

The Hug



S H U B H A M A J B A L E

The Hug

DO YOU KNOW?
I LOVE THE MOON AS MUCH AS I LOVE HER



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Heart journey starts from the next page. Put your hand on your heart and say. "I love the way someone loves me."

Love is like armor and when it
breaks, only hate remains. Yet,
deep in my heart, I still have love
for her.





I was sitting beside her, writing in
my diary, she took the diary in her
hand and wrote,
"Stay with me."

So I wrote back,
"If you stay with yourself, I'll always
stay with you."

And when she left, I told her to burn
all those pages with her own hands
— and she did it without hesitation.
What can I even say about this
cruel love?

Now relationships are like silence —
they break with just one word.
Sometimes ego takes over.



The roots of true love are deep in
the heart and no one can pull them
out. Hate can try, but nothing is
bigger than love.



I won't love anyone else. Once I
give my heart to her, it's hers
forever, even if it hurts me.





When I was ready to give up on everything, she came with a smile that pulled me back. We laughed and shared moments that felt like they would last forever. Her voice touched my heart and I believed our love was unbreakable.

She said yes when I proposed and I thought I had finally found happiness. But that night, what felt like the start of forever became a memory that now hurts more than I can ever put into words.

No one can be yours by forcefully
and if someone truly belongs to
you, you wouldn't have to force it.





She shared her world with me and wanted me to share mine, but I stayed silent because I knew my pain was too heavy for her fragile heart. When I kept quiet, she demanded answers, but when I finally spoke the truth about my struggles, she turned away.

She couldn't see the strength it took to survive, she only judged me for being broken.

Now I see her love was shallow, too weak to hold the depth of my soul. In the end, her leaving showed the harsh truth, she never could accept the real me and maybe she never even tried.

She was a flower, growing on a
thorny branch.

I carefully took her and placed her
under a new sky, on a branch
without thorns.

There, she began to bloom even
more, giving off a sweeter, stronger
fragrance than ever before.

And yet, the one who had helped
her bloom — was cast aside, back
into the thorns she once grew from.

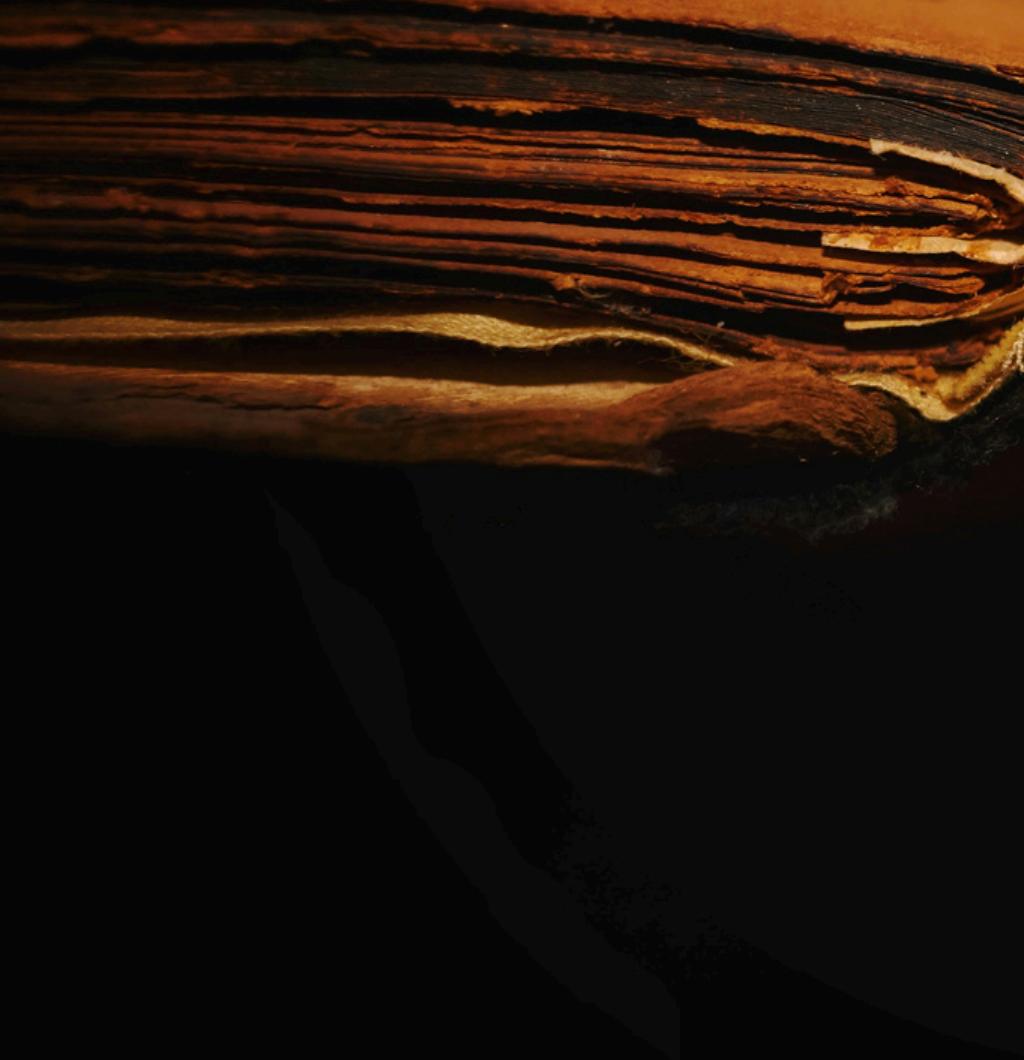




Ghosting happens when she enjoys the sweet beginning of love, the caring words, the affection, the closeness but the moment it starts to feel real, she runs away. She is scared of commitment and disappears without a single word, leaving the other person broken, full of questions with no answers.

The pain is not their fault, it comes from her fear and weakness. She leaves only silence, no goodbye, no reason, just an empty space where love once was. The truth is hard but clear, the one left behind did nothing wrong. She simply wasn't strong enough to face real love.

I still love her with all my heart, but
I've shut the door completely, not
just turned the page. I did this
painfully, forcing myself to pause
my feelings, even though a part of
me wants to return to them
someday.



Without me, her life still goes on normally.

She feels warmth, joy, and love each day.

She laughs and spends time happily with her friends. My absence does not take away her happiness.

Her life is colorful and full. She no longer needs me to feel complete. I have no importance or value in her heart anymore.

Today, one thought keeps coming to my mind: if she comes back, can I truly let go of the past? Can I open my heart again and love her or are the old wounds so deep that I will never be able to accept her?





It was her last birthday with me. On the day itself, I didn't bring a gift, but two days later I gave her a book called Stop Overthinking, hoping it would ease her restless mind.

Someone once told me, "An overthinker never leaves you." But she did—leaving me sacred, crying and shattered. I feel as if she needed my tears to survive, because her intoxicating eyes seemed to drink every drop of my pain.

My eyes have now become a well
of endless tears. I can make it rain
with them whenever I wish. This
ability exists because of her.

If she wished to take it away, then
perhaps I could wrap it as a gift
and place it in her hands on her
next birthday with my dead heart.





She must have built a world of her own in dreams, where she swam through the depths of the ocean and flew across the vast skies of imagination. But flying is never inherited.

Someone comes into your life, shows you the dreams, teaches you how to spread your wings and when their purpose is done, they are left behind. She left behind the one who showed her how to dream.

That someone... was me.



Her name itself means 'that which is heard, the form of knowledge, the voice of the Vedas.' Then why was it so hard for her to understand me? Why did she never try to listen to me? Why am I wandering everywhere with my questions, staying away from people and asking God for answers? Why can't she come to give me those answers?

If she ever comes back to me, I will account for every single tear I cried because of her.



She will surely write her own story
one day, but perhaps she is also
writing mine. I began writing her
story and she will be the one to
finish it.

But my story, she has already
started it and maybe she will be
the one to complete it too.

One day, she will come to me and
say, "Our love is eternal, it will
never end. You and I have always
been one. I was only a little away
from you."

I have only one wish -
She, me and us together,
just as she once promised.
Maybe she'll come to fulfill that
promise...
She will come, won't she?



If we talk about beauty, even beauty hides its face when she smiles. When she looks at me with those eyes, my heart forgets to breathe. Her glow is so pure that even angels would look away in shame. She is my love, my world, but she left me behind. Still, her light stays with me, haunting every night and every dream. Even after all the pain, I can't stop talking about her beauty, because even beauty itself would feel shy before her.





In her memory, I still spend some time in that garden and on that broken, old chair. Perhaps it was on that chair that our love began.

I live each day with the hope that maybe it will begin again from that same chair.



Sometimes, when we are about to part with the person we love, we want to say so many things — some words, some feelings, so much to express but do they really understand it in that moment? The answer is no, so don't say anything. Some things are more beautiful when left incomplete like not having them with me, not having their hand in mine and not having a place in their heart.

If something truly complete had to exist, it would only be their name living in my heart. I had their heart, which once belonged to me but they were never really mine. That means my story wasn't complete, it was always an incomplete story.



She called me wrong, she called
me bad, I accepted it. She said,
"You raped my feelings" and I
accepted that too.

Because goodness is not something
that needs proof. Stay silent, stay
calm and move forward alone.



I don't need her to love me
because I'm happy with her in my
own thoughts.

On Earth she isn't mine but in my
thoughts, in my imagination, she's
only mine.

Among the stars, a lonely one—
I lost and you won.



One day, we will meet again.
Our eyes will meet and my heart
will start to stir. I'll feel like talking
to her and memories of those days
will return.

Maybe that night, once again,
under the dark sky and the
moonlight, we'll walk together, talk
for hours and say,

"those were truly beautiful days."

Yes, one day, we will meet again.

Someday she will feel close to
someone's heart, she will be special
to someone.



The promises you once made to me
— today you've either given them
away to someone else or destroyed
them. I don't know if those promises
still exist or if you're keeping them
by walking away from me.

Yesterday, my name was sweet to
you like nectar but today, why does
it burn like poison?



If you ignore someone's past,
they might ruin your future.



A note from her before 9days of breakup:

She said,

As days went by, they slowly turned into special moments and those moments grew into love. She shared her feelings in words that felt like they came from heaven.

"I adore you," words that touched my heart deeply. In my arms, she found her home, a place where her heart felt safe and complete.

She dreamed of a future together, of marriage and a life filled with love, promising that we would always stay together, our hearts and lives joined forever.

Then, what had happened in those nine days that had led to the breakup?

It feels like these days, no one needs anyone.

I heard someone say,

"I don't need you. I can do everything on my own. I don't want to be anyone's responsibility."

But the question is,

Does "need" only mean money, safety, sex or survival? Is a person only needed as long as they are giving something?

What about the quiet moments when someone just needs a hand to hold, a voice to listen or a heart to understand?

Do we stop being "needed" the moment we can't offer anything tangible? It hurts to think that love, care and presence might be measured only in usefulness, as if our souls are valuable only when they serve a purpose.

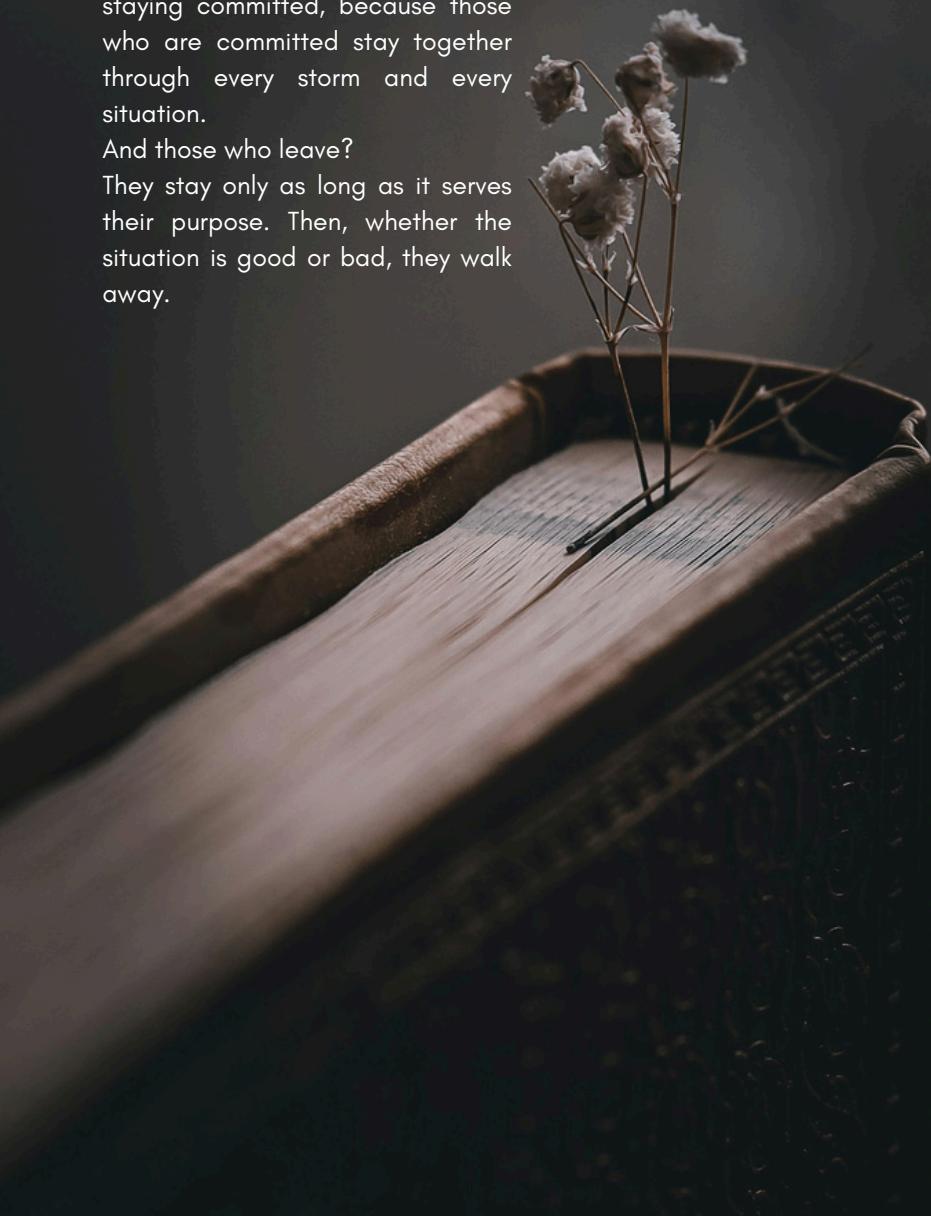
Maybe in this world, needing someone has become a weakness and being needed has become a burden. Maybe that's the reason breakups/divorces happen.



There is a beautiful relation between responsibility and independence. Need acts as a backbone, where two people in a relationship become a support system for each other. Need means staying committed, because those who are committed stay together through every storm and every situation.

And those who leave?

They stay only as long as it serves their purpose. Then, whether the situation is good or bad, they walk away.



I once believed you would never
leave me.

But I never thought that if you did,
you would never come back. I know
now—you're never returning.

Yet every night in my dreams, I still
see you as my bride. In reality, I am
alone, but in my dreams, I live a
whole life with you.

For me, even your shadow in my
dreams is enough.



She was the one who told my mother, "Yes, I have thought about it completely... I will never leave him."

My mother had warned her. She told her that her son has a weak heart, that he wouldn't survive if she left, that he would break, maybe even die. And yet, she left and as she walked away, she made my mother's worst fear come true. The fear my mother had lived with every day — she made it my reality. Because in truth, my mother loved her even more than my mother loved me.



I wish I had been the kind of man
you wanted.

I wish you had been mine — not
half, but completely.

I wish I had been like you — with a
pure heart, loving without
complaints, without conditions.



Now I am alone. I'm just surviving,
not living.

Maybe every day, every night, I
search for the reason why you
left....



I wish I could be like her,
Come slowly, hold hand, become a
part of life, and then after
becoming a habit, let go and run
away.

That's the power of love — it can
build someone up or completely
destroy them...



When I die once, I won't die again
and again. But while I'm alive now,
I'm dying every day because she
left me.



When I eat, I find her in every grain
of rice.

With every breath I take and every
heartbeat, I feel her presence.



She was like an angel to me. If she were still with me today, I'd still be stuck in the same place where I had stopped improving myself. Because of her leaving, I've started searching for the better version of myself again. So if someone wants to go, let them go — don't hold them back. You're not a tissue to be used, wiped and thrown away. And if they come back, let them come — because every person changes after life hits them hard.



I'm still afraid that she might love
someone else — maybe that fear
will go away soon or maybe it's
already gone.



Wash away yesterday's pain -
Come again, it's a rain,
the wind is calling you.
It wants to touch your eyes.
It's been so long since I saw you.

I wait, hoping to see you again,
even for a moment,
even for a memory.



My life is full of moments.
Some hurt me like thorns.
Some are soft like flowers.
Some go away.
Some never leave.
Sometimes they make me happy.
Sometimes they teach me lessons.
But without them my heart feels
heavy.
My breaths feel empty.
Sometimes I lose myself.
The one I love does not understand.
I stay awake, looking for those
moments.
Even when I find them,
everything still feels broken inside
me.



If you smile, you will win; if you cry,
your heart will hurt. Whether I am
with you or not, may you always
feel my presence by your side, I
love you...



Tell me, what can I say?
Without you, I am nothing.
If you're gone,
words mean nothing.
If you're here,
then only I feel alive.



When we met for the second time, she was scared, and I could see sadness in her eyes. She hugged me tightly, crying and wanting to feel safe. I spoke softly to comfort her, telling her not to be afraid because I was with her. My words helped her feel calm as I held her close. I kissed her forehead gently, and it felt like something special — our hearts connected and love took away the fear. Her tears stopped and she started to feel peaceful. That second meeting became the moment when love replaced fear.

I ignored her past, and that became the biggest mistake of my life. I thought love could heal everything, but I was wrong.



I was thrown out from everywhere
once my role was over. This world
runs on self-interest — when the
need ends, the person ends.



What was just here a moment ago,
Where is that moment now?
The one that came before time
itself,
And met me only to pass by into
tomorrow.

I had just started to feel that
moment,
I had only looked at her once.
I had just begun to love her –
with one soft glance, a small touch.

Through my eyes, hidden behind my
eyelids,
my heart followed her.
And what I saw, what I felt –
left me incomplete when she went
away.



I took her photos with all my love and care. Every smile and moment was a piece of my heart. I captured her joy and every time she made me proud. Those photos were my way of keeping her close, even when she was far. But today, I deleted them with tears in my eyes, because keeping them hurt too much — it felt like holding on to someone who's no longer mine.



I begged for love and it hurt me.
Love is not about asking or
pleading. It should be real, gentle
and mutual. I gave my all and lost
my heart and pride. True love never
makes you beg.



I am still waiting for her, even
though I know she will never come.
People call me crazy for waiting
and maybe they are right—but I am
hopelessly, painfully in love with
her.



One mistake and your relationship
will be over.



The sweet words you once spoke—
why do they sound like poison now?



You used to hug me when you felt
cold. You don't feel cold now or Is it
that wealth's velvet blanket keeps
you warm?



The pages of love she once wrote
– have they been erased or has she
given them to someone else?



The watch she gave me as a gift
really changed my time, but after
she left me. I still have that watch
today.



As I read, let my heart read too,
Let my eyes read your eyes too,
Should I stay here quietly or get up
and run to you? Because my world
feels empty without you.



Among those stone-hearted
people, I had searched for her
heart.

I kept wondering why I wanted to
be good for her.

She wanted to go and she went—
So why did I try to stop her? Even
knowing that she was behind my
fall even then, I wanted her to be
with me.



In another world, our meeting must
still be waiting in pain.
In the next life, our lost souls will
keep looking for each other again.



Tea needs leaves, not always milk.
Hold the sweet, forget the bitter.
Cherish good moments,
Let the rest slip away.



Indian mythology is full of love stories, but none were easy. Ram and Sita faced the fire test. Radha loved Krishna but couldn't be with him. Meera devoted her life to Krishna without meeting him. Parvati had to endure trials to unite with Shiva.

Love comes with challenges. Do you let go or hold on through every storm?



Every broken thing can be fixed.
Every scattered thing can be
gathered.
Every ruined thing can be mended—
whether it's a heart, a mind, a
relationship, or a connection.



I've seen every color up close, when
two mix together, they become
something new.

The world is full of colors, maybe
she too have changed with it.



Let's go against the river's flow,
because only through pain can love
grow.



Maybe our steps become one, she
and I become one. Like both wheels
of a car moving together, even if
the road is short, the journey will be
long. Maybe she will hold my hand,
walk with me and say that 'I love
you more than I love myself'.



I have loved her since the first time
I saw her. She was so young then,
dancing for me. Maybe she will
take a long time to feel this love. I
am still here, waiting, hurting,
hoping that one day she will
understand and come back, saying,
"Let's try to fix everything." I can't
just let her go after loving her this
much—it hurts too much.



I know she won't be able to forget
me so quickly, because whatever it
was, it was love and it was endless.



She once told me, "I'm not an animal in a zoo that you can keep locked up," but what does she know, how safe she is in that zoo? In the wild, she would quickly become prey because wild animals are much fiercer than zoo animals.



With regret, guilt, overthinking and anxiety, you can't walk too far, not in love, not in relationships and not in life with society. These feelings only hold you back. So let them go.

If calling yourself wrong helps your guilt and regret fade away, then don't be afraid to accept being wrong. I have called myself wrong many times and it freed me. Try it once—you'll see how far it takes you.



When I met her for the last time, I
took all the blame on myself, saved
her and gave her a peaceful life —
even though it broke and ruined me
because what's the meaning of my
life if even without me, she still
can't find happiness?



Till today, many kings have built
palaces for their queens, but I will
build a palace of hatred for her in
my mind, while in my heart there is
a hut full of happiness.



If I couldn't get her even after
praying for her in a temple, just
think how wrong she was for me.



Why did she leave me all alone,
when I needed you the most?



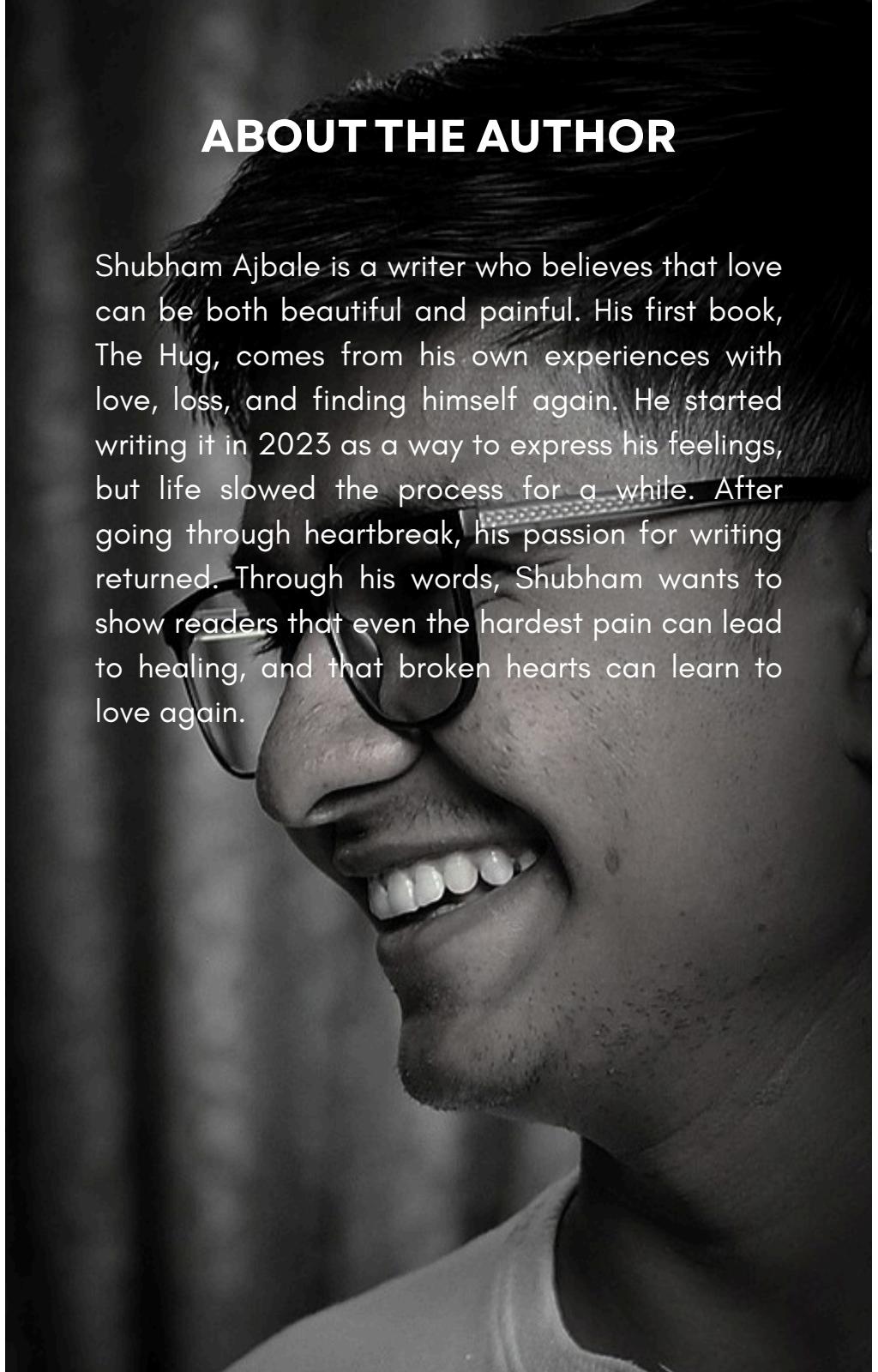
With my heart now fully at peace,
I'm ready to begin my lifelong
vacation,
and I want to say that 'I still love
her and I'm not raped her feelings'.
But I don't want you anymore.



After losing everything, I still hope to gain something. This time I'm not with others, I'm with myself. I had lost myself for others, but now I'm searching to find myself again. This time I will hug myself and say, 'I'm here with you.'

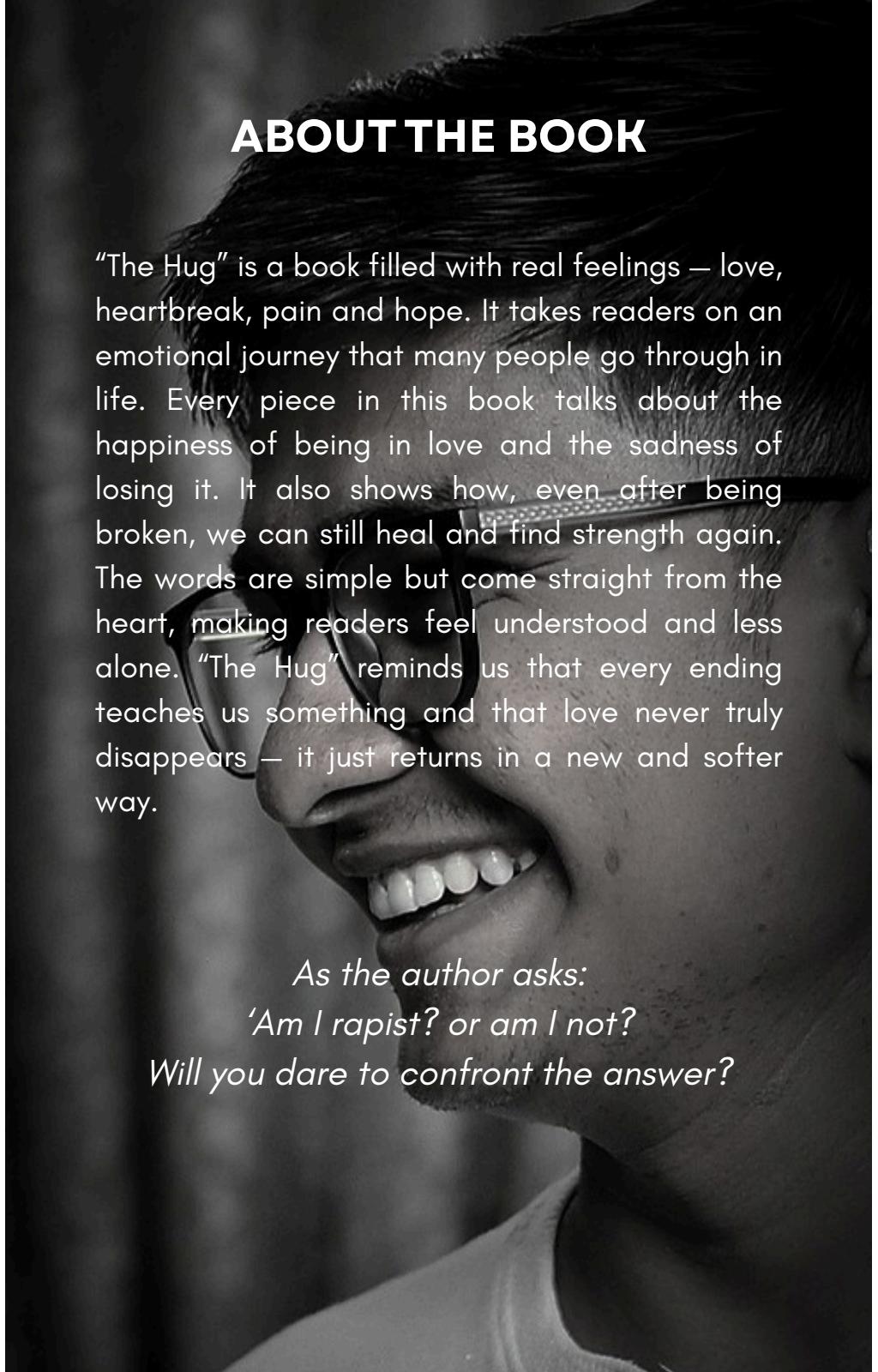


ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Shubham Ajbale is a writer who believes that love can be both beautiful and painful. His first book, The Hug, comes from his own experiences with love, loss, and finding himself again. He started writing it in 2023 as a way to express his feelings, but life slowed the process for a while. After going through heartbreak, his passion for writing returned. Through his words, Shubham wants to show readers that even the hardest pain can lead to healing, and that broken hearts can learn to love again.

ABOUT THE BOOK



"The Hug" is a book filled with real feelings – love, heartbreak, pain and hope. It takes readers on an emotional journey that many people go through in life. Every piece in this book talks about the happiness of being in love and the sadness of losing it. It also shows how, even after being broken, we can still heal and find strength again. The words are simple but come straight from the heart, making readers feel understood and less alone. "The Hug" reminds us that every ending teaches us something and that love never truly disappears – it just returns in a new and softer way.

As the author asks:

'Am I rapist? or am I not?

Will you dare to confront the answer?

This is not the end of
anyone's life and story....



Thanking You.....
from Shubham Ajbale

Why This Book ?



Our hearts are connected. Our love is strong and will never fade with time. for that reason the book is yours.