Paridhi

The first glance was enough for the fall, pardon me! It wasn't a glance but stare. My eyes were in oblivion and my mind... My mind forgot about all the distractions of the world. It wasn't deja vu but it was, time hadn't stopped but it had, it wasn't the first time I had seen a girl so pretty but it was. It was a contradiction, the whole thing.

She was sitting beside me, reading Urdu poetry. I couldn't think of anything but perfection! I had found peace in the tranquility, I had found an angel in the heaven, I had found somebody in the library. Her eyes were glittering with passive passion, a fire that needed to be kindled. I kept my eyes on that face.

But it's always creepy to look at somebody for a long time, especially in a library, she catched my stare and greeted me with an unfamiliar but familiar "Hi!", a grin surfaced and I started melting. Her countenance seemed familiar as if she was always with me.

All these thoughts in a short amount of time scattered my brain but the grace of fate collected every thought and raised me from the fall, not to the ground but into the ground. I felt warmth in my whole body and from that warmth came a nice "Hello!". "I was wondering if you could suggest me some books, I've heard of Dostoevsky and I am intending to get into it".

Oh my... that was a lot to take in 5 seconds. My brain started slingshoting questions, "She has seen me reading him? She wants suggestion? I am not even reading him right now, has she seen me before? She acknowledges my existence?"

"Yeah, sure!", that's all what I uttered, I think.

"Great, I'll see you at the coffee shop at 5 in the evening", "okay!", she smiled and went away picking her purse.

I was all shakened, I was shocked. I tried to calm myself down but in vain, the thoughts were pouring like a torrential rain or perhaps there had been a cloud burst. It was a disaster, a good disaster. I started contemplating what had happened in those few minutes. "So I looked at a girl and completely fell for her, wait!! that's too soon to say. OKAY, whatever, I fell for her. She knew that I EXISTED, she knew that I READ Dostoevsky. She asked me for SUGGESTION, she asked me for COFFEE... Okay I don't know what just happened but it was great!". At that time I couldn't think of anything else, I replayed the scenario like a reel again and again but then I remembered that I was a philosopher and these things mean nothing... but they do! What's philosophy when one is blinded by the emotions, everything becomes love, for love is strong and nothing else can hold this vortex of randomness together. There was no philosophy, the philosopher faded and a lover was born to feel the reality.

At 3 o'clock I was at my home, still thinking about the scenario. I couldn't believe that it happened so fast. Laying on my bed staring at the ceiling, I was asking myself questions repeatedly. Her face appeared again and again on the ceiling, her grin made my heart ache. It was all so familiar like a distant memory was approaching me. I spent almost an hour thinking about her and then went into bathroom, her face wasn't leaving my eyes, that grin... it made my heart ache. It was strange, everything about it. I took bath thinking about her happy go face. Her words were not leaving my ears. "Hi!", it all sounded so sweet, like honey, like sugarcandy. I got my dress on. I was wearing formals, for I don't know why. I smelled like I hadn't smelled that good ever. I fell in love with the perfume too. It was the first time I had taken this much time to get prepared for a coffee. I had totally fallen for her, I knew it, I always knew it that a moment would come and I will succumb like as if I am the strongest man in the world. I didn't knew that it'll happen like this, in few hours. I locked my room and took my only two wheeler to the coffee shop. All the way to the shop I was still trying to contemplate what had happened and in between these episodes I feared an accident but somehow I reached the shop. There was a lot of space for parking, I parked my beast and comfortably walked inside the shop.

I had just entered the shop and was already feeling guilty and happy at the same time. Her beautiful face greeted me with a grin. Ugh... I had made her wait for me, it's not good. I smiled in a greeting manner and sat on the chair. "So... we are here.", "yes" came in reply. It was a yes with excitement. She ordered a coffee for herself and for me too. I didn't ask her to but she did and I felt happy. Isn't happiness that we strive for in this world?

"So, you are into Dostoevsky. Interesting... Have you read any of his works?", I asked her with utmost sincerity but had forgotten to ask her name. So before any of her words came out I asked abruptly, "what's your name? I am sorry, I forgot to ask." That was a good question, indeed. "Paridhi", she smiled and asked for mine. "It's Divyanshu", I answered.

"PARIDHI!! beautiful name of a beautiful lady.", I thought. I don't think I had heard that name before, even if I had I don't remember and probably don't care. "PARIDHI, there's PARI in her name, what else do I want? In addition to that I don't think there's any PARIDHI to this love circle I have fallen into." Happiest was that moment for me. I continued with my former question. "oh, no! I haven't read him plus I don't want the suggestion for myself." My excitement quickly withered and turned into a scream of concern "then?", I asked. "It's for my fiance, he loves reading and mentions of starting Dostoevsky often. So I thought, why not discover people in the library and I saw you yesterday. His birthday is approaching and I want to gift him the books."

The rain which had poured yesterday, the cloud burst that had happened yesterday rolled down my cheeks and a strong headache made me scream "PARIDHI!!".

My eyes were all wet with the tears and they continued rolling down my cheeks like they were never going to stop. The bottle of whiskey slipped through my hands and I started wailing. I started crying myself dead. I screamed again "PARIDHI!" I tried to open my eyes, the bright light pinched my head and strong headache covered me again. There was no Paridhi, there was no coffee shop. How can it be? I had seen her 8 months ago last time. An angel had turned a philosopher into a drunkard, one who kept preaching others was now himself in the shackles of grief and it had been 8 months. I was in my room and the bright light triggered my screaming. I asked for forgiveness, I asked for a last chance, for chance had connected us. I kept on begging but there was no reply. There was no Paridhi. There was, but emptiness of room screaming and I was confronting it with my begging. I felt empty, the whiskey wasn't enough. I repeatedly questioned my mistake but there was no reply. Love is indeed strong, it can make you what you want and sometimes it gives an unprecedented outcome, for it asks you to never expect, it asks you to never hope. I was laying beside my bed looking at the bulb half dead, half crying. The tears were ever rolling, they never stopped, they'll never stop. I couldn't accept this disaster, I didn't take responsibility and now these tears spoke the story. These tears weren't just tears but the beads of a necklace, necklace which I used to wear with pride. The beads of memories, beads of expectations, the beads of hope. Now these rolled down like they were a mistake. The necklace was a mistake.

To all the drunkards, who once loved and who still love!