



Little Fear of Heart Part-2



GENERE::nostalgia

Title:

Little fear of Heart

Part-2

writer:

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About Story::

Part 2 explores deep emotions of loss, nostalgia, and enduring love. Aswi reflects on a profound and emotional connection with Ram, grappling with the pain of his absence and the lasting impact of their bond. The narrative conveys the heartfelt sorrow of missing someone significant, while also highlighting the strength found in cherished memories and promises. The story resonates with themes of enduring affection and the challenge of moving forward while holding onto the past.

Little Fear of Heart

My Destination: Kerala I reached Kerala in the early morning, as I stepped off the train, I spotted my dad waiting for me at the station. Dropping my luggage, I ran straight into his arms. In that moment, I forgot how tired I was. My dad, always so supportive, greeted me with his usual warm smile and said, "Amma kutti,

"was your journey?" I smiled back and replied, "It was so interesting, Dad! I met a lady on the train, and we shared stories." He chuckled softly. "Okay, okay, first let's go home. Your amma is waiting for you." We reached home, and as I entered, the familiar scent of my favorite dishes—puttu and idiyappam—filled the air. My mom was in the kitchen, lovingly preparing them, just the way I like it. Kollam, our village, was where I first learned the true value of family and the power of a good heart. As we sat down for lunch, I couldn't wait to tell them the story. I eagerly began to share every detail, from the moment I met the lady to the conversations we had. My amma listened intently, then asked, "Amma kutti, what happened next? Did those two meet again?" She hesitated for a moment, then smiled softly. "Oh, Amma, I don't know... but I do hope they did." She folded her hands and said, "Oh God, please give them a good ending."

Later that day, as I rested in my mom's lap, I thought to myself, "Why are moms so innocent? Maybe having a good heart means being like them. Even though it was the holidays, my mind couldn't stop wondering what happened next. But in my mom's comforting presence, with so many questions and doubts swirling around, I slowly drifted off to sleep, feeling like a small, still child again. A week later, a call came from the Kollam post office. My dad answered the phone, then handed it to me. "Dad, who is it?" "Someone from the post office, amma kutti. It's for you." I took the phone and said, "Hello?" On the other side, a voice asked, "Is this Sachi?" "Yes," I replied. "Sachi, you've received a letter from Miss Aswi." I felt a sudden excitement. "From Karnataka?" "Yes, of course!" the voice answered. I quickly said, "I'm coming!" and hung up the phone. Rushing over to my mom, I hugged her tightly. "Amma, I got a letter from Karnataka!" She smiled and said,

"Hoo, go and get your letter, amma kutti." I nodded enthusiastically, "Yes, Amma." As I headed out, she gently reminded me, "Be careful while cycling, okay?" I smiled back, "I will, Amma."

I reached the post office, received the letter, and rushed straight back home. Once there, I went up to the terrace. My heart raced with anticipation as I carefully opened the envelope. Inside was the letter, and I began reading. Dear Sachi, How are you? Oh, I almost forgot – I used to call you little one, didn't I? I know you must be excited to hear the rest of the story I promised you last time. We haven't seen each other for a year now. You might wonder, "Why didn't you get his number, or his Instagram ID?" But dear... you know, back then, there were no such things. We didn't even have our own phones. At that time, I was in 10th standard. I didn't realize it then, but I desperately wanted to see Ram. Yet, I had no idea where he had gone...

(presentence of story).....

my amma calling from varanda aswi i make dinner for
you come down
i said,Nah maa not now give me some time
my amma said ,make it fast raa
i said,haa maa

continuning reading....
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In 10th class, I used to be so brave. I could talk in front of hundreds of people. This courage was only because of him.

It was a day like any other at school. My seat was next to the window, where a tree with pinkish flowers stood in clear view. For the last four days, I had been trying to complete my drawing. Finally, I did it. My friend looked over and said, "Hoo girl, you finally drew this magic."

I smiled and said, "Haa."

Just then, the bell rang. I thought it must be some naughty students ringing it again because it wasn't time for the break. My friend laughed and said, "Haa, maybe Pradeep did it."

But then someone said, "No, something has happened." I heard the voice of our principal over the speakers. He said, "Students, please assemble here."

All the students politely formed lines and assembled.

Some students already seemed to know something, whispering and grasping secrets amongst themselves.

I turned to my friend in front of me and asked, "Is something happening?" She shook her head. "No, I don't know." I replied, "Hoo, okay, let's see..." The principal, who was usually so lively during assemblies, appeared unusually sad. He took the mic and began to speak. "Dear students," he said with a heavy heart, "I have some bad news for all of us. The boy who was not from our school but from [the name of my previous school]... he passed away this morning." His voice cracked as he spoke. "As a result, today will be a holiday. Please pack your bags and go home." The entire school fell into a somber silence, like a mystery novel unfolding. Some students whispered that he was a good boy who had studied at my school. My friend asked, "Do you know him?" I replied, "No, I don't. I don't have any details about him." She said, "Pray for him." I nodded and said, "Haa."

I reached home, and as soon as I walked in, I noticed my mom looking at me with something to say, but she hesitated. My dad came outside, but he didn't come inside. He asked me to hand him a towel and told me not to touch him. I suddenly realized that this was part of the Indian tradition for someone who has attended a funeral. I asked him, "What happened, Dad? Is everything okay?" He replied, "Haa dear, let me tell you about your friend." I asked, "Who?" My dad said, "Your friend Ram." I was stunned. "Ram? What happened to him?" My dad explained, "Ram had some health issues while he was traveling here. Halfway through, we lost him." I handed him the towel, feeling a shock wave through me. I thought, "He was supposed to come back to me. Why did this happen?" I went to my bedroom, my heart aching with grief. It felt like it was asking for permission to cry, saying, "Dear, I cannot hold this much pain. Please, let me cry." As tears began to flow, memories of my school days with Ram came flooding back. Every moment we shared replayed in my mind, and I let the tears come, allowing myself to mourn the loss of a dear friend.

Why couldn't my heart hold that much pain? It was because, before Ram left for his new place, he had a conversation with his friend. He said to his friend: "I really don't want to go." His friend asked, "Then please stay here, raa." Ram replied, "Nah! Our family problems are more important than anything." His friend then asked, "What about Aswi?" Ram's eyes filled with tears as he said, "Such an innocent girl she is. I know that when she's in hard times, someone will be there for her." His friend said, "Hoo, really, Ram? Do you miss her?" Ram started crying and said, "I miss her so much, like no one else. I can't live without her. These whole school days have bound my heart. I don't know how she will feel without me." His friend gave him a hug and said his last goodbye.

Present Tense: Sachi's Feelings

I don't know why my eyes are wet, as I'm already crying.

What kind of love is this, arey yaar?

Continue Reading

I closed my door, and as I thought about Ram in his new town, I missed him even more. I never got to say him my last goodbye. You never know when it's going to be the last goodbye...

When I later met his friend, he told me the entire conversation between Ram and him. I hoped he would come back and hold my hand, never to leave again. But now, I am tired of being strong.

Aswi's Message: "Dear little one, always be happy with the one you love and be loved in return. Because you never know, some goodbyes are really the hardest part of life."

That day on the train, you felt like a true Indian to me. I remember, yes, but those anklets—when he saw them for the last time, they became a symbol of that final day. He looked at my anklets and said, “They are so beautiful.

Promise me you will never take them off.”

I said, “Yes, I will.”

Today, I am married, but I still wear those anklets. My husband is very kind and takes great care of me. I am happy with him.

But dear, sometimes my heart doesn’t even ask my permission to cry. The emotions I hold are the deepest;

his memories have never left me. Missing someone means a lot, but knowing that someone truly missed us is like holding an ocean of tears in my eyes for years.

That’s my story, dear. See you.

Present tense – Sachi

I ran straight to my dad and hugged him, unable to stop crying. My dad, with a tender voice, said, “Amma Kutti, have you read the story?” I nodded, my words coming out broken.

He understood my pain and hugged me back, saying, “Everything will be alright, Nanna,” while comforting me. I sat beside him and fell asleep on his shoulder.

But in my mind, I thought:

"Never have I known such pure and innocent love. If God gave me a chance to ask for anything, I would wish for Ram to come back. He and Aswi did not deserve this ending."

And as my dad gently patted me, I drifted off to sleep.

written by

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