No try, Ravi, you have to promise," she told, her voice was kiddies and for the very first time she pronounced my name.

"Okay, sure Priya." I also pronounced her.

"Good boy," she smiled.

"Good girl."

Finally we walked in lawn. Under the foggy sky, we, two creatures were walking without knowing the fact that one day we would be so close to each other's heart, mind and soul.

After twenty minutes we finally landed in canteen. Canteen owner looked at us and took a whip of cigarette.

"Tea?" I asked smiling.

“Of course,” she poured a beautiful smile.

“Which kind of tea you love a lot?” I asked.

“Oh, I love ginger tea a lot, when I use to be in my home, my mom prepares ginger tea for us. It’s so tasty and always smells good. You know, you get a kind of freshness after having the very first sip.”

“So wanna enjoy the same tea here also.”

“Of course,” she chirped. “But we can’t get here, at least not in this canteen,” she frowned.

“Of course if we try,” I looked ecstatically at her and turned to canteen owner.

“Can you arrange ginger tea for her?” I asked.

Canteen manager was always a good friend of mine just because of my carefree image. During my college period I had maintained very cordial relation with every one. Owner looked at me startled and finally after having long conclusion in mind he told, “Not now but from tomorrow onwards I can manage.”

“Good, but don’t forget okay.”

“Okay Ravi,” canteen owner told.

I looked at her face, her expression was bit surprising.

“Don’t worry girl, now you will get your favorite ginger tea daily. The only difference would be the person who prepares, in your home your mom prepares tea and here this fellow.” I pointed my finger at owner.

“Thanks,” she smiled.

“And If you face any another problem in this campus then let me know. I will solve that.” I offered my sympathy.

“Can I have your number?” she asked, her voice was so soft.

“Of course.” I gave her number.

She saved my number on her mobile.

“Check your mobile. I have given you a miss call, save it,” she told as she was commanding me.

“Okay.”

“Now I have to go, I have to look at the assignment of metallurgy, I have my class by nine,” she told.

“Okay take care, see you soon.” I waved my hand and again escorted her to the gate of her hostel.

And now by every moment things started changing slowly and slowly. Suddenly life came on a beautiful track. At twelve when I finished my first class, I got a message on my mobile. I curiously opened and it was from her.

*“Class was good; sir has not checked the assignment so I am happy because I haven’t done it.....miss you.”*

*“Do your assignment on time, miss you too girl.”* I send her reply.

That night I had a very long conversation with her. Finally I got a friend request of her on Orkut and then we didn’t look back.

I still remember the golden words said by Helen Keller—

“The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched - they must be felt with the heart.”

After getting her friend’s request on Orkut, we usually hanged online. No matter how project and study were important, we didn’t miss catching each other till very late night wishing each other good night and plunging into beautiful dreams. The face that used to revolve around my mind every moment was her, the beautiful and angelic face and every moment I wanted to be closer.

Aakash was always a good guitar player and deep passionate of music and I was taking training from him but I knew it was kindda tough job and needed lots of practice and efforts. Every evening when wind was cold and sun was hiding in the group of fluffy clouds, he taught me guitar, sitting on the roof of college, playing very passionate rhythm with whiff of cigarette and some time with swing of beer also. Every girl of college was big fan of him, just because of his extraordinary talent of guitar playing.

# Chapter-7

Next few days he was busy in hunting a perfect singer in college and that's why he arranged a singing competition so he could prepare a college video album and he also managed permission from Principal. Everywhere there were posters in the college, telling to show the real talent of music and singing. Many students started to get nominated themselves for this competition and we were hoping to get some best chunk of singer to make our debut album rocking. Mostly competitors were girls.

Two days later, we finally started auditions. I was core member of selection committee as we were quite seniors. Every boy and girl was applying their best of efforts. I was checking names in list and suddenly my eyes hanged at a name. Priya Jaiswal, the name of my angel was there at the last of list. My eyes scanned at the crowd but she was not there.

After two hours, first day audition was finished and there were still nine participants left. We postponed that audition for next day after seven in evening, so all students could feel comfortable to join.

Next day, finally, at seven o' clock, we were in ground. Aakash was still holding his guitar, playing a crazy rhythm and everyone was staring at him. Audition had been started and there were only two candidates left. One was a boy and second was my angel Priya. Who was there standing among crowd, pondering something very seriously and her eyes hanging at me as she wanted to assure me that she will be the only person, suitable participant for this contest and her voice will rock the surroundings.

Ten minutes later her chance came. Everyone looked at her. Aakash was already very disappointed, as he was not getting the kind of voice he was looking for. He was looking for some kind of very sweet and experimenting voice and still he could not grab anyone, with whom he could proceed the work of album making.

His eyes were hanging at her, as she was the only ray of hope. Every one became disappointed after knowing the fact that we could not find any capable participants for our forthcoming project.

Then suddenly it happened, the magic that we all were waiting for. She started singing an old melody and her voice was so perfect. Our search for a perfect singer had been finished after seeing her singing and we knew that she only had the voice what we sought. There were nagging silence in surroundings and everyone was staring at her. Under the vibrant glimpse of moon, her face appeared so beautiful. The moonlight was reflecting directly at her cheeks and forehead, and her long hairs were slowly flying in air. After five minute when she stopped, everywhere, there was the huge clapping and everyone was praising the real talent, which she was possessing. Aakash went nearby her, shook her hand, and congratulated.

“You are just perfect,” he complimented her.

“Oh, thank you so much.”

“It would be my pleasure to work with you, your voice is so soft and flexible according to the need of our album making,” he again told.

“I also love rhythm of you guitar,” Priya smiled.

“I think we will make a great college album,” he hoped looking at her eyes.

After a long discussion about the shooting project and music composition among teammates, finally half an hour later we all disbursed. I went again to escort her. She was looking very happy and I really didn't know what to say. I could never ever thought in my wildest of dream that she would be singing so miraculously. Her voice had just magic to bloom the flower.

“Hope we will come out with a very successful album,” I told slipping my hands in the pocket of my jeans.

“Definitely,” she told following my gaze at her “If we will do this work seriously and intentionally then we will definitely have some valued product.”

“For how long you are singing?” I asked.

“It's just my hobby. When I get bore I use to sing something, you know it just like you are trying to rejuvenate your soul and refresh your mind.”

“Good music and sweet voice always cast beautiful miracle,” I complimented her.

“Hmmm, we are usually getting bore, mugging with those stupid crap syllabus. Do you really find anything in your syllabus that is interested, tell me honestly,” she hoped at me.

“Nothing, I also use to get bore after mugging with books and projects.”

“I really don't know, how will I give my best in examination, I really hate my syllabus and whole night study for those all boring shits.” She complained.

“Don't worry everything will be fine.” I tried to make her understand.

Wind was blowing hard, leaving the assembly of leaves from both sides of narrow lane. The fragrance of trees and flowers across the lane was giving us the new surge and passion. Five minutes later finally I escorted her up to her hostel gate.

That night we chat almost for the whole night. We shared our lots of online albums. I sent my snaps to her and she sent to me and we both wrote beautiful comments on each

other's photo. She asked me about any of my previous girlfriend and I told her everything that happened in my life. Yes I had a crush on girl but she never could be mine because she had already three boyfriends and I didn't want to be fourth in list. She laughed a lot listening the word four and number games. I also asked about her boyfriend and I was lucky to be first in her life. We shared almost everything about our life, likings, best moments, worse moments, best friend, worse friend and many more and then we realized that our hobbies, choices, likes and dislikes are quite same. Perhaps our destiny wanted to write a new chapter for us. Perhaps everything wanted to create a situation so we could come more close to each other's for the rest of eternity.



## Chapter-8

Two weeks passed by when I first saw her, I invited her to have a memorable walk of city with me. In evening, she met me at the gate of hostel wearing very beautiful dress, which were accentuating her figure so nicely. A thick line of *kajal* was giving the best shape of her eyes and red color shirt and blue jeans were suiting perfect on her. She waved her hand looking at me. I smiled and shook my hand.

I had a perfect glance at her incomparable beauty. Above the sky, the sun was shining very bright, and the gentle breeze brushed against her cheeks and lingered in her locks of hair, and her beautiful cheeks shimmering in sunlight and a strand of hair falling onto her forehead covering her eyes and every moment she was trying to keep it aside. Her pleasing perfume mingling into air, making the surroundings so captivating and the beautiful bangles on her wrist, which had a series of tiny pearls, reflecting the sunlight directly on her face. Her beautiful lips, which were red and attractive than the fresh petals of rose and her fair skin and shimmering face, everything was making her the girl of everyone's dream. She was simply looking goddess of beauty without having so many cosmetics because her simplicity was giving her the best charm. I closed my eyes thinking how evening was going to be beautiful. Another side of the gate was a group of vendors selling different things. We moved ahead, gatekeeper looked at us musing something but we didn't care about anything and came in main road.

We spend time together walking on road, passing through various streets, eating variety of foods, enjoying soft drinks, visiting shopping malls and listening the incredible noise of city.

Around seven in evening, we sat down in the bench in the park. A kiosk was selling ice cream. I took two and handed one to her. Ice cream always considered best supper to have with girlfriend when you are planning to have memorable time with each other's. She liked my ice cream treat a lot and complimented me that how damn she loved it, specially the flavor. Hearing compliment from her of the thing making me feel better. I didn't know what was happening to me. Every time I was trying to make her happy and whenever she laughed and appeared happy I realized a satisfaction. We laughed and spoke to each other until the sun set and the silvery moon shone bright through the velvet blanket of stars.

Gust of breeze started blowing little hard and the temperature of surroundings fell down. Spending time with her was so enthralling to experience. When we find ourselves so close to someone, especially with the person of opposite sex, we always try to spend, if possible, more time with them and being an human, I also followed the same rule. I really didn't want to end this meeting but time was reminding our limitation. Every moment I was finding a different curiosity in me. After all having a conversation of three long hours, I felt as we talked nothing and we needed long hours to talk a lot. From the corner of my eyes I found same curiosity in her also. Every moment she was turning the

topic of discussion at different subject so it would be a never-ending conversation. Usually we spent one hour in morning together, then in canteen but, sitting in park with her alone, seemed quite different experience with different budding hopes and expectations and I really didn't want to waste any precious moment of it.

A group of stars twinkled very bright in sky. I sat more closely to her without caring what she would think of me. Her beautiful face seemed glowing in the light of moon and her strand again fell on her forehead covering her eyes. I looked into deep eyes, and forced a smile. I forwarded my tip of finger and gently kept the strand of her hair beside her ear. Her face had reflection of seriousness.

My heart was beating fast as well as her also. Cold breeze which was passing through touching made us shivered. Somewhere on another side of park, few couples seemed kissing and promising to each others. A group of kids was still playing football.

I looked at the sky; the clouds were fresh and white. Moon was bright and earth seemed illuminated. I felt a strong inclination towards her. I felt a different feeling rising in me for her. I wanted to say something and I muster my courage but suddenly I refused to myself after pondering on the fact that this was not a perfect time to say the three miraculous word's to her. I wanted to be more close to her and provide more space to her in my life. She was looking startled at me, as she would have guessed the duel mental situation of mine. She looked at me and forced a soothing smile and I am not denying at all saying that I really was passionate of her smile. I was ready to offer her, anything, for the sake of her charm and incomparable smile.

Finally, clock stuck at eight thirty. We both stood and heaved a huge sigh as we both didn't want to finish this meeting. Without caring anything I held her hand and for an instance I could feel she had surrendered herself to me. The soft touch of her hand was raising a new sensation in me. Road seemed vacated and moonlight was showing us the right path. Another side of road, a group of kids was hooting. A high-speed car was passing, leaving the cloud of fumes. I loved the moment as destiny was favoring me. I just loved a lot the girl, whose hand I was holding. Very far in the bright sky, a meteor seemed falling down. Another side of the road was a rose garden and the fragrance of fresh and beautiful roses were making the surrounding so intoxicated as these roses wanted to make us very happy and passionate for the rest of eternity. Surrounding was perfect and I felt as I was a part of a fairytale, holding the hand of an angel, who was going to be my life? We were about to arrive at our college gate. She looked at me as she wanted to request me to unwrap her hand. I could understand her situation. We started moving ahead as two smartest kids. There was still a wonderful glow on her face and warm smile playing across her beautiful lips.

## Chapter-9

Ten minutes later, we were near the girl's hostel gate. Our eyes communicated in a silent language and I could divert my gaze at her face. I felt as sky seemed to blow and there was a deep pang of emotions which were reflecting on her face. Every moment seemed to be intoxicated. Our lips were silent to reveal a new tale and our heartbeats were too upbeat.

Finally, I bade her bye and turned back. I felt as I lost something and my feet seemed weighted. I loved her though I wasn't sure she loved me. But from a part of my corner I heard a voice of my inner soul and it was telling me that she also loved me the way I loved her. I really didn't know whether she really loved me or not but I was sure that I had deeply felt in love with her. The thought of every moment that we spent together walking across the road, sitting in park and enjoying different things started reappearing in my mind. I was so happy because I found a precious jewel that I was going to treasure for the rest of my eternity. Ever since she stepped into my life, it was a bed of roses. We were friends, even so close friend. We loved spending maximum times together. I loved the way she talked a lot. I loved the way when I teased her saying those all stupid jokes and glared at her face and she used to cast her miserable smile. She never appeared good in joke but she always had answer of anything in philosophical manner which were never boring at all like those all true and typical girl's lectures, who use to explain the things in the way you can't get proper. I was happy, really very happy. I had never expected to be so happy, after all I had been through.

I moved to my hostel. Wind became crisp and chilled. I crossed through the mess and had light dinner. I went in my room. Aakash was not there. I heaved a huge breath of relax and changed my clothes. Finally to have very fresh gust of breeze I went on the hostel's roof.

I had a short stroll. Wind passed through ruffling my hair. I looked towards girl's hostel and realized she was still standing there on the gate and waiting for me, waving her hand. I felt her soft voice still echoing through my ears. I felt her soft touch on my hand.

I closed my eyes and many questions popped up in mind. A different feeling rushed over my heart. I really didn't know why I was attracting firmly towards her. Every moment I was plunging into the abyss of her beautiful dreams. Her face reappeared into my mind repeatedly. Everything in her was incomparable. I felt as if I was lost. I usually found moon appears in sky even in day. I found stars brightening even in the cloudy nights. A dense cloud of virtual thinking started forming around me. I felt the world in which I was living seemed to be changed slowly by slowly. No matter what I was doing but it was not insanity because I knew my destination where I had to land.

I realized this type of feeling never rose in me before. I felt as this world was never

being so beautiful to me. I always saw the dark and craggy path of my life but now nothing was unsettled there. The path of my life appeared systematically arranged with love, passion, feeling, caring and closeness. I felt every moment intoxicated by her presence, her charm, her passion, her sense of humor, her way of talking and more importantly her heart, mind and soul.

I mused about the things, which were whirling in my mind and trying to reach at a definite conclusion. Was it the feelings people feel when they fell in love? I winced at the word love. It was the word which has been always casting miracles on different people and it is the most scared word in the entire history of humanism. Was I also bonded with the thread of love? Why did this feeling arise every now and then in me?

Moreover, answer was so simple. It didn't need much exploration and conclusion. Yes, the strong feeling that was nurturing in me was love and it was ready to cast its miracles. It wanted to fathom its depth and dimensions by us. I just wished to see the same feeling in her so we could have the best moment of life in the happiest phase of college.

Around eleven o'clock, I came into my room. Aakash was playing guitar. I sat beside him and took my guitar. He instructed me a lot to practice as within few days we were going to record the song. We practiced there till three.

"I think now you are perfect bro," he patted my shoulder.

"I think so dude," I told.

"Remember man, we have to rock. I really want to create something different. Music should be so touching."

"Definitely bro, we will put our best efforts."

That night I could catch her around three in morning. She had been waiting for me on Orkut. I was really touched by her behavior. We had a brief chat on G-Talk.

Finally, we started rehearsal of the song. Our band consisted of six members including her. Aakash and I were playing guitar and rest of them were playing different musical instrument. First day spent in preparation and perfect composition of music. We scheduled our final recording on second day after evening so we all could available after attending classes.

It was the charming evening and we all were sitting in our recording room. Aakash was instructing rest of the members of our group to the soothing composition and recording. After two more time rehearsal, finally we started recording this song. And the moment I can't tell you, it was just like everything had been deepen into the real fervor of music.

The song was so touching which had been expressing the real feeling of an innocent heart. Her voice made everyone numb and more important thing was, every one of us, put our best effort to prepare it. After recording we all heaved huge breath of relax. There was decent amount of satisfaction reflecting on our faces.

Finally, we said goodnight to each other and left the recording room.

“How was the recording?” She asked.

“It was just amazing, song was so touching.” I told.

She looked at my face.

“Thanks. I am happy you enjoyed and cooperated us for the recording.”

“Did I say you to thank me,” she looked into my eyes. Her expression was stern.

“No but you have helped us a lot.”

“I mean I am not your friend, you are not considering me close to your heart,” she said, her voice was little cracking.

“Hey this is nothing like that.” I held her hand.

I looked at her face; there was a thick stream of tears rolling down on her cheeks. I realized my mistake. I should have not said her thanks. I should have to understand the first and basic rule of a true friendship. I really didn't know what to say and how to seek forgiveness. Suddenly an idea came in my mind and that time I risked everything without thinking the consequences. I had faith on myself and my heart was encouraging me to move ahead. It wanted me to tell that what I was going to do was not wrong at all. It instructed me to understand the demand of time. I took a heavy breath as I am mustering my proper strength. I moved very slowly to her and looked at her soft and intent eyes which were filled with tears. I knew what I had to do, it was clear to me from the moment I first saw her. I didn't have to prepare myself for this moment; I was going to indulge in it. I went down on one knee and I confessed my love for her.

She looked at my face and my eyes communicated.

“I love you Priya,” I said so softly.

She looked at me unbelievably and for an instance, everything seemed to stop. My heart was racing fast but I knew she wouldn't disappoint me.

She held my hands and pulled it little closer to her. Now my face was in front of her. Her face was glowing, light of vibrant moon was reflecting on it. It appeared like an oasis in desert. There was a different expression on her face. It was the mixture of

blushing, happiness and confusion. My hand could realize her uncontrolled heart beat and I could gauge her condition. My eyes were still hanging at her, waiting for the reply which I was expected. She cast a beautiful smile, told very softly and soothingly, and accepted my proposal with happy words and loving gestures. I held her hands tightly as we stared into each other's eyes, then she softly said, "I love you too Ravi."

And then suddenly everything changed. Under the radiation of vibrant moon, there was the existence of two very pure and innocent souls which were going to take care of each others for the rest of the eternity.

"Ravi can you give me a surprise?" she asked so softly.

I winced at her word, "Hmmm tell me Priya."

"I want you to again play the guitar, I just love the rhythm."

I looked at her and teasingly said, "But there would be a condition."

"I know," she said smilingly.

"What?" I amazed.

"I have to sing also, right?" She smiled.

"Hmmm," I smiled at her brilliant reply.

I held her hand and it made us realized a warm and passionate feeling. We returned in the recording room. As being the team coordinator, I had also a key along with Aakash. We both entered in the room. I switched on light.

She sat on chair. I sat in front of her and took the guitar. There was a different curiosity reflected into her eyes.

My finger went on the wire of guitar and a rhythm of magic created. She was staring at my face. I could see a sudden blow of emotion sweeping in her. She came more closer to me holding me from back. Her hair touching my shoulder and her arms grabbing around my shoulder very firmly and tight.

I stopped for a moment and held her hand and looked into her fawn eyes.

"Sing honey," I told softly.

"No, I just want to enjoy this rhythm, just play it for me please," she requested.

"Hmmm," I looked into her beautiful eyes.

My fingers again went on guitar. She was just like inspiration for me. Her instructions

were illuminating my soul and I was ready to do anything that would make her happy. She was the only girl in this world to whom I was ready to cross any toughest riddle of my life. I knew she was mine and I really wanted to give her a moment that we could always proud on. After five minutes, my fingers stopped and I found there was nagging silence everywhere in room. I was about to say her something, suddenly light went off. Sometime electricity sucked at the right time. I punched the keypad of my mobile and looked for a candle, which was kept on another drawer. I flamed it and kept on the table. With the flickering light of candle, I saw her face and it was glowing.

I took her hand on me. She kissed on my palms.

“Now you have to sing with me, remember your promise,” I told.

“Hmmm,” she softly told.

I again took the guitar and fingers went on wire and then I realized the fact that how I was really immature to speculate about her. The girl who was sitting beside me possessed the remarkable talent. She sang as like she had the professional training of singing, and she knew very well that how to follow the rhythm and its ups and downs. As fast, her voice came out of her lips it made the surrounding so crazy as it was like heaven on earth. I felt I was falling in love with her and the room became empty and no one was there except two very lovable and caring souls. The loneliness and darkness provided us more space to come closer and understood well. Now it was no denying at all saying that I was mad in love with her. I love the way she sang in very soft song. I love the way she gave me suggestion with having a pang of emotion in her eyes. She understood my value and loved me the way I always wanted until the worst thing on this earth happened.

# Chapter-10

Life is a fragile thing, and anyone can't speculate about its decision and step. And the emotion seems to be the only thing real anymore.

In the flickering light of candle I could see her vivacious face. There was an angelic charm in the surroundings. The glow of candle, strongly resisting itself with the gust of wind and little ahead of it was my dream girl holding my hand and her head was resting on my shoulder. I could clearly hear the voice of her heartbeat as it wanted to tell me to listen her voice to guess how passionate she was for me.

I saw her light fair skin, the skin that I always imaged and fantasized about, when I used to be alone. I looked into her deep shining eyes and realized she was little shivering just because of cold. I felt, as if I had a super power I would have captured those moments for the rest of my eternity. That was just the best image I have ever seen in my whole eleven months of a long and close relationship. Still sometime, when I use to be deepening in her sweet memory, the same face keeps reappearing into my mind. I always kept all the lights off, blow a candle, and feel her presence. It always reminds me of my beautiful past.

Finally, at nine, I locked the recording room and we moved ahead on the narrow lane of campus. Few students were hooting beside the corner. A group of Biotech students was arguing over a new research, which was conducted in USA and just published in reputed magazine- Nature.

Finally half an hour later, after escorting her to her hostel gate, I returned into mess. Aakash was already there, taking his dinner. I joined him.

"I think you both are so close now, right," he asked.

"Yes I think bro," I took the bite of bread.

"She seems good girl, be continue with her," he suggested.

I did not say anything, as I knew he had diverse knowledge about any girl of campus.

"Tell her thanks once again to help us in recording, her voice is really amazing," he looked at me.

"Sure dude."

"And have also best time with her," he patted me slowly on my shoulder.

We returned into room. Aakash started preparing for his presentation and I looked at few books for the next day assignment. It had hardly been spent ten minutes; I got a



message of her.

“Hey call on my number please.” It read.

I instantly dialed her number and a nice dialer tone from movie DDLG welcomed me. I was really amazed, thinking about, when she activated this dialer tune. Finally I smiled at her musing why she instructed to call me.

After third time hearing the dialer tone I took a breath. Another message popped on screen.

“How was the dialer tone?” she asked.

“It’s so sweet,” I replied.

“Really!”

“Hmmm.”

“It’s for you.”

I really didn’t know how to thank her. I really didn’t want to make her disappoint after thanksgiving her for one more time.

“I love your dialer tone, I love the surprise you have given and more than I love you, I love the angel who is only mine,” I replied.

“My heart for you will never break. My smile for you will never fade. My love for you will never end. I love you too!” she replied.

I went in my message box folder, chose a perfect message, and send her.

“You are the twinkle of my eyes;

The smile on my lips;

The joy of my face;

Without you I am incomplete.”

And within an instance I again got her reply.

“This is a moon, which learns from you,

That is a sun, which respects you,

There are stars, which shine for you,

And here... It's me who lives for you."

I really didn't know what to reply? I really didn't know what to say? She knew everything about me. Nothing was hidden between us.

Finally I replied, "love you sweet girl, love you a lot."

"Love you too Ravi, love you more than anything in this world."

Before meeting her, I was always a person of very carefree life. Aakash was also of my kind and we were perfect. I never fell in this type of perfect relationship and my heart could not generate the feeling of commitment towards any one. I was having contact with lots of girls, almost every girl of my section and I always liked making conversation with them. I was also a very flirty person, trying to make any one happy and there was not a single girl in my department who couldn't be victim of my flirt. I was a kind of flirting guy and never missed any opportunity to tease anyone when I got a chance. But with everyone my relationship was very cordial and I had very good friendship term.

Now things had been changed. Now I was in a relationship. I was committed towards someone and she did not like my attitude of flirting at all. She used to feel jealous when I used to have chat with my female colleagues and many time, she tried to hang my attention towards this. Some time it created tension between us. Finally, I mend my habit and now she was happy.

Two months had been spent and we became more close to each other. Now there was no formality. She talked with me as she had right on my life as well I also. Suggestions turned into command, requests into order. Now my happiness was interconnected with her. One more common habit between us was, we both were the passionate of books. In spare time of our class periods, most of time, we used to catch each other in library choosing the different book of fictions. We always participated in brief explanation and long discussion. She was passionate of romantic fiction whereas I was of suspense and thriller. I loved murder and underworld mystery also and we always had argued over our choices. According to her, reading romance fiction made people more romantic and realistic. She had also strong inclination towards mythological series and ancient sagas. One of her all time favorite book was gone with wind.

Another favorite hangout was canteen, where over a cup of coffee and tea we used to blabber a lot. Discussion was always out of sense. Mostly it used to be like about girls, about boys, about their affairs, boring lecture of professors, poor administration of college and, of course, about our stupid principal. For the hell sake, he was the worse creature I had ever seen in my life. I always thought when this animal would be transferred so we all students could feel relieved but it could never happen.

# Chapter-11

One more perfect month spent. With duration of time, our relationship started deepening its root into our hearts. We became perfect for each other. I never felt any kind of emptiness in my life.

Next month was our semester exam. We hanged more attention on study but somehow, we maintained our long chatting schedule. We knew we were not going to do very well in examination but we had incredible faith on each other and to our surprise, we did well in examination.

It was a beautiful afternoon of October and I was walking on the campus of college after attending my class, suddenly my eyes caught her. She was again in one of her best look with red shirt and black jeans. I smiled going close to her.

“Tomorrow I have a workshop on personality development. Can you give me your notes so I could prepare better?” She asked.

“Why not, it’s always in my bag,” I said.

“Smart boy,” she teased.

“Keep it,” I unzipped the bag and handed the notes to her, “make your personality better you silly girl.”

She looked at me and smiled. Her smile had a dark secret.

“Make your personality bold,” I teased her.

“What bold!” She exclaimed.

“Bold personality mean,” I stopped, “I mean, be bold, look stunner, wear sometime funky dresses, expose your beauty.”

“Okay that you mean.” she smiled.

“Not at all, I am just kidding you fool.” I made her understand.

After gossiping for another fifteen minutes, I allowed her to go.

Next day at the same time, we again met in campus. She was returning after finishing her class. She looked bit tired and exhausted.

“Hi,” I waved.

“Hey,” she heaved a breath.

“How were your personality development workshop?”

“It’s pretty fine Ravi.”

We sat on the grass. Sun was visible in sky and sunlight was reflecting on her face. We talked for half an hour. Many students were passing through the road, staring at us but we didn’t care about any one. We just wanted to plunge into our wired and beautiful world.

Finally she handed me my copy and I escorted her to girl’s hostel.

I returned into my room. Aakash was watching an action thriller of Hollywood. I kept my bag on table and finally sprawled on bed and didn’t know when I doze off.

When I came in sense, it’s already been eight in evening. I splashed water on my face and suddenly I realized about the next day project. Next day was my presentation and I had to do well.

I sat on the study chair and unzipped my bag. I took out few notes. Suddenly my eyes hanged at the notes of personality development, which I gave to her yesterday. There was something written in its backside. I curiously started reading it.

*Love is the weird feeling of this world. Its choice and commitment and lasting happiness. It is dedicated to caring and affection and it’s not at all selfishness.*

*Love forgives, knowing the intentions are good. It does not attach conditions. It always try to make everyone happy. It’s the name of sacrifice. It’s the name of be loyal and committed to anyone. It’s the name of offer, happiness and heart to anyone.*

*There may be times when miles lay between, but love is a commitment.*

*It believes, and endures all things.*

*Love, intimate love, it never reject others.*

*Love is doing everything you can to help others build whatever dreams they have. Love is on a constant journey to what others need.*

*It must be attentive, caring and open.*

*And you are the person, who inculcated this weird feeling into me. So I must say I love you. I love you when you looked at my eyes and peeped so deeper. I love you when you hold my hand and your warm touch raises sensation in me. I love you when you care for me and always reply my messages without caring your project work and study. I love you when you guess my choice and always buy the food for me what I like a lot. I love you when you play guitar and offer me your company to sing. I love you when you come daily to escort me at my hostel gate.*

*There is not a single thing in you that I don't love. There is not a single moment when I don't feel you love in my surrounding. There is not a single minute when my heart does not beat for you.*

*Love you so much sweet heart.*

I felt so touched by her behavior. I felt my heart brimmed with a special affection of her. I felt how lucky I am to get her.

I turned the page and there was another surprise. At every page she wrote “*I love you*” with different style, somewhere with sign of smile and heart and between the page was lots of rose’s petals kept on. I could feel the fragrance of beautiful roses. Beneath the every page was written “*it’s only for you*”.

I felt wave of emotions following in me and within fraction of second my hand went on the keypad of mobile and I dialed her number. After three rings, a very sweet and familiar voice welcomed me.

“I love you, I love you, I love you, a lot, can’t tell you really sweet girl,” I told.

I could hear the voice of her smiling over phone.

“Love you too Ravi.”

“What a surprise you have given.”

She told nothing and just smiled.

“You are such a sweet girl, you are just like an angel,” I complimented.

“I just want to be always with you,” her voice was soft.

“You will always with me, we will always be together,” I told.

“And want also to play guitar, you will teach me,” her voice was kind of ordering and affectionate.

“Okay but you will always sing a lot of song for me.”

“Definitely,” she chirped.

“Anything else you want sweetheart?” I asked.

“Hmmm.”

“What?”

“You will prepare ginger tea for me daily.”

“But I don’t take tea.”

“For me you idiot,” her voice was bit firm.

“Okay.”

“And you always listen to me, you will follow me what I will say and never look at any girl,” she instructed me like school teacher.

“Okay Ma’m.” I teased.

“And you will not flirt with anyone.”

“Hmmm.”

“And you will always respect and care for me.”

“Of course sweetheart.”

“And you will always take me for a long walk.”

“Definitely.”

“Good boy, now you are looking perfect, I love you a lot.” She smiled.

“I am always perfect for you girl.”

“I know that’s why I choose you *nah?*” Her smiled echoed in my room like the sweet rhythm of guitar.

“You are also best Priya. You have a very sweet heart,” I told.

“And it’s for you Ravi, you are the only one who resides here and will always,” she told her voice was bit gruff.

We talked for one more hour. I couldn’t finish my project but I was glad, because I know I was soaring very high in sky with the person who was going to give me immense happiness and love. After saying good night to each other finally we hanged the call. It was the time when we had been enjoying the fullest blow of love. The same moment I also realized the truth which was always expressed by this quotation.

*“Love is just like a special thing, when we have it we don’t need to have anything else and when we don’t have it, then it doesn’t matter much what else we have”.*

## Chapter-12

And then I realized the fact that miracle really still happens. My friend always mused and asked that how I got the perfect match for myself and every moment I felt proud hearing their compliments. Yeah she was the most adorable girl of campus because of her simplicity, intelligence and generous nature and behavior and now she was mine.

Fifteen more days spent and finally the day came, which I had been waiting for. It was her birthday, the best moment of my life when I tried my best to make her happy. I still remember the day and realized how this day was important for me and that was the only birthday, that I could celebrate with her but I still have been celebrating her birthday without caring the fact that she is not a part of this world now.

It was the evening, and I was with Aakash, walking in a market for shopping. I want to gift her a nice pair of dress. We have been choosing the dress pondering how it will appear on her. And it was really the tough decision to take. I knew every outfit will beautify her incredible but I really wanted to gift her memorable dress. The same curiosity was also reflecting on the face of Aakash as he also wanted to give her for a little present because she had worked for his album and moreover she was my girlfriend and he was my best friend and roommate.

After churning from lots of shop finally we could choose a perfect dress for her. We chose a red round necked T-shirt and black jeans.

Then we chose a beautiful bouquet of rose and a cake and I was so happy.

After then, we went in a disco. We handed gift packet on reception and entered. Aakash wanted to have some wonderful sip of whisky. I wanted accompany him. Waiter came with peg.

“You know bro, this is the last semester of college. How time has spent dude,” he took first sip.

“Yes man, it really spent fast.”

“But I am happy. I have a good college life. I have countless best times and I also got you, you are such an amazing friend dude.”

“You also Aakash. How really we are close to each other bro.” I took my peg.

“And I am also happy that you got a good girlfriend. I know you will have a wonderful life. You are the lucky champ among us,” he patted my shoulder with taking another sip.

“Divya is also good bro; she takes care of you a lot.” I told.

He smiled looking at me.

“There is difference dude. There are two categories of girls. First category includes those kind of girls with whom you only want to spend best time, but you can’t spend your damn life with them and second category girls are very rare to find. They hold our life and we want happily to spend our entire life with them.” He paused and took a sip, “I know Divya is good girl dude, but she is just first category girl, she cares me and I also for her, but she is not the kind of my choice. And our relationship is not based on trust and integrity. She offers me what I need and I offer her what she needs. It’s just like a fulfillment of choices and nothing else. Really bro, I never got a kind of feeling which people realize when they really fall in love with someone. No matter how good time we are having with each other but one day I have to leave her and move ahead and I know this fact.”

I didn’t say anything and took another peg. Aakash ordered for the second bottle and prepared the peg with the calculated amount of soda and wine.

“It’s enough Aakash, we are over dozed.” I suggested.

“Who care’s man, don’t worry, we will get the entry, security guard knows me.” His tone was careless.

I knew very well that, he was not going to listen me at all because hardly he came for drink and when he used to be in mood, he never listens to anyone. So there was no need of argument with him.

On the floor few couples were dancing, their hands stuck at each other’s parts, creeping smoothly ups and downs.

Two more hours spent and Aakash had emptied two more bottles. I looked at the watch. It was about to ten.

I looked at Aakash, his eyes became red and he didn’t seem at all in sense.

People were still dancing crazily on floor. I tried poking him but his eyes couldn’t fixate at me.

It became a difficult situation to manage and I really didn’t know how to tackle. I held his hand so I could help him to me. He stood, keeping his hand on my shoulder but within fraction of next few second he fell on the floor. Few pairs of eyes stuck at him. It was a kind of embarrassing moment.

Finally I caught his wrist and helped to stand. I prompted him to move slowly. My mind was also whirling but I was in sense. After several fall on ground finally we came on the road. It was vacated almost. Streetlights were not properly working. Chilled wind was blowing hard.



His feet were staggering a lot. We were moving very cautiously and within little moment he started vomiting. It was his usual routine and I didn't remember a single time when he boozed and didn't vomit. Puke poured on his attires and it became crisp. Environment surrounded with very foul smell.

After one hour, we arrived in hostel. I helped him to go into washroom and took a quick bath. After fifteen minute later, he came into little sense. But his feet were still staggering a lot. He sat on the chair and I offered him a bottle of water.

I opened the window and allowed the fresh gust of breeze to enter. Now he was feeling better. He was looking at my face and suddenly his face became gruff looking at watch.

“Ravi I am sorry man,” he told.

“For what bro,” I amazed.

“Because we have left the gift pack on the reception of bar man,” his voice was combination of guilt.

And suddenly I realized the mistake and felt how moron I was really. Fifteen minutes later was the birthday of a girl, whom I adored most in this world and I wanted to give her a surprise after going into her hostel as I had already prepared the plan and talked to the warden and as being of good friend of me and Aakash I knew warden didn't let me stop to give her the present. By the way I had also paid him a hundred rupee note. A crisp note, just withdraw from ATM.

“Sorry man, it happens due to my mistake, I should have not drunk this way, I should have listened to your warning of not get over drunk.” His voice was kindda sulking.

“Don't worry dude, its okay,” I told. My voice was little sad.

“Why should I not worry dude, I know how passionate you are of gifting her anything at this grand occasion.”

I didn't tell him anything. I knew I wanted to gift her something, very memorable thing in memorable style that's why I purchased dress, bouquet and cake but now when my plan had already been shattered just because of carelessness.

We sat on bed; there was nagging silence between us. There was only five minutes remain to twelve. Many different expressions had been reflecting on his face.

“Do you think Ravi, bar would be open till now,” his voice was gruff.

“No man, it's going to be twelve.”

He patted his forehead helplessly and suddenly his hand slipped into his pocket and he took out the receipt of cloth shop owner and his finger went on the keypad of mobile and he dialed his residence number. Phone went on ringing but no one picked. For one more time he dialed and after five rings, a lady voice came.

Shop owner was not at all seemed ready to open his shop again at twelve, but Aakash was not listening to him at all. He put his best efforts of convincing and finally twenty minute later he could convince him.

## Chapter-13

Meanwhile I sent a very happy and bleating birthday message to Priya and finally left the room. Gatekeeper silently opened the gate and I walked in the lonely road of Dehradun. Bone sickening cold was ready to shiver my confidence. After half an hour, I arrived at the shop. Shop owner also came on his scooter. He was looking little fed up because we had already spoiled his sleepiness and finally I chose another perfect pair of dress for her.

Finally, I returned in room. Aakash had been waiting for me eagerly. He looked at me and his face witnessed a kind of smile. Finally, we both left the room.

After ten minutes, we were standing at the gate of girl's hostel.

Aakash banged the door of warden; he came out with rubbing his eyes. He appeared like he wanted to crush the person who was banging his sleepiness. But as fast as his glance hanged at Aakash, his expression became normal, because he knew very well who Aakash was and his importance.

Aakash talked to him and handed another hundred rupee note patting his shoulder. He pointed finger at me and warden nodded and permitted me to inside. Aakash waved his hand, smiled, lit a cigarette and shared its deep puffs with warden.

Little later I was inside the girl's hostel, looking for the room number 121. I moved ahead at the last corner. I was wearing a heavy shawl also till head to my feet so no one could guess me and point finger at my sexuality. Walking alone inside the girl's hostel at midnight was really a very terrifying experience and I was losing my confidence a little.

Finally I could locate her room and went to the back side so I could avoid any girl's attention and slowly banged on the window. She opened and looked at me amazed. She smiled looking at me.

"Aakash has just informed me about something." She shook her hand with me. "What was the need to go out to hostel at midnight and again coming to girl's hostel. You could've handed me this gift tomorrow also," her voice was bit rough but it was combination of love and affection.

"It's okay, your birthday is very important for me and if I will not offer you the first gift then who will?" I asked peeping into my eyes.

"I know Aakash." She smiled.

"Good girl," I said.

"Love you."

“Love you too sweet baby.”

“And yes go soon please, I am scared of someone. If someone will catch us then there will be a number of problems.”

“Don’t worry.” I smiled.

She hugged me tight. I offered a very soft and warm kiss on her forehead and finally moved to hostel gate stealthily. She was waving her hand and looking very happy. Aakash had already finished his third cigarette with warden. He handed one to me. I also took a puff, trying to pour out the vapor through my nostrils.

In the night I talked with Aakash till three in the morning. Discussion was related to his music album and where to shoot it and how.

Next day, when I opened my eyes, sun had already formed very high at horizon. I wiped my face and looked at watch. It’s already been nine thirty. I had almost missed my first class.

I took a short stroll in the gallery and finally went into washroom to get fresh.

I took my breakfast and returned in my room. Aakash had already prepared the details of shooting schedule and instructed me to study so we could go to principal to take the final approval.

Two hours later, with some minor changes and suggestions I handed my acceptance to the project. It is about to be twelve. For one more time I remembered her face and conceived a plan to make her birthday very memorable. I went to market and finished the all-necessary formalities.

Around two, she joined me after giving the treat of her friends and classmates. Now, it was ours time and we wanted to celebrate it like never before.

I held her hand and we walked on the park. I went into a restaurant where I had already talked to manager. She sat on chair. In front of her was a cake kept on table. I looked at her and she smiled.

“Happy birthday once again.” I told blazing the candles.

She looked at me very affectionately.

“Thank you so much Ravi.”

She cut the cake and we enjoyed her little birthday celebration with the members of restaurant. Manager also played a very soothing song for this occasion.

We had light snacks there. She loved a lot enjoying Chinese food. Pizza was one of her all time favorite. After having little great time there, we went into a flower shop and I bought a beautiful bouquet for her. She looked at bouquet. It had three red roses, three pink, three white, three yellow and three lilies.

“Red roses for our love, pink for our affection, yellow for our friendship, white for your simplicity and lily for your beautiful incomparable smile,” I explained smiling.

A sudden wave of emotions reflected on her face and her eyes became so intense as she was trying to fathom the depth of my caring and love. Her eyes started communicating with me as it was still amazed to see this precious bouquet and wanted to ask me.

“Will I deserve this bouquet?” her eyes would ask.

“Yes, you are the only girl in this world, who deserves this bouquet. You are the only one, who has my heart, you are the only one, who has acted magic on my mind and you are the only angel for whom I am very passionate,” my eyes replied.

Her face became witness of a different glow of charm. She didn't tell anything and there was a big and satisfactory child trusting smile was there.

As my usual planning, we went for movie. I had already booked the tickets. It was little late in starting the show. We walked around. There was a coffee shop behind the cinema hall.

For time pass, we finally moved there.

Waiter came with two cup of coffee. Ahead of the coffee shop was a park, where many couples were sitting, losing them into a world, where they didn't need to care of anyone except the person, who was inside their arms? A group of kids were playing cricket, hooting and shouting. Ball had been crossed the boundary and rolled onto the road and a little boy was trying to jump the boundary of park. Another side of the park was few eunuchs trying to exhort the money from couples, clapping loudly. A boy and girl were taking images of each other's at different position, angle and direction. A little crowd was around a tarot card reader who was foretelling about the couple's future. Many couples were there as they all wanted to know that how long will their relations elongate and foreteller was earning a handsome amount of money.

I took a sip of coffee and looked at her. She seemed busy pondering something.

“Hey what happened?” I asked.

“Nothing just looking at all those people,” she asked.

I could chase her gaze and it was fixated at a couple who was kissing to each other's.

“Are you imagining us to be there?” I teased little.

She turned at me and blushed.

“No,” she softly uttered.

“Why? What’s wrong? We are legitimate couple to kiss each other.”

She didn’t say anything and her gaze was down. I gently touched her chin and lift her face up so she could peep into my eyes. Her face was red.

“Don’t be shy like this baby.” I told.

She took another sip.

“You know, when I will kiss you, it would be the memorable moment of our life and as our lips will close to each others, for an instance we will feel like we are in real heaven,” I smiled.

“I will be waiting for that day, it will be just like a dream for me.” She told.

“And I will fulfill your all dreams. There is nothing more important in my life than you and your dreams.”

She smiled. Her beautiful smile, made me crazy. There was a seduction in ambiance and I was falling for her too deeply.

# Chapter-14

Finally, ten minutes later, we left the coffee shop and went in the entry gate of cinema hall. There was crowd because movie was blockbuster. We sat on our seat holding each other's hand. There was darkness all around and we were discussing and speculating about the story, scenes, songs, actor, actress and many more things.

Within next fraction of second, first scene of movie flashed on screen and all lights started fainting off slowly by slowly. A boy who was sitting in the next row whistled loudly after seeing the name of his favorite actor on the golden screen.

Who wanted to deepen into the story of film, of course not me? I wanted to spend every moment with my angel being so close to her heart, feeling her smell, pinching on her palms. That's the only one with whom I wanted to enjoy. I really didn't remember a single scene of movie. After a very romantic song, interval, flashed on screen and finally lights again turned on. One more moment, I cursed the light because I was so comfortable with her in darkness, resting my head on her shoulder. She looked at me and forced a beautiful smile.

I came with two pastries and two cold drinks. She took her first sip. Few minute later finally cinema hall again gulped into darkness. Now scenes were very memorable. I tried fixing my eyes at screen but every now and then, my sight was hanging at her.

Finally, one hour later we came out of cinema hall. She took my hand in her. I looked at her, as it was always my job to take her hand into mine. We started walking on the road. Ahead of us was huge traffic.

"That was a pretty nice movie, don't you think, Priya?" I asked looking at the car that was leaving the clouds of black fumes.

"Yeah," she heaved looking at me. "It was good. I love movies with happy endings, especially when the hero gets the girl and they live happily ever after!" she told.

I looked at her face and smiled at her answer. "That's a good point. I've always believed a little romance makes an action film even better." I philosophized.

Above us, sky was planning something different so we could have a very romantic time. It started cramming with dense clouds. We moved ahead and after the next red light was our next destination. Yes, I already had reservation for our dinner. Little later, we arrived there. The security guard, with sturdy body and heavy moustache with dark eyes and stern face welcomed us bowing his head. I told my name at reception and receptionist shown us the seat pointing her beautiful manicured finger.

She was looking at me startled. I had planned everything to make her surprise. I had planned for a candle light dinner. Her eyes appeared big and she was still looking

confused.

“My dream to go for a candle light dinner with you is fulfilled.” She told.

“Hmmm and I want to fulfill all of your dreams,” I reminded her, my commitment once again after touching her cheeks very softly.

“I can’t believe you have planned everything amazingly.”

“Yes, of course, because you are so special to me.”

“What should I say to you for this wonderful moment?” She asked.

“You don’t need to say anything. Just enjoy the romantic fervor of togetherness.” I suggested.

Waiter placed the order. I ordered nice *Punjabi* food with deserts. There was a fresh bouquet of rose already lying on the table, that was making the scenario so perfect. The soft music that was playing very soothingly mingled the new passion in ambiance. In the glow of candle, she was looking like a real angel. Her loose hair were falling down to chair, her breathtaking beauty and deep miserable eyes were captivating me. Everything was giving her the best appearance.

She spread butter on bread and took a small bite. Butter spreaded across her fingers smelling so delicious. She looked at me smilingly and then kept another bite into my mouth, her soft fingers touching my lips, and salty butter spreading across it which made me feel as her love was melting across my lips to touch me very softly and deeply. The fragrance of rose shortened the distance between us. Feeding to each other’s was a different experience and there was a great self-satisfaction reflecting on our faces as we were in term of best caring.

I still remember that birthday, thinking how happy we were. Our closeness was boosting us to move on a new direction of life where we could always live for each other’s. Those were the happiest moment of my life. I called her numerous times a day. We were connected every minute to each other. Life for me was heavenly. I had always dreamt of loving my life this way. She was almost the perfect girl I had dreamt about before. She loved me as much as I love her and I still do. I would embrace her tightly to feel her warmth and kiss softly on her forehead. I longed to be with her forever. Words alone could not describe the blissful times I had with her. Her distinctive voice would just banish my blues away.

After dinner we spent few time looking here and there enjoying the liveliness of surrounding. Finally we came out holding the hand of one another. Outside the gate, crazy clouds were watching us as it wanted to shower like blast for our happiness. Hardly had we moved ten meter ahead of the restaurant, thunder roared with bedazzled lightening. Before we could look for any shelter, rain started showering. I tried running



ahead with her, but it was useless. Rain was not in favor of us going without making us completely drench.

Finally, we surrendered ourselves into the rain, naughty rain passing through touching our body, giving us the kind of new sensation. Thunder roaring like lion, brightening in sky and she was coming more close to me after getting scared.

Hardly had we managed ourselves hiding under a tree. But we already were completely drenched. I looked at mobile screen. It was about nine thirty. Staying there for few more minutes could cause some adverse effect because girls were not allowed to stay away the hostel after ten. I looked at her face. It became gruff as she also seemed little worried for time.

I took her hand and finally we moved in rain. Above us, the clear sky was showering. It made the ambiance little crazy; I started splashing water on her. At a certain extent, she seemed kindda shy but later she also started co-operating me. Gust of chilled wind made us shiver and we were coming close to each other.

It was like we were dancing in the rain. My heart was beating a lot and my mood became crazy and ecstatic. I felt myself singing a song which would be dedicated to this romantic weather. Thick stream of rain started flowing on the road. In the lightening of thunder, I looked at her face, it was so innocent and gleaming and her eyes were very soft and intent, as it wanted to tell me something.

I cuddled her into my arms, protecting her from the thunder. I felt the warmth of her body transferring in me. Her breath was uncontrolled and her head was resting on my chest. Her lips were touching to the bare skin of my neck and my grip around her waist was tight. I kissed at her forehead, the droplets of rain trickling down under my throat.

We moved ahead. Water was flowing into drain. There were number of leaves floating on the road. Far from the distance a car was passing, splashing water very high and few kids were running here and there hooting like the craziest creatures of this world.

Sky was still cleared. There were no stars and moon except the dense clouds. Due to rain she was almost wet. Her dark eyes were half closed and some rain drops falling from it. Due to the street light it reflected various lights just like a rainbow. Her long and black hair forms a wavy structure such as the waves of sea. She was looking so beautiful.

We moved fast so we could be at college gate before ten. Half an hour later we were in front of gate. Security guard put a stern look at us and finally we entered into the campus. I again went to escort her at the hostel gate. Her grip became tight on my wrist, as she did not want to let me return and wanted to spend entire night together with talking, blabbering and laughing.

“It was the best birthday, I have ever spent,” she whispered into my ears.

“I am happy a lot,” I whispered.

“You know you are just best,” She again whispered.

“Hmmm.”

“Will you always celebrate my birthday this way?” She asked.

“Not this way,” I said.

“Why?” She startled.

“I want to celebrate your birthday with more grand style. I want to give you the moments that will be more incredible. I want to have maximum real romance of life along with you.”

She kissed at my palm. I looked at her expression.

After few seconds I turned back. She caught my wrist.

“Going?” Her eyes were wide open.

“Yes have to go,” I said softly.

“Please don’t go,” her voice was extremely soft.

“But I can’t stay here *nah*,” I pinched her palms.

“I will be bore. I just want to spend time with you the way we spend the whole day,” she told, her voice was twittering.

“Hey I am with you *nah*, every moment we use to so close. Don’t worry you won’t be bore. I will send you message.” I told.

“Perhaps this day lasts never,” she sighed.

“Hey don’t worry we are going to have lots of rocking days.”

She didn’t say anything and finally moved to her hostel as clock indicated the time. It became already ten. I turned back and moved to my hostel. Rain was still spattering very heavy on ground; winds were swirling with moist that were piercing too deeply in me.

# Chapter-15

Aakash was working on his computer, probably preparing for the shooting schedule of his album. I walked straight in the room without looking at him. I got a towel, jumped into the washroom, and sat there with the water running on my head and down my back. Everything was just running through my mind. How each moment we were so closer to each other and what would be our life. I guessed we would be going to have a wonderful life because we were the best friends, knowing and caring very well to each other's. My eyes closed with the ecstasy of those all moment and I could feel her presence in the surrounding.

I felt as she was calling me having very soothing smile on her face and went near to her. She was strikingly beautiful. She wore a long pink suit, which was floor length in the back. Her neck was decorated with shredded silver strips and it was accentuating her perfect figure. Her earrings along with bangles were pink and lips had the deep and a thin line of lipstick. The sleeves of the dress were made from bit transparent cloths wrapped around her arms, all the way down to her wrists, revealing tones of skin. She wore a pair of black thigh boots that shined dully in the light. Each fingernail was carefully painted with a light pink nail polish and held with a royal flourish. Her long hair seemed to be even longer than I remember.

"How long you will stay in washroom dude, come soon I have to discuss something about the project." I heard Aakash, calling me.

His voice drove me into the world of reality. I laughed at myself. How crazy I became of her. I poured the smile on my face and stared at my image in the mirror. After five minute, I landed into my room.

"Hey bro," I looked at Aakash.

"Hi man, how your birthday treat was?" He asked.

"It was amazing bro, we had the best time."

"Good, I am happy for both of you."

"Thanks buddy."

His finger went on the keyboard of Desktop and he opened few files, his eyes attentively hanged at screen. There was a MS Excel file popped up.

"Hey man this is the entire thing about our shooting schedule, have a close look and tell me how it is and what more we need and what's your opinion. Tomorrow I want to take permission from principal."

I looked at the screen and read, everything that he included. I thought he had deeply studied about the shooting schedule and didn't miss anything to mention. Details of cast and crew were perfect along with appropriate budget and how long day we had to shoot.

"Bro do you think Shimla is perfect, we may choose some another location like Nanital, Manali or other," I suggested.

"No Ravi, Shimla is perfect. It will provide us the exact surrounding, which we are looking for. We just need snow and an ambiance that give us the close look of nature."

"And what about the model dude? who will act in this album."

"I have talked to a coordinator; he has assured me to provide a perfect model for this shoot. Once principal finalizes this project then we will take the last step and finalize everything." He assured.

"Hmmm, good I hope principal will give his nod and we will shoot it soon and what about equipments dude?"

"There is a production company in Shimla, I have already talked to him."

"I think everything is perfect Aakash."

"I am very happy bro," he said, "my dream is going to be true man, I am going to launch my first album," he almost swung in the air.

"I am also very happy for you bro."

"And you know Ravi, I have got incredible support from two people and I don't know really, how to thank them?" He said.

"Who are those people?" I amazed a little.

"It's you dude, you are with me at every stage of my life and second is your girlfriend Priya. Her voice is amazing man, without her cooperation, I don't think, I could have recorded this song so beautifully. I am really very thankful to Priya, bro."

We discussed for another two hours about the shooting schedules and its every aspect. I had also done my guitar practice with Aakash. Around two o' clock we finished our discussion. I looked at the screen, there was a message popped up.

*"I am going to sleep as I am already tired a lot. Good night sweetheart."* Message of Priya popped up.

I opened my book and had glance of few chapters. A number of work was there to be done. I was already lacking in my study and it was my last semester so I had to do very

well to grab a better placement. I started reading. I concentrated on the topic. Sometime sleep tried to over take me but her memory simply eluded it. I wanted to study a lot, so I could grab a better job and I could provide a better future to Priya. No matter what I was doing, the final destination was related to Priya and her happiness.

It was five in morning. Aakash was snoring on the bed. After finishing my last work on Programming finally I went on roof. Water was still flowing in the drain but now sky was clear with moon and stars.

I sat at the corner, and started thinking about my life. Everything was happening, as I wanted. Nothing was off track and I wished it will always move on the same way.

To have a short stroll, I went in the field. I knew she won't come because she would be snoring till very late. I had a long walk on ground and felt her diving presence there. Finally, I typed a message showing that how deeply I was missing her.

*“I’m going to write on all the bricks I MISS U and I wish that one falls on your head, so that you know how it hurts when I miss you at every moment.”*

## Chapter-16

I went in canteen, had a hot cup of coffee, and finally returned in my room. I again turned on my Desktop and started looking at the beautiful snaps of her, which I took yesterday. She was looking stunner in every image. Finally, I chose a image of her, when we were having the candle light dinner and set it as my Desktop background. It was an incredible memory that was never going to be faded. It was the moment, which we were going to cherish for the rest of eternity. I realized the perfect definition of true love.

*True love cannot be found where it does not truly exist, nor can it be hidden where it truly does. Love is magic. The more we hide it, the more it shows; the more you suppress it, the more it grows.*

Finally around seven thirty my mobile beeped and I knew very well that whose message it was going to be. I opened it.

“I love all the stars in the sky, but they are nothing compared to the ones in your eyes. Good morning dear and love you a lot.”

I smiled at her brilliant reply.

“Hey how are you?” I typed.

“I am fine sweetheart,” she replied.

“How was the night?” I asked.

“It was the perfect night, I got a sound sleep. I was so tired and couldn’t avert my fall on bed.” She replied.

“Good.” I typed.

“And what about you? I guess you also got that kind of decent sleep right?”

“Decent sleep?”

“Hmmm.” her reply popped up.

“Do you think I can get a decent sleep?” I replied.

“Why not? You were also tired.”

“It’s because of you,” I replied.

“What did I do wrong?” her reply popped up.

“You didn’t let me allow to sleep.”

“How?”

“Because you were looking so dashing yesterday in those dresses and I felt trouble sleeping entire night because I couldn’t stop thinking about you. Every moment I was thinking about the rain and our togetherness.” I replied.

“You are just mad.”

“May be but I think you like this mad, don’t you?” I asked.

“I like this mad a lot. I love him a lot. I love his madness, I like his craziness. I love you sweetheart.”

“Love you too angel.”

“Okay get ready soon, catch you in college, take care,” she replied popped up.

“You too take care sweetheart.”

I replied and kept the phone on table. Aakash was still snoring. I tried him to awake but he was not in a mood to spoil his sleepiness at all. Finally, I allowed him to sleep as long as he wanted. I turned back and my eyes hanged at her image. Desktop was still turned on and she was smiling on the background of screen.

*You are mad*, I reminded her message and I felt as she held my hand and pinched my cheeks and said the same thing, with having incredible affection into her eyes. Was I really mad? I mused but didn’t get any reply.

I could ask for one more time the same question and I got the answer. Love had come back to show me the real answer and taught me what was the real definition of love and what was its dimensions. Love isn’t about becoming somebody else’s perfect person. It’s about finding someone who helps you become the best person you can be. Satisfaction and ultimate fulfillment are by-products of dedicated love. I thought.

At nine, I left for attending the class. After rain, Dehradun always comes in its best look. On both sides of road there were the garden of roses and marigold. My eyes hanged at the buds of roses, which would be going to blossom soon. But within an instance my eyes hang at thorns upon the stem and I thought, “How can any beautiful flower come from a plant burdened with so many sharp thorns? And then I could get the voice of my inner soul and it replied me that every beautiful thing comes after lots of struggle and difficulty. It told me not to be worried about hurdles or anything because it was the general schedule of life and it wants to experiment us always. It boosted my confidence saying that I was moving on the right path of my life and Priya was the only girl with whom I can manage a very happy, successful and glorious life.

I closed my eyes and reminded the moment when we first met and I felt there was something special between us. Aakash always told me that our match is made in heaven, the perfect couple. He said we were not like other couples. And it was reality. She was different from the crowd of girls. Everything in her was amazing. I felt as I discovered who I was because of her. She was what I had been looking for in my entire life. Her was the best incidence that's ever happened to me. She had changed me as a person of gem.

I attended my class and around eleven, I came out and went into the park where we were scheduled to meet. After fifteen minute, I could catch her glimpse. She was wearing pink shirt and black jeans with high healed *sandal* with pink earrings and pink bracelet.

“Hi,” she chirped waving her hand.

“Hey looking pretty,” I complimented.

She sat closer to me. There was no one in park. Wind was cold and sky was observing us very silently.

“I want to say something, if you allow me,” my voice was gruff as I wanted to move a step ahead of this relationship.

“What?” she looked startled at me.

“I want your promise that you won't disappoint me.”

She looked into my eyes. I could find my reflection into her, my image was so clear and vivid.

“Will you be my life partner; I want to spend my entire life with you. After grabbing my first job I want to marry with you.” I said.

She looked at my face and I could guess, a certain flow of emotions through her face skin. Her shimmering face seemed fainting very slowly as she didn't hear what I told. She buried her head into my chest and continued on crying. I could feel her warm breath on my chest. I gently lift her chin and planted a long, warm and soft kiss on her forehead. She again bent her face. It was the moment when our emotions transferred into each other's. She didn't say anything and managed to be silent. It was the signal of a mutual silent agreement. She agreed with everything what I had said, saying it was the same story with her, and she didn't want to let this go.

She left a very soft glance at me with nodding her head very slowly and I found as word stuck at her throat. Still crying and unable to make words, she nodded her head up and down repeatedly, and once again, kept her head into my chest. It seemed as if time had stopped and we hugged nonstop for an hour. She then said to me, “I want exactly the



same thing, Ravi, I want to marry you, I want to be only with you. I can't afford to lose you in my wildest of dream."

When she said this, I began to have a few tears, and we hugged, once again. We were not at a very perfect age to think about our marriage but it didn't sound at all nonsense. We knew how serious we were for our future and there was not any future of us without each other's. I needed her, she needed me and our life needed both of us. I felt as flowers bloomed in my path, the butterflies flitted merrily, and the breeze was cool and gentle. It was about to one in afternoon. The sun was shining with warmth that I could feel well within the depths of my heart. We held our hands and walked through the narrow lane of park. I took her notebook and wrote my name along with her with a hand sketch image of heart. I was so much in love and I was ready to pass through those all miraculous phases through which people pass after falling in love with someone.

# Chapter-17

It was evening and I was preparing for the next day viva. It was a hectic schedule of study as few companies were expected to come by the next week. Last semester is always a kindda pressure for everyone. Hardly I had glanced on few topics, suddenly Aakash came. He was looking glowing.

“Hey congrats bro, our project has been approved,” he cuddled me.

“Really man?” I felt as swinging in air.

“Yes bro,” he shown me the approval letter of principal.

“We have got the shooting permission of three days. Day after tomorrow we will be packing up for Shimla.” His voice had excitement.

“Cheers bro.”

“Nothing cheers man, have to do a lot of work you know, I have to talk to travel agent, production companies and our colleagues and yes tell to Priya that she has to come with us. She is the important member of this group.” He told.

“She will be there with us bro.” I assured him.

“I am going for the tickets and hotel reservation. You just inform to all of our team members who are coming with us.” He instructed. “Here is the list, call them and have a meeting in evening,” he finished changing his shirt.

I took a long breath, as I was very happy. I really wanted all the shooting of this album soon. I knew he was so passionate of his work and he would take the permission of principal, no matter how much hard effort he had to put. I was more happy because I was going to have an incredible time with Priya. I felt as I was at the seventh cloud of my happiness. My fingers went on the keypad of my mobile and I dialed her number. After five rings, her voice welcomed me.

“Hey,” I greeted.

“Hi.”

“I have a surprise for you.”

“What?” She asked startled.

“We are going on a tour,” I said.

“Tour?”

“Hmmm.”

“Which city?” she asked.

“Shimla,” I paused “How is a tour of Shimla?” I asked.

“It’s beautiful place to visit. Very nice actually.” She said

“And we are going there day after tomorrow.” I said.

“Really?” she amazed.

“Yes principal has given the permission for the shooting of Aakash’s album.” I paused a little trying to listen her breath and excitement, “and I am the coordinator of this team and you are the singer whose voice is going to rock so it’s the obvious need of our presentation to be there in the beautiful and heavenly Shimla,” I explained something philosophically.

“Good.” I heard as she was controlling over her breaths. “It would be just like a dream,” she finished.

“Don’t worry we are going to have our best moments of life there. I just need you company,” I told.

“I am always with you sweetheart.” I heard her voice.

“Love you Priya.”

“Love you too Ravi.”

I hang the phone call. I punched my fist in air. I looked at the list which Aakash handed me. Along with me, Priya and Aakash, three more people were accompany us. Riya, Divya and Rahul. Divya was the girl, Aakash had always a crush and I thought the real logic behind selecting her name. Finally I made call to all of them and invited for the late night meeting.

It was almost eight in evening and everyone was there except Aakash. We were eagerly waiting for her. After ten minute, he joined.

“Hey, how you guys are doing?” he asked.

“Fine,” almost every one chorused.

“I guess you all have got the good news. Finally, our hard efforts ended with its destination. We are going for the shoot of our album. I have made the reservation and talked to the coordinator in Shimla. So everyone must be ready day after tomorrow by

seven in morning. We will leave for Shimla.”

“And what about the model, Aakash, who is the lead model for this shoot?” asked Rahul.

“Her name is Vidisha; she has already acted in different albums. She will be there at right time. I will send you the mail after attaching her image,” he told. There was a sort of satisfaction reflected on his face.

Discussion continued to one more hour. We talked a lot about our preparation and the perfect strategy which we were going to follow for this shooting. Finally at nine fifteen, we finished our meeting. I again went to escort Priya up to her hostel.

An night, I had done a tremendous guitar session with Aakash. He taught me few more rhythms. Around twelve, he turned on his computer. He showed me the image of Vidisha. She was looking very hot in the pose, which was in front of us, flaunting her very hot and seducing cleavage.

“She is hot, man.” I complimented.

“Hmm she is that kind, whom I am looking for. She is going to be rock bro.”

“Definitely.”

“I wish I could grab any hot chick like her,” he heaved.

“Vidisha is also hot, man.” I suggested.

“She is not of my kind bro, she is just time pass,” he zoomed the photo.

“Look” he pointed finger at image, “what a figure she got dude. Perfect, to make any man drool around her. Look at her lips, it’s just aphrodisiac man. Her eyes are breath taking and her breasts-mind blowing-look how mature and firm these are as two big ripen orange inside her bra.” He sniggered little.

“Yes, I guess. I think we are going to get banged by this queen of hotness.” I also accompanied him.

“I don’t know when I will get a chance to deep my first beak in this kind of real bombshell,” he again sighed.

Discussion was continued till ten and he seemed more excited about his future plan like shooting of album, edition and marketing. Finally, after saying me good night he rolled onto the bed.

I tried sleeping but it simply eluded me. My eyes hang at my notebook and then I

realized that how many things I had to finish. My muscles were aching but I tried to avoid my fall on the bed. I started studying. Finally, at five o' clock in morning, I sprawled on the bed after setting the alarm of nine.

Alarm started ringing, for an instance I thought to snooze it as I was not in favor of wake up. But after remembering the class and its importance, dejectedly I left the bed. I took my mobile and looked at the screen. A message of her wishing me very good morning was on the screen. I replied her same and went in the washroom.

First period was well and good and my viva was unexpectedly good. I was scared but it was very cordial. I could answer almost every question. At twelve o' clock we again met in park as it was generally scheduled. I was little late and she had been waiting for me. Roses were blossomed, as it wanted to boost up our togetherness.

I sat near her and smelled the fresh fragrance of a blooming beauty. Girls always have a different kind of smell that makes boys crazy to gaga over them.

I took her hand in me, pinching very softly, she was looking at my eyes, and her eyes were inviting.

“So be prepared for tomorrow. I am going to give you the best day of our life.”

“Hmmm, me too.”

“Anything do you need for this tour?” I asked.

“Nothing,” she told.

“What will you do in evening?” I asked.

“Nothing special, I guess I should go to parlor, look at my hair,” she pointed her finger.

“Yes of course, I wanna look you best okay.”

“Hmmm,” she told.

“Don't worry, I will also accompany you at evening,” I told.

“Where will you go with me?” she asked.

“May be parlor?” I sniggered.

“In beauty parlor?” She amazed.

“Why not? Can't I drop my angel to there?” I told.

“Hey I will love it if you drop me there. I always want to be with you at any stage of my life.” She told.

We cuddled to each other and finally left the park.

# Chapter-18

At evening, she came with her best dress. Security guard once again had a strange look at us and we moved ahead on the road. I took her to a parlor and asked the beautician for bleach, facial massage, hair cut, waxing and pedicure.

Beautician left a surprised glance at me and nodded her head with smile, as she would have been wonder how could I probably know about these all things.

She went inside the parlor and I started waiting for her outside. A Kiosk, outside the road, was selling different bracelets and bangles for girls. For the first time in my life, I attracted toward girls' cosmetics. I chose a perfect bracelet for her but I was not satisfied. Another bracelet was also looking very good. I purchased it too imagining her face but again my attention hanged at another one. When I stopped, I found I had already purchased eight beautiful bracelets for her. On opposite side, a kiosk was selling different earrings. I went there and chose lots of perfect set of earring for her. Every set I chose, I visualized her face and thought how it would appear on her.

Finally she came after one hour. She was looking breathtaking. Her skin was looking fresh and face was glowing. We went into the park, which was adjacent to road.

“Hey I have something for you,” I told like a kid.

“What?” She affectionately asked.

“Look I have purchased lots of different earrings and bracelets for you. Try it. These all will suit on you I know.”

I handed her the packet. She looked at it and her eyes open widely. She turned at me. Her face was serious and intent.

“Love you,” she told.

“Love you too.”

I took a bracelet of green color and slide it into her wrist. I again chose a pair of earring of same color and went very near to her. My fingers moved to her ear. I looked at her face; it had a mixture of happiness and blushing. My finger touched her soft cheeks; I kept the strands of hair aside, which was falling on her ears.

And it was the moment, what could I say, she was looking very beautiful. Green earrings, green bracelet, green T-shirt, manicured hand and very fresh skin and miserable face expression all were giving her the divine look.

I leaned more close to her and whispered into her ears.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Hmmm,” she said very softly.

“Did it hurt when you fell from the heaven because you must be an angel?”

She didn't tell anything and softly put a kiss on my palm.

We had a glance of city. We went in 'café coffee day' and talked a lot over a cup of coffee. We enjoyed her favorite ice cream, some roadside food. We took some sip of cold drink and finally around ten we entered into the premises of college.

In the morning at six, I went to take her from hostel. She was already waiting. We went at the bus stop. Aakash, Divya, Rahul and Riya were there. They all waved at us and greeted good morning. Finally, we all took the bus for Kalka.

After Kalka, journey became more adventurous. We chose the Toy train and it was a kinda experience we won't ever forget. Train was full with couples, mainly were the honeymooners, and everyone seemed very happy as they all were going to plunge into the depth of budding love, romance and passion. It was the long journey of five hours, passing through one hundred and five tunnels, and many stops. Finally we landed in the wonderful land of Shimla.

It was appearing as the precious and green jewels situated at White Mountain. The surrounding was very attractive, entire surroundings covered by Pine, Deodar, Oak and many different variety of trees like nature has given all scenic beauty to this wonderful place that's why people call it the queen of hills. Yes, it was our destination and we all were ready to have real romance with its surroundings and fervor.

All members of my gang were moving ahead and we both were following them. I held her soft hand and felt the freshness in air. Around us there were the countless bloomed flowers of different variety as they all wanted to welcome us. Wind was very chilled, making the surroundings freeze but there was a kind of different passion seemed to rise in environment. Bone sickening cold was nothing, as we wanted to enjoy its full fervor.

Finally, we landed in the hotel, had rest and got fresh.

Meanwhile Aakash called to coordinator and fixed an appointment and we both left to talk to him. Half an hour later, we were in front of his office. He warmly welcomed us and we talked a lot. He was amazed at our ideas after seeing our ages as we were going to shoot for an album. We were still very younger to do this kind of work. Finally, we told him about the location where we needed the shooting equipments and crewmember next day. He assured us the availability of equipments and gave the address of our model. After giving thanks to him and making the necessary down payment we left for the hotel where Vidisha was staying.



Twenty minute later, we were at the reception of hotel Golden Royal. After taking her room number, we took elevator. Finally, Aakash pressed the doorbell of her room. A very seducing face welcomed us. We waved our hand and sat in room. Vidisha ordered for coffee.

We talked a lot about the shooting. She wished to hear the song for one more time. I took out the cassette and played in tape recorder. She was listening very attentively. Her body was vibrating on the rhythm of music. Five minute later when the song finished, she looked toward us.

“Who has sung this song?” She asked.

“Priya, she is my girlfriend,” I replied.

“Sweet voice,” she complimented.

“Thanks,” I told.

“I will love to shoot on this track,” she shown her bright teeth.

After handing her the cheque for advance down payment, and instructing her everything we returned to the hotel where we were staying. Everyone was waiting for us eagerly. We had joint lunch in hotel.

It was evening and we, along with our gang, came out to have the real romance with crazy nature and beautiful scenario of Shimla. Our first hang out was the Mall. It is the main shopping centre of Shimla with huge crowd. Everywhere the people came from different parts of country, enjoying the very soothing sunlight, gossiping and chatting. Beside us, a gang of teenagers, who probably came here for picnic along with their school colleagues, were performing a musical event, few were playing guitar and drum and few were singing and crowd were clapping and hooting. Aakash went near them and talked to their coordinator and finally we played a beautiful rhythm on guitar that made evening so charming. When we stopped, everyone was welcoming us with huge round of applause. Aakash also announced about our shooting schedule and invited all of them to be there for next day morning and they happily accepted our proposal.

I held her hand and we moved ahead. Our next destination was a little cafeteria. I wanted to spend some time alone with her so I permitted them to move ahead and I sat on the gourd with her. Aakash was sipping cold drinks along with Divya and Rahul was trying different goggles as per the wish of his girlfriend.

I looked at her face trying to know her intention that how was she feeling or was she okay or not? She was feeling very good and glow of happiness exposed over her face. We moved ahead in the mall. It was Scandal point, the meeting place in mall where many people were talking to one another, probably about the fervor and nature of Shimla. Another side of mall was a coffee shop. We all moved there. Waiter came with the cups

of hot coffee. Outside the glass window of coffee house, beautiful scenario of Shimla appeared. Entire city seemed covered with snow and greenish vegetation.

Priya was looking startled at the amazing scenario of nature. Her eyes were wide opened as she wanted to capture all those beautiful pictures in her eyes forever. A group of clouds started forming in the sky. Few foreign tourists were also enjoying the real fervor of this queen of hills.

“Hey what are you thinking?” I took the first sip of coffee.

“I am just thinking about this city. How beautiful it is really. You know I always love mountains, I love snow, I love cold wind, greenish vegetation, lake...” she paused and took a sip “and I love you most out of them.” She told so softly.

I smiled at the way she told me showing her love.

“Shimla is a real heaven,” I took another sip.

“And we are going to roam around this heaven,” her voice was ecstatic.

# Chapter-19

Finally we all returned to the hotel. We were tired a lot, and we had a damn shooting schedule ahead, so we all preferred to doze off.

Around five in morning, I saw Aakash, working attentively on his Desktop. How passionate he was for his work. I mused. I woke up and came closer to him tried to help him my level best.

“Do you think this lake will be better for the first scene Ravi, I guess we will capture lots of good scenes in different angles and directions. Look, we can take the scene of lake, then mountain, greenish vegetation and then at the same time shopping mall also. What you say?” He asked.

“Yes dude, I guess this is perfect for our first scene.”

“Hmmm” he said, “then we will think where we have to take another shot.”

“Of course, I think we should choose some snowy place for our second scene. What you say?”

“Right, actually that is the demand of song. Hot girl and white snow. It will be a perfect combination.”

We finally came out of room and had a short stroll in the lawn. Around seven we again went in mall to check the location, from where we should start shooting. We examined the location very well so that we could capture the best scenes. Around eight o’ clock we got the call from our coordinator and over the phone he informed us that he was sending a mini truck full with equipments.

I called Vidisha, she greeted me over phone. I hoped her to see very soon. After fifteen minute, truck lingered there. I instructed to crewmembers telling the exact location and view and how we had to catch the scene. Aakash instructed the light men so we could take the real and beautiful images with different angles.

Finally, we returned to hotel and had breakfast with my colleagues and around ten o’ clock we all left for the shooting. Aakash played the music for rehearsal. Vidisha was supposed to join us soon with her team members. Choreographer instructed her about the scene and dance pose and she seemed ready to give the shot.

Lightmen flashed light on her face, cameraman was ready to take the shot and music seemed rocking the scenario. School children whom we met yesterday also joined us. After three retake of shot, we finished our first final shot. I looked at screen. Shot was as perfect as we all wanted. We congratulated Vidisha and crewmembers and prepared for the second shot. We packed up our instruments and moved to the next location. It was

situated at hundred meter height from the base of main city so we could get the real glimpse of snow.

It took another few hours to choose the perfect location and set the equipment for the next scene. Shot was not clear, every time because of slippery snow, Vidisha was feeling uncomfortable doing this scene. After eleven retake for the shot, finally we got what we wanted. There was kind of victory reflected on the face of every crewmember. Priya was just beside me encouraging my confidence. We took few more shots in the same place. We all also had a photo session with all of our colleagues. Aakash had taken a beautiful image of Priya and mine.

There was one final scene remained that we had to shoot and location that we needed was the green vegetation. One of local crewmember suggested about the place where we could take the perfect shot. We all packed up for the place. After half an hour later, we finally landed there. I along with Aakash got down first, looking at every corner, imagining the suitability of scenes and finally he nodded for the approval. I looked back, Priya was talking to Divya. Vidisha was looking at me. She felt kindda tired.

Crewmembers seemed preparing for location, adjusting the equipments for the final shoot.

“Shooting is really tough job,” I told to Vidisha.

“Hmmm,” she nodded her head.

“But this is a better job, give good fame and money. Right?” I asked.

“Yes it is, but there is very tough competition.” She said.

“Competition is everywhere. We can’t find any place where we won’t face any kind of competition.” I said.

Lightmen seemed ready for the final shot. Aakash discussed with choreographer regarding the shot which he was wanting. Choreographer instructed something to Vidisha. She changed her dress and finally went in the middle of location. Lightman flashed light on her face. Cameraman instructed her to bend at a certain angle. Aakash played the music.

“No no no,” choreographer instructed her as she couldn’t give the kind of shot which he was looking for.

Music again rocked the surroundings and cameraman seemed to take the shot. This shot was better than previous one but not perfect, as we were looking for. Choreographer again instructed her, moving his body, told her that how to manage herself so shot could be clear. After attempting for many times, Vidisha also looked little bit irritated as she was giving her best in each shot.

For one more time cameraman came in action and lightman did his job better. The angle and direction of light were perfect. Shot from the first camera was perfect. Vidisha again moved her body. Second cameraman tried to capture her but it was failure. For one more time she came in the same position and finally second cameraman also finished his task.

We all looked at each other's. Self-contentment was exposing on each other's face. We all thanked to the crewmembers. They all started packing the equipments. Vidisha also seemed ready after changing her costumes. We had a short interval of coffee, talked a lot about the editing process and when we were going to launch this album in market. An hour later we all returned to the hostel. Aakash and I went to escort Vidisha to the hotel. She was going to leave this city by the night because of her next schedule of shooting. We talked a lot with her. She talked very friendly.

Around nine o' clock we returned to hotel. Priya was eagerly waiting for me. Now I was free to spend the perfect time with her. Today I had ignored her a lot just because of our hectic shooting schedule and she understood this well.

We took our dinner together and then we bade good night to each other.

That night I was with Aakash, our eyes were hanging at the scenes which were captured and we were imagining how it would be appeared in final album.

## Chapter-20

Next day we all woke up around eight. Now we were free and we all wanted to have great time in Shimla, visiting different places. After having breakfast we finally left the hotel. Aakash talked to manager and we hired two cabs as it was not possible to manage we all six in one cab. Aakash looked at me and allowed us to sit in another cab.

Both cab started moving on the narrow and craggy road of mountain, jerking with screeches of tyres and roaring of engines. Above the horizon, sun was reflecting very bright, afternoon sunlight was breaking through the clouds. I rolled down the glass of window and let allowed the gust of breeze to enter. With sudden wave of chilled air, I saw the first sign of nature coming back to life. The trees outside were budding, the leaves waiting for just the right moment to uncoil and open themselves.

I held her hand, she looked out resting her head on my shoulder and I was slowly ruffling her hair. I found the cab driver, secretly looking at us but really I didn't care. I didn't care about anything. I just cared about ourselves and how happy we were and how happy life was going to be in each other's lap.

Engine was roaring a lot and in front of us was a sharp U-turn and deep valley. I looked at her and she felt scaring but driver managed to turn the car so dexterously and we felt relieved.

In front of us was the crowded market. We got down and had a look of market. Different kiosks were selling different goods. Varieties of decorative items, woolen shawls, dolls, toys. Vendors were yelling and begging at the top of their voices, applying possibly best efforts to attract customers. On the other side of market there was different row of Tibetan stuffs where variety of jewelry, gems and stones were available. I finally chose a Pasmina shawl for her and wrapped it around her body. She purchased a nice cap for me and put on my head. After spending half an hour there, we left.

Driver started the car and it jerked with sudden screeches of tyres. Ahead of us was a waterfall. Many tourists were there, taking the image of it with different positions and angles. Priya and I went in the middle of waterfall, balancing each other's and Aakash took our snaps.

Now in front of us were only snow and it was the place which we were looking for. We went for ice skating, it was a memorable experience of life time to skate with her. We were holding each other's hand and slipping on the snow so ecstatically, hooting and shouting. There was an ice skating carnival organized and lots of people from the different parts of this country were participating and enjoying. We along with our colleagues also participated. They taught us a lot of techniques about ice skating and we all tried using those all. Throwing ice on each other's was another best thing we experienced.

Driver drove us ahead. Our next destination was *Kufri*, an extreme beautiful place with favorable weather. Here, sky was clear and blue and weather was perfect. Air was crisp and fresh. We all enjoyed skiing here. It was quite adventurous. It was a very beautiful place and gliding on the snow laden peaks and trees were one of unique thing. We found ourselves so close to nature. She was looking very happy, seeing the weird and beautiful scenario of nature. Really Shimla is very beautiful, even more beautiful than the canvass and imagination of an artist. Every moment she was pointing finger and the different miracles of nature and she was appearing so flippant.

One hour later, driver again drove us at *Jakhu* Hill, it was the highest peak of city. I was gently holding her hand and we were moving ahead on the snow. Snow was slippery. She was slipping again and again and I was trying to avert her fall, balancing her as possible as my level best. And suddenly I picked the little amount of snow and plastered onto her cheeks. She looked at me; her expression was full of angry which I wanted to see. She ran towards me to catch and slap with affection. But it was not so easy for her. Every step which she was keeping on the snow, she was slipping back. I smiled at her and held her arms.

“That’s the way you need me at every stage of your life,” I told smiling.

“I know I am going to have you for the rest of my life,” she answered. On the other side of corner, few people were having the amazing view of Himalaya. The snow laden peaks of Himalaya were clearly visible. I paid a ten rupee note to a person who was offering the telescope facility so people could have the better look of Himalaya and its snow laden peaks and more rare scenario of nature. She started having the real glance of Himalaya through telescope.

In front of us was the top of the Hill. There was an old temple of *Hanuman*. In general condition of myself, I never use to visit any temple, church, mosque, shrine, gurudwara or any religious place but when I was with her, situation was different. I wanted to make her happy with all possible ways. I want to give her an incredible day and fulfill her every little wish. We moved towards the temple and here was the real thrilling adventure. There were countless monkeys staring at us in entire way. She was also staring at them; her face was glowing and she was pointing fingers at them. But suddenly a monkey came and snatched cap from her head and disappeared somewhere in the valley. She looked startled at me musing that what monkey will do with her cap and I was giggling at the crazy behavior of monkey. Probably I wanted to offer them thanks for this mischievous act. A smile played across my lips.

“Hey why are you smiling?” she asked looking little angrily at me.

“Look not only I, but animals are also crazy for you,” I teased her.

“Shut up,” she frowned her face.

“Why should I shut my mouth dear, what’s wrong if this poor animal is great fond of you?” I again teased her.

She mischievously looked at me and took my cap off and threw in the valley.

“If animals are my fan then I am also your, now everything is equally right.” There was a big childish like satisfaction on her face.

I smiled at her behavior, “Right sweet girl.”



# Chapter-21

Far behind the road was an apple orchard. All red apples were looking very attractive giving it's the best color. Red apples, green leaves and white snow. It seemed the rare combination of natural scenario. Our gang rested there. Aakash talked to manager and we all entered into the orchard and divided into different groups with our near and dear. I held her soft hand, went into the corner, and sat on the ground. We looked into one another's eyes for quite some time, both standing on ground with full of confidence. She finally diverted her gaze. Her eyes still hanging at those all red apples, which were hanging in tree. I again looked into her eyes as I wanted to know the depth of her curiosity. She pointed her finger at an apple, which seemed deep red and ripen. She tried plucking it but it was out of her reach. I smiled at her seeing her efforts getting failure repeatedly but she was not a girl to accept her defeat so easily. She again tried with little jumping but one more time her attempt went vein.

She looked disappointed after third try. I looked at an apple, musing the conditions that will I able to pluck it or not? It was at a little height and my hand couldn't reach.

"Look at another apple, look that adjacent of that, it's also very red." I tried pointing finger at an apple.

"*Nah*" she behaved like a child and told, "I want only that."

"But our hands can't reach there, sweet girl," I tried to make her understand.

"I don't know, I don't know, I want that only," she told, her voice was like a magical bird.

"Are you sure!" I gave her a strange look.

"Hmmm. I am sure," she told.

I gave her one of my best smile and then grab her into my arms.

"What are you doing?" She asked teasingly, pinching on my lips.

"Just trying to pluck the apple."

She smiled, "Then why are you taking me into your arms."

"Because the apple that you want to pluck is little far and in general condition, my hands can't reach there."

"So" she winked.

"So what?"

“I mean what are you going to do?”

I smiled, “I am going to take your help.”

“Mine” she startled, “you are being romantic.”

“Hmmm, I am going to lift you in my arms, so you could pluck an apple.”

“Wow” she chirped, her eyes again hang at the apple.

I lifted her so high into my arms. Having her so close into my arms was a great feeling; her hands were trying to grab the apple and finally a little unsuccessful try she plucked it.

She looked at an apple and without looking at me started munching.

“Hey cheater, at least you should have asked also to me. I have also applied my best effort.” I teased.

“I know sweetheart.”

“Then why are you munching alone.”

She smiled pinching my cheeks, “Hey where am I munching alone.”

“Then what are you doing cheater, you didn’t ask me?”

“He, he,” she smiled “taste it now, it’s so tasty,” she handed me the apple.

“No” I resisted her little “you are a cheater” I behaved like immature.

It’s always happen, if you are in deep love with someone, you love doing kiddish behavior.

She came closer to me and looked into my eyes. She gently kept apple on my mouth and touch my cheeks. I took a bite. It was really so tasty.

“How is it?” She asked.

“Tasty but not like you.”

I pulled her so closer to me; my hand went around her waist. She behaved as she had surrendered herself to me. Gust of passing breeze raised a new vibration in my body. I held her hand. Her face was gleaming. There was an expression of blushing on her face. I slowly brought my lips so close to her and it was the moment of great amusement when my lips touched to her, tongue rolled into her mouth, exchanging different love positions. I could feel her sweet saliva on my lips. And as I stopped she kissed me back more

passionately, her tongue exploring too deeply in my mouth and my grip over her body became so firm. Her hand gently creeping on my back. It was the moment when we wanted to explore lots of different things in each others. It was the moment when we didn't care about anything except the fact that how we were so close to each other. I unclipped her hair and now, it's started flying in air. I ruffled her hair and drove her face so close to mine, giving a passionate look. There was nagging silence in the surrounding except the communication of two beautiful souls. Which wanted to come closer and be one forever.

A gust of breeze passed through us and somewhere far from us an apple fell on ground. She turned back and looked at the apple. I held her hand. She tried little resisting my grip as she wanted to pick it. Within an instant another apple again fell on the ground just beside us. I picked it and handed her.

“No no no cheater, this time I will taste first,” I told.

“No girls always allow first,” she smiled caressing my cheeks.

“Hmmm,” I nodded helplessly.

She looked at me and kissed at my lips once again. Now there was no need to taste apple as her kisses were so sweet than anything I could ever experience.

## Chapter-22

Somewhere in the orchid, a group of birds seemed chirping in very soothing tone. The speed of wind raised little high and the number of falling apples on ground increased gradually. It was a very beautiful scenario. Apple falling down on earth and she was picking just like she had been crazy for this. With every fall, I found myself falling in love with her again along the gorgeous changing colors of the trees and there was the sign of fresh apples around every corner. Air had the intoxication- a different kind of intoxication, which was making us so closer. And now there was no denying saying at all that entire universe had conspires a plan so we could feel the most enthralling experience of love and romance.

I again grabbed her into my arms and seat so peacefully in way that I never did before. I just wanted to offer her every space of my heart left in any corner. She had already taken my heart. I really didn't have anything to offer her.

She rested her head on my lap and made herself comfortable, widening her legs on ground. I took her palms in mine, rubbing it gently, kissing her soft cheeks, forehead and lips, hearing the voice of her uncontrolled heartbeat.

After a long silence between us at last we started talking.

"I want to give you something," she said.

"What?" I asked.

"I want to give you something very precious memorable thing; I know you will always cherish it."

She took out a paint box and spread all little painting tools around me.

"I want to paint you, I want to make your portrait."

I looked at her as I had forgotten that she was also a good painter.

She lifted my face and kissed on my forehead and then instructed me to sit with comfortable expression. She started rubbing brush on canvas. Slowly and slowly, mixing one color into another, so gently and perfectly. Her eyes were transfixing at me and the same time at the canvas. I was just staring at her weird talent.

Fifteen minute later, finally she finished the painting and she drawn a wonderful painting of mine. The combination of colors was perfect and most important thing was my smile. She could successfully copy my smile on her beautiful canvas.

I didn't know really how to compliment her. I couldn't say her thanks or anything

because our relationship didn't deserve it. I cuddled her into my very firm arms.

"This painting will remind you of me always," she told, her voice was little gruff.

"What is the need of looking at this painting, I have a beautiful image of you in my heart and you are going to spend your entire life with me." I kissed at her cheeks. "We will have a wonderful life."

She looked at me and forced a smile. For the first time in my life I could feel her smile was fake.

"Hey what happened, why are you looking so glum?" I asked, ruffling her hair.

She sauntered close to me. Her eyes were so soft and intense.

"Ravi, will you promise me something?" She asked.

"Hmmm tell me dear."

"Will you always be mine this way?" She asked, her voice was cracking.

"Hey what's wrong? Why are you asking this type of question? You are only mine sweetheart, you will never go far from me. I am with you, at every stage of your life."

She told nothing and looked at me.

"Will you promise to always love me this way?"

I really didn't know what wrong was happening with her. I took her palm so close to my heart.

"Yes I promise you to always love this way. I want to love you a lot; I want to offer my everything to you. My life is yours. Without you I am nothing," I told.

"You know Ravi," she paused "life is strange, we always moves ahead, trying to forget everything, sometime very bitter reality of life, and suddenly life takes very stern decision and makes our dreams shattered." Her voice was sulking.

"Hey what happen, why are you talking this way?" I asked startled at her statement.

"Hey Ravi look at the sun," she pointed her finger.

I hang my gaze on sun. It was almost evening. Shimla is always famous for its beautiful sunset. Thousands of tourists wait for this rare scenario of nature when very red and brightening sun hides into the group of clouds, leaving its beautiful rays scattering everywhere, and snow sparkling in red color and very slowly and slowly fainting its rays in the long trees of Deodar and Oak. A flock of birds seemed returning to

its nest chirping and warbling in very sweet tone. The wind was so soothing and cold. We become so closer to each other and there was a wave of passion rose in us. In the very reddish ray of sun, I glanced at her face; it was so innocent and magnificent. Her hair flaying in air, falling at my face and the perfume of her breath, mingling into air, making the scenario so crazy. Apples were falling on the ground. Wind was slowly howling and leaves of trees were rustling. There was no doubt that it was the real heaven, it was the real heaven for us, when there was no distance between two hearts, minds and souls.

She brought her face near to me and whispered into my ear.

“I love you.”

“Love you too sweetheart.”

“I am so happy,” she told.

“Me too.”

“How better it would have been, if this beautiful scenario never fades?”

“Hmmm,” I said.

“How better it would have been also, If I always be in your protective arms?”

“You will always Priya,” I said.

“Will you always bring me here in every winter?” she asked.

“Hmmm,” I said.

“And we will always sit in the same orchard. You will help me to pluck apples and I will munch first, then you will kiss me a lot in same way and we will have the beautiful glance of sunset.” She chirped everything in one breath.

“Hmmm,” I said.

“And then you will hold my hand and we will go for a long walk of heavenly Shimla. You will protect me from those all stupid monkeys. We will enjoy skating, skiing and boating and then we will go for picnic every year.” She said, her voice was stuttering.

“And I will make your painting every year here in the same orchid.”

“Definitely” I prompted.

“And then we will go for a candle light dinner. I will hold your hand and you will make me feed and I will pretend to not take the meal and you will make me eat

forcefully.”

I smiled looking at her face.

Finally, we left the place. It was evening and cab drivers were waiting for us. We all sat in cab. After one hour we all reached in hotel. We got fresh and had dinner. Next day morning we had to leave for Dehradun.

I wanted to spend entire night with Priya. I wanted to talk with her a lot. I wanted to have a very close look of her for the rest of my eternity. So, after dinner we left the hotel. We had amazing walk on the road of Shimla. She was very happy spending time with me. And that time this quote suited on us better.

*“The true measure of compatibility is not the years we spent together but how good we are for each other in every moment.”*

This beautiful city is always known for its long moon-night. At the darkness of midnight, it becomes a frost glistening silent city. The surroundings appeared as like it wanted to have a real conversation with us about its incomparable beauty. The twinkling of stars and moon reflecting at her face, glowing her charm. In the sky, a cluster of dark clouds indicated us of the fall of snow, which slightly fall first, followed by a heavier one when the snowflakes sweep down through the fine-needles bending long branches to the ground.

We sat on the ground, glaring at this rare, beautiful, and scenic beauty holding each other's hand. Breathing seemed as like the cloud of steam mingling into cold air. And everywhere there was nagging silence as nature wanted to be witness of our great moment spending together so silently.

*When I saw you for the first time,  
I found my self on the cloud nine.*

*You crossed me like a gust of air,  
That was the first thing you have shared.*

*You were bright and you were fair,  
You made the aura Crystal clear.*

*You were riding on a unicorn,  
I was sitting in a garden lawn.*

*I followed you till to your secret park,  
Suddenly saw your body spark.*

*You were under the moon light,*

*I was hiding at some height.*

*That was the moment, that my life changed its way,  
I never imagined I must say.*



## Chapter-23

It became two in morning, temperature started falling down and light snowfall also. After all wearing very heavy and protective jackets we felt cold was piercing us. She became more closer to me and I held her hand.

I took out a lighter and blazed the fire, collecting few chunk of woods. It provided warmth to our bodies. The flame of fires, reflecting at her face was giving her the angelic appearance. I cuddled her into my arms and kissed her beautiful lips and I found conflicting emotions in her eyes. We looked around the city. It was so beautiful. Entire city and valley laded with snow. Stars and moon were beautifying its charm. It appeared as like the fantastic fairyland of white beauty.

Finally around five o' clock we left the place and returned to our hotel. Security guard looked at us startled but didn't say anything. All of my colleagues were still snoring.

After spending few minutes in room finally we started packing. One hour later, we were in toy train of Shimla Kalka railway. After hectic journey of entire day, finally at evening we returned into college. I went to escort her to the hostel gate. Aakash adjusted the unsettled stuffs of room and then we dozed off.

In dream, the heavenly Shimla reappeared. I felt as stars were shining very bright in the sky and we were still sitting on the same orchard. Crazy wind rising making us shiver and we are cuddling tightly to each other. Her face was in front of me and her breath was seducing.

Then we spent whole night together, outside the hotel, gazing at the beautiful stars and moon, and talking a lot and finally I slept in her arms and she was caressing my chicks and palms entire night.

Next day class was as usual. I attended my first class and then went in park at our general scheduled time and sat on the grass. A pink rose was bloomed very well in front of my eyes. Ten minutes later, I heard her footstep landing towards me. She waved her hand and I noticed the same charm on her face.

She sat more closely to me.

“Hey I have something for you,” she told.

“What?” I demanded.

She took out a little box of candy and handed it to me.

“Wow so sweet,” I complimented.

“It’s for you,” she told.

“Oh Priya you are such a darling, it’s so sweet,” I said.

She kept her arms around me and offered a kiss on my lips. I fixated my gaze at her eyes and kissed her back so deeply.

“Can I say something?” I asked tasting her sweet kiss on my lips.

“Hmmm,” she smiled breathing.

“I’m going to be diabetic,” I teased.

Her eyes became widen.

“How dear, how you going to be diabetic,” she stuttered.

“Because you are so sweet honey.”

“Really?” she asked.

“Hmmm,”

She again grabbed me into her arms and kissed passionately on my lips. The flow of her sweet saliva seemed touching the core part of soul.

“I am addicted to you,” she heaved a huge breath.

“Me too,” I caressed her cheeks. She again kissed me back and gasped.

“Yeah sweetheart you know you are my only love, and nothing can ever come between us,” she said. These words followed by a little cute laugh.

Just because of four days gaping of class, I got unwanted pressure to finish my assignment and I started mugging hard with those all irritating craps.

It was twelve in night. I was working on my project but my mind was still hanging at her. To refresh my mind, I decided to have a little online chat. As I logged into my mail id. I got a mail of her popping on screen. I curiously opened it.

*Dear Ravi*

*I am writing you because my heart is overflowing with the love for you. I am still remembering every moment of Shimla when we were so close to each other. How every moment was? It was just like a dream.*

*Baby I love you so much. I care for you so much. I adore those all moments and this*

*will never last in my memory as well your also. I am missing your gentle touch on my palms, your deep passionate kiss, the feeling of your soft skin, the thrill of holding your hand.*

*I just wanna say. I love you a lot sweetheart.*

*Yours*

*Priya*

I read this mail for two more time, pondering at the feeling of words, trying to imagine her face and how fortunate I was.

Now life was on an unexpected roll. Few people are really lucky to enjoy the fullest blossom of it and I admitted myself so lucky to fall into this category. I was cautious about study but she was more important than anything. Not a single hour passed when we didn't message to each other. Every time we enquired about, what we are doing, have we taken our meal or not and if not then why? If I wrote I haven't taken my meal then I have to explain the reason behind it and another message will come which instruct me to take it soon and if I again refused to take my meal then she will also not take her. We were so closely interconnected by heart. For her, there was nothing to hide. She knew everything about me and I knew everything about her. Her problems were now mine and mine were hers.

## Chapter-24

Now we began to date. We were together all times except night and most of time in night we spent also in messaging and online chatting. We used to send each other different love quotation, poems, greeting cards and other many things. Every moment spent apart caused pain. Every day we were on the sky soaring here and there holding one another. She needed me, I needed her. She had my heart, I captured her mind. We were happy, no, more than happy, in fact we were in a newly establish world. That was absolute heaven. Nothing could make life better. Nothing could drive us apart. Nothing, no one. Every time when we used to be in garden at the time of evening surrounded with cold and fog. I kissed her and she kissed me back. Now it was normal for me to kiss her, but every time when I kissed her, I felt different. The depth and passion of love towards each other's were increasing day by day and we wanted to solve those all miseries related to love which philosophers could never solve. For me there was no any blissful place except her arms. Her eyes were seemed like the gate of heaven.

It was a very late evening of December, when we were walking on the road, holding hands. The surrounding was soothing and Dehradun was appeared in its best fervor. Few more couples were also walking in the same lane. Sky was blue and clear. As usual schedule of our life, we sat under a big tree of banyan to feel the fresh gust of breeze. She was so close to me and her exposing breath was inviting me to plunge into the weird world of misery and amusement. I grabbed her into my arms very tightly and brought my lips near to her. Her eyes were transfixing at mine and I could see her lower lip begin to tremble. I poured a beautiful smile and grabbed her more passionately. I was about to kiss her lips before, she yelled at very top of her voice. She seemed holding her head firmly.

“What happened?” I asked concerned.

“Ravi!!!!!!” her voice almost cracking.

“Hmmm dear, what happened?” I kept my palms on her forehead.

“Ravi I feel like my head is blasting.”

“What?”

“It's aching a lot.”

“How the hell did you get this headache?” I asked softly.

She looked at me. Her eyes were so intent.

“Ravi” her voice was restless “I usually get this type of headache.”

I looked at her and ruffle her head but her restlessness was growing minute by minute.

I couldn't understand what I had to do. I thought to take her to a doctor. I took out my mobile and before I could dial the number of Aakash for help, she put her finger towards her bag and gestured. I rummaged it and got lots of pills there. For the very first time in my life I got such a huge collection of pills in anyone's bag. She took three different pills from three different silver coated wrappers and then gulped it with water. She finally rested her head on my shoulder. I was amazed at her. Within fraction of second, I found she was in a kindda deep sleep.

I started ruffling her hair. Above the sky, moon and stars were like glaring at us.

Now she was so relieved. I started patting her cheeks and forehead also. She seemed like a little baby. Yes she was a little baby for me. I always wanted to pampered her just like a little kid, making her happy with lots of sweet candies, ice creams; heart shaped balloons and stupid arguments.

Till nine o' clock we were in the same position. It was a different experience patting her forehead as I wanted to give my everything to her and took away her pain forever. It gave me a kind of different satisfaction that she was in the safest place on this earth.

Finally few minutes later she opened her eyes. I inquired about her condition and she assured me that she was feeling good now.

“Hey are you getting treatment of it?” I asked concerned.

She nodded her head, we finally left the park, and I escorted her up to her hostel.

At night, we chatted a lot about her condition and she told me that tomorrow she is going to her home. I asked the reason and she just told that her parents had called her for few days. For the first time in my life, I was amazed at her decision. Here, there were damn projects and classes were left to attend and finish, and she was going to home.

## Chapter-25

It was sad news for me. I really did not want to let her go anywhere. How could I think to spend my time in college without her? It was really a very difficult situation. No matter duration was very short as she assured me that within a week, she would be back but it seemed me as like hundred years. How will I spend my every day without getting the glimpse of a girl who was my world? But I didn't want to interfere in her decision because I thought she was happily going to her house.

Next day at very early morning, I came to bus stop along with her. She was going to Banaras. Giving her a warm hug and wishing for the very happy and peaceful journey, I left the bus stop.

Now, days were lonely for me. I used to spend entire day in class or in my room studying a lot. Every minute I waited for his phone call but it never came. I tried her number but it was switched off because her mobile was in roaming. Every night I send her mails, greeting card, love quotes, poems, as I wanted to say that how desperately I was missing her.

In between the days, Aakash was very busy, editing and promoting his album. It was expected to be available in market by the end of March and we had to do lots of promotional work so it could make a better grip in market. Three days spend and I didn't get any call from her. It made me little worry. I tried diverting my attention making myself busy in preparing different presentation and project works. She assured me to come back in seven days but I had to wait for her for four more days.

Every day when I used to return from class, I felt her presence in the park as was sitting there and we were staring at flowers and kissing to each other's. Daily in evening I went in park alone, and sat under the tree of banyan, because it made me felt satisfied and I found myself so close to her. Hundreds of times in a day my attention hang at the phone and whenever it beeped I curiously looked at screen hoping to get her message or call but every time I became dejected. However, the stupid sms from marketing companies and promotional offers made me more irritated.

I stared accompanying Aakash more. He taught me a lot about the new tactics of promotions. Guitar was another favorite time pass. Whenever I used to be in my room and felt alone, I used to play guitar, pondering that she was sitting beside me singing along with the rhythm.

Seven days passed but she didn't come back. I usually went to her hostel gate and asked to warden about her returning or any information but warden didn't inform me anything. I was strongly disappointed and dejected. Where she was and why she was not returning or informing me anything?

Days started going on and I felt myself surrounded with aloofness. It sucked me like

hell. It became twenty days and I didn't get a single message of her. Was our relationship was so feeble? She can't at least care me enough to give me a call or leave me a message. I felt as I was dying. Every hour I checked my mail hoping to get any reverts but nothing happened.

I was not trying to concentrate on myself, as I was so worried about her. Why she was not replying my mail. Class seemed boring. I started spending most of the time in my room, hearing the song, which she recorded, looking at her image repeatedly.

After twenty-five days, I got her glimpse in college. I saw her talking to one of her male colleague in the campus of her department. I felt a strong pang of jealousy rising in me. She came back in hostel and even did not inform me at least. But at the same moment I thought to ask her first that what happened wrong she returned after so many days. I felt she was ignoring me intentionally and pretending to not looking at me. I waved my hand.

"Hi Priya," I told.

"Hey how are you?" she asked.

"Taken so much time, what's wrong?"

"Nothing I just want to spend few days with my family that's why?" She replied. Her answer made me somewhat irritated.

I really didn't want to talk in front of her male colleagues.

"Okay see you later," I dejectedly told.

"Hmmm, you too, catch you later," she answered.

I left the place and moved to hostel. Aakash was working on computer. He was preparing a detailed report on Cyber Hacking and what is the difference between criminal and ethical hacking.

I sat on the chair and waited for her message. But it couldn't flash. I felt a sense of anger boiling into my blood.

After one hour, I dialed her number. But it was not responding. I tried for three more times but result was same.

With dejected mood, I started reading about the interview tips. Ten minutes later my mobile beeped and her message popped up in the screen. I opened it. It read

*"Hey I was busy with friends, what happened?" Anything important?"*

The way of writing was quite ridiculous and I didn't really know what's wrong

happened with her.

“How are you?” I asked.

“I am fine,” a replied popped up.

“Why you didn’t inform me that you have come back?” I asked.

“Hey I was busy that time, I thought I will tell you in evening.”

“Okay,” I replied curtly.

“Hey Ravi, I will message you later, I have to talk to Vijay regarding notes, take care.” Her reply popped up.

I didn’t know how to respond. For the first time in my life I felt utterly irritated that I didn’t experience before.

I kept mobile on the drawer. In front of me her image was on the desktop screen and it seemed irritating me. I tried concentrating on my subject but couldn’t. Every moment my thought hanged around her and how she was behaving with me.

Entire night I could not get a single message of her. I also didn’t send a message as I was so angry with her. I desperately wanted to talk to her.

Next day I attended my class as usual. After second class I waited for her in the same park, every minute looking at the gate and same time at the screen of my mobile but she didn’t come. I called her over phone, she told that she was with her friends and they were going to a birthday celebration.



## Chapter-26

First time her voice pierced sharply in my heart. Can't she gauge at least my condition? How desperately I have been waiting for her for twenty-six days and she seems not at all interested in me. Everything suddenly changed in her, I thought. Finally I left the park.

In night I didn't send her any message and neither had she also bothered to send me. I felt a kind of sharp pain betraying my soul and sleep simply eluded me. Every moment my thought hanged at her.

Next day after class, I found her talking with a group of male colleagues, smiling and blabbering and I felt she was intentionally trying to show this all to me. I cursed myself to be there and preferred another way and moved. My heart was beating very fast and feet seemed weighted.

Now it became the general schedule of her to not hang her proper attention at me. It was quite irritating; in comprehensible and depressing because, she was not caring me at all and also not respecting to my feelings. I couldn't see the same passion for my love in her heart, in the same way, I was passionate of her. She started avoiding me. No matter how hard I tried to go near to her but every time I realized a sudden change in her. It was as like she didn't want to make any kind of relationship with me. Every moment when I got her glimpse and thought to have a conversation with her, but within a fraction of second I felt as someone had punched me very hard on my face and I was bleeding and crying. Every time when I used to be near around her I found her talking to different person, and with mostly of them I had not good friendship turn. It made me jealous.

I realized as I became mad with rage and contempt. Lots of question began to whirl in my mind like painful hailstones in a stormy night. Why she was treating me like this? Why she had forgotten everything? And more important was the humiliation that she was giving me. I was not at all in favor to think anything wrong of her but situation was making me helpless to think in this way. Every moment when she hurt me, a question rose in my mind.

*"Why do I love someone who treats me like a pathetic creature?"*

Every moment I pressed my mind very hard to get the answer but I failed.

It was evening and I was with Aakash. Aakash handed me the first edited copy of VCD and told me to give the feedback and suggestion.

We both sat in front of computer. He kept VCD on player. The song was edited so nicely. Every scene suited best as per situations. The dance of Vidisha was really rocking. I had little problem with last scene and I suggested him. After half an hour of a long discussion, we left for the mess.

We had dinner. I returned in room and started preparing the presentation for next day. From the corner of my eyes, I was still looking at the screen hoping to get her message but nothing popped up. No matter how hard I was trying to concentrate on my presentation but I couldn't focus on it properly. A face was haunting around me. Finally, I closed my notebook and went on the roof of hostel.

I took a short stroll. I looked at sky; it was clear and beautiful with the never ending edge of freshness. The twinkling of moon and stars seemed to irritate me. I tried to ask the same question to sky that why was she hating me but I didn't get any reply. I felt little suffocation in surrounding. I realized myself entrapped in an illusion, and it was very tough to come out of it. I looked at my surroundings and started hating it. Nothing was now appeared beautiful to me. I felt as everything was fake.

Dejectedly I returned in my room. Aakash was snoring. I went to bed and tried hard to sleep but it again eluded me. I sat on the chair and looked here and there madly. For one more time I heard the song, which she sung, but her voice seemed irritating now. I rewind the song and cursed myself to fall so deeply in love with her. I felt my blood boiling. For an instance I thought I should really left her and feel very happy. I will get lots of girl with whom I will have memorable time, and what was the need of a girl who didn't care me at all after knowing the fact that every moment I was dying just because of the gap which she had created between us. I started hating her from the bottom of my heart but at same moment, from another corner of my heart I knew that how deeply I loved her. It was really a very tough situation for me to tackle. I couldn't hate her even after trying a lot. I couldn't portray a bad image of her in my heart. Every moment when I tried hurting her, I remembered her face and thought how my behavior would make her tore and shattered and I stopped hating her. I didn't know why she was maintaining distance with me. Why she was behaving with me the way so I could start hating her. I couldn't find any logical reason behind it. Every night I used to muse about the condition, which, generally used to create this type of distance between two souls which were existing to be together always. But there was not any definite conclusion. There was not any mistake from my side or in my behavior. I had always tried making her happy at my level best, always pampered her like an angel and now everything seemed suddenly changed. Every moment I tried placating the situation but it was of no use. I tried confronting her but she didn't offer any justifying reason why she was behaving this way to me.

The memory of past started haunting me. It was just a few days back when we were so happy and enjoying our togetherness. There were always a never ending passion in air and now I felt the same surroundings dried and stale. There were no more holding hands. It was more like I had to grab her and I craved for it.

*Love hurts when you break up with someone. It hurts even more when someone breaks up with you. But love hurts the most when the person you love has no idea how you feel.*

Night outings became my general habit but it is nothing like that I started spending more time with my books or project or presentation. I had lost my interest in study and somewhere I started lacking. I was also losing interest in doing things for which, few days back I was passionate. I was always famous to manage a very cordial relationship among my friends of my college but now I started managing distance to everyone. Now there was no morning walk, no late night chatting or party. I had packed to myself in a room, where every day I used to get the reflection of my broken heart and shattered soul. The glow of my face seemed to faint off slowly by slowly. Every moment I felt a valuable part of my body was burning, leaving the fumes of despair, sadness and melancholy. I had almost lost the idea who really I was myself. I looked for ways to reduce the frustration of my mind but it was of no use. I felt as like sinking in a quicksand of hate, contempt and torture. I tried avoiding her but it was really impossible to me. I couldn't think for an instance to go away from her. Every moment I realized a cloud of hate forming in surrounding and it drove me always insane. I was completely helpless. I didn't have any way to placate her or know the real reason of her rudeness except vent my anger through broken tears, inside my room. It was a moment when I tried every kind of sleeping and stress reducing pill to make myself to feel better but it was no use and pain was just unbearable.

## Chapter-27

It was the time when I started drinking and smoking heavily and yes, it really made me feel good. A swing of whisky or a puff of cigarette was enough to drive my mood better. I started bunking my class. Every day started with a bottle of wine and entire day I used to be on bed, glaring at those all beautiful reflection of my past. I became addicted to get warning of professors to manage my attendance of 75% but I didn't care about it. Why should I care about anything after knowing the fact that I had already lost the thing which was only valuable in my point of view? Every moment I tried to ask her *“why you came in my life and what did you get after doing this? Were my emotions and feeling nothing for you? Why you choose me to play this cruel game? How can you manage your life so simply? How do you arrange daring to face yourself in front of mirror? Does the image of mirror not taunt at you saying, you are just a cheap and cheater girl? Do you think that you deserve a little of space in any delicate heart?”*

There were always a series of questions that needed to be answered. Every time I hated her the most because she had made me drastically shattered but at the same time her face reappeared in front of my eyes and I forgot my heartache.

I usually got her glance after second period of class. I found her talking with friends and sometime hooting. I always tried avoiding every possible way so I couldn't face her. But it was hard. Every time canteen owner asked me about her as she was missing her for his special ginger tea. Whenever we faced each other, we did simple formality. I didn't utter a word to show her my weakness. I was suffering with life taking pain but I couldn't show her my heartache. I was shattered and disappointed. But every day I tried to put a brave smiling face and trying to interact with my friend but it was hard. I never thought that life would be so hard for me this way ever. The only truth that I realized that I'm alive, still breathing but something has died inside of me forever. It was nothing but love. My love for myself died inside of me. I didn't have courage to love someone in the same way I loved her. My love was so pure and clean but she never fathom the depth of its delicacy. My love was above selfishness and foolishness. I loved her from the depth of my heart. She was always with me when I had been having my best time but she was not with me to support through thick and thin time of my life. Why didn't she think about me? I cried for her every day but she didn't come back. She had gone forever from my life. She had been changed. She had shown me that what is the reality of this type of relationship and she also shown me that we should not trust someone so blindly that one day we will be shattered after breaking our faith.

Nothing was now attractive in surroundings. Winds that used to tease me always now seemed piercing my heart. I was died. I was broken. I was lost. I was feeling like nothing is real in this world. It's been a long time at least forty five days when I had my last conversation with her but I felt it was yesterday. Few days later I started to go for morning walk but she never came. I walked around her hostel to make her aware of my love but she never hanged her proper attention at me.

It was always been easy for girls to move on after ditching someone. I thought. Why the hell people should fall in love or believe in someone so deeply if they just want to play with our emotions? Love is not a kind of game else it is somewhat very pure and delicate relationship based on trust, loyalty and commitment.

Forgetting someone is not as easy as she thought. I could feel her presence in my mind and heart. I felt as I didn't have enough courage to move on. Every day I cried at night thinking about her. I became practical but there was a part of me, which didn't want to accept that she had ditched me like a pathetic creature. Within a few days, the earth slipped below my feet and I became cold and numb. The first time in my life I was at loss of words. I did not know where I went wrong. It was just that she never loved me truly and everything she did was just of time pass for her. Day and night, every moment, I kept on trying to find out where I went wrong but all that got in return were empty answers.

Finally, I decided to come at definite point without knowing the consequence. I didn't have enough daring to wear a fake smile daily and pretended in front of everyone that I was fine but internally I was burning. At least not with my close friends. Aakash was well aware of my condition. Initially he tried to talk to her but her ignoring behavior and self-egoistic attitude also made him rude. I didn't know how many nights we talked over a peg of vodka about the behavior or nature of her. It was a time when he used to tell me that we were the perfect couple but now he used to always abuse her. According to him, she was a third graded cheap and pathetic whore. She just wanted to pass time with me that's why she came closer and used me. Now his perception about her also changed. Her soft and intent eyes always appeared him big and he always ridiculed about everything, which once upon a time was her specialty. Now he could find nothing new in her.

I always seemed convinced after hearing to him and somehow it made me satisfied after knowing the fact that at least I had got rid of a girl who was very cheap, characterless and below our standards. But at the same moment, the other corner of my heart was not ready to accept this bitter reality that she can be so cheap.

With the passage of time I had lost every kind of hope to get her back. I really didn't know how long I would be suffering from this pain. I realized as everything was my mistake and now I had to face its consequences. After every dawn, there's light. After every struggle, there's a success; after every suffering, there's a cure; after ever true love, there's a numerous pain. As being a human being, it was always tough to accept the reality but being a wise and intelligent man I thought to face the reality. Finally I tried for the last time and I wrote a mail.

*Dear angel*

*What's wrong with you? Please tell me, I am going to die for the reason. Why are you behaving so rude to me? What did I do wrong so you are punishing me? Please*

*come on and tell me what's wrong happened or where this misunderstanding created if any? Why are you upset with me? Why are you not talking to me properly? Why are you avoiding the way, if you find me stand there?*

*Priya, I miss you. I miss you a lot. Every day is hard to spend without you. I just want to talk to you and sort out those all things which have created distance between us. I want to be with you. I just want to come closer to you and walk once again in the park, holding your hand. I want to gently touch your face and your beautiful cheeks. I want to ruffle your soft hair. I want to look into your very miserable eyes and fathom the depth of mine in it. I want to cuddle and snuggle you so I could feel you for the very close. I want to pinch your cheeks and experience the difference of expressions on your face. I want to go again in same restaurant and have lunch together with holding each other's hand so people could be jealous of us. I want to sit in front of you and you will draw my image. I want to say you again I love you, whispering into your ears. I want to compliment your dress and your soft voice. I want to say you how beautiful you are. I want to offer you again a pocket of candies. I want to see your sweet messages popping every moment on my mobile screen. I want to hear your complain about my dangling hairs and growing moustache and bared. I want you to know how much really I care for you. I want to offer my heart to you and take your also.*

*Please, please, please come on and listen to me. I know you can't be rude to me. You can't be rude with your Ravi. Hey baby, why are you behaving like we are strangers. Come-on we are not stranger at all. We are two buddies with one soul. I promise you to make you happy always. I promise you not to ask at all about anything which created distance between us. I know you must be misguided by someone. Now please come back. I am in need of you. I am missing you desperately. Please reply my mail. Hope you will do as you won't make me disappoint ever.*

*Your love*

*Ravi*

After clicking on send, I felt so relieved as I hoped she will reply. She would understand the feeling of my true and delicate heart. I felt as like I was communicating with her.

## Chapter-28

I wander around for days and days, I smelt the roses that you gave me every day and I know in the corner of my heart its smell will never stale. Every day is struggle without you. I am not at all now good in study. Only you are the person who can save me falling from the sky. I know if you have any kind of misunderstanding then we will sort it out soon. But don't punish me this way, because I truly love you and will always, no matter you are going to change for me or not. Your image in my view is still the same. I treat you still in the same way as I used to when we were on the tour of Shimla. You remember how happy we were and you sketched my painting. I glared daily at that painting. It's not very good but really, it's funny. It reminded me of those all moments when we were so crazy for each others. No more drama, pain, tears, in my life now. I don't ever wanna get hurt again, it sure makes me feel good when I let go to all the drama out of my life. I don't know where the story ends for me, but I sure do know where the story begins for me. I am a man of self-respect and dignity and I don't want to be demoralize more. If you want to treat me this way then I am sorry to say, I deserve better. I don't deserve someone who doesn't care for me at all except giving numerous pain day and night and even in dreams also. Sometimes I wonder if you know I am here, I can't remember you telling me that you love the cake and chocolates.

Three hours passed but there was no reply in my mail box. It was twelve in midnight. I thought she would have slept. I felt as like I was cheating myself. If she wanted to reply me, she would have till now because I know the schedule of her life. I felt a wave of hate rising in me for her. Is she cheap enough to not leave a reply at least? What will it cast effect on her if I would be dying? Rather getting pain, she would be very happy that she gets rid of me. I thought.

Every moment when I found her talking with some other male friend I felt a kind of angriness rising in me and I didn't remember the time when I thought to slap her very tight. But I became helpless due to my nature, every time I tried approaching to her but she shunned me and would spend most of time with her other male colleagues. I was amazed at her behavior, there was a time when I used to flirt with other girls and she used to complain me daily about my behavior and now when she was doing the same. I felt a pang of jealousy will tore me apart. I couldn't believe that people can change so easily this way.

Days were passing and I was going to be more frighten. I was missing my study because I was not able to concentrate. I couldn't attend a presentation which was most important in this semester. I became more irresponsible towards my work. My behavior changed like a stupid and immature person. I forgot my responsibility to study. I avoided crowd and became alone. I couldn't get out of my life because I was trapped amid in the tide of love. I tried to fix those all things which became scattered but I thought I didn't have enough strength. I was afraid to face the world by myself, I was afraid to see her with anyone else. I hated her as much as I loved her but didn't know how to get through

the day without seeing her or listening her voice. I felt as like I became crippled and nothing remained in me that could give me that energy to stand again and moved ahead. Thousand times I wanted to forward the reel of my life which had been stuck at a fix point but every time I failed.

Sometime, I also started behaving madly. Whenever I felt anger boiling in my blood I clenched my fists in between gritted teeth and whispered, “I hate you cheater, I can’t stand with you. How would it be better if I didn’t see you? You are laughing at my condition. You are making buffoonery of my weakness. I use to love you and you are treating me like a donkey or pig or moron or stupid kid,” sometime I laughed like a demented creature.

Many nights when Aakash used to sleep, I glared at her picture and remember my incredible past with her. I stood there with tears streaming down my cheeks, pondering what wrong had I done? Crying over my self-made illusion of love and its pain. Many times I made my mind very strong to accept the reality, the reality that the girl whom I loved was just a kind of cheater and had a very cheap behavior who only know how to play with the emotions of someone and dumped him. Initially I didn’t find myself ready for this, but deep within me, the shackles were broken. It didn’t make me feel better. I was still pained by the loneliness. A hollow feeling engulfing in me and I felt as I was choking in the darkness of a deep valley where nothing was except sadness and melancholy. I never thought you’d lose my love this way. You are going to wish that you had a time machine so you can change history when you need me, because that’s the only way to be with me. I don’t ever wanna see, ever wanna touch, ever wanna feel you, ever wanna hear, no more...I just don’t love you, don’t need you, can’t stand you anymore!

You failed to love me. I will never come in your life.

Finally I decided to become Ravi, which never existed in me. I dared to accept the reality. Still I didn’t think bad of her. I felt as I was silently communicating with her and before saying her good bye forever, I could deliver this message. Now there was nothing like that I wanted to beg in front of her so she could come back, apart, it was the feeling of my true heart, which were only for her. I just wanted to say her that – you have changed yourself to me but I won’t change for you ever. No matter what you think of me but I still think the same for you. Your place in my heart will be same. I always love you. I can’t look at anyone because I know the candle of your love will never put-off in my heart. I will never feel loneliness because you are illuminating my soul. Always my friend force me to look for another girl but I really convince that I cannot look for anyone. I don’t need anyone to take care of myself because I know a very true fact of life.

*We live life once and we love once. It’s never a second chance in love.*

I wish everything must be good for you and I know you will always have a wonderful time. I wish you to be happy always. May whatever be the circumstances; you never see



a ray of sadness. May your world always be enlightened with happiness and hope. I wish you from the depth of my heart. It was a time when I considered you as a part of my family and I still consider you and you will always be. And one more important thing, be careful in life, don't take any wrong decision, move ahead. I wish you to have a wonderful future but if you face any kind of problem at any stage of your life then always remember that you have a friend who can do anything for you and please don't forget to call or mail me. For the last but not the least I must say, I love you Priya. I really love you a lot.

Now there was nothing remained to confess. Nothing was remained to regret. She had already moved on her path and I also tried. I felt as I was again entering into a new world. A world that was my destination. Slowly by slowly everything started changing. Now nothing was beautiful and miraculous. The heat of sunlight, which used to warm my body with her now seem rooting out my skin.

I again devoted myself in study. I didn't care at all about the girl who had used me just for time pass. Now there was nothing important for me than study. People always get lesson when they experience heart aching pain and I was an example of it. I did revision of all chapters; I did complete every project and assignment. I have deleted most of her images except few as I wanted to save these for the precious memory.

Editing of album had been finished and we thought for the different marketing strategy. I engaged myself in never ending conversation with Aakash about this album promotion and how to get better response from listeners. I again became favorite in my class.

But it was nothing like that I had eradicated her memory. Sometime her memory still haunted me desperately and I looked at the painting and sometime listened the song, remembering her soothing voice and sometime playing the guitar. It was a time when I became the fan of romantic movie but slowly and slowly all romantic movies in my computer had been replaced by action thriller.

Now there was no unnecessary night outing. Not any special amusement I noticed in the fervor of chilled air. Stars and moon seemed general celestial bodies. Neither I didn't send her any message or mail nor she bothered to send me.

Minutes converted into hours, hours into days and days into months. Life again started running in track. Few good companies were expected to come for the placement. I started preparing hard so I could fit for any kind of interview.

It was a very cold morning of February and I was going to attend my college. I knew that our relationship had been finished but there was a time in our life when we used to be one another's best friend. And I thought to have a conversation with her in campus. Not personal so she would mind anything at all. I finished my first period, came out and moved towards Metallurgy department to have a glimpse of girl who used to be my life, few months back.

## Chapter-29

I waited for fifteen minute, talking to few friends of her department but she didn't come. I preferred to wait for few more minutes. Second class had already been finished and she should have come till now. I thought. I walked ahead in the lawn. The gentle breeze was now a howling tempest. For the first time in my life, I was gripped by emotions I had never felt before. I tried approaching her friend and within fraction of second I was badly confused.

According to one of her friend, she didn't turn up in college for a week. I thought she would have some problem. I approached another colleague but reply was the same. He told that he did not see her for at least ten days. The confusion and curiosity in me started growing every moment and finally I approached her hostel warden. Warden informed me that she had left for her home. I wanted to know the reason but he couldn't explain anything. Initially it appeared ridicule, because exam time was coming around and I couldn't think of anything further because we were not in term of closeness so she would inform of anything if something happened. I thought that she would have been on a vacation with her family because she already told me when we were on a very good term of talking that she would be going to Kerala with them. Finally, I returned to my hostel and prepared for the next day interview and I was confident that I would grab the job.

Next day Aakash and I prepared for the interview. It was the first company and we wanted to secure our position in first time interview. We had practiced of few mock interviews, tried to tackle any kind of situation and answer any kind of question which was expected to be asked. And it happened, everything went on well and we secured our position in first slot. We were so happy. We threw a small party amongst our friends and over the peg of whisky and puff of cigarette, we talked a lot about the life, college, campus and placement.

Our album also started gaining popularity. Few promos on television created good demand in market. The popularity of Aakash was growing day by day as well as mine also. By first week of December he planned for the shoot of another album.

But at the same time we were missing something. We were missing the sweet voice of someone who worked hard for this album. But now time had been changed. There is nothing like and I had put her out of my life. But yes she became more personal to her life. Now there was no messaging or phone calls or we never cared for each other's. She was not in college and I didn't know where she was. I know she was cluttering her study but I was not the authorized person to give her suggestion to make her understand. I thought she could take care of herself well.

Finally the farewell came. Almost everyone got placement in my batch. Next day we were leaving this place forever. At this last occasion of college I really wanted to meet

her and wanted to suggest something about her study and give her a party. She was the girl for whom I had specific place in my heart. Her absence made me bit dejected but I didn't think anything which was going to lead our future. So finally wishing to each other's we left the campus. I was going away after leaving a very precious memory of my life. I was leaving a precious thing, in fact a part of my heart and I prayed for this city to take care of her when she will be back. I wished now everything would be fine.

My first job was in a software company in Delhi. Aakash was settled in the same company's branch in Bangalore. First job always excites. I worked hard. I really wanted to be a unique executive of this company.

Life in Delhi was quite different than the life of Dehradun. We didn't still forget the memory of campus and generally we all friends connected to each other's online and chat a lot about job and life. I didn't change my number as well. Slowly by slowly I started adjusting myself in the new atmospheres.

Two months passed by. I became busy in my work. I was almost forgetting her as she never contacted me back. However, I never thought in my wildest of dream that my destiny was playing a cruel game with me. Yes, I still remember one moment, once during the lunch time in office and I was taking lunch with my colleagues and suddenly a call distracted my attention. I looked at the screen, trying to recognize the number and it became the worse call of my life which had snatched everything from me and left me cold and desolated for the rest of my eternity.

The call was from a reputed hospital of Lucknow. Within a fraction of second, I felt as I was doused in chilled water and my blood froze.

"Stop!" I cried over the phone "please stop" I almost begged.

"I don't believe you! You're lying! You're lying, you're lying, you're lying!"

I couldn't bring myself to believe the person who was calling me. I was determined to keep his words out of my head. She was just an angel for me. She can't suffer through this. She can't passed through these all. I cried like demented. It was impossible. Utterly impossible!

But within an instance reality drove me back and my world shattered. I became lost in darkness and my head started whirling a lot. I felt my legs trembling and hardly could I save myself falling on the ground. He told me that she was about to die. She had been admitted in hospital and her condition was very critical. She had been suffering from brain tumor. The word brain tumor echoed in my mind. I really did not know why he was telling me these all because in my point of view the chapter of our friendship and love had been over. But it was just like consoling to myself. For the very true to myself, I could never forget her for an instance and now when she was in ICU, how I could think to be there in my office. Nothing was important to me compare to her. I did not care of

anything, I really didn't care, how much she hurt me and how bitter relationship we maintained.

My fingers ran so fast on keyboard and I typed an application for an urgent leave. However, my manager denied, as there was hectic office pressure. Nevertheless, I was not in favor of listening anyone. However I told everything to Aakash and finally I departed for Lucknow.

In the entire train journey, I was thinking of her. How she got brain tumor. She never complained to me and suddenly I remembered the day when she told me to have acute headache and took three different pills and also confessed that she used to get this type of pain generally. Just thinking anything bad of her betray my soul. I became out of her life because she wanted not to see me there. May be my role as a boyfriend, best friend and lover had been finished in her point of view. but I had always been same for her. I always tried to placate the situation without caring how bitterly she was piercing knife into my heart. But now when I got the news that she had been admitted in ICU, I felt myself crying a lot. I wanted to arrive there soon so I could have her glance soon and I had faith that everything would be fine soon.

Train was moving with its usual schedule but I felt as it is running too slow. Every moment I felt a kind of restlessness in my body. Every moment my fingers went in the gallery folder of my mobile and my eyes hang at her snaps. How beautiful and innocent she is, she cannot have this kind of cruel pain and disease. I thought.

Pantry staff asked for my meal but I did not feel hunger at all. I did not even take a sip of water. I only wanted to arrive there soon and have her real glance. Finally, five hours later I got down in Lucknow Junction.

I hired an auto and rushed to hospital. Her father was there sitting in the waiting room. Although we didn't meet ever before, I recognized him. I touched his feet and he patted on my head, blessed me. I looked at his face. It was looking shine less and covered with wrinkles. I asked about Priya and he pointed finger toward the ICU. Doctors were performing some important surgery so I was not allowed to meet her.

## Chapter-30

I felt dejected. I felt a kind of acute headache. I sat on chair; my heart was beating very fast. Her father came with two cup of tea and handed one to me but I couldn't take a sip. I felt as I was crying a lot, so loud that sky could burst. I was feeling very nervous and scared. I always saw her perfect and how could she hide this thing to me. I really felt like a helpless rooster.

"Uncle," I asked looking at her dad.

"Hmmm."

"When did you find that she has a brain tumor?"

"Six months back, when she came for the vacation."

I did not ask anything. He kept his hand on my shoulder.

"We have been trying our level best, consulting all possible neurologists. Hope she will be fine soon," his voice was cracking.

I felt as my heart was sinking into the ocean of unknown fear.

"Then why she didn't inform me ever about it?" I asked.

"Because she didn't want to make you distract from your study." He paused, "she forbade us from telling anything to you because she didn't want you to worry about her. She always loved you a lot. Every time she talked only about you and she also told the situations that she created so that you could go far away from her."

I felt as like I was thrown inside a valley and my body is bleeding a lot. For an instance, I could feel problem in breathing and earth shook beneath my feet.

"And that's why she managed distance from you. She never wanted to be your problem," her father told.

I did not know how to react. How damn moron I was. How I could not speculate about her condition. Several times she mentioned me that she had acute headache but I didn't care at all. For me it was just a common headache. In addition, I never tried to know the real cause for it. Every moment I was thinking that how she changed for me but I never tried to root out the reason; why she had been changing, who once upon a time loved me the most in this world.

Now reason was clear. She didn't want that I could be so close to her. She didn't want to share her pain with me. She didn't want to see me broken and shattered. She

didn't want that I would take care of her because she was scared that she would be giving pain to me. She bearded all pains but she never complained anything of me.

"She is a very good girl, son," her father heaved a breath, his voice was sulking. "She has been always our proud but after all she got this kind of numerous pain. For last six months, she had been dying because of her condition but we are not able to do anything. How helpless father I am for her. I am ready to do anything for her. I want to put her back into normal life," he almost begged and I could see a thin stream of tears rolling down onto his cheeks.

I tried wiping his tears. But it was impossible. A thick stream of tears started rolling down from my eyes also. Why she never informed me about it. I cried like a little kid. I felt she was in front of my eyes, lying on the ground and her body is wounded and a clot of blood was very fresh. Her eyes and skin were pale. I tried to look into her eyes but it was calm and dark. Her lips trembled as she wanted to say me something but there was no voice. I took her palm into mine, touching everywhere but her heartbeat got stopped.

She felt as she hated herself as my gaze hang on her and she turned to another side. She was not at all the reflection of her former self. Her deep eyes were pale and long hairs were dangled. Her skin was rough and face became witness of unexpected wrinkles. There were dark circles under her eyes. Nothing was unique in her. She didn't have the nicest smile.

# Chapter-31

A pang of guilt swept in me. I felt as I was falling down from sky. Her memory entrapped my mind. The hardest thing is, if someone living in fear of death, you love more than your life. By sheer misfortune I could not share her pain and instead watch her suffer from it. I hated myself as I was the only person who was responsible.

Now when she was about to die, she wanted to see me for the last time. When I saw how weak she became, tears streamed down on to my cheeks.

Finally two hours later doctor allowed only me to see her. With having very broken and shattered heart I entered into the ICU. She was lying on the stretcher. Her hands were pierced with tubes. I felt as I didn't have enough courage to see her. Hardly I could manage my stand in front of her. Her eyes seemed weak and shine less. I softly touched her palms. She looked at me. She seemed tired and fainted.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier? Why did you hide this from me?" I whispered.

She looked at him and smiled weakly. Her eyes seemed communicating with mine like "I really didn't want to be burden on your life that's why I never informed you. I wanted to spend every moment of my life with you but my cheater destiny didn't allow me to be close to you." Her eyes replied.

"You can't leave me!" you will be fine soon. Everything will be now in our favor," I almost snuffled.

She again smiled as she knew what her final destination was.

"What will I be without you?" I asked.

Her eyes replied, "You'll be who you are now. I will always be there by your side. Never forget that. Cherish those times. Live life happily. And one more thing."

"What?" I asked.

"I love you."

"Love you too." I said.

One nurse gestured me to come out as she needed rest so doctors could perform another operation. She was still on ventilator.

I came out. Her face was reappearing frequently in my mind. I came in gallery and sat on the chair, her father also joined me. There was a red diary in his hand and he handed it to me.

“This is for you. She has written it for you,” he told.

It was a very beautiful diary. I turned the first page amazed. ‘FOR YOUR BEAUTIFUL DREAMS’ was the heading.

I flipped the page, diary was almost complete. After being parted from me she had written almost every day for me. Most of time she spent writing this diary as she was silently communicating to me. I selected a randomly page and it read.

*Dear Ravi*

*I am so distraught right now, because I am not able to control my emotions. The reel of time has been rewinding and I am amazed to think that how, everything became over between us. I couldn't fix anything on track now because I have spoiled everything what once upon a time we adored together. I know there is nothing left to say, nothing left to look at except those all wonderful memories of you. I find always alone and terrifying because I know the naked truth that I will never see you. It was a time when I didn't spend a moment without remembering you and now, there is a long distance between us and I have nothing except your memory. How wonderful it would be if I couldn't have alive till now. I should have slept forever. Because that is the only thing that I deserve. Every moment my past whirl in my mind and I sense something boiling in my blood because I have made your life worse than hell. I know how you were so close to me but I widen the distance because of my rude behavior. Fury is the only emotion that constantly fills my heart and I wonder if it will ever leave me.*

*I can't ever remember feeling happier than I was with you when we were having our wonderful time in Shimla and you were plucking apples for me. I can still recall every moment and the thing that how careful you were for my heart and me. When I close my eyes, stream of tears always made me wet, and salty tears make me realize that how bitterly I have ruined your life and nothing has remained sweet. I knew this would happen, I knew I would be going away from you forever because I knew what my future would be and I really didn't want to give you at all pain. But I was so helpless. I just couldn't find the courage to stay away from you. I still remember every moment of that night when you proposed me. How beautiful it was. Your eyes mesmerized me; it was so captivating and more amusing. The way of your proposing as you were kneeling down on ground and entire ambiance was glaring at us. I wished then, that I could be the only girl who unravels every secret which you held in your heart.*

*I am so angry with myself lately for getting so close to you. I am so angry with myself to falling in a relationship that was so out of step with the world and with my life. Everything about not being with you hurts, and causes numerous pains, which I couldn't bear. Every moment I felt a heavy weight laden on my heart. There are so many things I wish I could've said to you before everything just ended, but I guess all I can say now is that I love you and will love forever. Although I know, you will never be able to fathom the depth of my life and my image will always be of a cheater girl in*



*your eyes.*

*I am sorry for everything.*

*Always & Forever yours*

*Priya*

# Chapter-32

I felt her love in the surroundings. I felt as she was sobbing in front of me. I turned another page.

*Dear Ravi*

*I always wonder, how on earth we were supposed to be the perfect couple. I still cry in torment after knowing that you will not come to wipe my tears or make me call and over it, you will console me and offer lots of love. I remember every night when I got your messages and that made me feeling better. Ravi in most of nights, when you were in last semester, I used to get sudden attack of pain. I felt my head was blasting, my eyesight is blurring and my chest is paining a lot. Several time I dared to tell these all things to you but then stop after knowing that you have a wonderful life ahead of me to manage. And I really didn't want to be an obstacle in your life. I knew, if I told you about my condition you would be broken and diverted from your study and other thing because I knew you truly, deeply and madly love me. I was so lucky having a person like you who was so close to my heart and understood my needs and feelings.*

*I'm living like a zombie without you. Everything in my life is a blur. Every day seems to be a constant struggle to get out of bed knowing I won't talk to you and you will never ask me how I am doing in my life or say weird and most amusing word like "angel" "baby" "sweetie" and many more. I seem to feel extremely tired all the time too, no matter how much sleep I get. I never felt tired around you.*

*I still remember those days when we used to spend whole day together and a moment of separation caused us never ending pain. We used to talk or chat till three or four in morning. I'd wake up at eight the next day and feel as if I had never been more rested. You made me feel so alive. I felt like there were never enough moments to spend with you even though we spent almost every second together.*

*Every night I dreamed that I was soaring very high on sky and suddenly I started fell very fast on ground crying a lot and suddenly you grabbed my arm, and looked me straight in my eyes then said, "I'll never let you fall." It was so perfect. I know that I'll remember it exactly as it was for the rest of my life. After being parted from you I never have this dream.*

*I ask myself every night and just hope that maybe you felt the same way about me in that moment, but doubt your feelings now because I have pierced your heart and soul so bitterly that there would be nothing in your heart for me except bad feelings. You left me here all alone with nothing. My world has been shattered and collapsed. My eyes have been red and swollen.*

*I really do hate you sometimes for leaving me. How could you think that I would be so bad for you? You should have to understand that I must be in any kind of trouble*

*that's why I was behaving so odd to you. I know you must be happy now and having your best time with a better girl. I am sure she won't cause you ever pain the way I did. I wonder if you ever feel this way wherever you are. I wish I know where you are. I just wish I could hear you say that I'm with you or don't worry I will mend everything. Those words probably don't have much meaning for us now because we're not together. I still love you but I really don't know will I convey this message to you ever. I don't know how should I persuade to this wind so it could deliver my true feeling of heart to you.*

*Ravi, where are you? You can't feel my pain. Please come back for the last time. Please come back to hold my hand and console me. I miss you, I really do. Even though I see you every day, I feel your presence everywhere. There are no words that can possibly explain how I feel right now.*

*Love you always sweetheart*

*Priya*

*My heart started beating a lot. I felt as I was the biggest moron of this world. I couldn't understand the very soft and delicate feeling of her heart. I turned the next page and it read.*

*Dearest Ravi*

*How are you? Won't you tell me about your life and how's everything going on. You are so far from me but I am feeling, as you are so close to me.*

*I feel you are touching my cheeks, I feel you are ruffling my hair in same way you ruffled in the beautiful orchard of Shimla. I feel you are leaning into my shoulder to offer me a very warm and passionate kiss and my eyes are closing slowly by slowly so I can feel your lips on mine. I still can believe that you're here with me at this moment and I am blushing like hell. And suddenly everything disappears uuf!*

*Reality drives me again in the world of truth where all of my dreams have already been shattered. I sat and thought, with every breath I took, of you only. I remember when we first sat together in the park that was beside our college and we talked a lot and you purchased my favorite Vanilla ice-cream. I felt it is just like yesterday. Without you I feel as I am living into another world. Two people who were connected to each other's so closely are helpless to live into two different world. That's life. That's destiny.*

*My life has become dark; all the doors of returning into my wonderful past have been closed. I fell as I am running very fast so I come back again to that place where once upon a time I used to live very happily and peacefully. I feel, as fast I am running, doors are closed are closed for me and I couldn't cross a single one. I bang a lot and cry but door doesn't slide at all. Suddenly I find you there sliding it. Yes Ravi*

*it is you and I feel as like I am cuddling into your arms and suddenly everything blurs. There is nothing at all as I feel except the illusion of my deformed past.*

*Ravi I try to behave like a very strong person because I really don't want to see my parents cry of me. Every moment I pretend to them that I am fine. I really want to hide my tears in front of them. But I can't pretend to you. How can I tell you that I am not missing you. How can I tell that you still come in my dream daily? If I am firm then why is it that I'm still feeling so broken and lonely? I still remember those all moments, which instantly remind me of you.*

*Why you come in my dreams this way? Why are you not coming in real? Believe me Ravi, you are like some kind of depression drug that I can't get myself to stop taking. No matter how hard I will try not to remember you but within fraction of second you will come into my mind and heart. I look at all of our pictures which we snapped at different places when we were so close. Sometimes it reminds me of all the good times we had, but at the end they just make me sad because the beautiful world in which we were living has been ruined now by a powerful earthquake of hate and mistrust.*

*Everything I used to love just doesn't seem at all worthy without you. I'm so sorry for needing you this badly. I am feeling incomplete at his stage of my life when I really don't know for how many days I will be like a burden on this beautiful earth. I know you will never read it because you will never come in my life but it doesn't really matter though, you're mine and that's what counts.*

*Once upon a time there was a world which was so beautiful. There were two creatures that were happy for each other's but life really didn't want that they became so closer to each other that's why it created a gap so they could always be parted forever. Life made me sick. It made me patient of brain tumor. What did I do wrong with it. I have followed all of its instruction then why it was so cruel to me. What it got after ruining my life. Really life you are strange. You are so strange and sometime you are pathetic because you never compassionate with the people who need you the most.*

*Ravi although you are not listening to me or so close to me or part of my life now. But every moment we spend together makes me crazy to remember you. The passion of remembering you is growing day by day in me and I now this thrust would never be quenched. I always remember the moment you told me you loved me in my mind at least two or three times a day. The memory comforts me when I feel most alone. I still taste you on my lips when I remember the one of our best moment in Shimla. We were outside of our college, sitting in an orchard and the moonlight was framing our faces so perfectly, and as you bent to kiss me I sauntered a bit. I could tell how nervous it seemed, I was trembling and you were so close to me licking my saliva on your lips and then whispering. You whispered my name so softly.*

*I always remember the day when you proposed me. How crazy night it was. We both*

*were walking lonely on the campus of college. Surrounding was so beautiful. You was playing guitar and I was singing. And suddenly you came closer to me. I began to get nervous and anxious; I wasn't sure what was happening. You whispered my name and I whispered you back quizzically and then you whispered mine again. You paused for a fraction of second which felt like a millennium then whispered those beautiful, fateful, dangerous and intertwining three little words for me. You said "I love you".*

*I choked up in that exact second. I wasn't even sure I had heard you correctly. I had wanted to tell you those same words for so long and then you finally said them again, I was in shock. I felt myself fall into your arms and whisper back, "Ravi, I love you too." The next moment I felt myself being spun in the air from your happiness. I was so happy and wanted to tell you a lot and same thing was happening with you also. There was so much of passion and desire that it overwhelmed me. It was as if our hearts beat in the same rhythm and then you came to escort me to my hostel gate. Your touch on my arms was giving me the feeling I never felt before.*

*And now this is the most unforgettable moment of yours which I have. It will linger with me forever. This makes me happy to remember it, but sad to know that I'll never get a chance to make more memories with you. My destiny deserves only it.*

*Ravi, today, you are so far away and I'm not being able to hold you, kiss you, or even able to tell you I love you every day. I miss you and wait for you with having fake hope that you will come to wrap me around your arms and hold me close to your heart. Days go by and nights get longer. Every day I am getting feeble, lean and sick. I just want you to know that I will be here as long as it will take; one thing I want you to know is I love you and you will forever be in my heart.*

*Your sweet baby*

*Priya*

## Chapter-33

My face trapped with the never-ending streams of tear. I just wanted to cry and cry. How cruel I was to doubt on her. How cruel I was to think bad about her. My fingers started trembling. After a lot trying, I turned the next page.

*Sweetest Ravi,*

*Smile please. Hmmm, now you are looking good. Do you still have very long and dangling hairs? Do you still forget to shave or do you still wear the same dress that doesn't suit on your personality? I know you will not reply me because you are angry with me. You are angry with your angel, you are angry at your best part of your heart.*

*People say we can't see heaven till we are alive because it is the land where we go after finishing our responsibilities on earth. But I really don't believe in this thesis. Because I have seen the heaven, I have tasted the heaven. Yes it was real heaven for me when I was with you, spending best time in college and few days in Shimla also. You sent me flying, dancing on the clouds while the stars emitted some loving light to shine upon us. You possess the grace of a dove, soaring into a never-ending shock of blue and downy white.*

*I love you. I love you. I love you. I am telling it three times because, I've heard that if a person says something three times, then it becomes permanent, it means forever, and that's exactly how I'll always love you. I am praying to this wind that please conveys my message and send it to you that I am missing you desperately. And I know one day this wind will give you the message and then you will realize that I am not at all as you think of me.*

*It has been more than three months when we didn't talk to each others. I am sorry, because I know it was my fault and I have ruined your life. I realized that I'd never be with you again, never see you smile or witness those beautiful eyes light up with excitement again.*

*I am writing this letter, because when I write, I feel that I am talking to you and I need to apologize to you. I was so close to you but I couldn't give you anything except pain and tears. Although I did not lie to you in words, I lied to you with faces that did not belong to me. I never meant to ruin the friendship that meant the world to me. You mean the world to me, but I really want to suffer and trauma through the pain which I was passing and I knew if I tell you anything about myself then you would have not cared of anything and just concentrated on me which I didn't want.*

*You have come into my life at a time when I needed you the most. You have given a company of best friend, motivator and a true lover. You made beautiful to all of my lonely nights. Just because of you, I had tasted my favorite ginger tea in campus. So many things, which happened in my life because you were with me. Ever since you*

*walked into my life I have been smiling. There's been not a night when I have gone to sleep with a frown on my face, and it's all because of you. You placed comfort, where there was fear with confidence, where there was doubt, with a shoulder, where tears could fall and completeness where there was emptiness. I wanted to hold this so badly that I did whatever it took for you to notice. I wanted to be one with whom you would love to talk. I wanted to love you only in the way you deserved to be loved, never realizing that I was destroying myself and you. Somehow I needed you to be a part of my life. All the things that I told you about how I felt and how you make me feel were true. Nothing else matter to me except hearing the laughter in your voice when you were happy. You made my days easy to get through and my nights at peace, looking forward to another day.*

*Ravi, I am glad that you came into my life. I have always wanted the love of my life to be understanding, loving, caring, and faithful. I wanted someone who would accept me with whom I am. I know that I've found that person in you. My heart told me that my charming prince was there when I first said hello to you over the phone. I knew that you were the perfect to me. I don't think that there is, or that there ever would be, anyone better than you out there for me.*

*I love you with my whole heart. I have never trusted anyone the way I trust you. Sometimes I even doubt on myself, but I know I will never doubt on you because you are my true love. I know deep down inside that, you will never break my heart or let me down in any way.*

*Always and Forever Yours*

*Priya*

I couldn't arrange the dare to turn the next page. It was almost impossible for me to read any more letters. I felt, as my head would blast. My shirt had been drenched completely due to tears. I looked towards the bathroom and hesitated, listening to the sound of running water and smelling the scents of jasmine. I washed my face splashing water on my eyes. I started hating myself. I really could never think in my wildest of dream that she also loved me a lot the way I could never expect.

## Chapter-34

I returned from the washroom. My eyes hang at a doctor who was suggesting something to a junior doctor. I went nearby him. I greeted him and asked about the brain tumor. As he knew who I was, finally he started telling me about it.

According to him the treatment of brain tumor may depend upon the cases and condition of patients. Symptoms of brain tumor include headaches, weakness, seizures, difficulty in walking, blurry vision, nausea, vomiting and changes in speech, memory or personality. Mass effect is due to increased intracranial pressure, also called IICP. This increased pressure in the brain may be caused by a tumor growing within the tight confines of the skull, or by hydrocephalus - the blockage of the fluid that flows around and through the brain, or by edema - swelling of the brain around the tumor due to an accumulation of fluid. Mass effect can cause damage by compressing and displacing the delicate brain tissue. The symptoms caused by IICP include nausea and vomiting, drowsiness, vision problems such as blurred or double vision or loss of peripheral vision, and the headaches and mental changes already mentioned. A swollen optic nerve is a clear sign of IICP. Finally I asked about Priya and her condition. Doctor looked at me affectionately and told me patting my shoulder, "And if I talk about Priya, then her condition is very serious."

I didn't want to hear more. I finally said him thanks and went to the room where she was. I had firm believe that she would be fine soon. I wanted to do anything for her betterment. I just wanted to have her one more glance before operation. I walked through the door after a much-anticipated wait. I just wanted to make her surprise. I just wanted to say her that she is not alone on the path of her craggy life because now, I would also be there in every stage of her life, holding her hand, boosting her confidence. I just wanted to tell her that why she did behave this way and why she didn't think that I wouldn't understand her condition. Why she thought that I would be diverted to my path after seeing her in this condition. She should have understood that I was only made for her. Nothing was more important than her in my life and for her I was ready to do anything. If someone demands my life, instead of her then I would be perfectly comfortable. I could pass through any crucial pain but I really didn't want to see her at all into any kind of pain. I felt as like I became feeble and my eyesight is blurring every moment and I was not able to control over my feet to avoid my definite fall on ground.

I gently pushed the gate and entered into the room. Her face was covered. I slowly uncovered her, took her palms into me, and looked at her face and suddenly something drove me into the deep chasm of pain. No it can't be happen. I cried. Her face was dull, cold, and lifeless and she was no more in this world.

Yes she was not part of this living world. She left me alone forever. She was no more. I screamed.



Her father, doctors and nurse rushed towards me, all eyes were hanging at her, which finally became moisten and glum. She had been defeated into the battle of life and death. Death overtook her. I still couldn't accept her death. I couldn't think that I would not be able to see her again for the rest of my eternity. The world seemed suddenly crashing down at me. Life had cheated me once again. Now there was nothing remained in my life to feel proud.

I didn't know how to control on my emotion. I cried and cried cuddling into arms of her parents. No one could gauge my pain. It was the biggest loss of my life. She could never share the real pain of her life to me. She happily accepted the pain but never tried to be obstacle in my path. I didn't know how I will manage my life without her.

I didn't know how to cope the situation. After spending few more days with her family, with broken and shattered heart, mind and soul, I returned to Delhi. Aakash also joined to console me.

She went far from me forever, landed into the world I couldn't go. Years passed by and I became habituated to live with her memory. Her memory was enough for me to get inspiration.

From then, she was my source of inspiration. She showed me how to love our life and live to the fullest. With simplicity and honesty, she showed me a world full of love and caring. She made me realize that the most important thing in this life is to continue loving without asking why or how and without setting any limit.

Days started passing in its natural speed and life again moved on its path but now path was not smooth the way it used to be before. It became craggy and path holes became visible. In the days and months that followed, I was showered with sympathy, condolences, and commiseration. Friends, family, co-workers, well wishers all offered empathy, and everyone made a concerted effort to cheer me up. But only I knew how hard it was for me. I became shattered and collapsed. Nothing remained in my world that could inspire me to move on my path. I got incredible cooperation of my friends. Every moment they send me messages or planning for movie and tour and tried every moment, possibly using their best efforts to make me cheer but I know how badly I was suffocating inside myself. My face became shine less and faded. Skin became roughed and face witnessed of unexpected wrinkles. I became insomniac. Sleep never overtook me. Every time I tried sleeping, I was haunted by her memory and her caring nature. I used to have an image of her which feels as she was staring at me. Everything around me seemed fake and I didn't believe on anything after knowing the bitter reality that this world has already taken the most beautiful thing which I cared most in this world.

Every morning I stood at my bed without taking a proper nap, feeling a heavy stupor surrounding in my mind, splashing water on my face and found my eyes, red and there were dark spot around it. The droplets of water always seemed vivacious as it always reflected my deformed past.

Few of my very close friends took responsibility to throw me out from this melancholy but their efforts became vain. I was not a patient at all as they thought of me else I was not trying to come out of her memory as her memory always gave me a kind of new surge. The most prevalent statement of encouragement they use to give me was, "Life goes on". Past was past and I had to focus on my present as well as future also. Yeah they were right at a certain extent and also in their point of view. Life really moves on. But it was not so easy for me to accept the fact that I would move ahead so easily after forgetting those all memory and the phase of life from which I passed through. This phase of life was so cruel to me. It has taken everything away from me. It made my life worse than the creature of hell.

# Chapter-35

Sometime I smiled at myself listening the people who remind me every moment telling the naked truth of life moves on. Yes I know life moves on but I can't really move the way as you think. I can't abandon her memory as you wish. I can't feel myself parted to her. Because we had a relation, the relation that was beyond the parameter of this world. A relation that touched our souls. A relation where nothing was hidden and trapped inside any bound. We were the incredible things forever. She was just like the brightest star of my life and how could I avoid her light reflecting on my life. I asked those people who used to suggest me to move on, "will it be so easy for you to simply tackle this all things which happened with me?" and no one was ready to answer me properly as they knew that it was really hard for me but still their sympathy was with me. The true friend of my life who always thought for my betterment were always come ahead and took any challenge to make me on the right path of my life.

It was always been told that,

*"Walking alone is not difficult, but when you walk the miles with someone, then coming back alone is more difficult."*

And this quotation suited on my life well. People have been saying "life goes on" as long as life has been going on. It is a universal mantra used to deal with loss and bereavement, clung to not for reassurance so much as pacification of one's misery until enough time has passed to have its anesthetic effect. It is a necessary and natural reaction to loss, but as a statement of support, it is misleading and destructive. When we lose someone we love, life does not move on. Because every moment we feel the presence of the person who has been parted from us and we still love his or her most in this world.

Two years later I started my own software company with the help of few professional colleagues and soon we got the better output. I became addicted to work hard and every moment I thought she was with me. People asked me if I remember her often. I laughed on it. You have to forget something to remember it back. I couldn't forget her only for a moment because I never thought my existence without her. She was residing permanently in my heart and why should I forget her for a moment.

I didn't fall in love with her eyes which were so miserable and fawn. I didn't fall in love with her lips which were pink and had the freshness of the dew drop on lotus flower. I didn't fall in love with her long hair which seemed to challenge the very existence of gravity whenever wind blew through it. I didn't fall in love with her very soft and magical voice which had the divineness of even bringing the dead back to life. I didn't fall in love with her charm of face, which were heavy enough to make a healthy man drool around her. I didn't fall in love with her seducing smile which was heavy enough to bring a deadlier tide. I really didn't fall in love with her after seeing her external beauty. External beauty was nothing for me. I did fall in love with her because

she had a very delicate and soft heart where I had a definite place. I did fall in love with her because candle of her love illuminates my soul daily.

My faith comforted me and instilled in me the belief, that those happier moments would be revisited in my heart forever. Today, I choose not to reflect on those sad moments of her death. It was the moment that I witnessed when the light left her eyes. I witnessed her death, her parting from me. It was one of the saddest moments for me. A sad moment is intrusive of all the happy moments, I've encountered. I choose to dismiss them from my mind, because a sad moment may hinder me from the very next happy moment. We must allow ourselves time to move onto the next happier moments that life has to offer us.

# Chapter-36

Now I became a grown man, a man well familiar with knowledge of worldly affairs, managing a successful company of more than two hundred employees and I am always looking very happy. I am at the crest of my success. Everything in my life is on the way what I want.

It was a day of maximum sunlight and sun was very bright on the horizon, illuminating every inch of this earth with its magnificent glow. Surrounding was crisp and dried but inside my chamber, air-conditioner was running in full blast making the temperature favorable to my body and I was checking some management files of company.

Security guard knocked at the door. He looked at me, after wishing me good after noon and he handed me a packet of courier. I took the packet and opened it. It was the marriage invitation card of Aakash. Aakash was going to marry with his assistant manager with whom he was working. Marriage ceremony was going to perform in Bangalore. For one more time I read the card, savoring at every word and feel how happy I was. He was going to marry by the end of this week.

After boarding in business class, I left Delhi and I landed in Bangalore. I took a private cab and went to hotel. Hotel was decorated with variety of flowers and colored tinsels.

I was happy and sad at the same time. I knew that I could never be with her because she will never be back on this living world for me. I went to the place where auspicious ceremony was performing. Aakash was looking very smart in the costume of groom and her bride was also appearing so stunning with lots of makeup. The beautiful bride again made me remind of Priya. I felt as I was sitting as a groom and Priya was my bride. My eyes became moisten. I felt a kind of irritation to attend the ceremony. Yeah sometime her memory still haunts me a lot. Next day after wishing this couple, I left for Delhi.

Working hard and concentrate on different and challenging projects are the only motto of my life. Every time I try working so differently and I find, Priya looking at me so happily, motivating me to go ahead.

The loss of a loved one is a monumental event; it can change the entire landscape of one's life. A significant loss permanently changes the way we see our existence and how we experience it. Simply put, life as it was defined when our loved one was alive does not go on. Still sometimes when people talk about me and Priya and about our true love story and suggest me to move on, then it sucks me. I am now mature enough to take care of myself well. I know what I have to do. I know how will I manage my life? When I hear, "Life goes on", it challenges me to move on.

Some time I feel as it is the worst advice I could be offered and at a certain extent I always hate people who advice me this without gauging the real condition of my heart

and mind. In order to carry on, I need to allow myself to process this new reality and fully understand the ramifications of my loss.

Six years have passed since I lost my angel, and the transition to this new life has not been easy. I still miss her desperately, and I think of her every day. I still mourn my life with my friend, but still I am not trying to live it. I have begun a new life, one in which the memory of her is not painful, but part of who I am. This has given me the strength to go on with living.

My mind is racing like a fly in a sardine tin; from dying and sleep to food and how fearsome my beard is looking. Eyes glued at her diary and I am flipping its pages. My eyes hang at beautiful cover. Two hands one is mine and another one belong to her. Two roses, one is gifted from her and one from mine. And two signs of smile, one for me and second for her. I don't know how many times I read it. It is just a routine of my life. Every night she used to have a nice conversation with me through this diary. Every word acts on my mind like a magic touching my soul mingling into my eternity. Whenever I get bored I transfix my eyes at the screen of computer looking at her beautiful image and I feel myself recharged. She lives in every corner of my room. Every stuff has reflection of her. I have treasured everything that she had gifted me and these all are more important than my life.

Every winter, I usually come to Shimla. Now it has become a fix schedule of my life, and stay in the same hotel where we used to stay. Hotel manager is now my friend and he always has reservation for me, irrespective of the crowd or tourists.

Then I go to those all places where once upon a time we had the best moments of life. It gives me a lot of satisfaction. I go to the same orchard, sit under the apple tree, and pluck an apple. Every moment I feel her presence as she is encouraging me. Gust of breeze still makes me ecstatic. Sitting in same orchard I stare at the beautiful scene of sunset and then snow-laden valley and I feel she will be with me within a moment.

The weather of Shimla is always perfect for me. I spend entire night, warming my body with the blazing of fire looking at the sky and I could find my angel. Yes at night of winter, Shimla seems like a fairyland, everything is white and white and I used to wait for an angel to come and soothe me. She comes every time, smiles and gives me sweet kisses.

For everyone she is not a part of this world but for me she is still part of my life. My day starts imagining her. Whenever I feel her need I just close my eyes so that I could see her face as if she is sitting beside me, talking and giving me lots of suggestion and teasing also a little.

Winter is coming to close. This year I have to go for new developments in this company. I want to open three new branches across three different cities so I can establish my unique identity. I always remember your face and then I work with new zeal

and passion. Every moment I work hard after getting inspiration of the fact that what would you think when you will see me at the apex of success. Physically you are not with me but emotionally you are. The things that remind me of you use to make me sad but when I see them now it's as if you're sending me a sign from wherever you are in the sky to let me know that you're still with me, then I become so happy. I smile now at all the memories we shared knowing that no one else was lucky enough to have spent so many amazing days with you. Duration of time makes me perfect and now I think I am more mature and perfect and have diverse knowledge of worldwide. I have never felt more alive than I am right now. I have never felt more aware of every person around me than I am now, and I have never been sure of how I feel than I am now. Every good thing in my life seems that much better, and every bad thing just doesn't seem to matter. Yes it's you, everywhere in the surrounding, trying to make a new Ravi, which never existed in me, who will be perfect for this world. I feel like the only thing tying me to this earth is you. You've taught me more about life than I could ever have learned by myself. I've learned that the hard things in life are the most important to experience because they make a person appreciate all the good moments that much more. Your image in my mind gave me a kind of inspiration and it forced me to work hard so I could be better into your eyes and that's why today my name reflects in the list of most successful budding entrepreneurs.

You have still the same place in my heart where you used to have before and nothing has changed. I love you so much and I know that I will love you every day for the rest of my life. I'll be seeing the charm of your face and maybe it won't be now, but the only thing that I am most certain of in my life is that I will see you again in the most eternal place known to mankind, which people called Heaven.

Sometimes I think that the world does not exist in a person like you, a person who at the first moment I met you, aroused the most beautiful feeling of this world in my heart. It is so special, so wonderful because it is the feeling of love that you made me feel. It's so deep feeling that each time I see you feel that happiness, joy, pride, affection and energy that tells me you are what I always dreamed of, which makes me vibrate with happiness, makes me feel how beautiful life can be just being by your side. It would be difficult to explain in words how greatly and deeply is my love for you. These words are just words that compared to the reality.

You are my inspiration, my big one and true love. You're the best thing that ever happened to me in life, and will be the most important thing for me today, tomorrow and forever.

*... I Love you Rachu ...*

*Dear Frnds pls spread this msg until its reach to my rachu*

*I think see knows my name*

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# For Your Beautiful Dreams

What would you do if destiny plays a very cruel game with you and make you apart from the person without whom you can't think to live? What do you think when you find that the person you love most in this world hates you more than you can ever think?

This is a gripping story of two B.Tech. students, Ravi and Priya, who find their destiny interconnected to each other. Each day of their life shows them unexpected twist and turns and suddenly a day comes when Ravi finds a sudden change in her behavior. Initially he forms a wrong notion about her and breaks his relationship but one day he comes to know that she is having only countable days of her life to live on and realizes her sacrifices, which she has done only for him and this incident changes his life forever. What are her sacrifices? Why has she gone far away from him? And could destiny provide them chance for reunion?

This story is very touching, accounting the very true feeling of two innocents hearts, their dreams and sacrifices.



*... I Love you Rachu ...*



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