

Not everyone in this world has the fate to cherish the fullest form of love. Some are born, just to experience the abbreviation of it.

*Days pass by somehow
But nights now are a wagon of pain
Injuries may heal with time
But marks will always remain
Restless on my comfortable bed
I toss and turn and try to sleep
But thoughts are bulking my head
And have formed a huge heap
The past is flashing its scorching light beams
Tearing me apart, breaking me at the seams
The darkness of my life is more visible in the dark
And now I am trying to give it a voice, trying to speak my heart*

Reunion

I remember the date well: 4 March 2006. I was in Kolkata and about to reach Happy's home. I had been very excited all morning as I was going to see our gang of four after three years. After our engineering, this was the first time when all of us—Manpreet, Amardeep, Happy and I—were going to be together. During our first year in the hostel, Happy and I were in different rooms on the fourth floor of the Block-A building. Being on the same floor, we were acquaintances but I never wanted to interact with him. I didn't think him to be 'a good guy' because of his fondness for fights and the red on his mark sheet. But, unfortunately, I was late in getting back to the hostel at the beginning of the second year and almost all the rooms were already allotted by then. I was not left with any choice other than becoming Happy's roommate. And because life is weird, things changed dramatically and, soon, we became the best of buddies. The day our reunion was scheduled, he had been working with TCS for two years and was enjoying his onsite project in London. Happy was blessed with a height of 6'1", a good physique and stunning looks.

And Happy was always happy. Manpreet, or MP as we called him, is short-statured, fair and healthy.

The reason I use the word 'healthy' is because he will kill me if I use the proper word—'fat'—for him. He was the first among us to get a computer in the hostel and his machine was home to countless computer games. In fact, this was the very reason Happy and I wanted to be friends with him. MP was quite studious. He had even cracked the Maths Olympiad in his school days, and was always boasting about it. His native place was Modinagar but, at the time of this reunion, he was working with Ocwen in Bangalore.

Amardeep has been baptized 'Raamji' by MP. I don't know when he got this weird nickname or why, but it was probably because of his simple, sober nature. Unlike the rest of us at the hostel, he was not at all a night person and his room's light would go off precisely at 11 p.m. At times, MP, Happy and I used to stand outside his room a few seconds before 11 and begin to count down, '10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 ... and Raamji has gone down.' The only mysterious thing about Amardeep was that he used to go somewhere on his bicycle, every Sunday. He never told us where he went. Whenever we tried to follow him, somehow he would know and would digress from his path to shake us off. Even today, none of us knows anything about it. The best thing about the guy, though, is his simplicity. And, very importantly, he was the topper in the final semester of our Engineering batch. He made our group shine. He belonged to Bareilly and was working with Evalueserve when he, along with MP, flew to Kolkata for the reunion.

After college, all of us were pretty much involved in our stereotypical lives. One day, we found out that Happy was coming back from London for two weeks. Everybody was game for a reunion. 'Happy's place in Kolkata, 4 March 2006,' we decided.

Finally, on the scheduled date, I was climbing the stairs to Happy's apartment two steps at a time. It was about 12.30 in the afternoon when I knocked on his door. His mom opened it and welcomed me in.