**Mumbai Love Life**

“F\*\*k man! Today also am late, I am fed up of this project and that Hitler. Someday I am going to kill him for sure. Why the f\*\*k that man is my manager, and today he really has gone far, I really hate him.” All these thoughts were running through my mind when I was finding way to catch up my train through all the rush.

“Mumbai amchi Mumbai! This city is full of dreams. Everyone who comes to this wonderful city has a dream to be someone. People who don’t live in Mumbai they always say how you guys even live there yaar, that place is horrible. 24 X 7 You have rush all over the places, that stinky train where all of you stand with sweating bodies, wherever you see you find lots of people running so fast like watch runs your lives. May be this is true, but once you fall in love with this city the whole world will sound like it had become slow and dumb. For us our “local train” is like our goddess she is always with you, it doesn’t matter wherever you go in Mumbai you will always find a way back to your home. And our god is “vadapav”. Technically vadapav is the saviour for us. 80% of people from this city eat vadapav for their breakfast or meal. You know it’s like a poor father is taking good care of his 100 children with equal happiness for all. In this city everything is balanced. This city is just not the capital of Maharashtra it has its influence on our hearts too.

“Thank god finally I reached”. You know it is even easier to catch a thief but to catch a local train here. I think every day we perform more stunts than Spiderman. It is always so crowded here, people are talking, fighting, screaming but still I feel good here than to be in my office. I like to hear the horn of the trains more than to hear the taunts from my manager. Every day you will see different types of people here but there is a mutual understanding between all of them. No one is related to each other but still we all are so connected.

After running in this crowd I just had entered into my train when I felt someone was holding my hand. I felt like I had faced an ice bucket challenge at that very moment, I had goosebumps all over my body. I turned back to see what happened because of which I felt like this. By the time when I looked back I was numb. For a moment everything stopped, instead of heat I felt cold, instead of crowd I felt like I was standing in a garden. I felt a cool breeze on my face. I was so happy that I could have kissed local train that day. It might sound little filmy but when you really fall in love you feel the same way.

There she was standing in front of me like an angle. Her beautiful long hairs were flowing in the air like air was dancing with them. Her beautiful eyes were so deep like a blue ocean; her face was so cute and glowing like a firstly fallen snow. She was wearing a beautiful pink kurta and white salwar. She was breathing so heavily because of running for the train, with that heavy breath she said “thank you”. With a fear of failing in exam your friend come running and says you are a topper of a class at that time the way you will react with a confused state of mind not knowing how to react, the same expressions I had for her at that moment. I can say one thing about her that I was not the only person who was happy to see her there.

She was listening to songs but I felt like the songs were playing in my background. One after the other the stations were passing. At every station I was so worried what if she goes. Seeing her not to step out of the train I was so happy I might have thanked god for 100 times. Deep down I was dying to talk to her but I was able to see there are many enemies of mine in that train who were looking at me like they will kill me if I do so. Suddenly I heard a phone ringing, it was her. She picked it up and she started talking. From overall conversation I got to know it was a call from her home. She was saying “don’t worry mom am coming home. Yeah I am in the train, and am fine”. As she was taking I was observing her face the way she was convincing her mother. In my mind I said” why not to worry for you! You are the most beautiful girl. Everyone should be worried for you”. Then I thought it will be amazing if she drops out at my station, we will go together. It will be awesome; I will get a chance to talk to her.

Many stations passed by the time I was dreaming about us talking and laughing, I saw us happy together. It is a great feeling to love someone without any condition and even more wonderful when you don’t know each other. I never had such feeling before. Now it was enough space for us to stand. She might have come to know that I was not able to look at some other things than her face like everyone else in that train. Suddenly I came in real world by the sound of the announcements, which is repeated on every station”pudhil station… agla station… next station… ” calling out the station name for the people like me to wake up. That voice is sweet but kind of robotic, which has no feelings no emotion. Like a tired train is saying in some Haryanvi accent ” abe o zhansi ke raja nind se uth chal utar ” . And then I realized that next station is mine I have to get off the train after some time. Now my state of feelings was changed from happy to sad. Inside me the noise had taken the place of peace. My mind was so worried that it had already started solving permutation and combination about her that whether she will get off the train on the same station or not. The noise had turned into a war as soon as the train was about to reach. A war between my mind and my heart. My heart was saying “stupid go and talk to her, you will never get a chance like this again”. And on other hand my mind who also wanted her for me was diverting me from talking to her. finally my mind won that fight.

The train was about to stop on station and I was ready to step out. My heart was holding me back to her to the moment where she hold my hand to get into the train, and it was praying that she should also step out with me on the same station. During that whole time I was happy, I had spent a wonderful time with her. I stepped out of the train as it arrived on the platform. I turned back to see if she is there. I was not able to see anything around me. I was not able to hear the noise of people around me. It was just me standing on the platform and her standing inside the train. I was waiting that she will come, what if I never see her again? What if she doesn’t come tomorrow? By the time I even understand my inner voice the train started again. And she was gone.

I stood up there for some time. It was like a movie, were a person wake up from coma and he start hearing from surroundings. It was again a normal platform full of people with their same talks, fights and screams. My heart and my mind were silent like they don’t even exist. I closed my eyes for a moment, I took a deep breath and I stored that wonderful journey of mine with her, I wrote her face her voice and all the time we were together in my memories. And once again I started walking in the crowd and I vanished into it. I think that is the blessings we have from this city. Here we live a very fast forwarded life where we laugh and we forget our pain with the same speed and we keep on moving, because we are not afraid of losing we are more afraid of stopping. This is my Mumbai my life and my love…