A Girl Who Saved My Life

This story is dedicated to a girl, who changed my life, who made me to get addict to the Novels and

who awaken the writer inside me.

Dear Readers, You would enjoy this Novel when you read this as the only Novel you are reading in your life. And if you read this as one of the Novels then it may leads to the disappointment because of the comparison you are making with other Novels.

**PROLOGUE**

This is a story of a girl who belongs to North India and a boy who lives in South India. This is an outcome of an incident which connects both of them like a bridge over a river. A Story which ended where it had started. A story which shows that the life is beyond the limit of our thinking and everyone must expect that unexpected things may happen in everyone’s life. This story makes them believe more, who believes in the destiny and for them it is just a co incident those who do not. And a perfect example to prove a little kindness can save someone’s life…

**Chapter 1**

Manipal Hospitals, Goa

As soon as we entered the hospital, a couple of doctors along with the ward boys took him to do the further treatment as it was an emergency case. A nurse came towards me with a pad and few papers in her hand. She stood beside of me and instructed me to complete the admit procedure. I nodded and fallowed her as she directed me to the reception area. After walking few steps, she shown a lady wearing a light blue peacock color sari who was sitting in the reception desk through her index finger and she left to carry on with her work.

I started heading towards the reception desk by counting my each steps in nervousness and it seemed like revolving around a temple to fulfill the vow. After reaching, I slightly leaned on the semicircular wooden table by resting my both hands on it. The call duration made me to come over my nervousness in which the receptionist was busy in giving an appointment to the patient. In the mean while I took a quick glance on the things which were present in front of my sight. I was trying to figure out the name written on the name plate which she had attached to her saree with a safety pin, two inch below on the right side of her shoulder.

Hi, my name is Teena Martin, how can I help you? The receptionist said in a fraction of seconds as it was her daily routine to introduce herself and to offer a service to each and everyone those who reach the desk.

Hello ma’am, I am here with a patient in an emergency condition and need to fill the admit form. I said to her in a bit low voice.

She handed me an admit form in response and said, fill all the below fields and submit it back by signing above on the Attendant’s signature.

I said okay and turned back to move towards the lounge area. Two minutes of conversation made, more than ten people to stand in a queue and it was not a surprise in such a big multispecialty hospital.

I sat on one of the 3 seater stain less steel coach which one can easily able to see in the bus stand, railway station and many more public places. I kept the form on the small table where couple of popular newspapers like The Times of India, The Hindu, and The Indian Express along with few magazines were already lying on it.

I started thinking worriedly on looking at the admit form not because of neither I did have a pen nor I didn’t know how to fill it. It was because of the thing that I didn’t know anything about him.

The task of filling an admit form seemed completely illogical to me like how it would be if someone take a surprise test on a subject which I have not studied in throughout of my life.

An old woman in her mid-fifties came and sat next to me. I sat looking towards her by slightly tilting my neck to face her. She put her left hand inside her blouse and took out a Samsung keypad mobile. Initially she hesitated a bit and said “suno beti, kya tum mere liye ek number lagake do gi?” She requested by handing that mobile to me. I thought she might get offend if I address her calling by grandmother as it is a woman tendency to hide age and not to look old. Then I choose to play a safer side and said “Ji Maaji”, in response. I asked her to whom should I call.? To my son, he’s gone to bring medicines a long time ago and I came here in search of him as my daughter in law is going through labor pain in one of the labor’s room in 2nd floor. She said in one stretch. I said okay and asked her for the number. She said, it is there on backside of the mobile. I turned back the mobile. I saw a number was written on a small chit, which was visible through the transparent back cover. I took two attempts to enter the mobile number manually in an old keypad mobile as it was out of trend to use these kind of mobiles in a modern generation. After five to six rings, a person received the call and I handed back the mobile to her quickly. She slowly stood up and moved away from her seat saying, “beta kaha chale gaye ho…..”

‘I don’t know whether it’s bad or good habit to keep the things like money, debit cards, credit cards, metro pass, driving license etc. behind our mobile back covers instead of keeping in a fancy and luxurious vanity bag’ I thought. Then an idea flashed in my mind to check his mobile too so that I could get a lead to proceed with the filling of an admit form.

I took his mobile out from my left side of jogger’s pocket. I long pressed on the power button as it was in the switched off condition. An android logo flashed on the screen along with powered by Android line below of it. And then a low battery pop up alerted in red color and again mobile became switched off. Instead of thinking about the mobile condition, I turned back the mobile. It was a hard coated mobile case and nothing was visible unlike a transparent mobile case. So I separated mobile and its cover and luckily I got a five hundred rupee note in folded condition along with an ID card. I sighed holding the ID card in my hand as I got few necessary information about him. Then I said to myself ‘its good habit to keep the things behind the mobile cover’.

I saw a man, dressed in a neatly ironed plain brown color shirt along with bell bottom trouser, seemed like a retired college professor who thought discipline in his entire professional life, sitting in front of me and noticed a pen in his shirt’s patch pocket. I stood up from my seat and headed towards him. ‘Sir, can I borrow your pen for a while? I asked him.

He gave me his pen along with a puzzled look as if someone asked him his kidney. I transferred the data manually from ID card to admit form with all the mandatory fields indicated by \* symbol and signed above the Attendant’s signature.

‘Thank you Sir’, I said and returned his pen.

He nodded in response.

I had to stand in a short queue as there only two men and one woman were standing in front of me. After 5 minutes of wait, my turn came.

“Ma’am, here is the signed form”, I said.

She hold that in her left hand and took a quick glance over it. She noted few things in a thick long A4 size book, looked like a Registration book.

Then she pressed few buttons on her desktop’s keyboard and finally punched “Reported” on the form which I submitted a while ago.

A sensation of small vibration made me to take out my mobile from my pocket. I only saw a text message notification through my lock screen as the content was hidden. I unlocked my mobile just looking at the sensors which took my facial authentication feature was present inside it. I clicked on the notification to go through in detail. A message was from an auto sender subjected as “AX-MNPGOA” and I started reading it. “Thank you for choosing one of the world best health care treatment service provider. Below are the few details of patient….”

She interrupted my attention towards mobile and said “I have sent a text message to the number which is mentioned in the Attendant’s mobile number field of admit form. The message would be having patient’s details along with patient’s ID through which you can get all the test reports, medicine details, billing information concerned to the patient now and any time in future.”

‘From where will I get all these information’, I asked with blank mind.

‘Go straight, then take right, there you will get enquiry desk’, She said without raising her head.

‘Am I in a Hospital or SBI Bank?’ I thought for a while and left the place.

Before reaching the enquiry desk I supposed to visit one more place, ‘Restroom’. I needed to empty my bladder. As it was filled, my lower abdomen was looking like I was 3 months pregnant. ‘According to me one can control laugh in funny moments or even one can hide tears in sad moments but not this in any of the situation. I was amazed with the cleanness of the hospital until I enter the restroom. As soon as I opened the door of restroom, typical phenyl smell changed my perspective towards the cleanness. Because nothing was different between this and other ordinary hospital’s restroom maintenance. “I’d suggest them to use any fragrant fluid other than phenyl or to use some kind of air fresheners if they would ask me my feedback.” I thought. I made my bladder empty and washed my face as quickly as possible. Then dried my face and hands with tissue and came out of the room. As her instructions, I went straight and took a right turn. I saw a digital board consist of more than hundreds of small led bulbs, few of them were on and off condition to represent “Enquiry” over a cubical which was partially covered by thick transparent glass along with a small peep hole. I bent my back bone to match with the height of the peep hole so that my voice could reach Medical Administrative Assistant. ‘Excuse me ma’am, I am looking for patient name called Ans...’ before I could complete my sentence, she interrupted me and asked ‘Patient Id’. I took out my mobile and opened recent text message and read out the patient id, ‘MP1726’. She took couple of seconds to search for the details on her desktop. ‘Patient name is Anshu Sharma, Emergency Case, Admitted at 8:20 AM on 21st July 2023. Treatment is going on in 2nd floor, Emergency ward, room number 209.’ She informed me. ‘Okay, Thank you.’ I said in response. I was curious about the way of service providing by these kind of reputed private hospitals after getting the detailed information. Because few minutes ago itself they took him to do further treatment, later I filled the admit form and submitted in reception desk and after I did enquiry about him at enquiry desk. There were no direct connection between all these as far as I could see. ‘That’s why people prefer private hospitals. I got scared as I thought about the way of treating the people and the treatment provide by the Govt. Hospitals. Then I entered the elevator which was located in few meters away from the Enquiry desk. I pressed ‘2’ among the 1-4, G, B1 buttons.

I stepped out from the elevator and I had a view of around 10 to 12 rooms in a sequential manner which reminded me of old movies scene, inside a jail with cells adjacent to each other. As I rushed towards emergency ward, I saw at least one to two people were standing in front of each rooms, few people were sitting on the coach with either in tense, nervous or with scared expressions on their faces. I saw set of wards, most of them were General wards, OT’s, ICU Wards, Obstetric wards and LDR’s.

I applied brake on my legs when I saw the ward no. 209 along with “Emergency” written on a blue color rectangular board which was fixed on the door with the help of two drilled screws. I could have entered if it was General ward. I went close enough to look inside. A small see-through portion, ‘was similar to a window, through which one can take a sky view sitting inside an airplane’ made my work easy to check out the things inside of an emergency ward.

A fully electric 5-Function bed on which he was lying along with a ventilator on his left side. A tube connected between machine and oxygen mask which was covering his nose and mouth to help him breath comfortably. On the other side few electric meters were kept in which readings were fluctuating continuously. I could only figure out the ECG machine which was displaying his pulse rate in the form of sine wave. I was tilting my neck towards left and right to check out the activities going inside. As it was difficult for me to keep a constant look on him because of the doctors and nurse who were moving around him to treat.

A sudden pulling of door from the inside made me to take a step back in reflex. Even my presence made doctor to skip his breath for a second as I was standing close enough to the door. The scene was similar to the horror movie scene in which one could get scared of ghost soon after opening the door. After couple of seconds, we were standing few meters away from the emergency ward and facing each other. He understood that I was belonged to the patient through my keenness to know about him and my presence in-front of the ward.

‘Have you admitted the patient?’. As per formality and to confirm, he asked me.

Yes, Doctor. I said.

‘Are you his?’. He cut the sentence in mid with a question mark on his face before assuming or judging any kind of relation with him.

*My mind became blank for a moment when he asked me that. As I was nothing to him than a stranger at that instant. Then I thought for a generic and safe relation which would not going to cultivate any doubt in doctor’s mind.*

I gulped my saliva and said “Friend”. I am his friend. I answered him.

‘Okay. Ms.?’. Again he fired a question on me, without knowing how to address me.

*It was obvious for him to address me before interacting further. Where as it was okay for me to call him Doctor itself. There are few professions in which one can call them with their profession instead of taking their name.*

‘Nayana Mathur’. You can call me Nayana. I gave a quick response.

Okay Ms.Nayana, the patient is out of critical condition but he has not in his conscious state, I mean he is still unconscious. Doctor said.

Doctor’s verdict had put me in a confused state of mind. Like, when one could try to understand when some one say ‘congrats, you have cleared all the subjects but you are not eligible for next year’ on a result’s day.

He continued saying, ‘We have to keep him under observation until he gets conscious. Once his condition becomes stable, we will shift him to general ward.’

How much time will it take him to become conscious? I asked.

‘Ahh, that we can not surely say. In general, some may get consciousness in few minutes, some in few hours. Whereas few had taken in terms of days, weeks and few were not for their rest of the life.’ he said in a dejected tone.

*His response was like fuel to the fire which raised my scariness than decreasing it.*

Then I gathered all my courage and asked the doctor about the thing which was running in mind and about the thing which he did not bother to tell me before I could ask ‘what happened to him?’.

‘Well, As per the blood reports it contained Hemotoxin and Neurotoxin in it. The effects of these venom could vary depending on the potency of the venom and the individual's reaction to it. And the symptoms stages ranging from swelling and severe pain around the area of sting, sweating, increased heartbeat rate, sensation of vomiting, breathlessness or even death in extreme cases because of failure of nervous system or major organs failure like heart, brain, liver, kidney depending on the species of Arachnids and the amount of venom injected’, He answered and took a deep breathe.

I instantly regretted for asking that question to him after listening to the long explanation given by him. I thought like he was an extraordinary student one who would write an answer for a question more than it required. Probably that was a second hard time for me to process and understand the scenario which was going on. And obviously for the first time when I was watching the Hollywood movie called “Inception”. I couldn’t differentiate the limit of dumbness through my level of understanding or the limit of cleverness through the level of his explanation. And surely there was a communication gap between both of us. To reduce this gap, I asked him again “What was the actual cause for this condition which has been made him to go through this.?” I re-framed my question.

He took a deep breathe again and replied irritatingly ‘He got stung by a harmful scorpion or spider. I can say this evidently based on the black mark and swelling on the dorsal side of his left hand”.

‘Ohh, Okay, Thank You Doctor, Thanks for the information’. I said along with the fake convinced expression on my face.

‘Its okay. Its my duty’. He shrugged his shoulders.

Further he said a sentence which was indeed in that situation and where I was little bit convinced actually.‘Luckily you admitted him in, in time. Otherwise his condition would be worse than the current one. Don’t worry he will be fine soon’.

He was about to move and I called him again, ‘Doctor…’.

Yeah…?

‘How can I reach you, if I’d need any updates on his condition.?’ I asked.

He replied and left the place on immediate basis without allowing me to drag the conversation further. ‘I will be there in my cabin in the ground floor, you can ask to any of the staff in this hospital about DR.Josef and they will help you out to reach me if required and where as about prescription and reports, I hope you know from where you could get them’.

Then I sat on a near by coach, resting my chin over my hands and putting my upper body weight on my knees through the elbows. And started rolling my eyes in the movement of a pendulum with a blank mind without having a thought about what to do next. I glanced toward either side of mine. To my Right, the same old lady for whom I dialed a number was sitting in-front of a labour ward along with his son. Where as the other side of me, a middle aged couple in which the man was comforting his wife by gently tapping his hands on her thighs, in-front of an OT. I could able to hear even the smallest whispers of theirs because of the deadly silence which had been filled in the entire floor. ‘One can control the physical actions going around but not the virtual things running in the mind.’ I thought and involved myself in doing nonsense things in my lazy time such like:checking on the amount of air going inside through each nostril, whether they’re contributing equally or not by closing the nostril through thumb of each hands one after the other, to find out the doodle nostril if so.

Opening of OT’s door made my senses aware of this world from the world in which I was travelling on the clouds of dreams without giving a damn about the reality. A doctor came out in surgical scrubs along with half of his face covered by a surgical mask. As soon as the old couple saw him, they got up from their seats and reached him hurriedly. Doctor lowered his mask to convey his words so that it could reach them properly. ‘Sorry….I hope you were aware of the patient’s condition in which he was admitted. Because of the massive impact on the head, caused internal bleeding in brain. We did our best to save the patient but unfortunately..we couldn’t save. You please complete the formality and take the body for further rituals.’ Doctor said. Whereas the other side, a lady Doctor came and announced, ‘Congratulations!!. You’re blessed with a baby boy. And I must say that there were few complications as it was natural delivery. She gone through so much of pain. But now, both mother and baby are fine and doing good.’

A word ‘SORRY’ had so much power in it which shook the earth beneath of those parents. A word which was responsible for the flood of tears running through those parents eyes. Whereas A word ‘CONGRATS’ had so much power in it which made that fathers feet stable which were continuously moving here and there. A word which cheered him for which he was waiting desperately to hear that. A Mother had sorrow tears in her eyes because of his son stopped breathing and A Mother had happy tears in her eyes because of his son started breathing. There were no limits and no words to explain those feelings through which individual mothers were going through.

All the hopes, dreams of the parents shattered in a fraction of seconds who had lost their son. No one would ever guess what they had hoped from their son in their last moment of lives without ever imagining about the harsh reality that one day their son could leave this world behind him before them like that day. Whereas the other side the Father started day dreaming about his son’s future. He started listing the things in his mind which he couldn’t do in his life. He started imagining all the dreams would come true through his son. The Mother was throwing all the pain out of her heart because of loosing her son in terms of screams and tears. Whereas the Father, who was consoling his wife because of the trauma she was going through was as calm as the volcano which can be seen so silent from the outside but no one would ever know what are all things going inside of it, the amount of fire it suppressed under the layer of silence.

A Mothers Love towards her child is as high as The Mount Everest or may be higher than that too. Which one can see it with bare eyes. But A Fathers Love towards his child is as deep as The ocean. Which no one can understand without deep diving in it.

I Thought according to me ‘There are only two words in terms of Doctor’s perspective to differentiate between the living person and dead person are, Patient and Body’.

How difficult it was for him to say sorry and declares end of someone’s life. And how easy it was for her to say congrats and celebrate start of someone’s life.

If someone asks me to tell, what LIFE IS? in one sentence, Then I would answer for that, ‘*WHICH STARTS WITH A CONGRATS AND ENDS WITH A SORRY’.*

‘Why woman has to go through so much of things? Why Woman has to go through so much of pain from her birth to till the time she gives birth to another one? And is that over at this point? No, why woman has to go through all of this till the time she closes her eyes forever? Why? Why?….May be because of she is little bit Weak.? or because of little bit Strong compared to Man.’.

These all things, thoughts, questions and answers were running in my mind till the time the old couple started leaving the place where they got broke down. They left the place by throwing a signed copy of declaration of death given by the Doctor, in disgust.

After a minute the same paper was in my hand. I read it out loud. Only things which made me to remember about the person who lost his life because of the accident were his marital status which was marked as single and his DOB. He was barely a few years older than me. After that I thought whether he was lucky or wasn’t he? Because he couldn’t go through the pain and pleasure of life after marriage.

Finally I was witnessing the Lord Krishna’s words which I read in “Bhagavad Gita” said, “The soul passes from one body to another in the cycle of rebirth. The soul, being immortal, remains unaffected by the physical manifestations of life, such as birth, growth, decay, and death.” That was clearly evident based on the scenario which occurred in front of my eyes just a while ago.

The mother had already left but her face which was filled with sadness was still flashing in my mind. And that made me to travel a couple of years ago, ahh actually a long time ago where the same expressions were in my mother’s face. A cube of glass kept in the centre of hall surrounded by the people in which my father was draped over with the national flag. My mother, who was not in control of neither her mind nor her body and who was continuously crying by staring at my father’s face and I was sitting beside of her, holding her biceps…..

‘Excuse me Ma’am. Ma’am, excuse me…’ Someone said right in front of me.

He was a ward boy, trying to have a convo with me. ‘Yes’, I said.

‘Ms. Nayana Mathur.? He asked me.

Yes That’s me. I said.

‘Yeah Ma’am, he is in conscious now and will be shifting him into the general ward soon. Only one person will be allowed to meet him or to stay with him to take further care of his. You please get the visitor’s pass from the help desk. And only lite or liquid food he can intake like fruits, fruit juice, coconut water, etc. Which would not take much of his energy to digest till the time of discharge.’

I simply nodded.

‘Thanks buddy, Thank you for snatching my attention from the journey of memories in which I would never wanna travel back again.’ I said it loud enough, that it could only listen to myself.