

Kumail Zaidi urf Kammo humari zindagi mein na hota to hum aaj shayad hum na hote. Aap kitni he pooja/dua/keertan kar lein, aap ko aisa dost nahi milega, dost chhodiye aisa insan bhi milna mushkil hai. Kameena aisa ki Kamolika bhi sharma jaaye, par phir shareef bhi itn tha ki aap uski saari badmashiyon maaf he kar dein. Humari aur Kammo ki badmaashiyon ka muqabla shayad he ho; aur achha he hai ki na he ho. Hume nahi lagta ye duniya isse zyada KHabasat aur shaitaniya'n jhel sakti hai. Waise to Kammo thoda chubby aur gulgula tha par khud ko mota bulaye jaane par koi aitraz bhi nahi karta tha. Haan mood achha hua to aisa tanz kheech ke maarta ki aap ka saara chutkula aap he pe aa jaata. Ek cheez jiske liye wo zara sensitive tha wo the uske baal. Humne to dekha nahi par har baar yahi suna ki wo khaandan ka eklauta ladka hai jiske sar par abhi tak baal hain aur wo abhi achhi bhali ghani fasal. Lambayi umar ke saath badhti he gayi thi bachpan mein, jab ruki tab bhaisahab 11th mein 6 foot ho chuke the. Khair, hum mile bhi Kumail se 11th mein he the. Kumail Zaidi urf 'one more new student'. Jaisa ki aam dharra hai aksar bachchon ke school 11th mein change kiye jaate hain taaki 12th par asar na pade, Kumail ke saath bhi yahi kiya gaya. Khaas baat ye thi ki wo usi state board school se tha jis mein se bachpan mein change kar ke hum is school mein aaye the.

Par meri aur Kumail ki dosti is wajah se nahi hui thi. Aisi mazboot dostiyon ki neev khaalis haramzadgiyon par rakhi jaati hai jo ki humare maamle mein bhi hua.

June ki subah thi aur humari summer vacation chal rahin thi. Ab ye umr thi ki ye chhuttiyan badi veeran lagti thi. Bachpan ki baat aur thi, summer homework complete kar ke nani aur dadi ke ghar jaane ka maza tab he aata tha. 15 saal ki umr mein kuch khaas karne ko hota nahi hai wahan. Na regular light na cable tv. Dhoop mein cricket khel khel kar rang aur pakka ho jaata tha. Aur is baar to Simmi ne sakht hidayat di thi ki agar rang aur gehra hua to wo baat nahi karegi. Kitna dhyaan tha yaar use mere rang roop ka. Haalanki uski rang bhedi soch ka ehsas hume aur kuch saalon baad he hua. Khair, Simran, jo ki humare ladak-pane ka pehla pyaar thi, aise to hume 7th se pasand thi par abhi 10th class khatam hone ki party mein kuch daal gali thi. Rafta rafta gaadi aage badhi thi ki summer vacations ho gayin. Faiz-Faraz ne kya hijr mehsoos kiya hoga jo

maine in 10 dino mein kar liya tha. Ama ba- qaa'ida din ki khadi dhoop mein neem ke neeche takhat daal kar poori poori baatein kiya karte the use soch kar. Amma ko badi fiqr hui ki ladke pe jinn sawar hai, pagal ho gaya hai. Albatta ye humare liye badi baat thi ki hume pagal samjha jaa raha hai. Ishq ke 7 maqam mein se ek deewangi bhi to hai.

Hume ghar laute ek he din hua tha aur subah naashte ke waqt he phone baja. Ye baat us waqt ki hai jab ghar mein ek he landline hua karti thi. Amma ne uthaya aur wrong number keh kar rakh diya. Ye humare liye signal tha ki Simmi ka phone aane waala hai. Agli baar ghanti baji aur banda hazir. Phus-phusa kar baat ki aur ye tay hua ki shaam ko 7 baje Simmi ke ghar ki chhat pe milna hai. Kisi tarah dopaher kati aur shaam hui. Us din badi mushkil hui thi ghar par ye samjhaane mein ki hum shaam ko naha dho kar, gel laga kar kahan jaa rahe hain. Ghanto maan munawwal hui, par aakhir mein hum apne he jhooton mein phans gaye aur ijazat nahi mili. Par hum to thehre aashiq, aur aashiq baaghi hote hain, ye pata tha hume, so hum bhi chhup kar cycle utha kar bhaag nikle. Zyada se zyada kya hoga ? Ek aur hanger tudwa lenge khud par magar apne pyaar ko ruswa nahi hone denge.

Simmi ka ghar ek colony mein tha. 4 manzil mein 1 manzil par mera sasural tha. Poori building do wings mein thi aur dono wings ki chhat ek thi bas beech mein ek boundary thi. Building ke paas aate he hume humari jaan chhat par dikh gayi thi. Kya bala ki Khoobsurat lag rahi thi. Khule baal aur cute si t-shirt. Mujhe dekhte he chhat se he ek flying kiss phenka. Yun to hume samaj mein adab lihaz ki badi fikr rehti hai par hum to ashique the na. Itni behayai to haqq hai humara. Simmi ko ek flying kiss wapas bhejte hue hum aur tezi se zeene ki taraf badhne lage. Chhat pe pohoche aur seedhe Simmi ki taraf bhaage. Kuch bhi kaho, us din effort to daala tha usne bhi tayyar hone mein. Kuch he seconds mein apni seekh jaisi baahon mein apni jaan ko jakde khade the. Jo garmahat aap ko apne priyatam ko gale laga kar milti hai, waisi shayad he koi heater blower, lehaaf ya kambal de sake. June ki shaam, halki halki hawa chal rahi thi aur us par Simmi ke lagaye hue Ponds powder ki khushbu. *Jannat hami asto*. Abhi kuch he minute hue the humare milan ko ki zeene pe ekdum se shor hone laga. Hum dono ki jaan faakhta ho gayi. Sitti pitti sab gum aur pair jaise lohe mein jakad

diye gaye ho. Simmi ka samajh nahi aa raha tha ki powder ki wajah se rang safed hua hai ya sach mein badan se khoon sookh gaya hai. Saari aashiqi maathe par paseena ban udd chuki thi. Ghaliban second floor waali bangali aunty ne mujhe aur Simmi ko upar aate hue dekh liya tha. Aur ek zimmedar fasaadi aurat hone ke naate unhone bohat jaldi do aur do jod liye the. Kuch he seconds mein wo poora morcha le kar meri baraat nikaalne aa rahin thi. Yahan kuch samajh nahi aa raha tha ki itne mein ek haath khande pe rakhte hue Kammo bhai scene mein aage aaye. Kab aur kahan se poochne ka hosh he nahi tha. Jitni uljhan hume thi Kammo utna he shaant tha. Kuch samajh nahi aa raha tha par na jaane kyun sukoon bada mila use dekh kar.

Ab waqt tha aamne saamne ka, aunty ek dakiyanoosi maashre ka jattha le kar aa rahin thi aur yahan hum 3 kishor awastha ke bachche. Simmi jo pehle bel ki tarah lipti thi ab ek furlong door thi. Shayad usi waqt samajh jaana chahiye tha ki ye kaategi. Saath khada tha to wo ladka jisse pichle 2-3 mahine mein naam bhi nahi poocha kabhi.

Haan to aunty aayin aur khoob chillayin. Unka poora haq tha. Ek ladka aur ladki aise khule mein ashleelta aur anaitikta karenge to samaaj to gaya bhaad mein. Wo abhi hume humari tatha-kathit kaand par kos he rahin thi ki unki nazar Kumail par padi. Ab jab use dekha to unki zaban to jaise patri se utar gayi. Wo to soch ke aayin thi ki hum dono ko tameez ka paath padhayengi to shayad hafto'n purana qabz khule par yahan to teen log the. Ab teeno log ek saath aashiqi to kar nahi sakte. To ab ? Bechari ab kya bolein. Unki isi hichak ko pakadte hue Kammo ne meri taraf dekhte hue zor se bola, "agar marzi ho to neechे baith kar baatein kar lein ? Lagta hai aunty log ka koi program hai yahan". Uska ye kehna tha aur aunty gang ke saath main aur Simmi bhi ulajh gaye. Humari shakal dekh kar tapak se bola, "arre mere ghar, neechे 4th floor par, ammi bhi intezaar kar rahin hongi". Mera maan'na hai ki meri zindagi ka sabse achha decision tha us waqt chup chap Kumail ki dum ban kar uske peeche chal dena. Neeche aate he Kumail ne darwaza band kiya aur zor se hansa. Waise to apne upar kisi ko hasne nahi dete par us waqt Kumail he maseeha tha aur wo he rehnuma. Aur maseeha aur rehnuma ke liye to log kya kuch nahi karte. Poore sukoon se hasne ke baad usne sab khulasa kiya. Dar-asal Kammo doosre wing ki

chhat par tha aur shor sun kar humari taraf kood aaya aur phir poora swaang racha. Yun to us waqt bada shukr-guzaar hue hum uske par ab sochta hoon to gussa aata hai ki ye besharam mujhe aur Simmi ko tab se dekhe jaa raha tha bina humari jaankaari ke !
Leechad lafanga kahin ka !

Behar-haal iss tarah hum dono ki dosti ki shuruaat hui ! Dosti kya kahiye aap ise bhaichara he samajhiye, matlab shayad he aise koi do sage bhai hue hain jinki aapsi samajh aur pyaar itna gehra raha ho. Mere hisab se shayad aap ka bhi na raha ho. Karan-Arjun mein bhi ek waqt pe ladai hui thi par majal hai jo hum dono ke beech kabhi kisi tarah ki anban bhi hui ho, haan albatta doosron se khoob ladaiyan mol li thi ek doosre ke liye. Ab isi dosti ki chhatr-chhaya mein he to meri aur Simmi ki kahani aage badhi thi. Jo buniyad humne rakhi thi usko mazbooti humare bhai sahab ne he di thi. Ab maslan roz subah class teacher ke attendance lene ke baad Kammo apni seat Simmi ke saath change kar leta tha taaki main aur Simmi saath baith sake. Ye qurbani agar aap ko kam lag rahi ho to main ye bhi batana chahunga ki Kammo jis ladki ke saath Simmi ki jagah baithta tha wo nihaiyti shikayat-baaz aur fasaadi ladki thi. Na jaane kitni he baar usne humari shikayat ki hogi aur kitni he dafa hume saza mili hogi, par hum to thehre pakke dost, aur pakke dost aashiqo se zyada dheet hote hain. Aakhir mein thak haar kar us ladki ne table aur chair ka compass se line kheech kar batwaara kiya. Majaal hai ki kabhi Kumail ki koi cheez desk ke uske hisse me chali jaati ! Aur jo gayin bhi wo seedhe dustbin mein phenk di jaati thi. Jab jab us manhoos ne ye harkat ki, maa kasam maine Kammo ki aankho mein khoon utarte dekha tha, aur ho bhi kyun na ! Agar koi aap ka favourite Beyblade waala pencil box door se dustbin mein phenk de to aap par bhi jalaal sawar hoga he. Magar mera dost mere pyaar ki khaatir apna saara gussa peeta gaya.

Kabhi kabhi main ye sochta tha ki Kaash ye dono bhi ladai chhod kar ek doosre se pyaar karne lagein ! Kitna achha ho jaata sab kuch. Apni is moorkhta ka shray main cheesy bollywood movies ko dena chahta hoon. Aur phir jab khud pyaar mein hote hain to aap chaahte hain ki aap ke aas paas sab log us khushi ko jee sakein, us oorja ko mehsoos kar sakein. Shayad isiliye main chaahta raha ki dono ka scene set ho jaaye. Par mere chahne se kya hota, uss chudail ko to bahaane chahiye hote the chugli karne ke. Simmi ki

chhat waala kaand bhi unhi ki zubani poore school mein phaila tha. Bina baat ke shohrat aur tawajjo milne lagi thi school mein. Yun to mujhe bohat gussa aaya tha us ladki pe, par sahi maayno'n mein mere paas waqt he nahi tha ye sab sochne ka. Baaho'n mein ek khoobsurat khwaab jaisi Simmi thi, jiski har harkat dheere dheere bohat zyada cute lagne lagi thi, jaise ki uske apne baal kaano'n ke peeche set karna ya zukham hone par uski naak aur gaalon ka gulabi ho jaana; aur doosri taraf ek bhai jaisa dost tha Kumail jo har waqt har dam kandhe se kandha milaaye khada rehta tha. Ek 15 saal ke launde ko isse zyada kya he chahiye hoga ? Aap ko chahiye to waqt le kar soch lijiye, kuch samajh aaye to bataiyega.

Zindagi yun he chalti rahi ki ek din bada khulasa hua hum sab par. Ek dafa basketball practice ke baad hum Kammo se milne uske ghar chale gaye the. Masla ye hua ki bhaisahab aaj aaye nahi the practice mein jab ki dopaher mein chhutti ke waqt ye tay hua tha ki shaam ko milna hai. Thodi fikr hui hume to hum cycle daudate hue pohoch gaye bhai sahab ke ghar. Janab aanagan mein he phone par baat karte hue tehel rahe the aur hume dekhte he haath se wahin ruk jaane ka ishaara kiya. Huqm ki tameel karte hue hum ruk to gaye par ab aur zyada chinta hone lagi ki masla kya hai ! School se phone ho sakta hai, humari shaitaniyo ka ghada aakhir bhar he gaya tha. Is khayal ke saath humara darr apni inteha ki hadd paar kar chuka tha. Agar ise phone aaya hai to laazmi hai ki hume bhi aaya hoga. Fight and flee ka scenario tha and pehla khayal he bhaagne ka aaya par phir humne socha ki ab jo hona hai so ho gaya, ab to maar padni he hai. Yahan ruk kar kam-az-kam ye to pata chal jaayega ki kis badmaashi ke liye warrant nikla hai aur phir usi hisab se uska tod nikala jaayega. Mushkil waqt mein bhi apni tashreef bacha le jaane ka hunar shayad aisi he situations mein nikhra tha humara. Call khatam hone ka naam he nahi le rahi thi aur Kammo ke haav bhaav se lag raha tha masla mazeed sanjeeda hai. Humne dheeme dheeme badhna shuru kiya to udhar se tyoriyan chadha kar roka gaya par phir bhi hum badhte chale aur tab ruke jab hume janab ki aawaz sunayi dene lagi.

Jo kuch humne suna wo hosh uda dene waala tha. Kammo ne aawaz bohat gehri kar rakhi thi jaise koi bada bol raha ho. Is garajti hui bhaari aawaz ke saath har baat mein 3-4 rooh fana kar dene wali gaaliyan. Hume to kuch bhi samajh nahi aa raha tha par ye yaqeen

ho gaya tha ki ye call school se nahi hai. Is baat ka shukr mana paate ki Kammo ne chillate hue ye call rakh diya ki agli baar aisa kiya to baap samet Tehseenganj thaane mein band kar ke tashreef suja denge. Aakhri salam mein 2-3 nayi nayi gaaliyon se poore khaandan ko naap diya. Phir phone jeb mein rakha, ek do marhale tak aasman ko taaka aur phir wahi sattar kone ka chehra liye humari taraf aaye. Bohat itminan se bataya ki wo ek sarphire aashiq ko line par laa rahe the. Bazaar se Docomo ka naya sim liya tha free mein aur usse Tehseenganj thaane ke daroga ban kar us ladke ko call kiya tha ki apni behaya harkaton se baaz aa jaaye. Minute'on mein saara maamla saaf ho gaya tha aur apne is heere jaise dost ke upar faqr bhi be-intehaa ho raha tha. Ye ladka sirf mere he liye nahi balki baaki logon ke liye bhi farishta he hai. Agle dum he usse pooch liya ki aakhir itni gaaliyan aayin kahan se ? Bohat naaz ke saath bataya ki jo school hum bachpan mein he chhod aaye the , ye saare adab aur tameez wahin ki virasat hai. Apne bichchde Chaman par aur zyada pyaar aaya tha hume. Baaton ka silsila yun he chalta raha aur phir hum uth khade hue jaane ke liye. Kumail bhi baahar tak aaya tha chhodne ke liye. Cycle par sawaar ho kar hume ekdum se ek khayal aaya aur humne Kammo se poocha ki bhai aakhir wo ladki thi kaun jise pareshan kiya jaa raha tha. Ye sawal pehle bhi aaya tha par baaki aur zaroori sawalo'n ke ke saamne ye peeche reh gaya tha. Sawal koi itna mushkil bhi nahi tha jitna Kammo hichak raha tha. Idhar usne aana kaani kar ke baat taalne ki koshish ki aur agle he pal humne maamle ki nabz pe haath rakh diya tha. Khulasa ye hua ki mohtarma Kumail ke bachpan ka pyaar hain jo puraane school mein he reh gaya tha. Ab choonki Kumail tha nahi aas paas to kayi siyaar ladke pareshan kar rahe the use. Maamla haath se jaata dekh Kumail ko ye swaang rachna pada. Apne dost ki ye majboor daastan sunkar bada afsos hua. Humne fauran apne inquilabi khoon ka hawala dekar maar karne ka idea rakha par hamari baat sunte he Kammo hasne laga. Thahaakon ke beech ruk kar usne samjhaya ki ye khayal use bhi aaya tha par humare group mein itna gooda nahi hai ki ise amli jaama pehnaya jaa sake. Dobara sochne par hume bhi yahi laga. Khair, ab jab ye raaz khula to humne aur jankaari bhi maangi. Shayad he Kammo ne kabhi itni nazakat dikhayi bolne aur haav bhaav mein. Saari baaton ka nichod ye nikla ki uska naam Sheen Jafri tha, puraane sheher mein kahin ghar tha, padhne mein zaheen thi aur bohat nek dil. Eklauti dikkat thi ki wo sunni thi. Humari jad buddhi ko zyada samajh nahi aaya par ye palle pada ki

kisi tarah ka varno ka antar hai jo kaafi gambhir hai. Ek masla aur tha ki ab dono mil nahi paate the. Ghar dono ke ulti taraf the isliye sirf school mein he mil paate the par ab wo bhi mumkin nahi tha. Ye sab rona sun he rahe the ki dimag ke chakshu khule aur ek yukti soojhi. Kyun na Sheen ko usi coaching mein admission dilwa dein jis mein hum log jaane waale hain. Roz roz ke milna bhi ho jaayega aur teacher bhi apne school ke parkhe hue hain, to agar unhone kuch aitraaz kiya bhi to hum unki private coaching ka bhandu phod denge school ke aage. Kaafi munasib sauda.

Kuch hafto mein he sab set ho chuka tha. Teacher se le kar students aur yahan tak ki peon ko bhi hum chaaron ke prem prasang ke baare mein pata tha. Aur usi hisab se har baat ka lihaz bhi kiya jaata tha. Maslan agar hum chaaron mein se koi bhi class na aaye tab bhi uski seat khaali he chhodi jaati thi. Na-maqool aur be sar-pair ki baaton se hum logon ko door he rakha jaata tha. Ek taraf ladko'n ki aankho mein izzat, rashq aur hasad ka ek atpata sa jod dikhai deta tha, doosri taraf ladkiyan bhi kaafi meethi zubaan mein baat karne lagi thi. Ye saari tawajjo ek taraf thi, aur humari dosti ek taraf. Hume pata tha is sab ka, hum mehsoos kar paa rahe the sab kuch par asal mein hume farq he nahi padta tha. Humari apni he alag ek duniya thi, apne alag masle the aur apni alag khushiyan thi. Computer ki kayi classes to maine yahi sochne mein guzar di ki hum chaaro'n kitne khush qismat the ki hum saath hain. Aur ye bhi ki hum kitne alag hain. Ek joda mera aur Simmi ka hai. Thoda naya, be-kal aur talavvun. Humare liye ye naya naya ishq he sab kuch tha. Imtehan bhi aur raahat bhi.

Aur ek Kumail aur Sheen the. Aap unse alag alag milenge to khabar bhi nahi hogi ki ye dono saath mein hain, par ek dafa aap dono ko ek saath miliye, aap khud-ba-khud unke rishte ki gehrayi samajh jaayenge. Aur aisa kuch nahi ki dono ek doosre ke gal-baahein hue phira karte hain, ya har waqt ek doosre ke naam ka jaap karte hain. Main aur Simmi to kayi baar unka is baat par mazak bhi uda chuke hain ki unhe pyaar ka izhar karna nahi aata, ki bohat darpok hain wo dono. Haalanki andar he andar main jaanta tha ki kitni ahmaq-aana baat thi ye. Hum dono jodo'n ki shuruaat ko he le lijiye. 2-3 saal ki mehnat lagi thi Simmi ki nazar mein aane ko. Uske dosto ke dosto se dosti badhana, uska chhota bhai jo nihaiyti bekar player tha use team mein extra lena, assembly ki line mein uske bagal mein khade hona aur na jaane kya kya kiya tha nazdeekiyan

badhane ko. Wo insan jisne sirf Kumar Sanu ke gaane shauk se sune ho, wo pyaar ke chakkar mein Taylor Swift aur Justin Bieber ke gaane kagaz par likh likh kar yaad kar raha hota tha. Itni mashakkat ke baad apne pyaar ko Haqeeqat mein badalne ka maza he aur tha. Is kahani se ulat, Kammo aur Sheen ki kahani hai. Kammo ke hisab se ye sab tab shuru hua jab apni birthday ke din Sheen Kammo ki class mein toffee baatne aayi thi. Teacher ko toffee dene ke baad usne do exlairs Kammo ko bhi di. Poori class pehle to sann hui aur phir khus-phasane lagi. Ek ladki ka apni birthday ke din doosre section ke ladke ko toffee dena jaisa waaqya pehle kabhi pesh nahi aaya tha. Yaqeenan kuch hai dono ke beech. Sheen ka kehna ye hai ki use Kammo ki bhookhi shakal pe taras aa gaya tha isliye usne toffee de di thi. Khair jo bhi ho, is din ke baad se aur apne class ki ekmat rai ke chalte Kammo ko bharosa ho gaya tha ki use Sheen se muhabbat ho chuki hai aur udhar bhi iqrar he hai. Ab jab ye baat saaf ho chuki thi to sawal utha ab kya kiya jaaye ? Ek to wo ladki aur upar se doosre section ki, apne section ki hoti to kam az kam saath lunch he kar lete, aas paas baith he lete. Yahan to ye doosre section ki zeenat thi. Khair Kumail bhai ne kuch kuch kar ke rabta qayam karna shuru kiya. Doosre section se duster aur kursi laane ka kaam ab unhone akele apne sar le liya tha. Dono section ke time table bhi unhe yaad the aur jaise he aisa koi mauka padta ki dono ke free period aas paas hote, Kumail jaan Laga deta combined games period ki. Ye saari mehnat is gumaan mein ki Sheen bhi unse utni he behadd muhabbat karti hai, agarche zyada na karti ho to. Kuch mahino mein bhai ne kaam bhar ki jaan pehchaan kar li thi is section mein. Aise karte karte bhai ka birthday bhi aa he gaya. Bohat sochne ke baad bhai ne treat dene ka faisla kiya. Mehmano ki fehrist mein dono section ke log the, wo log jo bohat zyada qareeb ke the, wo log jo khaane dekhte he sab bhool jaayenge, wo log jo pakka nahi aayenge aur Sheen. Waqt tay hua school ke baad aur jagah school ke aage waali market. Sab aaye, Sheen bhi aayi, sab ne order kiya aur bhai ne laa kar diya. Jab Sheen se khaana poocha gaya to jawab aaya ki use is sab mein se kuch bhi nahi pasand. Yahan main ye baat raushan karna chahoonga ki is dawat ke liye Kammo ne mahino paise bachaye the, yahan tak ki apni gullak bhi khaali kar di thi. Aise mein jab qibla ne kaha ki ye sab bekar hai, Kumail ke badan se to jaise bijli utar gayi, khoon sookh gaya aur pairon ke neeche se zameen sarak gayi. Hosh sambhalte ki usse pehle Sheen ne kaha ki aage ki dukaano mein dekhte hain, shayad

kuch mil jaaye. Khambe jaisa sunn Kammo saadat-mandi se peeche peeche chal diya. Agli jis dukan mein gaye usne aur zyada hudka diya. Ghutne mehsoos hona band ho chuke the aur naubat ye thi ki kisi bhi waqt gash khaa kar gir jaaye. Kuch samajh mein nahi aa raha tha ki ye kaun si jagah hai. Aankhe poori dukan tatolti hui Sheen par ruki jo ek angoothi liye khadi thi. "Humne ye li hai, humare liye khaane ke liye kuch na lena tum, hum ye le rahe uski jagah". Ba-qaul Kammo usko kuch samajh nahi aa raha tha. Apne haal ko wo aise batata hai ki bhai jaise ek ped par aasman se bijli gire aur wo use do hisse mein cheer de. Kashmakash ye thi ki ye ho kya raha hai, ye angoothi kitne ki hogi? Isse achha chhalla to mangal waale bazar mein mil jaata hai, aur ye dukan waale uncle kyun kheese kaadh rahe hain ? Sawal bohat the jo reh reh kar ubaal maar rahe the. Khayalo'n ki gaadi par break lagaya dukan waale uncle ne. Ab tak jo is khel ka maza rahe the, ab pareshan ho rahe thi ki ladki to chali gayi angoothi le kar, ladka sadma liye khada hai. Hosh mein aane ke baad, Kammo ne jaise taise kar ke uncle ko paise diye aur pehle ke jaise he khayalo mein doobe hue, khud se baat karte hue chala aaya waapas. Wapas aa kar dekha to Sheen gayab thi, Mere hisab se bura to hua tha uske saath. Us zamane mein jab atthanni jod jod kar alpenlibe lete the tattoo waali, us zamane mein Kammo ne treat plan kari thi, aur us par ye dhoka ho gaya. Aur koi hota to Kumail ba-adab gaali dete hue mana kar deta par ye to Sheen thi na ! Sheen ka aise phailna to banta tha aur agar usne kuch le liya apni marzi se to khaya bhi to kuch nahi. Ye to aur achha hai ki kuch le liya, agar Kammo use nahi dilyaga gift to kya muhalle waale dilayenge ? Haan ye baat aur hai ki kuch kha lena chahiye tha. Kuch khaati nahi hai isliye aur kamzor hoti jaa rahi hai.

Agli har baar jab Kammo Sheen se milta to dono us din ke waaqye ko chhod kar har baat karte. Ba-qaul Sheen, wo intezaar karti rehti thi ki kab iske moti buddhi mein ye baat aaye ki us din jo hua tha uska asal matlab kya tha. Wo batati hai ki ek aadh hafte baad wo wahi angoothi apni ring finger mein pehen kar school aayi aur poora din bahane bahane se Kammo ke aage apni ungli numaya karti rehti. Aakhir mein shaam ko cycle stand par usne Kammo ko samjhaya ki ek ladki ka kisi ladki se ring le kar ring finger mein pehen'na kya hota hai. Kammo ki khushi aur Sheen ke is tark ki bewakoofi ka andaza laga paana hum logon ke bas ki baat he nahi

hai. Par jitni baar ye kahani suni ya sunayi jaati hai, dono ke chehron ki chamak dekhne waali hoti hai. Wo agar na bhi hans rahe ho to aap un ko dekh kar samajh jaayenge ki wo kitne khush hain. Unki aankho ki chamak aap mein bhi ek malal paida kar degi ki kaash aap ki bhi aise he koi kahani hoti. Behadd mamooli si, bina kisi shoshe ke par kisi chattan se bhi mazboot aur kisi darya se bhi gehri. Par ye sab kehne ki baatein hain, ab har kahani aisi to nahi ho sakti na. Kuch kahaniyan to honi he chahiye itni khoobsurat ki aadam-zaat ka muhabbat ke upar se yaqeen na uth jaaye aur wo hatash ho kar kisi se bhi pyaar karna he chhod de.

Is benazir ishq ki kahani ke bahane se hum apni aap-beeti bhi suna he dete hain. Ye to aap ko pata he hai ki Simmi ke deewane hum 7th mein he ho chuke the. Kuch naye naye hormones the badan mein, hav bhaav, qad kaathi, aawaz sab badal rahi thi. Chunache mard ban rahe the hum. Sphoorti itni thi ki kuch samajh he nahi aata tha ki kya kar daalein. Pahad paidal paar karne se le kar cycle par kartab karne tak, sab humari quwwat mein tha. Jo hormone humare is pagalpan ke zimmedar the wahi sasure Simmi ko aur zyada khoobsurat banaye jaa rahe the. Badi bekaar ki baat lagi hume ye, ek taraf humse humari masoomiyat chheen kar chehre par betuke se baal aur behadd karkash aawaz de di gayi aur doosri taraf Simmi par jannat ka saara husn ata kar diya gaya. Kahan ka insaf hai ye ? Aap ko pata lage to bataiyega.

Khair, apne andar ke in jismani badlaavo'n ke jhaanse mein aa kar hum Simmi ki khoobsurati par apna kamsin dil haar gaye. Ab halan-ki kad badh chuka tha, awaaz bhi raub-daar ho gayi thi par jo dimag tha humara wo abhi bhi bada nahi hua tha. The to abhi bhi kachchi aqal ke he, bachkaane se. Aur isi bachkaane se dimag ne na jaane kya kya gadh liya khud he aur hume is khayaal par laa chhoda ki agar ye Ishq apne muqaam par nahi pohocha to jeena bekar hai. Wo baat alag hai ki ye inquilab-e-ishq jab jab ufaan uthta, andar ka wo bachkaana dimag kuch ulool-julool soch kar use thanda kar deta. Ek taraf hum the jo khud se uljhe the, aur ek taraf wo humara pyaar. Kya andaz the aur kya adaayein. Upar waale ka karam tha warna jo humare ghutne jaam hote the use dekh kar aur saansein chadhi aati thi wo sirf hum he jaante the , aur humari tarah 7th aur uski aas paas ki classes ke ladke. Haan yahan is baat ko raushan karna zaroori hai ki ek waqt par hume lagta tha ki hum he hai jise

pyaar hua hai usse, kuch dino mein pata chala ki ahle-e-nazar aur bhi bohat se hain. Kuch bhi ho, apne dil mein to hero hum he hain na, heroine to hume he milegi Na ? Lunch to mere saath he hoga aur ghar chhodne bhi to main he jaunga. Meri ranger aur uski lady bird. Jis waqt mein hum ye saare khyaal dheemi aanch par chadha ke mand mand muskura rahe the wahin humari mata-e-jaan ne alag he aag laga rakhi thi. Sahi maayne mein uski galti bhi nahi thi. Farsh se to nahi par haan puberty ne use falaq par zaroor bitha diya tha aur jab aap ko itni tawajjo mile to aap ka dimag kharab hona jaayaz aur laazmi hai. Simmi ke saath bhi yahi hua aur jawani ki kagaar par khadi, bala si khoobsurat har ladki ki tarah usne bhi school ke sabse lafange ladke ko apna aashiq kabool kar liya.

Ye khabar jab hum par faash hui to bada keher toota hum par. Jo handiya humne dheemi aanch par chadhayi thi uski malayi to koi aur maar le gaya ! Aur le jaana waala bhi kaun ! Khoj khabar karne par pata chala ki koi senior ladka hai jiske karam-kaando'n ki koi thaa nahi hai. Yahan par main aap ko chhoot doonga ki aap apne hisab se sabse badmash, bekar, bad-zaban aur bad-akhlaq ladka soch lein aur uski buraiyon ko doguna kar dein. Halanki kuch saal baad ehsas hua ki wo galat nahi tha, bas alag tha. Beher-haal humari zameen achhe se hil chuki thi. Jis ko humne itna chaha, chaahe apne dil mein he bina use pata lage, wo kisi aur ke saath ho chali ! Pehla khyaal tha ki us ladke ko khoob peet peet kar uski bua jawan kar di jaaye, par is khayal ko choolhe mein ye soch kar daal diya ki wo bada hai hum se, humse zyada dino'n se mard bana hua hai, ho sakta hai ki ulta wo he hume kachar kar itna maare ki tabiyat rangeen ho jaaye. Is sab ke upar ye ehsas bhi to tha ki hume nakaar diya gaya tha. Haan maana ki humne daawa nahi pesh kiya tha abhi tak par humari nayi nayi ana ko kahan ye sab samajh aana tha. Aaj jo itni mazboot hai, us waqt badi kachchi hua karti thi, aur har kachchi cheez ki tarah wo bhi zara se dhakke se toot gayi. Ab agla har din pichhle se zyada zeher. Class mein, canteen mein, shaam ko park mei , har jagah is premi yugal ke qisse sunne ko milte. Bada gussa aata tha ladko ke kameene-pan par. Ek ladke ne Simmi ki photo apne phone ki screen ka wallpaper lagaya hua to ek ne computer lab mein har desktop par I love you Simran ke naam ki file banayi hui thi. Us chhote se phone ki ghatiya si screen par na wo photo achhi lag rahi thi na he wo file kuch tuk bana rahi thi. Kul jama humne ye maan liya ki sab ek line se baura gaye hain, aur hum

in sab mein sabse sheel hain. Kahin to jeete, aur jeet to aakhir jeet he hoti hai.

Rafta rafta din mahine aur term beetne lage aur humare ghaav bharne lage. Ghaav bharne ki ek wajah Simmi ka na hona bhi tha, ya shayad asal wajah wahi thi. Jahan roz subah assembly mein use dekh kar din shuru hota tha aur phir gaahe-bagahe na jaane kitni baar aankho se tawaaf kar liya karte the wahin ab use dhang se ek ghadi bhi dekhna mushkil tha. School late aane lagi thi to assembly mein entry nahi milti thi aur phir uske baad kisi na kisi bahaane se class bunk kar deti thi. Raqeeb senior tha to wo kisi na kisi bahane se use class se nikalwa he leta tha. Ek dafa to wo use extempore team ko cheer karane ke liye le kar chala gaya tha. In sab prayojno se jahan unka pyaar aur gehra ho raha tha, humari fikr aur jalan aur gaadhi hoti jaa rahi thi. Fikr is baat ki kahin humari jaan is galat sangat mein pad kar fail na ho jaaye. Jalan to aap samajhte he honge ki kaise jayaz hai.

Ye sab apni jagah chalta raha aur zindagi apne dharre par chalti gayi. School ki sabse khaas baat shayad yahi hoti hai ki wo aap ko badlaav ka aadi bana deti hai. Din mein 9 classes and har class ki hawa paani alag. Teacher ka mood alag aur subject ka atyachar alag. Har 45 minute ke baad ek naya episode shuru ! Ek hunar aur jo school ne sikhaya hai wo hai mil julkar vipreet mahaul ko bhi apne anukool karna. Group ke saare bachche tay kar lete the ki kis teacher pe kaun sa paintra chalega. Aur bas ! Kisi teacher ko uske maazi mein dhakel kar period swaaha kar diya to kisi se doosre teacher ki gheebat kara kar. Ek teacher ke to claas mein enter karte he unki kharab tabiyat ke vasvase chhed dete the. Aur phir agle poore 45 minute koi na koi bechari ki ayaadat kar ke time pass kara deta tha. In sab mein sabse pyaari English waali madam thi. Aam chalan ki English teachers se hat ke bilkul alag. Na kabhi class ko fish market bolna na kisi ladke ko hooligan. Aur aksar jab barish hoti thi to wo apni kursi class se bahar corridor mein laga leti thi aur phir course chhood kar koi na koi behadd intersting qissa utha leti thi. Baahar behtareen baarish aur sports ground se uth'ti hue mitti ki sondhi si khushbu aur andar ek tilismi qissa. Wo baarishein humare routine ki badiyo'n se zakhmi bachpan mein phir se jaan daal deti thi.

Isi tarah dhoop chhao'n ke tale zindagi basar ho rahi thi. Padhayi ki gaadi aage badh chuki thi aur usi ke dhue mein ishq ka bhoot utar chuka tha. October apna dilkash mausam liye dastak de raha tha aur humare school mein iska matlab tha water park picnic. Dar'asal ye water park band hone ka season hota tha isliye tickets saste hote the(bachcho ke liye nahi). School bhar mein tayyari hui aur hum sab pohoch gaye sheher ke ek kone mein bane hue water park. Aur phir jo masti aur mauj ka nanga naach hua hai ! Har koi apni he dhun mein tha ! Bus mein jo antakshari aur dumb charades se mahaul set hua tha wo paani, jhoole aur slides dekh kar alag meraj par tha. Shuru ke kuch ghante to teachers ne koshish ki sambhaalne ki par ye koi 8*8 ka kamra to tha nahi ki unka zor chalta. Apni toli ke saath hum bhi har slide pe aise jaa rahe the jaise Alexander The Great apni muhim par nikla ho. Black tornado naam ki ek slide se jab hum pool mein gire to socha thoda ruk lete hain. Apni gotakhori practice karte hue lage hum paani mein daanv maarne. Ek side se doosri side aur phir ek aur lap. Aise he humne ek lap mein dekha ki paani ke andar ek patli si dhaar aa rahi hai. Jab kuch samajh mein nahi aaya to upar aa kar swimming goggles utar kar dekha to ek class 5th ka half pant ladka khada tha pool ke us hisse mein. Ghalazat aur gusse ka badal ek saath phat pada sar par. Jis paani mein hum poora badan liye tair rahe the us mein ye gadha khada moot raha tha. Aav dekha na taav ek ghaseet ke lappad jad diya uske aur pool se bahar nikal gaye. Usko bhi shayad apni galti ka ehsas tha to kam roya. Pool se nikal kar seedhe shower ke liye gaye aur ghis ghis kar badan dhoya. Ab mushkil ye thi ki dobara pool mein jaane ki himmat thi nahi aur aadhe se zyada din bhi bacha tha. Gussa behadd aa raha tha us chhatank bhar ke ladke par lekin kar bhi kya sakte the. Thodi der idhar udhar bhatakne ke baad khaana khaya aur apna sada sa munh liye, pool ke side par baithe baithe so gaye.

Shaam ko PT waale sir ne teep maar kar uthaya to aankh khuli aur hum apna basta liye bus mein chadh gaye. Mood abhi bhi kharab tha isliye kisi se baat nahi ki, kisi khel mein hissa nahi liya aur phir thodi der mein khud ko back seat par baitha hua paaya.

Bus ki khidki ki grill se chehra chipkaye bahar dekhe jaa rahe the. Jaise Imtiyaz Ali ki kisi picture ka montage song shoot ho raha ho hum pe. Khud ki is fantasy par zara si hansi aayi aur phir lag gaye

bahar ki khoobsurati niharne. Hum ye sab soch he rahe the ki humari heroine ki bhi entry ho he gayi. Simmi ne shayad hume munh latkaye dekh he liya tha aur choonki wo khud bhi zyadatar class se bahar rehti thi to uska bhi koi khaas dost bacha nahi tha ab. Ek society se be-dakhal insaan apne jaiso ke he paas aata hai.

Wo aayi, baithi aur baatein shuru kar di. Ekdum pehle jaisi, jaise kuch hua he na ho. Shuru mein to hume bhi achha laga par rafta rafta ehsas hua ki wo baat karne nahi baatein sunane aayi thi. Apne relationship ki. Jaise apni baatein keh kar wo kisi tarah ka validation chaah rahi ho ki uski zindagi kitni gulzaar hai aur happening hai. Din ki doosri mayoosi liye hum sab sunte rahe. Kuch lamho ke liye jo purani muhabbat ki ek chingari jali thi wo khud he bujha di. Ehsas ho chuka thi ki us chingari ko hawa de kar uski aag mein khud ko jalane ki galti phir se nahi hogi. Par uski baatein sunne ke alawa koi chaara bhi to nahi tha so hum khidki ki taraf peeth kiye usse mukhatib ho kar baith gaye aur uske qisse sunne lage. Dheere dheere hume ehsas ho chuka tha ki humne jo bhi “awfaahein” suni thi asal mein wo sab sach thi. Uski saheliyan jo uski burayi karti phirti wo sab sach thi. Beshak uska koi dost nahi hai ab class mein, anjaane mein he sahi, usne khud he saare dhaage jala rakhe the. Shuru mein jo jalan hoti thi hume us ladke ke baare mein sun kar ab wo koft mein badal chuki thi. Kitna kameena aadmi hai wo ! Kis tarah usne Simmi ko apne angootho ke neeche daba rakha hai ! Aur ye bewakoof us angootho ko sar ka taj samajh ke baithi hai. Khair uske qisse beniyaz chalte rahe aur hum sunte rahe ki achanak se ek zor ki aawaz aayi aur bus lehrane lagi. Ek dum se bus ka aalam dehshat ka ho gaya. Jo bachche khil-khila kar hans rahe the wo ab khauf-zada ho kar chilla rahe the. Kuch minute ye bhayankar manzar aur chala aur phir bus ruk gayi.

PT waale sir apni seat se uthe aur sab ko chup rehna ki salah di. Unki aawaz se lag raha tha ki unki jaan halaq mein aa atki thi. 10 minute baad hum sab sadak ke side mein khade the aur intizar kar rahe the ki jo doosri bus aage chal rahi thi wo waapas aaye aur humari madad kare. Maine apne agal bagal dekha par Simmi kahin dikh nahi rahi thi, par uska bag wahin pada tha. Badan mein kuch hararat si hui, jaise kisi ne pet mein gaanth baandh di ho. Aas paas ghupp andhera aur ye ladki gayab. Daud ke bus ke peeche gaya to dekha ki madam peeth kiye bus ki tek lagaye khadi hui hain. Qadam

aage badhe baat karne ke liye par phir ruk gaye. Kya maine sahi suna tha, kya wo ek siski thi jo abhi abhi suni thi, kya wo bus ke peeche sabse chhup kar ro rahi thi. Kuch samajh nahi aaya. Kayi saare khayal ek saath ghoomne lage ek dum se aur jab tak kuch samajh paate wo bhi palat gayi. Uske ek haath mein phone tha aur doosre wo apne aansu pochh rahi thi. Mujhe dekhte he ek dum se sapkapa gayi aur hum apne munh se khairiyat ke kuch bhi bol nikaalte, ek tamacha raseed kar diya hum par.

“chhup chhup kar meri baat sun rahe the, hain ??” Wo chillayi ,
“taaki sab ko jaa kar bata sako aur mazak bana sako “

Main abhi bhi sunn khada tha. Kuch samajh nahi aa raha tha ki ho kya raha tha. Eklauti cheez jo mehsoos ho rahi thi wo thi gussa. Itna gussa ki agar bas mein hota to itni kas kar thappad maarte ki ungliyon ke nishan holi ke rang se zyada din tak chadhe rehte. Kisi tarah apne gusse ko pi kar uska bag use lautaaya aur bus ke peeche ki taraf chale gaye. Us jaahil ke aas paas gusse ke maare nahi khade ho sakte the aur baaki log ke saath sharam ke maare. Ek-a-ek na jaane kahan se aansu aa gaye. Aise to hazaar thappad khaye honge par ye tamacha alag tha. Ye gaal par nahi, guroor par laga tha. Kisi tarah aansu pochh kar kuch der baad main aage ki taraf chalne laga.

Simmi ne kayi aawaazein di par nahi ruka. Doosri bus aa chuki thi aur tyre badla jaa chuka tha. Main apni seat par jaa kar baith gaya aur bus chal di. Sab kuch pehle jaise hone laga, bachchon ka shor, gaadi ki aawaz aur geography waale sir ki kharratey. Thodi der mein Simmi bhi aa kar baith gayi thi bagal mein. Apni mutthiyan bheenche main baahar he dekhta raha. Koi faayda nahi tha usse baat kar ke tamasha khada karne ka. Usne phir se pukarna shuru kiya par main nahi muda. Dheere dheere uski aawaz roondhti jaa rahi thi, har sentence mein maafi aur ye fariyad ki agar main bhi gussa rahoonga to use bohat bura lagega. Main bhi ? Maine uski taraf mud kar ek jhalak dekha, aankhein ro ro kar kuppa ho chuki thi. Naak aur gaal surkh laal ho chuke the. Saara gussa uski ye haalat dekh kar kaafur ho chuka tha. Andar he andar apraadh-bodh bhi hua ki meri wajah se bechari ka ye haal hai. Ek baar phir se uski taraf mukhatib hua ar poocha “main bhi?”

Sisakte hue, ukhdi hui saans ke saath usne saara dukhda bayaan kiya ki kaise jab usne bus kharab hone ki baat apne aashiq ko batayi to usne Simmi ko kaisi kaisi baatein sunayi. Bus kharab hone ko uski marzi ke khilaf jaane ka nateeja bataya aur kaha ki Simmi isi layak hai. Aur bhi kayi jali kuti salwaatein, tanz aur bhaddi gaaliyan. Jaise jaise wo ye saari baatein bata rahi thi mera guilt aur zyada badh raha tha. Main haath badha kar uske aansu ponchhna chaah raha tha, apne beech ki feet bhar ki jagah naap kar use gale lagana chaah raha tha, par kar nahi saka. Kuch andar se rok raha tha, kachot raha tha. Aur is uljhan ka ilaaj mila us ladke ko gariyane mein. Kaisa chirkut aadmi tha ki ek ladki apne musibat ke waqt mein use phone kar rhai apne maa baap ki jagah, ki use thoda sa dilaasa mil sake aur ek ye badtameez buddhi-heen ladka hai ki use he bura bhala keh raha. Kuch himmat kar ke humne apna rumal Simmi ko diya, khud nahi poch sakte to kya, aansu to pochhne he hain. Apne bag mein se ek adad frooti (jo shaam ko snacks mein mili thi) use peene ko di. Kuch minute aur lage uski saans qaabu mein aane mein aur agle kuch lage usko phir se hasaane mein. Phir shuru hua uska maafi maangne ka silsila. Haalan'ki hum keh chuke the ki hum use maaf kar chuke hain par uska guilt shayad humare se bada tha. Kuch der mein wo maafi mazak mein badal gayi ki kaise usne hume itni zor ka thappad maara. Jab mahaul normal hua to humne poocha ki kya ye bad-salooki aksar hoti hai to usne bataya ki jab bhi wo gussa hota hai tab he. Hume bada ajeeb laga aur phir taras bhi aaya. Ehsas hua ki kis daldal mein phans gayi hai ye bechari. Aur khulaase hue to samajh aayi ki uski saari dosti yaariyan bhi us ladke ke kehne par khatam hui hain. Uske social media accounts wo control karta hai, yahan tak wo jo cheesy photos aur posts hote hain Simmi ke account se, wo sab bhi wahi karta hai. Simmi ek kathputli ban kar reh gayi thi us ladke ke haath mein. Khair kisi tarah safar kata aur hum log school pohoch gaye jahan humare parents humara wait kar rahe the. Poori shaam ka sab se satisfying part tha bus se nikalte waqt Simmi ka kehna "I am lucky to have a best friend like you". Best friend kahe jaane par ek taraf khushi thi, par doosri taraf isi word ke zariye phir se khilte hue ishq ke phoolon ke katne ka afsos bhi tha. Par shayad yahi zindagi thi. Beher-haal, aaj bhi jab Simmi ka wo bus waala conversation zehen mein aata hai to Kumail ki ek baat zaroor yaad aati hai ki aadmi aurat ko paa to leta hai, par phir use dabaa kar rakhne ke chakkar mein use pyaar karna bhool jaata hai....

October November mein badla aur November December mein. Kuch khaas nahi badla tha par haan kuch to badla tha. Assembly mein nazrein kuch zyada der tak milne lagi'n thi, corridor mein jaane kaise dono ek saath ek he jagah mil jaaya karte the. Baatein nahi badhi'n thi, ek saath baithna to abhi khwaab he tha par ab jaise wo khwaab bohat paas lagne laga tha, jaise daal par latka aam, haath badhaya aur tod liya. Yahan ye batana zaroori hai ki is aam ka ek maali bhi hai, jo is aam par nazar rakhne waalo'n ke koolhe laal kar deta hai. Khair hum apni dhun mein lage rahe aur ho sakta hai ki ye hume he laga ho, magar wo aam bhi shayad humari nazro'n ki garmi se thoda aur pakta hua, thoda aur nikharta hua dikhayi deta tha.

Winter break nazdeek tha, Christmas aur phir uske baad 15 din ke liye school band. Ye 15 din to kehne ke hote hain, baaki ka karam kadake ki thandak khud kar deti thi. Ek aadh hafta to DM he school band karwa diya karte the. Aur ho bhi kyun na ! Itni keher thandak hoti thi ki agar cycle se school jao to aankho'n ki bhavo'n ke upar shabnam jam kar barf ho jaati thi. Lohe ki thandi seat par koolhe aise tilmilate the jaise asal mein barf ki silli par baith gaye ho, upar se sabse bada zulm hota tha har naye period mein teacher ko wish karne ke liye khada hona. Aapne jo badi mehnat se ek adad andaz mein baith kar apni tashreef senki hoti hai, wo phir khade hone par thandi ho jaati thi. Lunch mein maggi jami hai to pen mein ink. Ungliyon ka cycle ke handle par akad jaana, har ek chot ka zyada pata lagna, aur mardood hotho'n ka phatna; jaane kitne azaab the is jaade ke; par maza bhi utna he tha. Kohre ki Sondhi si khushbu, garam naram lehaaf ka aaram, har roz nahane ki shart se nijaat !

Par is baar ke jaade thode alag the. Is baar raatein to lambi lagi he, din bhi bohat zyada lambe maloom hue. Intezar bechaini aur paara-tod thand ke alawa kuch bhi nahi mehsoos ho raha tha. School band hone se pehle Simmi se baat to kar li thi. New year ka card bhi diya tha aur pichhle August mein khareeda hua friendship band bhi saath natthi kar diya tha. Landline samet saare number bhi de chuke the, par kahin kisi tarah ki koi harkat nahi. Maamle ko thanda jaan hum bhi apne dharre par lag gaye. Ek khoobsurat dopaher jab hum sab chhat par chatayi daal kar jaade ki gunguni dhoop ka maza le rahe the, papa ka phone ring kiya. Badi kaahili se aur zara gusse se unhone phone shirt ki jeb se nikala aur use dekhne

lage. Badi der aankhe chhoti badi kar ke padhne ki koshish ki par kuch samajh nahi aaya, chashma jo neeche bhool gaye the. Tapaak se phone hume diya aur kaha ki padh ke bataye kya likha hai. Kisi automated number se message tha. Shayad phir se Africa ke kisi king ne papa ko lottery jeetne ki mubarakbaad bheji hai. Magar aisa hua nahi. Lottery to nikli thi, par humari. Yahan ye batana zaroori hai ki ye wo zamana hai jab fb aap ko text message bhejta tha kisi bhi activity ka. Aur ye to activity ka baap thi. Humare chehre ki chamkaan shayad papa samajh gaye the, aur shayad ye bhi ki ye kuch achhi baat nahi hai. Unki nazar ko samajhte hue humne fataak se message delete kar ke phone unhe lauta diya.

“abki baar coca cola lottery de rahi thi aap ko”

kuch der aur unhone ghooma par phir shayad dhoop ke maze ke aage unhe mera ye jhoot zyada achha nahi laga. Unke nazrein pherte he dimag daudne laga ki kaise ab is jagah se bhaag kar cyber cafe jaayein aur wo notification check karein. Jab kuch samajh nahi aaya to khud he Apne hoth phaade aur vaseline lene ke bahane neeche bhaag aaye. Bhaage to aise ki seedhe cyber cafe ruke. Bhaiyya se cabin pata kiya aur satt se login. Messgae sahi aaya tha. Khabbar pakki thi. Bada bada likha tha “Simranpreet Kaur has sent you a friend request”. Na jaane kahan se battisi apne aap bahar aa gayi aur kheense kaadh kar hasne lage. Fauran tvarit karyawaahi karte hue tatkal request accept ki aur lag gaye profile niharne mein. Halanki zyadatar photos Miley Cyrus, Selena Gomez aur Taylor Swift ki thi, par sab pyaari thi. Katrina Kaif bhi thi par humare liye wo kya katrina se kam thi ! Achha khaasa waqt photos aur posts ko parakhne ke baad humne messgae kiya use. Online waali hari batti jal rahi thi aur ba-khuda humari cheekh he nikal gayi thi jab saamne se typing likha aaya tha. Aur phir light chali gayi. Batchheet shuru he hui thi aur humara kat gaya. Dil gehre sadme mein, dimag uljhan mein. UPS bhi nahi chal raha tha. Bhaari qadmo’n se ghar rawana hue ki dimag mein khayal aaya ki uske message ka notification ab phir se papa ke phone par na aa jaaye. Phir bhaage. Papa dhoop mein so chuke the. Chehre par aisa sukon aur noor tha ki jaise koi aur aadmi leta ho. Ekdum shaant-chitt, aise ki yaqeen na aaye ki yahi aadmi hume road par lita lita kar maar chuka hai !! Par khair, sab sahi tha. Umda karigari se papa ka phone jeb se nikaal kar message delete kiya aur wapas rakh diya.

Ye musibat khatam hui to dimag mein kautuhal ki kya message aaya hoga, kaise message kiya hoga usne Aur phir sabse bada sawal, kya is friend request ka matlab sach mein wahi hai jo hum samajh rahe hain ! Abhi kal tak wo nalla tha Simmi ko zindagi mein, uska fb wahi chalata tha, aur saare ladko ko unfriend kar rakha tha. Kya is request ka matlab Simmi ki aazadi hai ?? Hazaro khayal dimag mein bijli ki tarah daud rahe the; par kambakht muhalle mein bijli nahi aa chuk rahi thi.

Behar-haal shaam tak sab maamla saaf tha. Nalle aur Simmi ka break up ho chuka tha. Nalle ko koi aur pasand aa gayi thi aur wo wahan munh maarne lag gaya tha. Simmi ne bhi apna kirdaar wapas liya aur lag gayi apni zindagi sambhaalne.

Agle kuch din aise he kate, adhoori baato'n aur poori bechainiyo'n mein. Phir khul gaye school aur shuru hua humara Raja Babu banne ka waqt. Subah roz bila naagha nahana, aur dress-joote chamka kar school jaana. School mein bas ek kaam—Simmi ka saaya ban'na. School ke baad ghar tak chhod kar aana, ye dhyaan rakhte hue ki uski aur humari cycle ke beech zaroori faasla ho. Maa qasam saari ranger cycle ek taraf aur uski ladybird ek taraf !! February beetne waala tha aur ye silsila chal raha tha. Valentine's week bhi nikal gaya par koi badlaav nahi. Isi pressure mein aa kar ek din cycle stand par humne bata diya ki hum use pasand karte hain. Koi jawaab nahi. Hum bhi apne kaam par lag gaye. School se zara aage nikle the ki baarish hone lagi. Ye barish ka to koi mausam nahi tha. Par hui. Mohtarma ne cycle kone mein lagayi, apna rain coat nikala aur pehen kar lagi cycle chalaane. Mud kar bhi nahi dekha ki agle ke paas rain coat hai ya nahi, bheeg to nahi raha. Hume bura laga aur qaayde se hume wahin kahin kisi imaarat ki oat mein baarish rukne ka intezaar karna chahiye tha; par nahin. Humare andar to pyaar ka kaadha ubal raha tha, hume kya he ho sakta tha ! Simmi ko ghar chhoda aur phir apne ghar ho liye. Kapde change kiye aur phir jo lehaaf mein jama hue hain to seedhe agle din uthe. Tez bukhaar ne haalat kharab kar di. Gharwaale kabhi baarish ko koste to kabhi hume ghair- zimmedar bata dete. Ye sab sahi hote hote hafta ho gaya school gaye huye. School jaa kar jaise jaan mein jaan aayi ho ! Dost yaar , teacher aur Simmi, sab ne barabar ki importance di. Kaafi achha laga sabki fikr dekh kar. Recess time mein pata chala ki agle din koi co-curricular event hai jiski decoration aur

arrangements ka intezaam humari class ke bachcho ko mila hai. Naam list mein nahi tha par phir bhi hum ruk gaye the chhutti ke baad. Saath mein 5 ladke aur 3 ladkiyan aur thi. Khoob maze hue, ghar par jitne din bore hue in sab ka hisab liya. 5 baje tak sab simat chuka tha aur hum sab ghar ke liye rawana ho rahe the. Roz ki tarah cycle stand par simmi ka wait kar rahe the ki dekha wo khud humari taraf chali aa rahi hai.

“suno, andhera ho raha hai, aaj tum saath chale chalo ghar tak. I would feel a bit safe”

Badan k saara dopamine aur testosterone ek saath chamakne laga tha. Seene mein apne aap ek narm gunguna sa ehsaas hua. Jo kaam roz karte the aaj saamne se uski farmayish aayi hai. Wo poora raasta dil uchhaal maar raha tha. Cycles ke beech aaj doori zara kam thi, par thi.

Khair us din se Simmi aur humari “setting” ho gayi thi. Ladke aise he bolte hain. Ladko’n mein rashq bhi tha ki abhi to Simmi phir se aayi thi market aur abhi phir chali gayi. Is baar agla “nalla” hum ban chuke the.

Hum chaaro’n roz der raat tak baat karte the. Main aur Simmi, Kumail aur Sheen. Kumail sirf raat mein baat kar paata tha. Usko phone dilane se mana kar diya gaya tha isliye hum logon ne docomo ka ek Sim sadak kinare chhatri waali dukan se khareed liya tha. Raat mein Kumail apne papa ke phone mein wo SIM card laga leta tha aur baat karta tha. Pehle ek conference call and phir Sheen ke saath personal. Sone se pehle SIM card badal kar so jaata tha. Jis din kisi wajah se call nahi ho sakti to SMS se he kaam chalana padta tha. Bina dekhe bhi itna tez aur sateek type kar lete the ki shorthand waali aunty paani paani ho jaayein. Din achhe chal rahe the hum sab ke.

Aane waala mausam nayi class le kar aaya, aur saath mein ye darr bhi ki zindagi ka ye hissa yahin khatam hone waala hai. Class 12th door se jitna cool aur bada lagta hai, andar se he utna khokhla. Sab ko fikr hoti hai ki in 10–11 mahine ke baad kya hoga ? College kaun sa milega? course kaun sa hoga ? Ye jo abhi zeene par saath mein

dost yaar baithe hain ye honge ya nahi ? Aur wo ? Wo jo jaan ban chuki hai, uska kya hoga ? Sawaal itne saare aut waqt zara sa.

In sab uljhan'on se itar hum chaar zara sukoon se the. Hume pata tha kya hoga. Simmi aur main DU jaayenge, wo merit par aur main sports/management quota se. Sheen ko civil services ki tayyari karni thi isliye wo yahin rehkar padhayi aur tayyari karegi. Kammo ne sab ummed par chhod rakha tha. Agar engineering exam mein government college mila to yahin rahega, warna wo bhi humare saath he aayega.

Kaafi suljha hua maamla tha uska. Jaise baaki sab suljha hua tha. Mujhe nahi yaad ki uske ghar mein maine kabhi kisi tarah ki aftatafri dekhi ho. Kabhi koi haaye tauba ho-halla nahi. Sab ghadi ki machine ki tarah aaram se chalta rehta tha. Aawaz bhi shayad kabhi he oonchi ki gayi ho. Aur na Kammo ne kabhi unhe wajah di. Maslan Kammo jis Yamaha RX100 se aata tha coaching, hum log bunk ke baad yaad se uske pahiyee wapas ghuma dete the. Jitni bhi gaadi bunk mein extra chali hoti thi utna meter reverse kar dete the. Honhaar the par kabhi ghuroor nahi kiya. Par aaj ka masla he kuch zyada pechida tha. School ke baad se Kammo se baat nahi ho paa rahi thi. Sheen ki bhi nahi hui thi. Coaching mein jab sab mile tab bhi Kammo nahi aaya tha, par uske na aane ki khabar aa gayi thi. Sir ne class mein daakhil hote he, behadd zaleel karne ke Andaz mein hum teeno ko mukhatib karte hue bataya ki aaj Kumail nahi aayega. Uski chori pakdi gayi aakhir. Apni ainak ko naak mein aur zyada andar dhakelte hue unhone bunk maarne ke nuksan par apna lecture chalu kiya. Hum teeno sun rahe the aur lamha dar lamha pighal kar zameen par tapak rahe the. Dono ladkiya bhi sadme mein thi, agar unke ghar khabar hui to musibat ho sakti thi. Main jo is poore giroh ka sargana ailaan kiya jaa chuka tha nazrein jhukaye yahi soch raha tha ki ye sab aakhir hua kaise ! Afsos apni saari hadd paar kar chuka tha kyunki asal mein maine he sab ko bunk se milwaya tha. Par afsos se aur zyada hairat thi. Hairat ki aakhir kasar reh gayi to kahan !

Achhi khaasi zillat aur kisi ajeeb se naam ke logic ka program likhne ke saath class khatam hui. Teacher abhi bhi muskura rahe the. Mera unka chashma tod kar unke haath mein dene ka dil aur zyada karne laga tha. Par ye waqt iska nahi tha. Mauqa tha poori baat samajhne

ka. Hum teeno mein se kisi ka bhi jaana khatarnak tha isliye humne Chaman ko chuna. Chaman ka asli naam shayad he kisi ko yaad ho par Chaman sabko yaad rehta tha. Class ka sabse shareef, zimmedar aur bhondu ladka. Humne Chaman ko notes le kar tafteesh karne ke iraade se Kumail ke ghar bheja. Simmi aur Sheen apne gjar jaa chuki thi aur main Chaman ke saath Kammo ki gali tak gaya. Chaman ko gaye hue kuch minute he hue the ki wo bahar aaya aur bhaagte hue mere saamne se nikal gaya. Uske peeche daudte hue maine kayi baar aawaazein di par wo nahi ruka. Kisne socha tha ki champu Chaman itni tez bhaag sakta hai.

Shaam se raat ho chuki thi par koi khabar nahi. Agle din school mein, bohat zyada puchkaarne aur behlaane ke baad Chaman ne apni aap-beeti sunayi. Usne bataya ki jab wo notes le kar andar gaya to baraamde mein he uncle ne use rok liya. Gusse mein wo bohat darawne lag rahe the. Yahan par ye bata dena zaroori hai ki Kammo ke Walid kisi zamane mein fauj mein the. Kisi training ke dauran ek shell unke aas paas mein phat gaya tha jis ke dhamake se unke ek kaan ne kaam band kar diya tha. Fauj se nikal kar unhone ek kagaz bharne waale doosri sarkaari naukri shuru kar di thi par andar ka wo fauji abhi bhi waisa he tha. Chaman unki tehqikaat jhel nahi paaya aur notes wahi chhod kar bhaag aaya.

Haalat bohat sangeen the. Aur bechaini usse zyada. School khatam hua, shaam hui, coaching khatam hui aur raat dhal gayi. Kumail ki koi khabar nahi.

Agle din subah wo mere ghar par tha. Humare school mein motor vehicle se aana mana tha isliye hum sab cycle se he jaate the. Usko dekh kar itni khushi hui ki maine cycle uthayi aur uske saath chal diya. Zara der peddle karne ke baad ehasas hua ki joote ghar par he hain, saath mein tie bhi aur house badge bhi. 10 minute ka waqfa aur hum dono phir sadak par the. Mere zehen mein itne sawal the par meri hansi he nahi ruk rahi thi. Uske chehre par wahi roz si chamak thi. Wahi sabr bhari aankhe aur hamesha hansi se jhoolta dahaana. Par thodi he der mein main ulajh chuka tha, mere har sawal ka jawab ek he tha, sab ke saath bataunga, shaam ko coaching mein. Ajeeb bewakoof aadmi hai. Koi apne sabse azeez dost ke saath aisa karta hak bhala ? Haan par wo Kammo hai, meri bechaini dekh kar maze le raha hai bas kameena. Aur mujhe zyada farq bhi nahi

pada, jab tak ki wo theek hai, kahin koi chot ke nishan nahi dikh rahe, mere liye sab theek hai.

Kisi tarah din beeta aur shaam ko hum sab coaching mein mile. Coaching ke bahar Chinese khaane ke thele par 4 kursiya roki gayin, naashta order hua aur phir intezar Kammo ki kahani ka. Halanki wo kuch bol paata usse pehle Sheen ne us par sawalo ki barsaat kar di thi. Kammo ne halka sa mujhe dekha aur main samajh gaya. Par kuch kar bhi nahi sakte the, uska haq tha ye sab, aur school waali muhabbat mein aur kuch ho na ho, haq aur rasmein badi aqeedat ke saath maani jaati hain. Sheen ko chup karate hue Kammo ne uska haath pakda jo fauran jhidak diya gaya. Usne phir se pakda, abki baar zara zor se aur phir saari kahani sunayi. Baat ye thi ki do raat pehle Sheen se baat karte hue wo so gaya tha. Pata nahi kaise par uski aankh lag gayi thi. Ye batate waqt na jaane kahan se Sheen ki kohni uski pasliyo'n mein jaa ghusi. Simmi ne isi lamhe mein mujhe ek bohat thandi aur hikarat bhari nazar se nawaza. Maine dhyaan na dene ka dikhawa kiya. Apne upar hue is hamle ke baad bhi Kumail ne na Sheen ka haath chhoda na usse door hua, balki usi lai mein apni baat kehne laga. Subah jab wo utha to use kuch dhyaan nahi raha aur roz ki tarah tayyar ho kar school aa gaya. Udhar uske walid, jo ki subah use uthaane aate hain, apna phone uske paas se utha liya tha. Usko daanta bhi tha agar wo raat bhar aise he phone par game khelta raha to aankhein kharab ho jaayengi. Sab kuch roz ki he tarah hota raha, us waqt tak jab tak uske walid ko ehsas hua ki kuch gadbad hai unke phone mein. Wo jise bhi phone milayen, sab unhe yahi tok dein ki ye naya number kiska hai ? Aajiz ho kar unhone apne ghar phone kiya, is ummed mein ki ye saare kaamchor daftar waale unki taang kheench rahe hain. Par afsos ! Unki khud ki biwi ne yahi sawal kar liya ki aji ye kiska number hai. Wo to wrong number keh kar phone rakhne waali thi pehle. Fauji saab ki buddhi ghoomi, sar chakraya aur unhone apne phone ko dhang se dekha. Screen par BSNL ki jagah kuch aur likha aa raha tha. Aanan faanan mein peeche ka cover khol kar battery nikal kar check ki. SIM card doosra tha. Zara der mein unhe saara maamla saaf tha. Ye harkat ek he ladka kar sakta tha aur aaj uski Khair nahi thi.

Itne mein humara naashta aa chuka tha par mere siwa kisi ne haath bhi nahi lagaya use. Kammo ne khana chaaha tha par Sheen ne uske haath par maar kar use rok diya tha. Sheen aaj alag tevar mein thi.

Gussa apni jagah tha par uske saath bebasi bhi thi. Shukr dikh raha tha uske chehre par ki Kammo salamat hai, aur saath mein aankho mein wo laali bhi jo raat raat bhar Kammo ke liye dua maangte hue, rote hue aayi hogi. Kya Simmi mere liye kabhi aise pareshan hogi. Is sawal ka jawab maine na he khojna chaaha. Beher-haal Kammo ne apni aap beeti batana jaari rakha. Shaam ko jab uske walid ghar aaye to unhone zaahir taur par Kumail se sawal jawab kiye. Uske hisab se shayad pehli baar use daanta gaya ho. Sawal jawab mein Kammo ne unhe saari baat sach sach bata di. Usne bataya ki wo aur Sheen ek doosre se bohat zyada pyaar karte hain. Ye bhi bataya ki wo padhne mein kitni achhi hai aur kitni sanjeeda hai apne mustaqbil ko le kar. Is baar par bhi zor daala ki halanki ye sab kayi saal se chal raha, iska koi bhi bura asar un dono ki padhayi par nahi pada hai.

Kumail ke hisab se itna kaafi tha. Ek din to ye hona he tha to aaj he sahi. Jo baat isne nahi sochi thi wo tha radde-amal kya hoga, unki pratikriya kya hogi. Uske hisab se zyada se zyada do thappad dono maa baap se aur kuch din ki ghar-bandi. Unke use gale lagane aur puchkaarne ke liye wo tayyar nahi tha. Uske hisab se dono ne thoda waqt liya sochne ka aur phir uski ammi uske paas aayin aur uske sar par haath rakh kar kaha ki ye sab pehle batana chahiye tha. Iske walid ko ye afsos bhi tha ki unke ladke ne unhe is layaq nahi samjha ki wo apni zindagi ki itni badi baat saajha kar sake. Sab se aakhir mein use sakht hidayat di gayi ki wo Sheen ko kisi bhi tarah pareshan karne ka soche bhi nahi. Usko samjhaya gaya ki uski aashiqui kaise uski zimmedari hai, sirf tafreeh nahi.

Hum sab ye sun kar sann the. Aise maa baap bhi hote hain !???
Aise ?? Itne shaleen aur sabhya ? Meri maa ne mujhe subah he kisi mamooli si baat par chappal se maara tha. Papa ko time hua mauka mile par pichchli baar cooler mein time par paani na bharne ke liye usi ke pipe se maara tha. Ye maa baap jab baant rahe the tab main kahan tha ? Sab ko sharavan kumar jaisi aulad chahiye, maa baap ka aisa koi mayaar nahi hai shayad.

To phir Chaman ko kyun daant padi thi ? Jawab aaya ki galti humari thi ki humne Chaman jaise dhakkan ko bheja tha. Shayad coaching mein teacher ki saari baato'n ne alag mahaul bana diya tha uske dimag mein. Baqaul Kammo Chaman se bas uska naam aur

aane ki wajah poochi gayi thi, aur phir Kammo ko bulane uske walid andar aa gaye the. Jab Kammo bahar aaya to koi nahi tha. Bas ek copy padi hui thi. Uske hisab se apne ishq ke khulase se zyada ajeeb use Chaman ka ye rawaiyya samjhana laga.

Par tum phir kal kyun nahi aaye the ? Simmi ne apni maujudgi darj karate hui poocha. Maine ghaur kiya ki usne apni plate saaf kar li thi. Jawab aaya ki kal use kisi kaam se nanihal jaana pad gaya tha kisi ki mitti mein. Is sab ke saath he ye qissa bhi ek behadd khoobsurat yaad ban kar reh gaya. Haan magar Chaman ko right time rakhne ka hum sab ko achha tareeqa mil raha tha. Kabhi koi assignment ya project banwana ho to bas Chaman se itna kehna hota tha ki Kumail ke papa Chaman ka pata pooch rahe the. Aam ke aam , guthliyo'n ke daam.

Waqt jo may June July tak ghutne ke bal chal raha tha wo ab na jaane kaise Milkha Singh ki tarah bhaag raha tha. Abhi kuch din pehle he to Independence day mana tha aur ab ekdum se October wala sports day aane waala tha. Beech ka waqt shayad entrance exam ki kitabein kha gayin thi. Ye saal he aisa hota hai, har cheez badal rahi hoti hai. Aage College mein saath rehne ke liye padhna bhi hota hai, agar nahi padha to achha college nahi milega. Doosri taraf abhi saath rehne ke liye baatein bhi karni hoti hain. Agar is waqt rishte ko theek tarah se nahi seencha to farewell ki photos mein uski saadi se complimenting suit shayad koi aur pehen kar photo khincha raha ho. Haan aur ye farewell bhi alag masla tha. Aakhri saal tha, yaadgar to hona he hai.

Itni kash-ma-kash aur humara matar ke daane barabar dimag. Shayad yahi waqt jisne hume pratikool stithi ko apne anukool karna sikhaya. Afsos ye hai ki ab jab tak bohat dabav aur zor na pade, kaam nahi ho paata. Dimaghi qabz samajh lijiye aap bas.

Halan'ki in sab cheezo'n ka asar hum chaaro'n par nahi pada tha, pada bhi to humne kabhi zaahir nahi kiya. Sheen har doosri shaam ko he sab se coaching mein milti thi. Jaisa Kammo batata tha, us hisab se uski padhayi sahi jaa rahi thi. Par mujhe usse matlab nahi tha. Mere liye wo ladki thi jo gaahe-ba-gaahe mera "Kammo time" kam kar deti thi. Khoob ladayi bhi hoti thi isi baat pe, magar

Kammo ko le kar uska pyaar hamesha hume jhuka le jaata tha. Us baat par wo hamesha jeet jaati thi.

Simmi bhi idhar badal gayi thi. Kaana mujhe bhaaye nahi, kaane bina chain nahi wali baat thi. Kabhi aise ladti thi ki shayad ab kabhi dekhe bhi na, aur phir agle he din aise zor se gale laga leti thi ki jaise kuch hua he na hua ho. Uske bartaav mein is badlaav ko wajah humne uski har mahine ki silselavar dikkat ko diya. Internet par bhi yahi likha tha. Kammo bhi is baat par raazi tha, Sheen na halan'ki ek zordaar ghoosa maara tha pet mein. Humne tareekh'on ko samjha aur apna ek calendar bana diya. Usi ke hisab se Simmi se baat karte the, ye aur baat hai anjaam zyada achhe nahi aaye.

Humare school ka riwaj tha ki current team ke ladke, outgoing team ke players ke saath ek friendly match khelte the. Senior players apni team banate the aur juniors ko pick karte the. Mere hisab se isse achhi vidayi nahi ho sakti thi. Jis court ne mujhe banda banaya usi court par ek aakhri baar khelne ka jazba he aur tha. Teams divide hui and as usual Kammo aur hum ek team mein the. Is baat par kisi chirkut ko zordar mirchi lagi aur wo phail gaya. Aakhir mein Kumail doosri team mein chala gaya aur ek junior humari team mein aa gaya. Ab Kammo ko replace karna to namumkin tha par phir bhi koshish to karni thi. Isi iraade se practice shuru huin. Ek aadh session mein he dikh gaya ki Aman, jo replacement ladka hai wo sahi khelta hai, usko bas abhi tak ghalat position par khilaya jaa raha tha. Yun to hum usse ek he saal bade the par raub aisa tha ki national level coach ho hum, aur wo badle mein izzat bhi waise he deta tha. Dosti achhi ho gayi thi Aman se jald he.

Sports day aaya aur ek ek kar ke saare classes ke bachchon ko ground mein bheja jaane laga. Humare class teacher ne bhi line banwayi air corridor mein khada kar diya. Koi khaas baat nahi thi, sivaay ke iske ki Simmi nahi thi line mein. Teacher ke poochne par usne bola ki sar dard ho raha hai. Teacher ne zyada tawajjo na dete hue sab ko neeche utarne ke liye keh diya. Unko aisi jaldi thi jaise satta unhi ne lagaya ho. Beher-haal jab hum kit change kar ke apna sipper lene class mein gaye to dekha madam head down kiye baithi hain. Mamla sangeen tha. Aakhri match aur us mein meri jaan na aaye dekhne to kya faayda ? Humne aage badh kar uske kandhe par haath rakha. Humari chhuan se wo uth kar baith gayi. Maathe par

haath rakh kar dekha to bukhari nahi tha, par chehra aisa be-rang jaise anemia hua ho. Uske maathe par ek chhota sa kiss kar ke humne use medical room jaane ki salah di aur khud darwaze ki taraf badh chale. Ek-a-ek manzar badal chuka tha. Simmi tapatak se uth kar darwaze se peeth lagaye khadi thi. Uski aankhe ek tak hum par gadi thi, jaise paar he kar jaayeinge hume. Neeche speaker pe match se pehle wale event ki commentary chal rahi rhi. Humara dimag band ho chuka tha.

Agle he pal humare saare sawal ke jawab mil gaye the. Hum is tarah aagosh mein jakde hue the jaise pehle kabhi nahi the. 2 badan the aur 4 haath. Haatho'n ne jaise shayad pehli baar koi aur badan chhua ho; badan bhi aise ki har chhuan par naye naye rom jaga raha ho. Uske lip gloss ka maza meri zaban se halaq tak jaa chuka tha. Is sab ke beech mein neeche teams ka introduction shuru ho chuka tha, humari ek doosre par pakad aur gehri hoti jaa rahi thi. Hum dono ne pehle bhi ek doosre ko gale lagaya tha, chhua tha, chooma tha, par is baar kuch alag tha. Simmi alag thi. Humara aalingan neeche speaker par mere naam liye jaane se toota. Shayad ek aadh baar pehle bhi liya gaya ho. Apne aap ko alag karte hue humne ek baar Simmi ko dekha aur neeche bhaag gaye, chehra abhi bhi waise he pheeka tha.

Thodi daant bhi padi thi der hone ke liye shayad, par hume dhyaan nahi. Ek baar Kmail ko zaroor dekha tha, wo bhi pareshan lag raha tha.

Khair match shuru hua aur ye saari baatein gayab ho gayin zehen se. Half time mein Kammo aaya tha baat karne par us waqt baat karna sahi nahi laga. Aur phir game chal pada. School life ka aakhri match shayad ab tak ka sabse achha match raha ho. Koi hadbadi nahi, koi galat pass nahi, sab kuch jaise kisi khoobsurat painting ki tarah aaram se ho raha ho. Mere hisab se us din sabne sab se achha khela tha aur jeete bhi hum log. Bada jashn manaya gaya, cheering hui, court ke victory lap hue. Trophy uthate waqt humne corridor mein Simmi ko dekha taali bajaate hue. Shayad din isse achha nahi ho sakta tha.

Shaam ko team party hui humare ghar par. Aaj koi coaching koi tuition nahi, sirf team aur game ki baatein. Kammo bhi party mein

aa he gaya tha. Snacks, cold drink aur ek zeher DJ mix ki CD ! Aaj to Kumail bhi naach raha tha. Tajjub ki baat ye thi ki in ladko mein ab bhi itni jaan baaki thi.

Behar-haal raat shaam ko dhakka maar maar ke aane lagi aur ek ek kar ke log jaane bhi lage. Aakhri mein sirf hum aur Kammo he bache the. Aaj wo yahin rukne waala hai. Kamre ki safayi kar ke maine Kammo ko tafseel mein saari baat batayi aur phir aise he hum log baatein karte karte kab so gaye pata he nahi laga. Aankh khuli to Kumail laal maar ke jaga raha tha. Kisi ka phone aaya tha shayad. Phone apne Aman ka tha jo khud apna phone humare ghar par charging mein laga kar bhool gaya tha. Gadha ladka. Neend kharab kar di. Ittefaq se usi waqt maa ne khaane ke liye neechे bula liya. Humne Aman ka phone liya aur neechे khaana khaane chale gaye. Simmi ke bhi messages pade the humare phone mein. 25 messages. Jitni khushi ye soch kar ho rahi thi ki humari aaj ki jeet se Simmi itna khush hai, itni he kahiliyat bhi aa rahi thi ek ek message khol kar padhne aur jawab dene mein. Khaane ke baad ke liye is kaam ko taal diya.

Humare aur Kumail ke liye he khaana laga tha, maa papa baad mein khaane waale the. Shaam ki aisi betuki neend ke baad bohat ajeeb sa lagta hai. Har cheez na-gawaar lagti hai. Ek tarah ka hangover samajh lijiye aap.

Phones table par rakh kar hum log shuru hue. Behtareen khaana aur behisab bhool ! Beech mein Aman ka phone bajta, jaise message aaya ho par hum ignore kar dete. Yun to phone behadd naya aur Kumail aur humari dono ki nazar lagi thi isko achhe se parakhne ki par kuch usool-daari ke chakkar mein chhod diya. Shaam ki neend ka ek aur masla hai ki raat mekn neend der se aati hai. Aise he baato baato mein Kumail ne phone uthaya aur humari taraf kar ke bola "cheese". Aur is tarah humara photography session chalu hua, itna ki memory card bhar gaya. Sharafat se hum logon ne bluetooth se photos apne mein transfer ki aur us par se delete par laga di. Hum sach mein yaadein bana rahe the.

Haath mein phone liye photos ko transfer hote dekhte hue ek ajeeb si cheez dikhi. Ek unsaved number se har thodi thodi der par messages aa rahe the. Jaise kisi homeopathy ke doctorbne bola hai,

har zara der mein ek message. Number unsaved tha par unknown nahi.

Mere maathe ki shikan ko Kammo samajh chuka tha. Usne jhatke se phone mere kaanpte hue haatho se chheena , kuch der dekha aur phir switch off kar ke bed par patak diya. Nokia tha to toota bhi nahi.

Meri samajh se sab bahar tha. Sawal aise umad rahe the jaise sawan ke kaal badal. Aur main in baadao'on ki baarish mein tabah ho raha tha. "Kya hai ye" se "Kab se hai ye ?" Aur jo aaj hua wo kya tha. Wo bose kis liye the wo taaliyan kis ke liye thi ! In sab sawalo ka jab koi jawab nahi mila to hum ro pade. Kisi bhooke bachche ki tarah roye. Itna roye ki saans ukhadne lagi, badan mein kap-kapi aane lagi. Kitni der roye ye nahi yaad par ye yaad hai ki Kumail Rizvi ne hume apne seene se laga kar chup karaya tha. Duniya jahan ke waaste diye the chup karane ke liye, paani laaya, rumal laya, sab kiya par chhod kar nahi gaya. Hume chup na kara paane ki bebasi mein shayad wo bhi rone laga tha. Ro kar achha laga. Seene mein jo garam garam zeher sa kuch utra tha, ro kar aisa laga ki wo nikal gaya ho. Agar is waqt Kumail na hota to shayad hum kuch aisa kar dete jiska afsos kar paana bhi mushkil hota.

Hosh mein aane ke baad hume ek aur junoon chadha sab kuch jaan'ne ka. Aman ke phone se message padhna theek nahi laga to Simmi ke FB account se login kar ke messages padhne lage. Aaj ke din sach mein sabne bohat achha khela tha.

Raat ke 2 baje jab saara maamla sambhla, rona , gussa hona aur phir rone ka silsila band hua to sone ka faisla hua. Ye tay hua tha ki kuch bhi zahir nahi karna hai. Jaisa chal raha hai, chalne diya jaaye. Ye sab kehna aasan tha par karna mushkil. Seene mein jo garam zeher ro kar ek baar nikal diya tha wo ab har baar nazar padne par utar jaata tha. Apna badla lene ke liye hum Simmi ko zara aur der tak gale lagane lage the, aksar uske kandhe par haath rakh kar khade ho jaate the. Kuch nahin to peeche waali seat par baithkar uske baal'on se khelte, uske kandhoo par apne haath rakh kar gaal noch dete. Tajjub ki baat ye thi ki aisi kisi harkat par koi aitraaz nahi hua. Har roz hum ye sab dekhte rahe. Har roz hum log milte julte, baatein hoti, padhte likhte, khaate peete. Sab kuch pehle jaisa

he tha par phir kuch bhi to pehle jaisa nahi tha. Ab wo pyaar se kisi baat par jhidakti nahi thi, messages bhi uski wafa ki tarah chhote hone lage the, aur phir humse good night keh kar bhi to wo jagti rehti thi. Us waqt wo shayad koi aur Simmi hoti hogi. Na jaane wo Simmi kaisi hogi ? Kya baatein karti hogi, kin baato'n par hasti hogi kin se rooth jaati hogi, aur phir kaise maan jaaya karti hogi ? Neend kam sawaal zyada aane lage the raaton mein.

Par is sab se to bas Simmi ko Aziyat mil rahi thi, Aman ko to pata he nahi tha. Uski khaatir-daari ke liye humne use har jagah bulana shuru kar diya. Canteen mein saath bithate, coaching ke bahar chowmien ke liye bula lete, wagherah wagherah. Kumail aur Sheen ne hume bohat samjhaya. Ki ye sab chhod kar apni padhayi par dhyaan dein, par hum to Diljale the. Hume is duniya ke Nizam se kya matlab.

Humari khwahish se alag, ye sab zyada din chal nahi saka. Ek din Simmi toot he gayi aakhir aur apne amaal ka hisab diya. Usne asal mein bohat si wajah di, zyadatar humari kamiyan thi. Aakhri mein sirf itna bola ki wo humare saath khush nahi thi. Kisi aur din aur kinhi aur haalato'n mein uski baatein choor kar deti hume, par ab nahi. Ab hume pata tha ki mere saath Kumail aur Sheen hain. Main hoon apne hisse ke pyaar aur dosti ka haqdaar.

Simmi ka qissa us din poori din khatam hua jab ek din hum aur Kammo aise he enterance exam ke forms lene baazar tak gaye the aurraaste mein Simmi ki scooty dikh gayi. Kammo ne us din bohat si baatein samjhayi par kuch kaam nahi aaya. Akkhir mein thak haar kar usne itna he bola “ *teen peedhi se tum log isi sheher mein ho, tumhare ghar se aaj tak koi Punjab khwab mein nahi gaya hoga aur tum poora punjab biyaahne chale the !* “ Na jaane kya tha ki main phoot kar hasne laga, ho sakta hai uska lehja raha ho jaise usne biyahne bola tha poore desi andaz mein, ho sakta hai uski reasoning rahi ho, pata nahi, par jo bhi tha, kaargar tha. Uske baad se Simmi bas ek aisa afsana ban gayi jiski ibtida se le kar anjaam tak bohat se alag alag taseer ke qisse nikal aate.

Ek aur baat thi jo hume pichhle kuch dino's se pareshan kar rahi thi. Kammo aur Sheen ke beech haadi-numa main aur mera rona dhona. Pre boards sar par the, milna to door ki baat ghar se nikalna

bhi muskil tha. Baatein to bohat thi karne ke liye par waqt bohat kam. Us mein bhi main dono ko alag phone kar ke dukhde roya karta tha. Agar maa ki mamta ke baad be-gharaz pyar ka koi mayaar hai to wo Kammo aur sheen jaise dost hain. Aadmi ko aqal thokar lagne ki baad aati hai, meri surat mein katwaane ke baad. Khair, jo ho gaya so ho gaya, ab mauka tha sab sahi karne ka. Ek plan bana, movie date ka, bas dono ko pata nahi hoga ki wo dono saath jaa rahe honge. Kammo ko movie le jaana bohat aasan tha, pre boards sar par the tab bhi. Masla tha Sheen ka. Kuch mahino'n pehle tak Sheen sirf mere best friend ki girl-friend thi, par ab wo meri bohat achhi dost bhi thi. Iske bawjood main abhi bhi poori tarah se khul nahi saka tha usse ki koi farmayish kar sakoon. Ye baat aur hai ki na jaane main kitni baar use call kar ke rro chuka tha, kitni baar uske saamne naak se bulbule phula-phula kar roya tha magar abhi bhi uske liye meri izzat waise he thi, wo daayra aaj bhi tha jo pehla tha.

Kammo ka birthday aana waala tha, aur mere is surprise plan ka waqt bhi. Ye ek din tha jab Sheen mujhe mana nahi kar sakti thi, khaas-kar agar use ye bataya jaaye ki ye Kammo ke liye surprise hai. Surprises ki ye khaas baat hai ki jiske liye hota hai use to maza aata he hai, jo log use amli-jaama pehnaate hain unhe bhi utna he maza aata hai. Dono asshiqo'n ko bataya gaya tha ki doosre ke liye surprise plan kiya hai aur dono ko sirf unke hisse ke tickets diye gaye the. Sheen ke ghar se nikalne ka masla bhi ekdum se hal ho gaya tha. Ab bas intezar tha birthday ka aur ye ummed thi ki dono josh josh mein ek doosre ke saamne baat na khol dein.

Har baar ki tarah Kammo apni bike se mujhe lene aaya, har baar ki tarah maine helmet na pehen'ne ka israr kiya aur har baar kit arah Kammo hume mana le gaya tha. Hum phir se ye soch rahe the ki *pata nahi saala kaise saari baat mana leta hai ?* Khair, hum log mall pohoche aur plan ke hisab se tay waqt par main bathroom ka bahana bana kar gayab ho liya. January ki thand mein log bhi mall mein kam the, upar se subah ka show (jai ho INOX ka 70 rupaye ka show). Kumail se alag hote he maine Sheen ko phone kar ke wahin bula liya jahan Kumail ko chhoda tha. Agle kuch minute meri zindagi ke sabse yaadgar lamho'n mein se hain. Dono'n ne ek doosre ko dekha, dono muskuraaye, shayad wo samajh gaye the ki kya hua hai, aur phir daud ke ek doosre ko gale laga liya. Thodi der baad Kammo phone kaan se lagaaye idhar udhar dekhne laga,

shayad mujhe dhoondh rahe ho. Main unse ek floor upar khade sab dekh raha tha. Maine unhe audi mein andar jaate dekha aur phir khud bhi chala gaya; unke saath nahi, unse do row peeche. Mere saath is plan mein hum-shareeq Shivi mere bagal mein baithi thi. Shivi yaad hai na ? Wo ladki jis ke saath Kammo ko baithna padta tha , Simmi ki bagal waali ladki ? Taaza khulasa ye hai ki wo itni bhi buri nahi hai,bas wo waqt thoda alag tha. Wahi thi jo Sheen ko uske ghar se le kar aayi thi. Sab kuch ekdum sateek tha, mukammal aur maqool. Interval mein ek aur plot twist hua. Un dono ko pehle se sab pata tha. Wo bas natak kar rahe the mere saamne mera dil rakhne ke liye. Be-hude, bad-tameez log.

February yun to hota he chhota hai, boards aur entrances ki fikr mein thoda aur chhota ho gaya tha. March mein exam hue aur phir sab khatm. Ek umar khatam, ek jeene ka dharra khatm. Saalo'n-saal jis jagah gaye, jahan bade hue, apne ghar se zyada harkatein jahan ki us jannat ke tukde ki milqiyat jaa chuki thi. Aakhri exam to jaise shadeed zyad'ti thi. EVS ka paper aur wo bhi aakhri;padhayi to honi he nahi thi. Kisi tarah exam khatam hua and hum aazad. Aazad ki ab kuch din boards ka koi darr nahi tha. Sab he khush the, asal mein kuch zyada he khush. Sab ko pata tha shayad ki agle kuch mahine entrance exams aur admissions ke naam sadne waale hain, ye hi kuch waqt ki mohlat hai, isi mein bachche bane rehte hain. Aaj he ka din hai bas "school life" ka, aaj ke baad sirf atkale'n hain, ummedien, hatasha hai, judai aur ek poori nayi zindagi. Aaj jo jee liya wo he maza hai. School uniform par marker se baatein likhi gayin, tareefein bhi aur gaaliyan bhi. Ladke khush the ki unki waali ne unki shirt par apna naam likha; ladkiyo'n ko uljhan thi ghar par kaise "aditya" ke likhe message ko "Aditi" ka message saabit karenge. Bohat kuch likha gaya, ek ladke ne to ladki ke dupatte par he propose kar diya tha. Yaad nahi kya bana unka. Wo josh, wo hansi aur thahake aaj bhi waise he yaad hain.

Jaise ki reet hai, acche waqt ke baad bura waqt aata hai, so wo aaya. Jo chooze ab tak school ki chaar diwari mein bade ho rahe the ab alag alag shehr mein udne lage the. Koi north to koi south to koi east. Hum teeno'n ka bhi yahi haal tha. Kammo ki SEE mein achhi rank aayi thi, ummed thi ki government college mil jaayega. Sheen ka bhi University mein ho gaya tha. Bache sirf hum. Sports quota ke liye trials hone baaki the, par ab dil nahi tha. DU jaane ki wajah he

kuch aur thi, ab to bas apne sheher mein he rehna tha, apne logo'n ke saath. Kammo ko chhod kar sab ko is baat se sabr tha. Uska maan'na tha ki mauke ko jaane nahi dena chahiye. Har baar ki tarah saale ne phir se mana liya hume aur line mein lag kar tatkal ki ticket bhi nikalwa li. Agar aap ka dost aap ke saath subah 5 baje se tatkal ki line mein lag sakta hai bina kisi shikayat ke, aap bohat ameer hain.

Rawangi ki shaam aa chuki thi. Ghar mein kisi ko samajh nahi aa raha tha ki yahan ka bana-banaya business chhod kar sheher kyun chhod kar jaa raha. Hume bhi samajh nahi aa raha tha, par ek ladke ki zidd ke aage hum sab majboor the. Shaam ka waqt tha aur hum alvida karne ki niyat se Shivi se milne gaye hue the. Door se he horn bajaatye hue Kammo aata hua dikh gaya. Humara bag usne apne seene se baandh rakha hua tha. Baat ye thi ki humne train ka time ghalat padha tha. Time tha 18:30 ka jise hum 8:30 samajh kar baithe the. Aur phir shuru hui ek behadd dilchasp aur rongte khade karne waali daud; humare aur train ke beech mein. "Galiyon ke badhshah" waale apne khitab ko qayam rakhte hue hum log waqt se kaafi pehle station pohoch chuke the. Kisne socha tha ki jin galiyo'n mein aashiqui ladaate hue dheeme dheeme gaadi chalate the, aaj wahi galiya'n aise kaam aayengi. Apni is jeet ko celebrate karne ke liye hum station se pehle ek dukan par ruk gaye aur kuch naashta order kiya. Jaldi jaldi ke chakkar mein hum ghar se apna khaana bhi lena bhool gaye the. Chhole samose ki 2 plate ek bottle coke ke saath gatakne ke baad bhi kuch minute bach rahe the. Ye minute bade mushkil hone waale the. Picchle 2 saalo'n mein pehli baar Kumail se door jaa rahe the; agar selection ho gaya to kaafi zyada waqt ke liye door rehna padega. Main yaqeen ke saath to nahi keh sakta par shayad maine Kammo ki aankho'n mein aansu dekhe the, yaqeen se isliye nahi keh akta kyunki meri khud ki aankhein halki si bhari thi shayad. Phir ekdum se Kammo utha aur jaane ke liye khada ho gaya. Kuch der gale mile, usne khaane ke paise diye aur hum log baahar aa gaye. Baahar nikalne ke kuch der baad tak main wahin khada raha. Kammo ne helmet lagaya, bike start ki aur U turn lene laga. Maine ye socha tha ki wo chala jaaye to main bhi aage badhoon. Use divider cut par bike modte hue dekh kar bohat se khayal dimag mein aa rahe the aur phir ekdum se sannata. Kuch do teen zordaar aawaz aayin aur jis jagah par Kammo bike mod raha tha wahan ekdum se bheed lag gayi. Log cheekh rahe the,

pukar rahe the, madad ke liye, kisi ko pakadne ke liye; sirf do he log chup the ek main aur ek Kammo. Kuch second lage hosh wapass aane mein aur phir main sadak ke paar bhaaga jahan bheed ka ghera aur gehra hota jaa raha tha. Mujhe bas itna yaad hai ki main “mera bhai hai wo” chillata hua bheed mein ghussa jaa raha tha. Addmiyo’ ke us hujoom ke beech mein Kammo sadak par pada hua tha. Kuch door par helmet pada hua tha. Ek pal ke liye laga ki behoshi aa rahi hai par nahi. Ek pal ke liye ki ye sab koi tilism hai par nahi. Khoon mein lithda hua wo chehra Kamo ka he tha, utna he bhola, utna he noorani. Jeb se kisi tarah phone to nikal liya par haath itne kaanp rahe the ki number he nahi dial ho paaya. Kisi ne kandhe par haath rakh kar bataya ki ambulance bula di hai. Farishte shayad aise he hote honge. Station ke paas hone ki wajah se police waale bhi jald he aa gaye the. Pata chala ki car waala wrong side se overtake karne ki koshish kar raha tha par ek janwar ko bachane ke chakkar mein Kammo ko takkar maar di. Takker itni tez thi ki Kammo ka sar divider mein jaa lada tha. Isi chot ke dhakke se helmet alag hua aur Kammo ghisat’te hue divider ki grill se jaa lada. Halan’ki chot ka ek achha khaasa asar helmet ne kam kar diya tha par uske alag hone ke baad bhi kaafi door tak Kammo ghisat kar gaya tha. Maatha khul chuka tha, aankh ke upar cut tha, hot phat gaye the. Jab ambulance aayi tab main Kammo ka sar apni god mein liye , maathe par apni ek t-shirt dabaye baitha tha. Ambulance mein baithne se le kar ke hospital tak ka safar shayad sabse lamba raha ho. Har chahurahe par jaise jaan boojh kar jaam laga ho, jaise ki driver ko gaadi he chalani nahi aati ho ya raaste he na pata ho. Agar abhi mera Galiyo’n ka baadshah chala raha hota to kab ka pohoch gaye hote. Raaste bhar bas yahi sab khayal aa rahe the ki agar wo aadmi dhang se gaadi chalata to ye sab nahi hota, agar wo jaanwar beech mein nahi aata to Kammo theek rehta, hum log kuch jaldi us dukan se nikal gaye hote to Kammo kuch minute pehle U-turn leta jab wo driver aur jaanwar wahan nahi hote, agar maine ticket sahi se dekha hota to bhi shayad sab sahi hota aur agar Kammo mujhe chhodne he nahi aaya hota tab to kya baat he thi. Saare sawal ka jawab meri galti he thi. Is sab ki zimmedari meri thi.

Hospital mein sab kuch bohat jaldi hua. Ambulance seedhe emergency mein jaa kar ruki, Kammo ko seedhe triage ke liye le gaye aur phir kuch minute mein he doctor aa gaye bataane ki wo ab nahi raha.

Main nahi bata sakta mera kya haal tha us waqt. Pairo'n ke neeche se zameen chali gayi thi ? Kisi ne zor se pet mein mukkar maara tha ? Sar par bohat zor se chot lagi ho ? Koi ek bohat bhaari cheez mere seene se hote hue neeche giri thi ? Kisi ne haath daal kar seene se dil he nikal liya ho ? Ya ye sab kuch ek saath ho raha tha ? Main ro to lagatar raha tha ab dhaade maar maar kar ro raha tha. Saath mein jo police waala aaya tha wo kuch sawal kar raha tha, hospital waale kuch form liye khade the par ye sab jis duniya mein ho raha tha main us duniya mein tha he nahi. Main wahan tha he nahi. Main Kammo ke saath tha, zinda Kammo ke saath. Bas wahi sach tha aur sab jhooth. Mujhe paani pilaya gaya aur phir shayad kise ne mujhe gale laga kar kaha sab theek ho jaayega. Mera rona aur tez ho gaya tha.

Kuch der baad police waale ne bataya ki usne Kammo ke maa baap ko hospital bula liya hai. Kammo ke wallet se unhe number mil gaye the. Hospital waale ab bhi form liye khade the. Maine form liya aur bharna shuru kiya. Haatho'n mein khoon itna tha aur aankho'm mein aansu itne ki kuch samajh nahi aaya. Ek ward boy mujhe washroom le kar haath munh dhulane. Raaste mein meri nazar ek bed par lete Kammo par padi. Chehre se khoon ab saaf tha, magar chot ke nisan waise he the. Uske seene par kayi saare taar lage the aur unke paas meri t-shirt rakhi thi. Main kabhi nahi bhoolne waala wo manzar. Apne haatho'n se khoon dhote hue upkaayi aa rahi thi. Khoon se koi parhez nahi tha kabhi par ye Kumail ka khoon tha. Ek tarah se uski aakhri nishani. Main haath to dho kar khoon hata sakta tha par use kaise hataunga ? Pehle hum do the, ab to sirf main hoon; khud apne andar se kaise hataunga?

Thodi der mein he Kammo ke rishtedaaro'n ka majma lagne laga. Sab ghamgheen the , aab-deeda the aur sab ko mujhse baat karni thi. Meri silselavar peshi shuru ho chuki thi jo uncle auntyke aane par ruki. Ye wo lamha tha jisse main sabse zyada darr raha tha. Ab tak ki kisi kitab mein, kisi course mein ya kisi teacher ne ye nahi padhaya ki kaise un maa baap ka saamna karein jinhone apna jawan beta khoya ho. Unko dhaandhas bandhaane ka khayal bhi door ki kaudi thi, unka saamna karna he mere liye sabse zyada mushkil tha. Kaash main usi waqt pighal kar khatam ho sakta ya phir kaash zameen chitak jaati aur main andar chala jaata. Asliyat mein zindagi itni aasan nahi hoti. Dono ko apne aage dekhkar mere

rone ka daura phir se shuru ho gaya tha, farq itna thi ki is baar mujhe chup karaane waala koi tha. Aunty ne aage badh kar mujhe gale laga liya tha. Apni siskiyo'n ke beech tooti phooti aawaz mein unhone kaha ki "**mera ek beta abhi bhi mere saath hai**" Main abhi bhi ro raha tha, ab isliye aur bhi kyunki mujhe samajh nahi aa raha tha ki maine apni zindagi mein aisa kya chha kiya tha jo mujhe ye log mile.

Raat gaadhi ho chuki thi jab hum hospital se nikle. Police ne body ko post mortem ke liye bhej diya tha. Car waala bhi hiraasat mein tha. Ek ek kar ke sab jaa chuke the. Uncle ne poocha ki mujhe kahan chhodna hai. Meri himmat nahi thi us gaadi mein unke saath jaane ki. Maine jhoot bol diya ki mere gharwaale aa rahe hain lene. Unhone kuch israr kiya par phir maan gaye. Unke jaane ke baad main paidal he ghar nikal gaya. Subah takreeban 4 baje mujhe apne saamne dekh kar ghar waale hairaan the. Shayad main aakhri baar roya tha us din.

Dedicated to the best friend and human ever.

*Aye mere dost tum bohot yaad aate ho
Aye mere humnawa tum bohot yaad aate ho*

*Taqkira hota hai dosti ka jab kabhi kahin
Ahle-e-wafa tum bohot yaad aate ho*

*Baithak hoti hai jab yaar doston ki kabhi
Be-baak thahakon ke beech tum bohot yaad aate ho*

*Ek wo waqt tha Jo humne saath guzara tha
Ab har guzarte want mein tum bohot yaad aate ho*

*Aye mere muslafi aur mushkilaat ke saathi
Aaj bhi kayi maslon mein tum bohot yaad aate*

*Wo taraasha hua naksha tumhara , wo alhad si hansii,
Massomiyat ke khyaal bhar mein bhi tum bohot yaad aate ho*

*Yun to kayi raatein din kar di humne maze mein
Par aksar kayi raaton ko tum bohot yaad aate ho*

*Wo chuhal tumhari, wo tafree aur wo befikri
Hanste hue aksar tum bohot dafa yaad aate ho*

*Kabhi mere saare mansoobon aur khwahishon mein laazmi the
Ab har "kaash" ke baad tum bohot yaad aate ho*

*Raushan mijaaz , noor-e-hayat, khush rang ,mere faiz
Waqt be-waqt, har baat mein tum bohot yaad aate ho*