

Just One Word



Vishvendra Singh Tomar

VST

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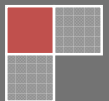
VST

Just One Word, LOVE

Story depicting the absolute difference between the two words, One is 'MONEY' & the second one is 'LOVE'. 'LIFE' is not so straight as it looks, though you are the richest person on this land. Is it possible for us to forgive our own, our own soul? What if, I want to 'LIVE' the 'LIFE', as my heart says.....
What I need is..... Let's see



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WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO :-

Dada ji, Lt. Vijendra Pal Singh Tomar

Dadi ji, Lt. Vimla Tomar

Nana ji, Ranveer Singh Raghau

Nani ji, Lt. Kusum Lata Raghau

“They call me an emotional fool, they say I care too much, they don't need my affection, even they say I don't know what the love is... But I just want to make them happy, though they are correct I don't know what the love is.. Are they correct.....????”

{‘LOVE’ need not to be defined, It simply exists.}

- VISHVENDRA SINGH TOMAR

WARNING: SMOKING IS
INJURIOUS TO
HEALTH....

ABOUT THE NOVEL.....

This is a fiction full of emotions, trust, ups & downs, pleasure, enjoyment, sentiments, hatred, love, care, achievements, sacrifices, compromises, visions, needs, promises, affection & a lot that comes along with the life of a boy who has everything except 'LOVE' .
Every character designed in this fiction doesn't resemble to anyone in real life & are portrayed just to entertain you as maximum as possible.
This novel is genuinely written for all those who have misconception regarding the word LOVE,
We can survive without money but we can't live without love. Let me try my level best, to take you a 3 hour ride to a different world, the only thing I need is your 'LOVE',
Just One Word, LOVE.....

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.....

This novel is a labour of love supported by my school mates, teachers from CHILDREN'S ACADEMY & college friends, professors from DELHI TECHNOLOGICAL UNIVERSITY.

I would like to thank the following people, without whom support this day can't be possible: My parents, Saiket, Vaibhav, Abhinav, Arun, Brijesh, Anurag, Salil, Rahul, Ashish, Shivansh, Chirag, Sahib, Jitesh, Saurabh, Tanmay, Shaiza, Sandeep, Vipul, Ishu, Shanu, Beauty, & all you there reading this.....

Thanks to all my dear friends & well-wishers,
I am nothing without you all 😊,
All I need is your presence forever.....

Keep smiling 😊 😊 😊 😊

Author's Note.....

From the very beginning of our introduction to this unknown world, the word that associates itself with ourselves is "LOVE", though some of us remain devoid of it, their whole life. How lucky we are encircled by our mother's love, father's love, teacher's love, friend's love.....

We should be thankful to the God for giving us his presence in various forms, But just think a moment about all those who still need some one's presence, who need LOVE since a long, they are waiting, Ya of course, they are waiting for the day they will be loved, I can feel their pain, Do you ? Some need parents, some need friends & some are nearby you, who need you...

VJSHVENDRA SJNGH TOMAR

{ 2ND Year, Meck. Engg, D.T.U. }

New Delhi, Dec, 2012.....

PROLOGUE...

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

13 Dec, 2012 ;11:00 a.m..

“Sir, there..... There 13th floor, House No. '13-m'...”,
the milkman said.

“ You have called us ? “, one of the policeman said.

“Yes Sir, Sahab ji is not opening the door, I am
knocking since 9:30”, milkman replied.

Policeman enquired, “ What? For this you have
called us, Do you have any sense? ”.

“Sir sorry for that, but please believe me, the
matter is serious, something is wrong with Sahab
ji..... ”, milkman replied in very low voice.

Policeman, “ He might have sleeping, or might
have drunken last night, you go and don't call us
again, we have some other important works to do,
Understand?? Or do we make you understand?? “.

Milkman (in crying voice), “Sir please, Sir please,
Please listen..... My sahabji used to play guitar

every morning, I am coming here, about a year, not even a single day is passed without my Sahabji's guitar, He is always there at the door.....".

One of the crew member, gets impressed by milkman's genuine appeal & asks his senior to take action.....

"Ok, Mr. Kapoor go and check what is going on there at 13-m & you (pointing towards milkman) go along with him", One of the senior replied.

Milkman along with 2 policemen, reach the flat no. 13-m & try to open the door, ring door bell several time but door not opens.....

" Sir it is locked from inside, we have to smash it down.", Mr. Kapoor shouted from the 13th floor.

"Then smash it down, if the person found sleeping this milkman will pay for the smashed door, O.K.", Mr. Sharma (their boss) replied.

They smashed the door down, within minutes but what they found was really surprising.....

"Sir, please come up, he (milkman) is right, something is odd here, please come up", Mr. Kapoor replied.

Within few seconds Mr. Sharma along with 4 more policemen come up and investigate the place, but what they find is really strange & shocking.....

“Oh My God!!”, Mr. Sharma uttered (in a loud voice).

“You two go there, you two there & search the man..... & Mr. Kapoor you come with me, You (milkman) go outside & wait till we come out....”

*The milkman bowed his head (in order to say O.K.), leave the place, but what made everyone startled was, there was a very huge mirror, unlike in homes, about 12 burnt cigarettes buds were there in front of that same giant mirror, a guitar with broken strings and blood all around the strings, a lighter (gold made) with two words marked on it ‘C + D’ with blood around it too, a collection of music DVDs, a lot of trophies, clean & beautifully painted walls, a thick hand-made copy (Unlike other copies, it was like someone had added page, always added page so that all work remain in one place), with a boy in darkness painted over it & 4 words written at the cover page “**Just One Word, LOVE**”, like someone has beautifully decorated the front cover*

by himself using water colors & there was blood all around the pages, everything was looking bloody..... Suddenly two of the policemen who were investigating in the other rooms shouted

“Sir, please come here fast.... Sir fast..... A dead body, Sir a dead body is floating in the bathroom Sir, Sir.....”, one of the policeman shouted (In a quivering voice).

With this Mr. Sharma & Mr. Kapoor reached the bathroom & what they saw was really unbelievable, a male dead body was floating in the bath tub, with no clothes on the upper part & a very costly jeans covering lower part, with blood flowing from nose, mouth & a 13th cigarette bud in his hand, like he had grasped that bud very tightly before death, one of the strange thing was, there was a golden chain around his neck, with letters ‘C+D’ printed on it..... He was looking like a very handsome man of around 29-30 years, with very expensive clothing & living style showing that he belongs to a very rich class, but who was he?? A question that everyone wants to unsolve in that room, even on asking to the milkman & the neighbours, they too were unaware of the ‘unidentified body’, only they

replied that the person was living here about a year & he didn't tell anything about him to anyone, only thing he used to do was playing guitar & riding on his bike (Pulsar 180 cc standing there) for hours, this was his routine since last year.....

Now the case became very strange & equally complicated too, as no one was able to identify him..... Mr. Sharma in deep thinking now wants to solve the mystery of '13-m', & then suddenly his eyes caught the clue, there were cameras at the corner of the some rooms, & Mr. Sharma was sure, if he could find the recording then the case is solved, to this one of the policeman finds the recording.....

“Everyone come here, we have got the recordings, let's see what had happened to this macho-man, where is Mr. Kapoor? ”, Mr. Sharma (To his policemen) enquired.

From bedroom, a shout came.....

“Sir before going through video recordings, come here, here fast..... A laptop.....”, Mr. Kapoor.

All policemen rushing towards bedroom.....

Mr. Sharma , “Looking like, it is on sleep mode, please on the laptop...”.

Mr. Kapoor switch on the laptop & found that someone had updated a status at facebook at around 7:00 a.m., before going through the status in curiosity to know the person they click on the profile & what they found was.....

“Oh My god! Oh no! Oh no! He is..... He is..... He is.....”, Mr Kapoor uttered.....

{ This will be continued to the last of the novel, please have patience, Just for a moment forget about the scene going on & come with me for a 13 hours long journey, those 13 video recordings captured by camera, Let's see them one by one with 13 cigarettes, & try to find what exactly 'LOVE' is? So, Shall we move 13 hours before, if you permit 😊 }

There we go :

Just One Word, LOVE.....

Cigarette : 1

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

12 Dec, 2012 ; 6:00 p.m...

(Flat No. : 13-m, Door opens.....) A man of about 29 years enters the room, He is in a sort of hurry, In a very few seconds, He refreshes himself by taking a quick shower, He is looking very impatient like he is in hurry, like someone has to catch a train in a few seconds being at a very long distance from station, he is singing songs, changing tracks very frequently, now he stops, staring continuously towards the giant mirror (Which he calls "Yaadi", a hindi term meaning : best friend.... As According to Charlie Chapline, Mirror is the best friend because it never laughs when someone cries in front of it.) & now he is staring at the Hand-made copy, He is kissing the same copy, Now he puts the copy down & rushes toward the gallery, he is closing all windows like he wants to celebrate something alone, now the same golden lighter he is using for a cigarette, now again he is in front of the mirror, he holds the same copy, now he is looking in a mood to read it, he sits down on the Chair in front of the mirror, & opens the first page of the copy & laughs out loud & conversating

with himself by looking into the mirror by assuming his reflection in the mirror to be his friend, as if he wants to share a story to someone, now he is sharing to himself, he is reading loud, he is laughing, he is reading, laughing mixed, loud & loud & louder.....

(Over to him..... He is telling his own story to him, From now onwards he will narrate his own story by his own words..... Now he is reading the first page, one of the conversation is going on, in the football field.....)

“Hahaaaa hahaaaa Hurreyyyy !!!” (In the field enjoying during the football final match, Inter-School Tournament.)

“I am coming to you, Now you can't escape....”(To one of the boy of opponent team)

“Run as fast as you can, I am coming..... Hurrey!!!!”

“Hahahahahahaaaaaa.....”

Mayank(My friend) “We only need 1 goal, Chirag you can....”

Chirag (Myself), "Mayank, don't worry, 1 goal is not a big deal, if you say I can hit 3 consecutive goals....."

Mayank,"Then Buddy, For whom r u waiting for? "

Chirag, "I am looking for my Mother & Father, everyone's parent is there but not mine".

Mayank,"Look, you are the son of the most richest person, Ramesh Garg of our city(Ghaziabad), Yaar obviously they may be busy in their works, So don't take it on your heart, there is goal-post, just snatch the ball and make it a glorious Victory for this year"

Chirag,"Ok Bro, just for our school friends, let me launch...Now here I got the boll & the countdown begins..... Zig-zag-zig-zag- Zig-zag-zig-zag-zig & there it goes, Yippeee Hurreeeyy Goooooaaallll!!"

Laughing out Loudly in the room, by memorizing that past scene of the victory, kissing the first burning cigarette & continuing the story.....

"Hey Srishti, You Sneha, You Meenakshi & You Radhika, How was the goal??", during celebration of the victory....

Srishti," Awsm, My hero.....".

Sneha," May our Ronaldo Live Long!!!".

Meenakshi," Our school can't afford a match of football without you, charming Chiru....".

(Chirag to Chiru, matlab kuch bhi... lolz.. 😊 😊)

Radhika," Not so much to cheer about, it was just nice...".

Chirag, " Just Nice? You go & see POGO, Just Nice haan? We could have lost the game....."

Radhika," Hey cuty, Don't be so rude, I was just joking.....".

Mayank (interruptingly) ,"Hey Chirag, leave all these girls, they are just waste of time, we have to leave now for our Celebration, Hey girls, Mind it, it is 'Boys' Celebration, Boys rocks'

Naananannaaannaaa... hey..... Hey... Hip Hip Hurrey..... 😊 😊.....".

Chirag,"Sorry girls, I have to leave, The orders are from supreme court (Friends are just like supreme court for Chirag), catch you all soon....."

Chirag (To Mirror), "Hey 'Yaadi', are you enjoying?? Haan???"

Yaadi," Of course Buddy, Now tell me How did you all boys celebrate you victory??"

We Mayank, Siddharth, Sumit, Kuldeep & Akshaya drove straight to the Fun & Fun WaterPark, we took ride over various Dragons, we all together jumped from a height to straight to the swimming pool, we bathed, we went for vodka, we were young enough, as we were 11th standards students, who can care about themselves, especially when there is a businessman in name of father & a women caring about herself in name of mother, *Yaadi you know how it feels when returning home from school, all children mixes up with their Mom & Dad, & I had to satisfy myself with Playstation, Laptops, Food like someone had just take it out from cold storage, No one is there to celebrate my victory, No one cares, My friends think I'm richest but reality is that no one is as poor as I am, as pitty as I am.....*

Some tears trickled down through Chirag's eyes, A strange silence is all around there, on his whole face, suddenly.....

Yaadi , "Chirag don't feel so pity, atleast you know What Love is?? Please stop crying, look I am also crying with you....."

Yaadi,"I said Naa, please stop crying, Clear your tear & now complete the celebration, tell me about How you made Mayank naked in the swimming pool???"

Chirag (Smiling),"Oh, Ya... That one, ya listen.... We all friends made a plan that during the bath, we all will keep our clothes aside & Kuldeep will steal Mayank's clothes & then we all after clothing up will enjoy the Mayank as 'Nangu'....."

Hahahahahahahahahahah..... Laughing out Loudly..... (Chirag & yaadi, both are laughing furiously...)

But after then we all appologised to the Mayank & reminded him that whenever you should go for bath, you should first ensure your clothe's safety.....lolz..... 😊 😊

What a great time it was, though I was devoid of parents love since birth but I was thankful to god for gifting me such a great "BINDASS" friends.....

Sometimes I feel money is my enemy, as if my father, let suppose He was a clerke with ordinary salary & my mother a normal housewife taking care of house not jewellery, then I would have certainly a most richest boy, Then we used to share food together, we used to laugh & enjoy together as a small happy family, in a single room not in that graveyard, where there is no ray of happiness, only a terrible silence that can kill you, if you try to know what LOVE is..... ☹ ☹ ☹ ☹ ☹ ☹

*I wanted to quit, I wanted to live with my friends at their home, but I couldn't as according to my friends I'm happy at my home, I just wanted their presence only during school time & after going home I forgot about them & enjoy my luxurious life style.... But no, it was not true & there was no point of enjoyment about that f**king Life style, where I used to feel a sort of suffocation, moreover the reality was that, at that time I needed them the most, I missed them the most & found myself caged in my own house, encircled by the Keepers (Servants), highly paid just to Cage me...*

Yaadi you are my only best friend who know me more than anyone can, even more than I can.....

But I didn't leave the hope, hope to cultivate love, a hope for which this wind is blowing, this moon is rising, this earth is rotating, this world is breathing, everyone is living, I'm living... I used to have my lunch with my school gate keeper Shambhu Kaaka ji , not with friends who need my lunch not me..... He was the man of self-respect, with only one hand, still he used to salute very strictly with only hand, He used to tell me stories & I preferred to feed him with my hands as it gave me pleasure, He was well aware of my problem, though I never had told him, to this he gave me several explanation but I was never convinced but one day, he told me a story, a story of a boy, a boy of my age, a boy in the same condition in I was, One day the boy along with his parents was going for a movie which he never liked as young boys didn't like to prefer old moral stories, he also wanted his parents love not the movies & suddenly their car collided with a truck & on the spot his parents, driver died & his one hands detached from his body, unluckily he survived...?? I asked," How it was unlucky?".

Shambhu Kaka," Because the boy whose story I'm telling you is none other, moreover it's not a story,

it's a real incident, & the boys is standing in front of you Shambhu.....”.

“Oh So sorry, You had lost your parents at young age ???”, I asked.

Shambhu Kaka, “Ya, that’s what I want to teach you is, It doesn’t matter they are loving you or not, they are spending time with you or not but atleast they are with you, but I am all alone....”.

“Ok I got your point, from today onwards I’ll respect my parents, but this is not my real problem my real problem is where do I cultivate love?? ”, I asked.

Shambhu kaka, “Just love the life, Life will love you.... Just show deep faith in life & life will never leave you alone..... ”.

“Ok Shambhu kaka ji, namastey... let me go”, I replied & left the place.....

But reality was that at that age, I was unable to estimate the worth of his last sentence, It was very difficult for me to compute the real sense what Shambhu kaka wanted to convey to me... might be I

havn't seen the other forms of life, or I was still 16 year old.....

But now when I Know the each & every aspect of his sentence, what he wanted to convey, Why he over emphasized the word LIFE, even more than word LOVE..... & Now the reality is that I don't have any more time left.....

But anyhow at that time, what only desire for me was to cultivate love.....

Chirag,"How was Shambhu Kaka??"

Yaadi,"Awsom Chiru (Reminding Meenakshi's words) lolz..... Your cigarette is finished, throw the bud down you idiot.... Lolz.... 😊".

Chirag,"Ok I'm coming, just wait for me....".

Chirag leaves for bedroom.....

Cigarette: 2

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

12 Dec, 2012 ; 7:00 p.m...

Chirag goes to bedroom to take second cigarette & also takes a cup of coffee, & then lights the cigarette & continues the conversation with himself ie- with Yaadi...

Anyhow it was the turning year of my life, It was the year which was going to direct my life to somewhere, where I could get LOVE, as if you are a science stream student & you score good in competitive engineering entrance exam, you could go for a college, more precisely a 'hostel' is always there for you, better than that graveyard.....

I started giving proper justice to my 3 core subjects "PCM : Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics", & the best part was that, there was certainly a feeling of love with those sexy numerical of Newton's Law, Coordinate Geometry, Electrostatic, Magnetism, Complex Number, Organic Chemistry, Thermodynamics, Equilibrium a lot.... I was having a good habit of sleeping with them, there was a LOVE, Ya Joy of LOVE, in class-room, in Coaching class, those attractive multiple choice question with

IIT-JEE, AIEEE formats have, with this I was also in the race with those, whose posters you can see at every end of entrance exams in news-papers, magazines, T.V.s, ya & it should be because they work hard, but I was not working hard, I was loving my studies as if my books are my soul mates.... It was tasting nice, you can say it was my first crush 😊 😊 😊 (Author : with PCM lolzz..... Padhley Bachhu Aagey pata chalegi, jab 3X3 ki nhi 6X6 ki matrix aayengi tab kahega, maine entrance kyon diya ??? lolz..... I was just joking, just to make you laugh, as even your breathe can leave you, but your knowledge can't.....)

Chirag finishes the Coffee & puts the cup aside, He goes inside the bed room again & brings a Photo-book, to show yaadi some of his sweet memories at the Mayank's Birthday party.....

“Look yaadi, what a wonderful collection I got.....”, Chirag says.

Chirag continues..... It was the day before our 12th board Physics exam, It was Mayank's Birthday, My best school buddy's birthday & You know me, I don't fear, fear of anything.. (In a very low voice,

Chirag to himself, just I fear from LOVE word...), So we had to celebrate that night, However Mayank was rejecting the proposal of going for a drive, but I knew the ways, how you make your friend to say YES, only thing to do is just kick 4-5 kicks at your friend's back, in a few seconds he will plan a trip for you..... We(along with 4 other friends) all boarded in my Dad's TATA-SUMO (Atleast there are some advantages of being belonging to a rich class you always have a car, Thanks God!,) At that time there was no tension for OPTICS, or Modern Physics, No Gauss Formulae, No Faraday's Laws, Only there was friend's full-toooooo masti, a moment to make a history, we drove straight to BETA Mall, a place where day starts when Moon rises, we danced in pub, Even we Hi-jacked the whole DJ Dance Floor, everywhere on the floor we were six, we made camera clicked several times, I purchased a Laptop & gifted it to Mayank (as he was very intelligent, & even topper of our school, I was sure after selection in entrance, he will leave us after making it for some reputed college, that's why for making my gift useful there for his engineering studies, I opted Laptop as suitable gift...), to this he

thanked me as if I had given him my Dad's whole empire, why the friends are so formal, they call themselves friend & they very rarely behave like a friend, But I can't afford to miss that day at this point of life, what an awsm day it was, just before Physics exam,....

Chirag showing all images to Yaadi, pointing to a particular image in which all 6 friends were there with the Laptop (gift), & showing some more images at dance floor, laughing very loudly, enjoying as if he is now at the same Dance floor....

"Yaadi, But the time didn't remain constant, LIFE is something which gifts you something which you can't expect from it ever, Almost everything changed, everything reverted back, I didn't know whether it was boon or bane for me", Chirag says.

Yaadi replies,"(curiously) Time changed? How? What it is all about? Your friendship got broken ?, Tell me what went wrong ?"

Chirag," Everything went wrong, After our exams it was time for result one by one, I was not expecting anything from any result, I just enjoyed my studies & I executed my level best without any desire,

atleast you can't expect any sort of gain to your soul-mate, only thing I wanted was just to make clear my board exams & nothing more, But..."

Yaadi," But what? "

Chirag," The result time is a time when in some homes there are celebrations, happiness, of victory of the students by family members & in some homes there is a deep last longing silence like their home is attacked by atom bomb as in Hiroshima & Nagasaki, but unlike the two cases there was no point for me as in graveyard everything remains same, My Mom & Dad have no time to know whether my result is out or not, whether I am a science or commerce student, & I developed a habit of it, but what strange was"

Yaadi," Strange, what ? What so strange ?"

Chirag," I got 94.60% in board exams, 1313 rank in IIT-JEE, 1216 rank in AIEEE, 79 rank in UPTU (Author : Such type of results happen when you love to study, not study to get result, as Chirag did....), But....."

Yaadi," But what? (Author : Abey aur kya Chaand todkey de tujhey, S**ley Bachhe ki jaan lega??)

What were you expecting more than this? Why are you making that f**king face? You should be very proud, as in Lakhs of people, you were in top 1500, awsm man, awsm man.....”

Chirag silences, after a while, he manages to reply...

Chirag,” Mayank broke the relation of friendship, Ya, Did you hear got dam... ?? He broke the friendship, again I lost my love (LOVE of friendship) I lost, did you hear ??? I lost again?? I lost.... We were no more together, I was alone again, what did remain in my life, what?? I was sinking, I was suffocating, Tears ... tears.... I am alone.... Did you hear, I am alone..... (Author’s appeal to readers : Please try to feel the pain of Chirag, Please it’s very important to know how difficult for a person like Chirag to live, Please feel & read this paragraph again.....)”

With this Chirag goes mad, starts kicking everything first chair, then sofa, then table, Suddenly he calms down bursts in tears, tears, tears all around, he is crying very loudly like a 4 year baby, louder, louder, tears, tears mixed.....

Chirag(To yaadi), "Are you getting it I was again alone, devoid of again, devoid of again that *'Just One Word, LOVE'* "

Yaadi," Please calm down, Please be relaxed, Please think about the beautiful day you have spent today, since 4 a.m. (Author : 4 a.m. (4 a.m. of 12 December, not of 13 December, because the video recording is currently running of 12 December, 7 p.m.) ? Ya, 4 a.m. you'll get to know about it at last of novel, please maintain the suspense & try to mark the time after every cigarette.....) "

Thinking about the sweet moments he is spending since early morning, Chirag controls himself, he goes & after washing his face, he again sits in front of mirror (Yaadi) & utters....

Chirag," Sorry Yaadi, for such behavior, but I couldn't control myself, Mayank was everything for me, a best buddy, as like a brother, & he just broke that deep rooted relation just because He got 89.4% in board, 5970 rank in IIT, 7989 rank in AIEEE, 357 rank in UPTU.... Only..... & why he could try to compare it with me, his best buddy.... Even he

too got great ranks & though I got whatever I did, what was the point there to be jealous, jealous of me...., I went to his house to congratulate him after the results, He simply asked me to leave, and not coming back to him again in life, without caring about anything, about our friendship, about my relationship,.... Oh, how shattered I was, I was broken into pieces, I was not getting anything, Was I dreaming, was the life playing with me, was I paying for some sins of my last births, I didn't know, but what I knew was that I was alone again..."

Again tears trickles down his eyes, he is trying to console himself.....

Yaadi," Please control yaar, if he was just jealous of that differences in ranks then he can't be called as friend, he is just a f**king fellow, who just deserves a high intensity kick by a horse"

Chirag," Hey, yaadi don't abuse him, He might be not my friend but still I am his friend & I'll die without breaking that bond from my side.....

However at that time I was feeling same as you are feeling for him now, I too in anger left the Mayank's house just by congratulating him once & never

looked back, though sometimes I wanted to visit him again but I controlled myself & never went to him again..... After a month, I too became habitual of my loneliness but what new coming in my life was, my departure from that graveyard, as the counseling process for the colleges was about to start..."

Yaadi," Now you was about to leave your home?? So amazing, sounding nice, not just nice awsm, hostels haan.... Hostel's life.... Cool 😊😊😊😊😊".

Chirag," first rectify your mistake it was never a home, it was always a graveyard, understand! , Ya I was looking for a heaven, where I could relax, live my life in completely a different, new manner..."

(Author : Dekh rahey ho S**ley ko, masti jyaada chaa rahi hai, engineering colleges me relax kehney ko keh raha hai, lagta hai aaj se pehley kabhi Engineering word se iska paala nhi padha, First semester nikalney do, akal kya khud bhi thikaaney aa jayega jab 80% attendance, lambey-lambey assignment, na khatam honey waaley papers, anginat projects, baat-baat par viva etc ka High-Voltage shock lagega.....)

Yaadi," So, which college did you go for? "

Chirag," It's AIT (Alpha Institute of Technology), Delhi one of the top most college of India, filled by IIT-JEE ranks..... "

Yaadi," Oh AITian haan, Great But what was your branch ????"

Chirag, "ECE (Electronics & Communication Engineering), Just because My area of interest was around Semi-conductors, amplifiers, diodes, transistors etc....."

(Author : Yaar had hoti hai, ECE ko khel samajh rha hai, Jab current aur voltage source k complex network se paala padega to Krichhof Baba ko bhi sahi se nhi laga payega, jab intresting area kahan kahaan se niklega pta bhi nhi chalega, Mazaak hi bana rakha hai, achha hua Mech nhi boli, fir to Hathodey se hi shaadi karni padti..... LOLz..... 😊 😊
😊 Simply ECE & MECH ENGG. Rocks.....)

Yaadi," Oh, you are an Electronics Engineer & currently working as General Manager in your father's firm..... Great..... But why did you go for Engineering when you had to work for father as

manager..... You should went for some commerce courses like BBA, MCA..... ”.

Chirag,” Ya, you are right, an engineer should contribute in research work related to sciences, but the main irony was that the life was never so straight to me, I had to take over my father’s business, & live his life as he has lived..... I can’t do something innovative, just occupy the chair given by him, as there were several reasons behind it, you will get to know about it later..... ”

Yaadi,”O.K., I got it..... So pity of you... Hats off to you man, such a difficult task to live without LOVE, to do what you dislike.....”.

Chirag,” Anyhow, the exciting thing was, I was leaving graveyard & going to AIT,Delhi..... Awsum feeling, it was for me..... Just fantasizing about hostel’s life..... Just wait a moment, just coming...”

Chirag drops down the second bud & runs to bedroom may be for collecting something, some piece of paper & for the third cigarette.....

Cigarette: 3

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

12 Dec, 2012 ; 8:00 p.m...

Chirag hurriedly comes out with a paper & again burns his 3rd cigarette with the same golden lighter, & pointing the page towards mirror, he utters....

“Look my admission letter, admission letter to AIT, Delhi, A letter that every class 12th student dreams of, I was having it at that time just because I have LOVED my soul-mate PCM, at least one thing was clear to me, I certainly knew that what the love is all about & how it should be....”, Chirag says.

Yaadi,” Of course, Buddy you know LOVE, You understand it more than anyone can, I’m proud of one of the ALTian standing in front of me, So how was the journey at AIT, Delhi...”

Chirag,” Thanks for the compliment, Oh! ‘JOURNEY at AIT’, My complete life it was, It is like impossible for me to explore it in few hours, but with the help of this copy (The same Hand-made copy), *Just One Word, LOVE*, I’ll try my best to give you the glimpses of those 4 wonderful years.....”

Yaadi," Then for whom are you waiting for ? Let's begin the journey... "

Chirag," Ya Sure, Ok Let me begin with the day of my first exposure to AIT Delhi, It was the day of admission , It is not a huge campus, as normal engineering colleges are, It is just 45 acres, But maintained like a 7 star Hotel, Every single acre is so planned that your first look can't give surety of that it is an engineering college..... "

Chirag watches his wrist watch, It's 8:05 p.m. as if he wants to complete his journey in the sufficient time, again he starts.....

Chirag," I along with my driver, drove straight to AIT Campus, then to the auditorium of AIT where admission procedure was going on, I made my driver to wait for me in the car at parking, The Shiva ji Auditorium, Mind-blowing it was, a statue of Great Shiva ji painted in golden, a fountain decorated with lights focusing on the logo of AIT Delhi, a wing of our national bird sketching the sun on our country's map over a page, Awsom vision it was, I hurriedly entered the auditorium, there were a lot of students along with their parents & I was

alone again, After going through the admission procedure, I left the auditorium & went straight to the ECE Department, as I had served with my first filled choice ECE, It was not as big as ME department as ECE doesn't deal with Monster-Machines rather it deals with mini-circuits, micro-chips & even the Department was large enough to cope up with amplifiers, diodes like stuff. But what my eyes caught was really amazing, AIT had provided each department with the golden statues of INDIA's Heroes just to make the youngsters like me, aware about the souls who built the foundation of INDIA with their blood, Like there was a statue of Neta ji Subhash Chandra Bose in front of ECE Department, Shaheed Bhagat Singh in front of ME Department, Hats off to AIT again.... After saluting those prominent figures I entered the ECE Department & read my name on the department notice board among the students declared for the ECE batch for first year, 'CHIAG GARG -ECE- 13 (My roll no.), just to know about the students near my roll number, I again saw the list, 'ARJUN SHARMA -ECE- 12', 'DRISHTI JAIN -ECE- 14'....."

Chirag silences, He is kissing his cigarette like he is missing someone, His eyes are wet again, he is kissing those letters 'DRISHTI JAIN' written by him on the page of the same copy, he is releasing the smoke very slow, He stands and opens one window, he takes his guitar and sits beside the window, He is looking in a mood of playing guitar..... After 5 minutes, he plays the guitar, He is playing like a professional music bands artists, He is playing as if no one can copy him, as if he is playing guitar since last 7 births, Surprisingly he is singing a song, singing like a professional singer, a great singer with wet eyes, so amazing to witness an artist like him, here he goes.....

" Tu Aashquii hai, Tu Aashquii hai..... Tu hai aasmaan me, teri ye zameen hai..... Tu hai aasmaan me, teri ye zameen hai, Tu jo hai to sab kuch hai, na koi kami hai, Tu hi dil hai, Tu hi Jaan bhi hai, Tu Khusi hai, aasraa bhi hai, Teri chahat zindagi hai, Tu mohabat, tu aashqui hai, Tu aashqui hai..... Tu Aashqui hai....."

He completes his song, as sometimes when you feel alone or like shattered into pieces, when no one's word can console you, it is best to sing songs which

you like the most, as only music has got the potential to console anyone in this world, Even some of us often need it too, music may be inspirational or whatever it suits the situation best...

He completes the song & closes the window again, He comes back to the mirror & utters....

Chirag," Sorry, Yaadi for leaving you alone, I know you can understand, my best friend, What I just need was my guitar, Sorry again....."

Yaadi," Don't say sorry Buddy, I know how much it is difficult for you to come back again to tell me the story, I'm proud of you, You did nothing wrong, anyone in the position in you are, have surely did the same, Take your time & then we will start the journey....."

Chirag," Now, I'm fine or it will be correct to say my guitar, my cigarette & your face Yaadi make me fine, Ok let me remind where I was..... "

Yaadi," You had passed through you roll number & now you are going towards the hostels, Let's charm it, HOSTEL > Graveyard....."

really, it is life..... So tell me something about your room.....”

Chirag,” I went straight to my hostel room, Again there was a list of 3 students, attached to my hostel room’s door, specifying the 3 candidates for the room, there was a familiar name at the top.....

- 1- ARJUN SHARMA (From Maharashtra)
- 2- CHIRAG GARG (From Uttar Pradesh)
- 3- DEEPAK RATHORE (From Rajasthan)

I was first to visit the room as the college was starting from the next week, so there was no one there at that time in the hostel, I was just there to prepare myself for a new life, I entered the room(At 2nd floor), there was a small room first, with 3 pairs of table, chair ,study-lamp, almirah & then there was a gallery, fully covered with the windows (same as in this room, where Chirag is at present), Bathroom & toilet just nearby the gallery, & at last a big hall type room with 3 pairs of bed..... But what so amazing about that room was, it was just opposite to Rani Laxmi Bai Girl’s hostel, even the gallery of our room can give you clear scene of the complete Girl’s Hostel, I was very excited for this

new life, which was giving me the invitation,
invitation to find myself..... ”

(Author : Haye Re Haye, Teri Kismat, Hostel bhi
mila to Girl's Hostel k saamney waala, Beta ab to ho
gai padhai, Back hi bacha paaya to bahut hoga.... 😊
😊 😊..... Acha ab samjha tujhey windows par baith
kar gaana gaana kyon achha lagta hai..... lolz.. 😊 😊)

Yaadi,” Yaar, Kasam se, Your life was about to start,
Girl's Hostel haan..... One from Maharashtra,
another from Rajasthan, & you from U.P., solid
combination it is sounding... So what was next
waiting for you..... ?”

Chirag,” After visiting the hostel that day, I
returned back to my car, unlike other rich fellows I
used to drive by myself not by driver, I made my
driver to occupy the rear seat, I was just leaving the
campus, there was another car standing inside the
campus, blocking the way, with rear wheel
punctured, a man (with his family) was standing
there asking for lift, I stopped my car near them &
asked them to come inside (As you know, we rich
people possess very long cars with only 1 or 2 seats
occupied, wasting the fuel for just 1 or 2 seats,

anyhow there was a lot of space inside), he with his wife & a girl, looking like his daughter boarded in my car & then we exited the campus & then the conversation went as..... ”

Chirag reading the whole conversation, going on inside the car.....

That man,(To my Driver, as he was at rear seat, looking like the owner of the car.) “ Thanks Sir, For giving us the lift..... ”

My Driver,(He was confused as he hardly knew how to interact with others as the only thing he knew was just driving, however with me he got little bit speaking experience, He knew that how he had to tackle them, by remembering my words to him that he had to behave like the *Chacha* of a boy who was ill & unable to come for admission procedure, so he had to go their on his behalf)” No problem, Koi Baat nhi.....”

That man (To me),”Thanks Driver.....”

I didn't give any reply back, just I was driving as I too hardly knew how to speak like a driver, as I had not learnt how to behave like a driver as we rich people hardly give any attention to our Drivers...

My Driver (To that man)," Sahab ji, aapko kahaan jaana hai....."

Man(Surprisingly)," Sahab ji..... ?"

My Driver,(In Shock)," Arey mai apney Driver se keh raha tha ki, jab aapney usey thanks bola to ussey puchna chahiye tha ki Sahab ji aapko kahaan jaana hai....."

Oh! Thank God, Poor people are much clever than Rich ones like me.... He managed the situation very well.....

Man,"Koi nhi Driver ko steering par dhyaan dena chahiya, usmey uski koi galti nhi vaisey hame Chandni-Chawk tak jaana hai, Agar aap please hame drop kar de, to badi meharbaani hogi....."

My Driver,(To me)" Driver, inhey Chandni-Chawk par drop karna hai...."

I bend my head in order to say O.K.....

Man," Thanks again, Myself Arvind Jain, She is my wife Payal Jain, & She is my daughter DRISHTI JAIN....."

Suddenly I turned my head back to get a glimpse of her & all sitting behind were staring at me like I had killed someone, realizing that for them I was the driver, I again concentrated on steering wheel.....

My Driver," Ham Ravi hain,....."

Arvind," Ham Drishti k admission k liye aaye they, Hamari Car puncture ho gai, To aap bhi apney bachhey k admission k liye aaye hain?"

My Driver," Haan, mai apney Bhatijey Chirag k admission k vaastey aayela hun, matlab aaya hun (Correcting his words), usey bhukhar hai, vo nhi aa sakta tha....."

Arvind," Koi baat nhi, vaisey aapkey bhatijey ki rank kitni thi IIT-JEE me ?"

Suddenly I spoke, 1313 rank in IIT-JEE, 1216 rank in AIEEE, 79 rank in UPTU.....

Arvind," Arey Driver tumhey kaisey pta..... ?"

My Driver, " Arey mera bhatija iska achha dost hai..... ?"

Arvind Jain & his family members making ugly faces like a rich fellow can't be a friend of poor one, even

*a rich car owner son's can't be a friend of driver.....
It is f**king true.....*

Arvind (After a while),” Hamari Bacchi ki bhi 1780 hai IIT-JEE me, hamne to isey ECE dilaayi hai, aur aapney?”

I knew my driver didn't know about those three alphabets ECE, suddenly I broke the silence & spoke.....

Me,” Usiye bhi ECE dilwaayi hai.....”

Arvind(frustatingly),” Tum car challayo, aur hameiy baat karney do.....”

Then they started general talking, & I was continuously staring at the mirror above my head capturing Drishti's image..... & within ½ an hour, Chandni-Chawk came & they thanked my driver & they were continuously staring at me, even Drishti was staring as my clothing style, my hair style was not as that of a driver & then they left.....

My driver (To me),”Chottey Sahab, agar kuch galti hui ho to maaf karna”.

Me,” Nhi driver Kaka, aapse koi galti nhi hui.....”

I drove straight to my house, by adding Kaka word with Driver, giving him proper justice, as now I knew how a driver feels when got insulted by Sahabs sitting behind.....

Yaadi," Yaar, amazing..... Vo sab tujhey Driver samajh raheiy they??? Haahaaa..... Drishti bhi ??? Hahaa.... Entry maari bhi to apni hi car ka driver banker..... haha....."

Chirag(throwing the cigarette bud)," Beta udaa mazaak, udaa..... Kheecnch le taang....."

Yaadi," To tuney sach kyon nhi bta diya ki tu driver nhi hai ??"

Chirag," Haan sach bta k kya kehta ki mere Dad Ramesh Garg hain, Jinpey apney Bachhey k liye hi time nhi hai.... ☹ ☹ ☹ ☹"

Yaadi," Arriey Chal Choad, Drishti kaisy lagi ye bata....."

Chirag," Mat puuch Yaar, Bayaan nhi kar sakta.... Fir bhi gaakar sunaata hun....."

With this chirag goes to the window to take the guitar & 4th cigarette & comes back again.....

Cigarette: 4

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

12 Dec, 2012 ; 9:00 p.m...

Chirag," Pehli nazar me kaisa, jaadu kar diya....."

Yaadi," Cool haan, samajh gaya, LOVE at first sight.."

Chirag," Buddy I can't say it, as LOVE at first sight, as LOVE is something beyond it....."

Yaadi," Sometimes it becomes impossible for me to judge you, I can't, your reasons are not yours.....
Anyhow tell me how did you prepare for the first day?, at AIT....."

Chirag," Ya good question, There was one week left, My journey at AIT was about to start, I was planning a lot, First I straight went to BETA mall, recollecting my early experiences with it, I purchased a guitar (The same guitar I have now), a Dell Laptop, a football, Jeans & T-shirts, & a royal enfield..... At saloon, I got a very different hair-style, I was planning every second of that first day. I didn't want to carry my any past memory to AIT.... "

Yaadi,"Hey buddy, it sounds very nice, First day at Royal Enfield, Yaar no one can expect more than this....."

Chirag,"Ya, Atleast I thanks my Dad now for giving me that day & more precisely thanks to his ATM card....."

Yaadi," Don't create so much suspense, come to the point, to the first day...."

Chirag," O.K. Buddy there we go, Now you will see me, Who Chirag Garg is?, As now I was alone to take my decision, in whatever manner I want, There we go, First day at AIT,Delhi.....

All students were coming in cars, along with their parents, all were dressed very well, all were very happy as if they are waiting for that day, since a long, Unlike them I was not having my Mom, Dad & I too became habitual of it, & suddenly I drove my Enfield straight to the college Gate, I was dressed completely black, even Black specks, Black cap, a guitar at back with no other article as I had ordered my driver to put them in my hostel room, All were staring at me as if I was not there to study, I was there for a rock concert to welcome them,

Suddenly a known face came in front of my Bike,
Oh! No! He is Arvind Jain.....

Arvind,"Hey driver! What are you doing here?"

Before I could answer him....

Drishti,"Daddy, I said to you there is something
wrong with that Boy....."

Me,"Any guesses....."

Drishti,"What guess, It is simple you are a driver....
A driver who is using his Boss's articles....."

Without answering them, I kicked my bike & drove
straight to the Shiva ji Auditorium, where
orientation for freshers was going on, I occupied a
seat at back, A speech was going on.... Prof. H. G .
Mittal, director of AIT was delivering his speech.....
It was amazing feeling for me, I was not listening
anything instead of a sentence ' AIT welcomes you
all, first year students ', It was looking like everyone
present in the auditorium was there to greet us, to
congratulate us, to give us a complete dinner, a
small cultural program was also there & about 2:00
p.m. It was end of that ceremony, a delicious lunch
was waiting for us, After having lunch I bid farewell

to my driver & gave him 10,000 bucks for behaving as my Chacha ji whole day. Then I headed towards my hostel room, I parked my sexy Enfield at Hostels Parking, I went to my room, there were 2 families at that room, one of Arjun's & one of Deepak's, again as usual staring at me, I introduced myself as Chirag, they behaved as if I was not eligible for AIT, one of their parent asked first my rank & when they got to know it's 1313, they behaved as if they were saying sorry to me every time, they spoke..... & when they got to know about my father's name, they behaved as if their sons are lucky to have me as roommate... What the f**k, this behavior is, If you are rich, the whole world knows you & if you are poor, your shadow refuses to identify you.....

After few hours, when their parents left, Deepak was crying like a 4 year boy, whose Mom had just left him, Arjun was looking very serious as if he was at war, like Kargil one. Only in that room, it was only me who was enjoying freedom, complete freedom. I was dressing my room, placing articles to their proper place, already I had ordered sweeper to clean the room, but none of them was doing anything, Arjun was still on his chair &

Deepak in bathroom, I can't tolerate such environment anymore, after all it was my day.....

After taking ½ an hour rest, I asked both of them to join me, they were resisting but they couldn't resist in front of Chirag any longer, I made them ready for a small journey, It was the time for enfield, with Deepak at middle, Arjun at back, I was driving, from OAT to Library, Girl's Hostel to Sports Complex, about whole campus we had witnessed in just 45 minutes, Then we exited the campus, I drove straight to India Gate, Now they too were enjoying, laughing, looking like they were unaware of such life-style, I too was enjoying, after all it was my day 7 now I was going to make this day remarkable at India Gate, Arjun & I went for vodka & Deepak didn't want to lose his virginity, virginity towards alcohol, He went for Pepsi, Arjun wanted more, more such Vodka stocks for hostel nights, he was very experienced regarding this, as though he belonged to Mumbai, but the last 3 years he was in Kota, Rajasthan, for IIT-JEE preparation, moreover Deepak was his study-mate as they both were in same batch, We then went for a night-show, Terminator, awsm movie it was, & then we drove

back to the campus, I didn't want to sleep that complete day, Arjun & Deepak were unable to sleep, in memories of their family, I could read their faces, feeling the love one gets from his family, Then to utilize time, we played football, then Ludo & at last about 5:00 a.m. we went for bed, awsm day it was, I was completely tired, but still I couldn't sleep, Vodka made Arjun to sleep & Deepak tears helped him to sleep, but about 6:30 a.m. I was recollecting my early life, then I couldn't resist my eyes & they covered themselves

Yaadi," Yaar, No one can enjoy more than you 3 did, when it comes to first day of you college, You went for India Gate, Terminator, Vodka & Pepsi too, What else can one want....."

Chirag,"Yaar, The second day was even more interesting" "

Yaadi," Second day, after going to bed about 6:30 a.m., How can one expect to go for second day..."

Chirag," Ya, that what just happened, When I woke-up, It was about 11:00 p.m. there at clock, with no Arjun & Deepak besides me, They already had gone for their classes, in hurry, I took a quick

shower & about 11:30 I was there, one of class-room according to the time-table, one of the lecturer was shouting at a girl, for being 25 minutes late for the first lecture, suddenly broking the silence, I entered & as a consequence he directed his machine-gun to me & after 5 minutes of continuous scolding, we both were expelled from that lecture, I took a 180 degree turn & quickly left the class with no regretting face as if It was my father's college, & she too was coming behind me, I was going towards ECE canteen & suddenly, a known voice came.....

"So you are not a Driver, Haan?" She enquired.

I turned back, Oh, she was Drishti Jain, I replied her back," This is Chirag Garg, from Ghaziabad."

"Please, Clear my confusion, You are Driver or Student or Both ?...", She asked impatiently.

I didn't want to answer that question, otherwise I would have to share my past with her, which I didn't want, I was just keep on walking, At ECE canteen, I asked her," Pepsi or Mirinda ?"

"First answer....",She replied.

I(To shop owner),"Give her a Limca.....""

Yaadi,"Great ab khushiyaan Limca se bhi badhti hain, Haan? Awsm Yaar, then what happened?"

Chirag," I took a Coke, We both headed towards library, But she was continuously asking for answer, After all there was someone who had spent ½ an hour with me, without knowing my reality, then how could I deny her, I made her aware of my reality, & then what happened, which still I am living with, After knowing the reality I was living with, she put her hand on my hand, consoled me as no one can console me, Even Yaadi you can't, Suddenly changing the track, she asked me to Bunk the whole day, with my enfield (Which she called my girl-friend), A guy with 1313 & a girl with 1780 rank in JEE, were bunking the first-day of college..... We were genius, & Genius never bother about class, they bother about their performance, about their lives, their world, As to be a good performer, you should be a person with big-heart first..... "

With this Chirag fetches his guitar, shares a note with Yaadi.....

"Ik ajnabi sa chehra, rehta hai meri nazar me....

Ik dard aake thehra, din raat dard-e-jigar me..."

Yaadi," Great Bhai, Pehla hi din Bunk, Genius...
Genius..... How was she looking?"

Chirag," It is always impossible for me to describe her, I can't, you can't describe about one, about one whose eyes restricts you to them, whose smile makes you feel like the time has stopped for you, whose voice takes you to the heaven, whose presence is just only thing which you want from your complete life....."

Yaadi," I got it Bro, But just tell me, how was her clothing style, How did you both celebrate that first Bunk....."

Chirag," Let me try, She was having a jean, a T-Shirt, showing her madness towards music with some guitar notes painted at back saying I Love Music, Might be this or something other responsible for my love towards music, You have to find, Anyway, I ran towards hostel like a rocket launcher, to fetch my Enfield, thinking about its luckiness for me, within few minutes, I placed it in front of her, she occupied back seat, I was feeling

as the God is giving back my life, I kicked it furiously, Enfield's voice made her little bit afraid, to this she put her hands on my shoulders, How lucky I was, Now it was my responsibility to take her for an awsm ride, I made her introduce several places like Jantar-Mantar, Qutub-Minar, Red Fort, Lotus Temple as she was new to this, as she was from Maharashtra. We tasted several street-works, ice-creams, Dosa, Bhaturreiy, Tikki-Chaant etc a lot...., It will be correct to say, that day we were moving with 3 things, 1st was food, 2nd was new places & 3rd was our growing friendship..... I didn't want my wrist watch to run, I wanted that moment to freeze forever, but you can't, you can't freeze the moments, the good time, the time you are living at peak of happiness, joys a lot & reality associated with the good time is that it never remains 'good', after driving about 4 hours & a lot of full-toooo masti, At about 6:00 p.m., I dropped her at girl's Hostel & she pointed her finger to one of the room, precisely Room No.-13 calling her room just in front of mine, Chanakya's 13, I also made her introduce to my room by pointing the finger, She thanked me for giving her that day about 2 years of

continuously studies for entrance, But it was me who had to say thanks to her for giving me that day since my birth, I wanted to say thanks to her but I couldn't, For the first time, it was very different, very new feeling for me, when there was no words left for me to use, all I could give was a smiling face, I kicked my bike, this time very lightly as my heart-beat had stopped, I dove back to the hostel..... "

Yaadi, " Oh! My Hero!, You were nearly died haan ?, Hahaa..... Even you were unable to say thanks to her....., Did my iron-boy rust ???? "

Chirag," I still don't know what was it, but whatever it was, it was my life's best gift, After parking, my bike, I reached my room, without caring about anything, I went straight to window, Ya... Yipeee... There was she, she was using her Laptop, with headphones, I was thinking that, what she would be feeling about my behavior to her, more accurately about me, Suddenly Arjun called for me, I behaved as if I was just taking some fresh air, when I entered in my room, Arjun & Deepak both were studying..... What the f**k, they started studies, from the very first day, I shouted on them with

some friendly words, which you often use with your buddies, Deepak (Mechanical Engineering student) was copying class-notes to fair registers, Arjun(ECE student) was doing some sort of assignment, He told me that we had to submit it by tomorrow, Again what the f**k, the very first day of our academic session & we were burdened with assignments, Now I got to know, why everyone gives special emphasis on engineering word, Assignments greets your first day, I was not going to complete it, frustrating from that trend, I left the room again, I kicked enfield & drove straight to OAT (Open Air Theater : Some sort of open air in engineering college, which lowers the burden of word engineering, where you can relax yourself)"

With this, Chirag throws the 4th bud & goes to the kitchen.....

Cigarette: 5

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

12 Dec, 2012 ; 10:00 p.m..

Chirag lights his 5th cigarette, In kitchen he is frying rice, preparing Sand-witches, a coffee cup, with a plate decorated with all these food items, he comes out.....

Thank God! Engineering colleges have some places like OAT, where you can relax yourself, I was just parking my bike, A voice came.....

“Hey, You Park it & come fast here.”, One unknown face asked.

“O.K.”, I replied.

They were seniors might be 2nd, 3rd year, there was a junior, of my year... He was telling them an essay on ‘Taj Mahal’, They asked him to make 5 sentence on it..... & He was trying to make as –

1. Taj Mahal was built by Shajahaan, in memory of his wife.
2. Taj Mahal is made up of marble.
3. Taj Mahal is situated in Agra, U.P..
4. Every year, lot of tourist visit Taj Mahal.

5. Taj Mahal is among the top 7 wonders of the world.....

But to my surprise they were laughing at each sentence, I was feeling that after spending 1 or 2 years at AIT, they became mad as they were laughing furiously at simple sentences, But I too laughed when, one of them asked the same boy to use 2 words, " MY _____ " (Author : You can fill it by your choice, which can make you laugh a lot..... lolz.....) instead of Taj Mahal, & repeat the sentence.....

He repeated the sentences as....

1. MY _____ was built by Shajahaan, in memory of his wife.
2. MY _____ is made up of marble.
3. MY _____ is situated in Agra, U.P..
4. Every year, lot of tourist visit MY _____ .
5. MY _____ is among the top 7 wonders of the world.....

This time they were laughing, not just laughing but dancing, enjoying his each sentence 1 by 1, I was stood still, with no emotions on my face, One of them asked me to take a sip of a burning cigarette,

I simply refused as I had no smoking experience till then, They were behaving as my refusal had invited a storm for me, I simply warned them, that I am not here for their enjoyment, I am here for my enjoyment, So, I requested them to provide way to me & the same boy , They couldn't resist my harsh proposal, they allowed him to leave but not me, as one of the senior wanted my bike's ride, Too this I could refuse also but the way he requested, I gave him the key, Some of the seniors then interacted with me, they were not so serious as they were pretending, One of the senior again urged me to take a sip, knowing me a wealthy fellow, I again refused, Then he told me the significance of cigarette to one's life, He told.....

Cigarette is something, which kisses your lips, very softly, it burns to tackle your pain, some hard-kissers complete up its length in few minutes, Some swift-kissers take their time they make smoke to exit out in circles, In engineering or in this life, we pass through very situations when we are all alone, there is no one for caring us, we kisses it & being a very true partner it plays its role, it will never leave you till death, though you may betray her , It's true

*that it will take your life, it will exponentially subtract seconds from your life, & ya it should be, it's we are who, who choose her, but what's our fault, We have no such true loving partner like her, I am a smoker, No it's wrong to say, the correct should be like, My girl friend name is 'CIGARETTE', It is simple she loves me & I love her, The only thing I need from her is **Just One Word, Love.....***

Smoking is injurious to health , This novel is a complete fiction, written just to entertain you....

The way he defined the 'cigarette' by giving so much emphasize to word 'LOVE', made me mad, without wasting even a single second, a kissed her for the very first time, it was very amazing feeling, initially I was inexperienced, I choked my throat, But later it was so simple & easy, Even this feeling urged me to kiss at least a cigarette every day, I just thanked that senior, realizing that once he might have gone through the same world, which I had I took my keys back & drove straight to the hostel....

On the very next morning, I woke up early, I dressed well, you can say it for Drishti, Along with Arjun & Deepak, I left for Breakfast, Milk was very

cold, Bread was half-baked, no clue of salt, But still it was tasting excellent in company of friends, Deepak took way for ME block & Arjun & I, diverted towards ECE block, First 2 lectures were very boring, 1st of thermodynamics, 2nd of chemistry, 3rd one of Information Technology whose teacher had expelled me from last class asked for assignment, I was guillotined again, Even Drishti after spending a lot of time with me last day, had made it complete, these girls can do everything, it is always we boys who suffer, As a consequence, I was expelled again.....

This thing went for the whole semester, I was continuously expelled by one or other professor, in crime of incomplete assignment, asking questions, staring outside window or staring at someone, coming late... I was just remembering my school-days, I had never expelled from the class for such reasons, Engineering classes instead of teaching technology, teaches you the discipline & rules & regulation most, However I was trying to tackle them all with one cigarette at night about 12:30 a.m. at hostel terrace secretly, But in this there was a sort of enjoyment, As it made me happy to do my

work in my own ways, I hardly completed any project, even my Physics, Chemistry practical files were completely red, Just because I hadn't shown x,y axis in graph or I forgot to mention date of experiment, Why they don't give so much importance to experiment instead of giving it to file, They hardly teach anything & expect us to give them answers which they like, Even if one dares to give them some correct explanation, his marks gets subtracted for giving extra-explanation, may be this sort of behavior makes you independent, you now start study by your own, may be this is what Engineering makes us, self-dependent.....

The first semester was coming to an end, what I just know was my subject names, how to make file, how to behave during viva time, how to decorate assignments, how to beg for short attendance, what the word mass-bunk makes you feel, even TOPA Technology which we adopt to make engineering sheets in just 25 minutes, not a bad deal it sounds....

Only 1 week was left for our end semester examination, Deepak was studying as if he got less than 9 pointer, he would be buried alive straight 100 feet deep, Arjun was a cool fellow, he hardly

took any tension, he used to study for very short, he was clever too, instead of going through the complete syllabus, he prefer to study selectively....

I was not giving any importance to exam, as the subject I had read were PCM, with proper reasons & concepts but in Engineering, there was no scope for concept, If there was some then in front of the vast syllabus it was small, There were things you can't understand, if you tried it would take a complete day of yours, so we prefer to leave it, It was just mixed, So instead of reading those books, I used to go through yet another book, Facebook, During that time, There was not even a single status from any student, It was looking like all AIT students had deactivated their accounts for that exams period, It was around 2:00 a.m. Still, all the hostel lights were on, everyone was focusing on their studies, No one was looking outside there at campus, all were there in their hostel-rooms, I took my laptop & went to terrace, I first completed my cigarette & with the help of binoculars, I focused it to Drishti's room, she was doing something on her laptop, I was a regular visitor of her facebook id (with M. Jackson's Image at her profile picture

column), But you know girls, they almost hide everything except their profile picture, which you can't click, their college name, their current city & a one line sentence describing themselves..... I gathered strength & I sent her request, about 4 months after our first meeting, & suddenly It got accepted, Oh My God, I again focused the binoculars, she might be using Facebook on her Laptop, She was online, Before I could type anything, a chat column appears, showing Drishti Jain at top.....

Drishti," Hi 😊"

Chirag," Hi 😊 😊 "

Drishti," Howz ur preparation ?"

Chirag," Just thinking about, when should I start ?"

Drishti," Wht r u saying??? U hvn't started ?"

Chirag," I don't know about our syllabus....."

Drishti," Oh freak! Get it from Arjun, I had sent him.... He is also online....."

Chirag," O.K., I'll take, & u needn't worry he is my roomy....."

Drishti," Wht, he never told me about you....."

I was just shocked, might be Arjun was a boy who hardly liked to talk about the things which are not relevant to him at a particular time.....

Chirag," May be you haven't asked him..... So you both are just friends or"

(Just to clear my doubt, was something going between them.....)

Drishti, " R u mad ???? What else can you think except friends....."

Chirag (Changing the track)," No, I just want to know that you both are from same city, same school (St. Martha Public school), You may know each other very well..... "

Drishti," So, How do you know about my school ?? Do you talk about me with Arjun ??? "

Chirag," No... No.... No..... I never talked about you with anyone, I just read your school-name, there at your profile..... & neither Arjun had ever talked about you with me..... So tell howz ur preparation ????????"

Drishti," Just today I have completed Now revising....."

Chirag," Completed what....????"

Drishti," Obviously yaar, Syllabus....."

Chirag," Compete Syllabus..... ???"

Drishti," Haan, Yaar.... Tera bhi ho jayega, Tension na le....."

How fast these girls are, I don't know syllabus & she had completed it with one week in hand, Kitna padhti hain ye.....

Chirag," Ek baat bolu....."

Drishti," Bol na, Bindass....."

Chirag," Thanks....."

Drishti," Bas..... Haha... Ab ye bhi bta de, ki kis liye.....? 😊"

Chirag," For giving me that day, It was the day for which I was living for..... Thanks again....."

Drishti," Hey! Hey! Hey!, Why are you so formal.... Yaar, it was not only you who enjoyed, I too was on the same train..... I hv to say thnk to u....."

Chirag," Achha ek baat aur bolu..... Nhi balki ek sach aur bolu....."

Drishti," Sach me ab thappad maar dunggi, jo bolna hai seedhey bol..... Dubara permission maangi to aagey k daant nhi rahengeiy....."

Chirag," Us din se pehley, itna khush apney aap ko pehleiy mainey kabhi nhi dekha tha, main nhi jaanta vo kya tha, par vo jo kuch bhi tha, mai usiey vaisey hi chahunga,..... Kya kisi ki nazriey dekhney k baad koi so nhi sakta, kya kisi ki ek musqaan tumhariy saariy zakhmo par marhum lagaa sakti hai..... Jo mainey feel kiya, vo bayaan kiya hai & one truth more, You are so beautiful....."

I typed all this and pressed enter, I was very afraid, Quickly I logged-out, as I had no strength to face her.... I was focusing using binoculars, She was sitting on the chair & Now, she was reading what I typed, She smiled, Ya she smiled.....

She went to her bed along with laptop, there was a smile on her face, a smile for which I started living for, Now she was typing, without making that smile to fade out, I again logged-in, seeing that she was

happy too.....There was a message, & she had off-lined.....

Drishti," Oh, My goodness, Yaar tu vaisa nhi hai jaisa maine socha tha, ek rich boy jo bas apni life-style se pareshaan hai, jiskey apniy koi emotions nhi hain, But yaar you are completely different as equally as you look different, & yaar you writes like a poet, lines full of love & sentiments, Tu itna hi chahta hai na ki koi tere saath time spend kariey, Yaar fir ye dost kab kaam aayegi, & one thing more I also likes your company, Tension na le exam over ho jaane de, fir kahin ghumney chalengey.....

Chal ab soja.....

Gud Nyt..... Take car..... Sweet dreams..... 😊 😊"

Was I dreaming..... No, It was reality, I could feel 12 degree Celsius temperature at hostel terrace, She was preparing for sleep, but I couldn't, I just laid down, there at hostel terrace, staring continuously at her, that whole complete night.....

With this Chirag throws the 5th bud & makes himself ready for 6th one.....

Cigarette: 6

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

12 Dec, 2012 ; 11:00 p.m..

Yaadi," This is not fair Friend, You were too busy with the last cigarette, even you didn't allow me to speak....."

Chirag," Sorry Dear, I got just little bit deep, Again sorry for that..... After all I was passing through two things simultaneously, One is this *cigarette* & second one is *Drishti*....."

Yaadi," Oh! This was how your first complete introduction went with your lovely *cigarette* & *Drishti*..... So what next was waiting for you...."

Chiraag," Ya, it was surely a good night for me, but that night gifted me a high fever in return, But it was a fair deal to me, I also started studying with Arjun, though it was boring but I had no options, I downloaded some guitar tutorials & started practicing them at night, with same venue : Hostel Terrace + Binoculars, as after exams I wanted to present a song to Drishti, I was learning guitar very fast, faster than Electrical subject, Guitar makes you feel like you are the one whom this world

demanding for, My binoculars gifted me Drishti's daily routine, her each & every moment I was living too....."

Yaadi," Great yaar, Agar binoculars ki discovery hui nhi hoti, to tu zaruur kar deta..... "

Chirag," Hahaha.... Now it was the time for exams, one by one without any break, each day I found myself to be cut in several pieces, even I was trying to collect just 40 marks, to make the subjects clear, It was just set pattern, some derivations, numerical with invalid data, theoretical portion like we were studying History etc, Just opposite to what we studied in 11th & 12th, If you are 'Born-Engineer' then & only then, you can cope up with such papers, At the end of that week, like an eclipse for me, I was nearly died & even this was not over, it was again time for practicals, where the worst part I felt was viva, they never taught like they took viva, they asked questions like they had taught you everything, every aspect of that subject..... I tried but I surrendered in front of their questions, With each practical ending there, I was feeling the ray of hope declaring the end of first semester, with complete freedom....."

Yaadi," Ya, I know how it feels, after spending weeks like this, you find yourself very relaxed, So Then after exams ????"

Chirag," After exams, again my chat inbox became green, almost every student of AIT was online that day, So, was Drishti, I remembered her promise, promise that she would spend time with me, I typed..... "

Chirag," Hi Drishti !!!!!!"

Drishti," Hi, How were d xams ?????"

(Why these girls just don't leave the exams, Every time they make the boys like us feel sad, we expect them to talk about something about life, they still make us stick at exams)

Chirag," Just managed to cross the border....."

Drishti," Border.....???? "

Chirag," I mean to say, 40 marks.... Anyway r u doing something tonight ?????"

Drishti," Just packing the things, Daddy has made reservation for me & Arjun is also joining me too, from New Delhi, day after tomorrow...."

Chirag," This is not fair, You had promised me naaa..... & Now you & Arjun going home, Deepak is also leaving tonight, Why can't you all celebrate 1st sem end with me..... ???? I'll become alone again....."

Drishti," Sorry yaar, Dad's call, I can't do anything, Koi nhi yaar kal ka pura din to hai, hamare pass, We will make it rock....."

Chirag," Bas 1 din....."

Drishti," Don't take it as 1 day, take it as 24 hours....
😊😊😊😊"

Chirag, " Accha ye baat, to fir theek kai, Let it make 24*60*60 seconds..... "

Drishti," Ha ha ha....."

Chirag," & 1 thing more be ready for a surprise... See you sharp at 7:00 a.m. at OAT....."

Drishti," Sure, I love surprises..... I'll wait, Just tell me, How would you like me to dressed-up with...."

Chirag," Just be as simple as you are, My friend Drishti jain..... O.K..... Gud nyt.... 😊😊 Acheiy se packing kar lo..... Ab disturb nhi karunga....."

Drishti," Cool, Gud Nyt.... 😊 Just waiting for tomorrow..... 😊 😊....."

That complete night, I couldn't sleep, I went to terrace, enjoyed a cigarette, put fire over some wooden logs & started practicing the song which I wanted to present her as surprise with guitar notes.....

Yaadi," Oh! So Nice!, How were you feeling? More importantly, which song you were gifting her.. ?? "

Chirag," I can't express those feelings in words, all I could do was just practice as hard as was possible for me, I continued that session till 4:00 a.m. like as tomorrow was my JEE exam, I'm sure if I would had studied like this for my semester exams, I surely had got a pointer of 10, Anyway I quickly responded to alarm for the first time in my life at 5:30 a.m., I practiced my song again, She was still sleeping (My binoculars told me), I went for a quick shower, I dressed myself as best as I could, Arjun was also dressing himself, My driver had already parked Tata Sumo on my call at time, I along with Arun & my guitar boarded into it & drove straight to OAT, There she was, looking as pretty as always, as calm

as always, Even often it became impossible for me to break eye contact with her, She too boarded in, with me & Arjun at front & she at back, Now it was my responsibility to make a day for them, specifically for her, I boosted my car straight to, **Appu Ghar Amusement Park, Pragati Maidan** : it is probably one of the first amusement park with so many rides and is quite popular among families.... I just wanted to ride with her, we went for several rides, we all 3 screamed, shouted, laughed & enjoyed a lot, We tasted lots of food items, ice-creams.... Arjun showed his one of the form, he was very good in mimicking, He was copying various film-stars, about first 6 hours were so amazing that they passed like a second, then I headed my car to **Dilli Haat** : Dilli Haat is a combination of food plaza and craft bazaar located in the heart of Delhi, I gifted some craft works to Arjun & Drishti, We enjoyed the flavor of Chaant, Then to relax, I diverted the car towards **Lotus Temple** :It is the temple built in a flowerlike shape and hence commonly known as Lotus temple, It is the Bahai community Temple, What an awsm place it is, we experienced complete silence, even if you know

about meditation, you can feel your heart beat, then after making ourselves cool & calm, it was time to give her surprise, I drove straight to Dublin Club, where the party was on, Everyone was busy in rocking the floor, I made Arjun to busy there, He too responded to it, he was like an all-rounder, he was dancing like a professional Hip-hop dancer, but the point to focus was her, I asked her to come with me to just enjoy the fresh air outside the club, She smiled, She too was waiting for the surprise, I gifted her a small key-ring guitar with Drishti written at its back, I took my guitar from car, I sat down on knees & with guitar I sung 4 lines which I had prepared for her.....

*"Maine Sada Chaaha Yehi
Daaman Bacha Loon Haseenon Se Main
Teri Kasam Khwaabon Mein Bhi
Bachta Fira Naazneenon Se Main
Tauba Magar Mil Gayi Tujhse Nazar
Mil Gaya Dard-E-Jigar*

*Sun Zara O Bekhabar
Zara Sa Haske Jo Dekha Tune
Main Tera Bismil Ho Gaya
Gulaabi Aankhen Jo Teri Dekhi
Sharaabi Yeh Dil Ho Gaya
Sambhaalo Mujhko O Mere Yaaron
Sambhalna Mushkil Ho Gaya....."*

Yaadi," Solid Bro, Pura gaa diya ??? Maan gaye....
Kya reaction tha uska ??? Vo to fida ho gayi hogi....
Jaldi bta....."

Chirag,"I too expected the same, but first she clapped & then she started laughing, laughing like I joked in front of her..... She told that my voice was awsm but not the way I played guitar as my guitar notes were not matching with words, then to my surprise, She asked me to sing again & she started playing the guitar, like she was playing it since birth..... (What is this haan, these girls are even better than boys..... Is there any field where they haven't reached.....), I was feeling totally ashamed of myself, my whole practice session was there shattered into pieces.... She further made me aware about the fact that she was a very good guitarist during her school-days, even Arjun suddenly came & started exploring her performances at St. Martha, even he accepted that he too was a fan of her, the way she used to play guitar, was something different for others, Though the whole complete day went awsm with wonderful start but not the end, all I could do was just to drive back to AIT....."

Yaadi," Hard Luck haan... But who can expect her to be an excellent guitarist, Kuch bhi keh yaar Ladki takkar ki thi..... Then next day, How did you bid them farewell? "

Chirag,"Ya you can say it as Hard Luck, but I don't consider it to be hard, as when I dropped her at girl's hostel (after dropping Arjun), seeing my face sad, she told that she knew how much I had practiced for her, as she knew guitar is not so simple as it sounds, She appreciated my hard-work & to my surprise She promised me that she would teach me guitar from second semester..... At that moment I was on the top of heaven, not only because she would teach me guitar, but mainly because I would spend time with her, Oh! That promise, That promise increased my wait for arrival of 2nd semester, I just said bye & turned back towards car, But suddenly she hugged me, I was puzzled with no emotions, I didn't know how to react, Then she said thanks to me for giving her that day, & much more for that wonderful song..... "

With this Chirag starts dancing, he is unaware of the condition he is living with, he is feeling as if he is there at ALT, just close to Drishti, He is humming

the same song which he dedicated to her, he finds himself very relaxed & he is appreciating his decision, decision of sharing his written copy with Yaadi, as by this mean he is able to live again.....

Yaadi," Yaar, Sach me usiey teri aawaaz pasand aayi, Balley-Balley.... Teri practice zaaya nhi gayi.... Mai uus lamheiy ko mehsuus kr skta hun....."

Chirag," That was one of the best moment of my Life....."

Chirag went to Bedroom & comes up with another photo album, He shows Yaadi each & every photo of that day one by one, Even he is so busy in showing those photos that he forgets to kiss his burning cigarette, he is describing each & every photo in detail, There at rides, at Dilli Haat, at Lotus Temple, at song dedication.....

Chirag," I wish, I could freeze that moment, But this almighty doesn't allow anyone to freeze moments of joys, otherwise how would one be aware with feeling of sorrows, If there is no bad time, then how would one say a time to be good..... Anyhow I told her that I will drop her to the station along with Arjun tomorrow, by giving her smile, I came

back to hostel room, I was feeling drowned, as something is moving away from me, there would not be someone's presence from tomorrow, Arjun had done his packing, he was sleeping as the whole day had made us exhausted, I went to terrace, there she was, there she was smiling in front of mirror, packing happily his remaining articles, she was very happy, It was difficult for me to judge her mental state, she was happy because of me or because of going home back, you can't predict any girl's mental state, She made light off, It made me impatient, tomorrow she wouldn't be in front of my eyes, what else would I do.... This thought made me restless & invited me for the first time to go for half a dozen cigarettes consecutively, one by one I finished the whole packet & again in memory of her, I went for sleep, Next morning Arjun was there with all his things packed, I done my packing too, we along with Drishti (who this time sat beside me, Arjun at back) drove towards station, But I was not making any eye-contact with her, even I was trying to focus my mind straight to the steering wheel & road outside, as I didn't want to carry the memories of her to the graveyard back, within 45 minutes,

station arrived, I helped her in carrying her articles, I didn't want to go with them to the train, but I couldn't resist myself when she asked me to company her to the train, we were discussing about the ups, downs, sweet & sour memories came along with end of 1st sem, With a loud horn, their train arrived, Arjun along with Drishti (My heart piece) boarded into it, with a jerk train accelerated, she was waving her hand, I was just smiling, Arjun once saluted, But what happened to me, I started running, finding her to be going away from me, I was running as fast as I could, remembering me my early days at football court, She was yelling at me to stop, But I didn't, I matched my speed with her window & with full strength I asked for her phone number, She replied, "" Achha ab yaad aa rha hai, pehley nhi maang sakta tha, its 9911..... ", only I heard first 4 digits, as train accelerated more & I lost the race, but I kept on running just to get her smile untill the platform ended...."

Yaadi," Yaar itni jaldi, koi kisi se itna pyaar kaisey kar sakta hai, sirf 4 mahino me, Yaar tu to tuut gya hoga, sab ghar jaakar khush hoteiy hain, par ghar par to tere liye kuch bacha hi nhi tha..... "

Suddenly Chirag becomes sad, a little bit depressed with emotions, even he forgets to use graveyard instead of word 'ghar', he kisses the same golden chain with 'C+D' marked on it, remembering someone, He is using the same laptop, he is visiting someone's profile, looking like Drishti Sharma's profile, There is a time line cover, It is looking like a complete family, there is a married women with her husband, along with a small daughter & a son..... There is a guitar's image there at profile picture, Chirag is kissing that married women, his eyes turned wet again, he suddenly logged out..... He is moving to & fro in the room, He washes his face, He is now combing his hair, giving them a gentle style, His eyes are looking red but tears have stopped falling, He is using his guitar, he is humming songs to make him feel better, Now he is looking fine, He is continuously staring at cigarette packet, he takes out another cigarette & lights it.....

Cigarette: 7

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

13 Dec, 2012 ; 12:00a.m..

Yaadi," Hey buddy, My Rockstar, Leave it Yaar, So tell me, How did you feel on returning to that graveyard haan... ??"

Yaadi," Speak Bro, otherwise I'll not talk to you....."

Chirag," I'm just coming, Please wait for me....."

Chirag again opens his laptop, He updates a status at facebook.....

'I'm going to marry tonight.... '

Like this status will help him to console himself.....

He finds himself completely fine, after updating that 'sentence', He goes back to Yaadi & continues the conversation.....

Chirag," Ya, I drove back straight to backyard again, But this time there were several changes, My father had became even more busy, My mom was at some tour since last week, There were some new faces in servants, I was feeling very pathetic that night, Hostel terrace had made me habitual of open space at top of a building from where

everything looks calm & clear, I went to my terrace put fire on wooden pieces & started taking revenge with guitar, I practiced very hard in order to prove myself to her, But next morning was little different, My status at end of sem had made all my school friends aware of the fact that I was currently in Ghaziabad, They in a group came to my house with various gifts, enjoying my return back, But what I never expected was, among them there was one old face, It was Mayank, with a pen as Gift to me, I behaved normally as I used to behave with them & him too, but this time I didn't give him any importance, Mentally I was feeling very relaxed now but my heart was not supporting mental state, However along with friends you can have reasons to avoid your heart, We all gossiped about the changes in ourselves, in our life-styles, about engineering colleges, that we were all experiencing, We met teachers whose role was very crucial in building the foundation for us, we were looking each other & remembering about the school days, Meenakshi, Radhika, Sneha, Srishti all were completely changed, some with medical colleges & some with B.Sc courses, all were looking

very beautiful with different hair-styles, but not beautiful than Drishti (Thinking to myself), Then we went to play Golf, at my Dad's farm House, We enjoyed & this went continuously for one week, During day-time friends company filled the void of my heart, but at late-night, I needed her company, Even she hadn't used facebook since a long, Last time she had used was at AIT, One day, I logged in as usual to visit her profile, She uploaded some pics (Pics of our last trip with me & Arjun, Drishti) the same day, means she had used facebook that day, but there was no message in my inbox, But ya, in notifications she tagged me in those images, It was about 1:00 a.m., She came online..... I didn't type anything but I eagerly waiting for her message.... As I expected....."

Drishti," Hi, Chiru..... 😊 😊"

(Why this girls use Chiru, Chiru is like sweet for them or Chirag makes them angry.....)

Chirag," Hi, But aaj muje kaisey yaad kar liya, haan? Aur ye Chiru kya laga rakha hai....."

Drishti," Ariey le le le, mera baabu mujhse naaraaz hai, Mai kya ek dost honeiy k naateiy koi nick-name nhi de sakti....."

Her way of speaking, always makes me her fan, I spit my anger within seconds & In fact, I can't treat her rudely any long, at any cost.....

Chirag," Yaar Nhi bas, Kisi k intzaar me ye palkeiy thak gain thi, is nadaan ko abhi ruthna sahi se nhi aata, ye maasuum is dil ki sun khud ko kaed kar baithta hai..... "

Drishti," Hmmm..... Yaar raat ko tujhey kya ho jaata hai, din bhar tu normal rehta hai, aur raat ko ek saath shayar ban jaata hai.... Kya baat hai, hum bhi to jaanein....."

Chirag," Is sawaal ka jawaab to mai bhi dhundh rha hun, shayad ho sakta hai, raat me mai apne dimaag kin hi dil ki sunta hun....."

Drishti," Is dil ki baat ham bhi to jaaneiy ye kya kehna chahta hai....."

Chirag,"To theek hai, mai koshish karta hun.....

Lamhey ko tairtiy hui kashti me musqurate huey dekha,

Kal kuch paa lene ki aas ko sapno me yun sawarte huey dekha....

Kuch sach ye dil haqiqat bayaan kar dene ki chahat rakhta hai,

Bas jab se us chehrey par khilti hui hasi ko dekha.....”

Drishti,” Nice lines Yaar..... Tere saath jo bhi rahegi hamesha Khush Rahegi, you are a nice guy, even best when it comes to heart..... Pta nhi vo kismat waali kaun hogi..... ”

(Are these girls completely mad? I’m dedicating to her & she can’t see my love for her, She is replying like I’m interested in one of her friend, instead of her.... God knows what these girls are, impossible for me to define , Even you don’t try, you will also remain unanswered.....)

Her reply confused me, Now, I couldn’t be more straight forward than I was. I just typed....

Chirag,” Arey yaar itney din se kahaan thi, koi message to kar sakti thi.....”

Drishti,” Sorry.... Very very Sorry for that, I was on trip with my family, Goa, & you know Arjun’s family too have joined us, His father & my father are business partners, He is a very cool guy, He dances like my favorite M.J., even he taught me M.J.’s signature step, You know, we played volley-ball at

beach, it was just excellent tour..... I wish, you would have joined us, then it would be....."

I was just shattered into pieces, I had no words to type, Even it became impossible for me to say Gud Nyt to her, I tried my best to manage.....

Chirag," Yaar need bahut aa rahi hai, Chal soney jaa raha hun, Gud Nyt....."

Drishti," O.K. Gud Nyt, Sweet dreams..... Take care..... 😊 😊 😊 😊....."

I made myself offline, though I didn't logged it out, I said to her that I'm going to sleep, But reality was that I couldn't sleep, even at about 3:00 a.m. all went for sleep, My chat box was showing only two persons online & as I expected, they were Arjun & Drishti, My whole facebook friends who were never my friends were sleeping & my best friends were still their giving the company, not to me but to each other.....

Yaadi," Yaar hud hoti hai, tunhey bhi dil diya to kisey, tu yahaan in lakkdiyoein k saath jal rha tha aur vo vahan Volleyball enjoy kar raheiy they, tujhey guitar sikhaaney ki jagah khud Dance seekh rahi hai..... Mujhse aankhein mila, Yaar apney chehrey ko dekh jitna tu us par nhi marta utna tujh par kitni ladkiyaan fidaa hoti hongy, is baat ka

andaaza hai tujhey..... Yaar tujhey khud ko pyaar karna chahiye tha na ki usey, jise teri har baat sirf ek baat hi lagti thi.....”

Chirag,” Tu bilkul bachha hai, kaafi nadaan aur nasamajh hai, Yaar agar ye Ishq karna apney bus me hi hota na, fir ye aashiqui nhi hoti, ye sirfira pan nhi hota, koi zidd nhi hoti, jeeney ki wajah nhi hoti, Dil sirf jeeney k liye dhadhkata, saans kuch mehsoos nhi kiya kar sakti..... Yaar, Kaash kisi tutteiy hue taareiy se uska saath maanga hota, Kaash kisi mandir-masjid par uske saath saat janmo tk jeeney k waadiey kiye hoteiy.... Kaash.....”

Yaadi,” Hey, don’t regret, if you believe in God, then believe everything gonna be alright.....”

Chirag,” No, Nothing can be alright, Time has done its work, All I & you can do is live till last breathe... ”

Yaadi,” Then Buddy, why aren’t you enjoying your girl-friend (cigarette) in hand, She is all yours..... Leave Drishti.... Yaar..... & Continue the journey, Complete it in time

Chirag by his own last sentence provides himself consolation, He is well set to witness his day, His birthday, Ya it’s 13,December,2012.... Chirag & Yaadi’s Birthday, Chirag closes the copy by putting a pen in between those pages, he was on, he goes

to kitchen & brings a cake piece, & starts celebrating his birthday.....

Chirag," Happy Birthday To You, Yaadi..... Happy Birthday To You....."

Yaadi," Happy Birthday To You, Chirag..... Happy Birthday To You....."

Chirag starts dancing, He is praying in front of his mother's photo with flowers all around, symbolizing that she is no more, He is thanking her for giving him birth, He is sending a message to his father," Love u Dad, Missing you now.....", He is again dancing, enjoying that cake piece, He again takes his position in front of mirror & starts the journey again.....

Chirag," Yaadi, where were we ???"

Yaadi," Your vacations were about to finish, & now you knew How to play guitar, even much better than her, as you had practiced a lot....."

Chirag," Ya, O.K., I got it, With 2nd sem, I determined myself that I'll make her fall in my love, I'll try my best to show how much I love her, But the first thing I had to make sure was, whether my roomy Arjun loved her or not, It was the first day of second sem at Hostel, Deepak was this time little bit fat, as he had enjoyed his vacations a lot, Arjun

was with a completely different looks, unlike that of 1st sem, might be it was Goa's air, We exchanged a lot of chats that night, even Deepak told us about a girl with whom he was in secret relationship from class 10th, we were very frank this time, you can call The hostel Life was just begun for us right from the second sem, I indirectly asked questions to Arjun just to check he loves her or not, But to my surprise he strictly refused to love her, In straight voice he told me that they were just friends from school and nothing more, moreover he told me about the girl in our class Harshita Negi, whom he liked, clearing the way for me, How wrong I was about Drishti..... I hurriedly took my binoculars & went to terrace to get a glimpse of her, That night I didn't smoke, I made a promise to myself if Drishti will accept my Love, I will never smoke..... She had already gone for sleep, but now I was desperately waiting for the next morning to come, During class time, I grasped the seat behind her & after lunch she was sitting just next to me, I reminded her about the promise of teaching me the guitar, She asked me to come with guitar at 7:00 p.m. at OAT, I was there at sharp 6:55 p.m., waiting for her with Uncle-Chips & coke, She was 5 minutes late but she was with her guitar, She started teaching me, I was behaving as I was a duffer when it comes to learn guitar, so that she could spend more time with me, though now I

could play it more sexier than her, this went for about 1 month, everything was going on my way, I was leaving my impressions on her, even we started conversation on phone for very long, Not only guitar but now subjects like C,C++, Engineering materials etc she used to teach me, approximately 12 hours a day we used to spend together, & remaining hours, I used to spend with her too at night at terrace, My continuous love for terrace made Deepak aware about what was going with my heart, He once asked me how much I love her, I just replied," If you want, you can check it by marking a cut to my heart, all you will find is her name, It will be a sum of Chiraag+Drishti (C+D)....., She is vision to me....."Further, I asked him to let it secret between him & me, So that, I could propose her, when right time came..... Now life was going my way, Even now when you have a sweet caring partner like her engineering can't make you feel burdened, Even her love made me to betray my soul-mate (Cigarette), even the whole semester, I didn't smoke, as usual it was time for end of 2nd sem, Again the exams created the gap between us, She hardly came out of her room, Again I had to take aid from cigarette, But one thing good was, About 1:00 she always came online for half an hour.....

Chirag," Hi, 😊..... Looking so busy..... 😊 😊"

Drishti," Ya, little bit I hvn't revised my syllabus....."
Chirag," You hv once completed then y r u so taking so much tension....."

Drishti," Sorry, but It's in my blood to take everything seriously....."

Chirag," Ya, you take everything seriously but not everyone, Right ?"

Drishti," What do you mean to say, haan?"

Chirag," Just leave it, it has nothing to do with your exams, Study hard as you studied for 1st sem, I'll pray for you.... "....."

Drishti," Now, y r u changing the topic??? Haann... What do you mean by word 'everyone'....."

Chirag," Look, there is something above than the word friendship....."

Drishti," Then I don't want to know about it, all I need is my best buddy, Chirag Garg with whom I like to spend my time....."

Chirag," O.K., Mam.... Just calm down, I got your point..... Still there are 3 more years, I'll try my best to....."

Drishti," Wht are you talking about, What try, can you make it clear....."

I had not so much courage at that time to go straight, I started diverting the conversation.....

Chirag," I mean to say, I'll try my best to make you smile, forever, Even my whole life..... Anyway, So you like surprises Haan???"

Drishti," Ya, Of course, r u planning any surprise for me, haan?? "

Chirag," Can you meet me tomorrow ?"

Drishti," Sorry I have to study a lot, I can't come outside the hostel..... Sorry again 😊"

Chirag," Who the hell wants you to come out the hostel,..... ? 😊 😊"

Drishti," Oh My God!, You will come to my hostel, Chirag will come to the Girl's Hostel, Say you are joking....."

Chirag," So, then be ready, see you tomorrow morning, Till then good night, & Before going to bed, 4 lines for you.....

Har pal khushi un jaisy kyun nhi,
Dil ki pukaar us tk pahunchti kyun nhi,
Jaane-anjaaney me vo samajhti kyun nhi,
Vo duur jo gai.... Vo duur jo gai.....

Is dil ki khushi khud me kaed ho gai..... 😞..."

Drishti," Are you flirting with me, Haan ??"

Thinking to myself, Mai to kab se kar rha hun, isey ab lag rha hai.....

Chirag," Not at all, Kya ek dost apney dost ko kuch lines dedicate nhi kar sakta..... Don't make it too

much complicated, just enjoy dreams Gud Nyt... 😊
Bye..... See you tomorrow, at sharp 8:00 a.m....."
Drishti," O.K. Gud Nyt Chiru..... 😊"

Again Chiru, what she thought about me, Who was I for her?, A joker who something like time pass, Why sometimes she behaved like she was soul mate & sometimes she was just a class-mate

I had promised her that I'll will come to her hostel,
But how, at that time, I myself didn't know,
However, I used my engineer brain whole night to find out a 'Jugaad', & it was too simple.....

Yaadi," What happened?, How did you make it for girl's hostel..... ???"

Chirag," Just wait, I need one more..... Just wait I'm coming....."

Chirag goes to bathroom, He refreshes himself, takes a quick shower, This time he doesn't wear anything at top, just a Jeans gifted by his Dad at bottom, He makes room heater on, as it's very cold outside, He is humming a famous song, looking like an English Song, 'My December' by Linkin Park, He combs his hair, & takes his 8th cigarette out & lights it.....

Cigarette : 8

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

13 Dec, 2012 ; 01:00a.m..

Yaadi," Please come straight to that morning....."

Chirag," I'm coming, I'm coming.... Ya, Everything went according to my plan, One of the mess worker at Girls Hostel was ready to exchange his identity just in 100 bucks, though for Drishti I gave him 5,000 bucks, It was the time for me to act as a mess worker after working as driver, You Know, It adds experience to one's life, What a wonderful scene was going in their mess, Girls are not so soft & cool as they look, they are even more harsh when it comes to food, they need proper baked food even they eat as we are thankful to them for eating our food, there was a long line at sharp 8:00 a.m. unlike in Boy's Hostel where we leave our bed at 9:00, & our college authority also betrayed us, they were not only served better food than us but also they were properly served, I was serving for them, they were eating like they hadn't seen food since a long, they were coming for more & more, I was sure workers at Girl's Hostel would get double salary for tackling them, Some of girls were laughing at me

after reckoning me, as they had seen me in campus time, But for them I was not there, neither for serving them more & more, I was there for Drishti, But there was no clue of her, I was feeling very suffocating, Even her room-mate was coming to me for more & more food, milk, I asked her about Drishti, she told that she was not feeling well, She might be skipping the breakfast, (I was thinking to myself, might be she took my challenge as joke or a dream, but anyhow I had to prove right Chirag's word...), I asked her room-mate to order me to fetch her breakfast to her room in front of all, She went back to her seat & came back for milk & ordered me as I had told her, Now this had given me green signal, I decorated her breakfast plate, with a chocolate by my side, I went straight to her room, without any difficulty, thanks to my binoculars, Oh! There She was, She was slipping, I touched her head, little bit warm, I kissed her hand, I made her awake, seeing my face just at 1 meter distance, She started shouting as I had entered her room by means of pipe, To make her quiet I covered her mouth with my hands & quickly told her about How I made it possible..... She then

became very quiet, She was smiling as for her I was there, I took her tooth-brush & made her teeth brushed by my hands, Then I made her eat by my hands, She was swallowing very slowly unlike girls do, might be she needs my presence for more time, I unwrapped the chocolate & put it in her mouth, she just ate half of it & left it for me, Oh God!, she had made that 50 rupee chocolate, a chocolate whose cost no one can decide, even this moon is less expensive than that chocolate after getting touched by her lips, I took that chocolate piece & asked her permission to leave, Then I headed back to my hostel room, I didn't go for anything that whole day, all I was doing was kissing that piece of chocolate, It took me about 8 hours to complete that piece, I can't express that taste to you, Yaadi..... "

Yaadi," But I'm feeling that taste now, you needn't to define it, you just continue.... I am experiencing everything's taste..... Keep on moving....."

Chirag," O.K., This was the sweetest memory associated with 2nd sem, Then again It was time for exams, we died again for 3 weeks, in middle of 3 hours paper screwing you there & viva question's

bazooka blasting over you there at practicals, & again It was time for separation, But this time I had a plan, A plan which I was planning since our first exam of 2nd sem..... ”

Yaadi,” Plan ? Which Plan ? You were going to celebrate this semester end, somewhere else.....”

Chirag,” Ya, Just enjoy with me..... I hired 2 more enfields, one for Deepak & one for Arjun, I had prepared them how to drive enfield, I serviced my enfield & made all 3 (Arjun, Deepak & Drishti), aware about my plan & they were very excited too, It was journey to ‘Lay of Ladhak’ on bikes, straight from AIT, We packed one-one bag for each & enfield had enough space to carry them.....”

Lay of Ladhak : Ladakh ("land of high passes") is a region of Jammu and Kashmir and lies between the Kunlun mountain range in the north and the main Great Himalayas to the south, inhabited by people of Indo-Aryan and Tibetan descent. It is one of the most sparsely populated regions in Jammu and Kashmir. They call it "Little Tibet", not just because of its geographical proximity to Tibet, but also because it plays host to several Tibetan cultural

festivals. Ladakh might be India's most remote region, but its beauty is incomparable. Stark mountains dotted with colorful gompas (monasteries), fluttering prayer flags, rocky ridges, dry plains and tiny settlements. And adding to its beauty is the Indus River that seems to have a different shade for every season. During summer it turns grayish, owing to its silt deposits, occasionally turning a shade of violet. Autumn turns it the most beautiful - shades of aquamarine waters flowing through orange-flamed poplars and weeping willows.

There are many ways to reach there from Delhi, but the most enjoyable way is to do so by road. If you can drive the distance of about 1075 kilometers, taking at least 3-4 days, it is sure to be an experience you will cherish for life. And try to drive yourself; there is a different thrill to it than being driven by someone else.

Yaadi," Ladakh on Bike, Nothing can be better than that..... Mind-blowing Idea.... Ab to kehna padega What an Idea, Guru ji..... lolz..... "

Chiraag," For the first day, We left for Kullu or Manali. It took us about 12 hours to cover the 550 km to Kullu via Ambala, Chandigarh, Roopnagar (Ropar), Bilaspur and Mandi. Where we took a hotel room, We were enjoying the trip, I put fire on some wooden pieces, we were playing Antakshari, Now it was the time to show my real practice, I took my guitar & started playing with each & every song, This made everyone puzzled as now I was playing like I had been playing it since last 7 births, Drishti's heart knew that it was not her style of playing guitar, it was completely different like her love's pain agony had made me to play like this, Deepak knew my heart, he was making busy Arjun as long he could, for giving me time to spend with her, That night she taught me a lot about her, her likes & dislikes, We were talking without breaking that eye contact for even a single second, Stars were glowing very bright, All was set for me to propose her but I couldn't, I was afraid of whether she rejected my proposal, I will surely die, I didn't want to lose her, I was just finding myself in her eyes, then her eyes fell down, I took her to the bed & covered her with blanket, kissed her forehead, &

I left for another room where Deepak & Arjun were already sleeping, Then on next day we headed for Jispa, located about 145 km from Manali via Rohtang Pass & continued further 65 km to Keylong, for lunch break there were shacks along the way & some restaurants in hotels in Keylong. Jispa, located at about 10,890 feet, is a strongly recommended stop to get acclimatized to the subsequent higher altitude regions where we stayed at in Ladakh. We took a night halt at Sarchu about 87 km from Jispa, It was very cold, with strong windy conditions, We then made run for Leh from Jispa, about 325 km away. The drive from Jispa to Leh was worth stopping to admire the natural features as well as to take pictures. Leh, it was all right as the terrain, mostly flat and more densely populated, It was an awsm trip, though Deepak gave me several chance for proposing her, But I couldn't, During whole journey, she was with me, there at back grasping me tightly as it was very cold & we were driving very fast, All I want from my life is, once again that complete trip with her, But now, I can't..... 😞 😞 😞 😞 "

Yaadi," Yaar you have revived that trip to me, It is same as you have completed your wish of going on that trip again....."

Chirg," But there is no Drishti with us....."

Yaadi," Don't think so, she is always there with you, She is in your heart what else you want, No one can snatch her from you, even The God can't, You should feel proud on yourself for loving her like this....."

Chirag," Ya you are saying right, I loved her from my side, I am loving But will I die loving her ?..."

Yaadi," Leave it, Yaar don't restrict the word 'LOVE' for a girl, LOVE is vast enough to swallow this Universe, Just keep on completing this copy, We have very less time left....."

Chirag was trying to define Love to himself, suddenly his mobile rings.....

Chirag," Hi Deepika....."

Deepika(Chirag's Wife)," Happy Birthday Dear, Let us allow to join you tonight, After all it's your day, Let us celebrate with you....."

Chirag," As you are saying it's my day, then please
Let me alone to celebrate it in my own ways.....
Thanks for reminding me....."

Deepika," As your wish, Dhanush wants to say
something to you....."

Chirag," Give him the phone....."

Dhanush(Chirag's 3 year old son)," Happy Birthday
Daddy....."

Chirag," Thanks captain, I wish I would be there
with you, But please forgive your Daddy, I love you
a lot, Now give the phone to mummy....."

Deepika," So, What you are going to do tonight?"

Chirag," Hey! Listen, I am going to miss you all, miss
the 3 Ds..... Deepika, Dhanush & Our Band
'DARPAN' (A hindi term for word *Mirror.....*), Love
you all....."

Deepika," Hey Where are you going ?? Why are
you talking us like you will never come back? "

Chirag," Please don't call me again, I want to
celebrate my Birthday alone, Where I'm going, you
will get to know tomorrow, till than love you all.....

Haan, Don't call me again, Understand..... Love You, More importantly, Love your way of singing..."

*Without listening anything from her in reply,
Chirag cuts the phone call.....*

Yaadi," How much she loves you & one you, who never loved her, like you loved Drishti...."

Chirag," Hey, Yaadi Love is something which happens once, It wins or Loses..... "

Yaadi," Don't give that shit man, You are again misunderstanding this Divine word, It never wins or loses, It simply exists, It is always there with everyone, It is we who are blind to it, You should love her like the way you loved Drishti....."

Chirag," I know you are right this time, But Now, I can't do anything, Now I know what is love but I can't love, Even I can't regret for it, However I will try my best to love her, pointing towards the cigarette bud in his hand....."

Yaadi," Ya, I know Buddy, You will love her this time, rectifying your mistakes, You are just best in this whole world, You don't regret for what you have done, Do *Just One Word, Love*"

Chirag," O.K. Bro, Let me come on the same track back, After completing the journey to Lay of Ladhak, again It was time for winter vacations, Again I practiced guitar, Then it was time for 2nd year, I enjoyed it with Drishti, with some new memories, strengthening the bond & rooting deep our friendship, Not even bond between her & me deepened but between me, Arjun & Deepak, a relation of brothers created too, We started loving each others like brothers do, My family was just on verge of its completion at AIT, I didn't hide any secret from them except that I love Drishti from Arjun, During the cultural fest of AIT, I dedicated a song to Drishti with my guitar in front of whole AIT, one of my favorite song sung by Lucky Ali as,

*"Kahaan se tuu aati hai, Kahaan ko tuu jaati hai.....
Sapno ko sajaati hai, Apno ko le jaati hai.....
Bagho me jab behti hai, Kaano me kuch kehti hai...
Aati hai nazar nhi, saanso me par rehti hai.....
Hawaah hai pawan hai, Vaayu hai purwaai hai.....
Jeevan hai jaan hai, Ya parchaayi hai.....
Lene aayi hai, Ya kuch mere liye laayi hai.....
Puchunga mai kya tujhse kahaan se tuu aayi, tuu
kaun hai... Tuu kaun hai.... Tuu kaun hai, Kaun hai..."*

It was the 2nd year only, when I spent most of my time with her, I gifted her lots of my poems at canteen, library, OAT.....& I can't forget the Badminton & shuttlecock, which I regularly played with her, every night even in exams from 8:00 to 8:45, It used to fill my heart with happiness when I made myself lose by 9-10 in most of the games, to make her win most of the games made me win always, Every night after having dinner we continued the trend which we had started there at Girl's Hostel of sharing a Chocolate, We used to share one chocolate everyday, First she had half of it in 5 secs & it took me to complete other half in 5 minutes, That whole year I hardly went to my home back, I didn't call my Ghaziabad's friends or even My Mom & Dad as my void was filling at AIT, Even During my vacations of 2nd year whether winter or summer, I made myself busy there at AIT in some project works for two reasons, To live away from home & to spend time with her as she had to stay there at Hostel for project works. You know in Engineering, vacations are the only period where you can apply your engineering in some project works you want to indulge in. I was just waiting for

the correct moment, for proposing her, Time was speeding very fast, I was just waiting & waiting, though I was simultaneously enjoying with her but your enjoyment remains incomplete till the girl with whom you want to spend your whole life is ready to accept your LOVE, I was still incomplete, It was time for completion of another year at AIT & with this it was the end of 2nd Year..... I had to go home this time as she was also leaving for her home, As usual I dropped her with Arjun, This time I dropped Deepak too as his train was coming also at the same time that of Drishti's & Arjun's. I drove to my Home back, The situation had become more worst at home, My Mother was on world tour for 6 months & my father was in Tokyo for some business work, During that summer vacations, I started writing songs, writing poems for her, did some project work related to ECE, enjoyed it with daily phonic conversation with Drishti..... & now it was time for 5th semester, You can say it the ultimate semester for me....."

Yaadi," I know, Before coming to that just light your 9th one..... "

Chirag," Ya, Sure....."

Cigarette: 9

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

13 Dec, 2012 ; 02:00a.m..

Chirag takes out his 9th cigarette & lights it.....

Yaadi,"So, You were going to explore 3rd year, haan..... So, can you start it with Hostel Nights @ AIT....? "

Chirag,"Ya, Sure Hostel Night secures one of the important place in any engineer's life or anyone's life, Hardly we study there except during exam times when we have no other choice, AIT Hostels were following the same trends, We were living like a family, an integrated unit, from various states of India & some from outside of India, At night we are nearly mad, some go for high decibel music, some hum tunes by themselves, in a group we play several games like LUDO, 52 exciting CARDS, Even at night to play Basket-Ball or Football is not a bad deal, Very often we in a group, used to gossip on various topics, very often it was on girls, We debated a lot on girls, you are from any branch but Hostel life makes you aware about the girls from all branches, Even you know their names, from where they belong though sometimes you forget your

subjects name, Some of us are so crazy about them that they go for research on them, they even know their phone numbers, their likes & dislikes, from where they did schooling, their current Boy-Friends. Moreover, when your room-mate thoughts match your thoughts then you go for late night gossips with him about whom you are thinking of, like I used to chat with Deepak about Drishti though sometimes my excess description about her made Deepak bore but he never made any complaint to me as he liked my company to discuss about his girl friend, as my tips would always helped him. When the moon rises there at sky, the whole hostel alives, It is like day for us, You can see us there at canteen, at sports complex, at hostel gardens & some of us like me nearby girl's hostel... We know each other's facebook passwords as I knew that of Deepak & Arjun but I never gave them mine, Even there were few who developed fake facebook id with names like Kavita Singh, Swati Sharma etc.... just to know about the girls who didn't accept their friend request, they were like professionals in this game as they can chat with you like a girl, One such fellow was Nishant who at

night used to enjoy behaving as girls, I still don't know about such mentality, But one day he came to me & told me his truth of making fake ids, I laughed at him very long but he told me that he will make fool of Deepak if I help him, I was also excited then we started chatting with him, Deepak was behaving as I had expected, a gentle fellow with no interest towards study though he studied for very long, I lost my control & typed Beta jyada padhai achhi nhi lagti, achha beta aaj raat batata hun..... He typed, Who are you? Aren't you shweta?, I again typed Beta Yamraaj => Chirag, this made Deepak embarrassed even that whole night I done a lot of mockery on him, but later to make him normal, I took him for a drive.... Then at night, we saw Shawshank Redemption on laptop at OAT that night. Ya we hostelites are very crazy about movies, games, serials a lot.... "

Yaadi," Really yaar, Hostelites Zindabaad!! Hostel gave you all which you always wanted of, I consider all those girls very lucky about whom you gossip for very long even one fourth of your day without expecting anything from them, They always remain unaware of your love, Love that no one can match."

Chirag," Ya but it's not their mistake, It's our as we never talk to them straight, we always wait for right moment which never comes & at last we lose, What if you are straight forward, simply there will be two outcomes one your proposal will be going to accept or your facebook id will be going to block forever, Not a bad deal it sounds but It is a bad deal, no matter what it sounds, It is simple to reject someone's heart but just ask the person who is on the losing side, He or She will tell you the pain of rejection...."

Yaadi," Bhai, I'm totally confused, Please make it clear, some times you are saying something & some times something other....."

Chirag,"If you aren't getting it then it is better, It hurts a lot when you at night dreams of something that you are going to do tomorrow, you prepare a complete plan for the next day by giving your best to make that day remarkable & when next day you leave your home & find that the reason for which you have been planning, has left your way by letting you alone, forever"

Yaadi," Yaar when one gets rejected, It simply means the thing for which he was aspiring for is inferior than the thing waiting for him, Always there is God's will behind every step you step forward....."

Chirag," I know, But the difficulty lies in, How to make it clear to yourself, when after spending so much time in light you are sent to face dark....."

Yaadi," Leave it yaar, Time is running fast, You go back to the journey, Rest leave on that cigarette & God....."

Chirag," Ya, Sure..... It was the time for Inter College Sports Tounament, taking place at DELHI TECHNOLOGICAL UNIVERSITY (DTU), Every sports lover was very excited, I was too as Drishti was going to represent our college's candidate for Badminton Match, Arjun was in cricket team & I was in football team, Deepak was busy in some project at AIT that's why I was feeling little bit uncomfortable as he used to busy Arjun by letting me to spend time with her..... But after a long, I was going to play a Football match, It filled me with joy a lot & made me forget to think about my heart,

My first look at DTU, made me its fan, It is the campus with every thing planned, it's building structure makes you feel like you are in wonderland, Even students there are much cooler than that of AIT, as instead of paying attention on quantity, they focus on quality. However I knew, I was going to make it for AIT & I did, by snatching the football cup from DTU with score of 5-1, But Drishti & Arjun didn't make it for us. Now it was time to return back to AIT, when we were returning, Arjun boarded in another Bus, It means me & Drishti were alone, I was going to propose her, & in bus conversation went as :

Chirag,"Hey!, Drishti don't feel sad, Next time you are going to win....."

Drishti," Next time I'll practice more & snatch that cup from DTU...."

Chirag," Golden words..... So, I want to tell you something..... Can you guess?"

Drishti," Ya, Of course, You are going to wish me Happy Birthday in advance as usual....." "

In oder to propose her, I forgot that the next day (ie-15,Nov) was her birthday, Every year I used to

celebrate it with her. But this time, I decide to make it special, I just replied....

Chirag," Ya, I just want to wish you Happy Birthday in advance....."

After reaching college, I just went to a jewellery shop & purchased a golden chain for her, with 2 words marked on it 'C+D' 'C' for me & 'D' for her, I also practiced a song for her, I wanted to make that night remarkable & it became too.....

That night, I was very excited, I took Arjun's laptop as mine was on charging & went to terrace, I was preparing a birthday greeting for her using Photoshop, she was also there using her laptop, I decided to wish her at 12:00 a.m. by attaching that card to her chat box. After completing that card, I opened facebook, there was she, online. But it was Arjun's id as he didn't log it out, suddenly a message came.....

Drishti," Hi Arjun 😊 😊"

Arjun(I was typing)," Happy Birthday.... 😊 😊"

Drishti," I want to tell you something..... It's something different that I'm feeling about someone....."

I was very excited that she too loves me, she is going to tell my room mate that she loves me.....

Arjun(I typed)," Ya, I think I know....."

Drishti," What ? You know.... So tell..... It will be my best birthday then....."

Arjun(I typed)," You love him, You love Chirag.... Haan.... I know he also loves you....."

Drishti," What me & Chirag, Are u mad? We are just good friends, He also knows it..... I didn't feel anything special for him, I just enjoy his company but he is not someone whom I love, You idiot, I love you, I love you ARJUN..... Do you love me???"

Oh! No! She loves him not me, Oh No..... She loves him.....

Chirag's is crying, He is crying like a 2 year baby, full of tears all around but without any sound, tears tears tears..... He is coming near to the mirror & crying louder, louder seeing his face in mirror, he is walking very slowly, very slowly like he is hitten by 6

bullets, he manages to reach to the window, He opens the windows, He sits there for 5 minutes just seeing the vehicles outside but still crying a lot, he takes his guitar & sings one of his favorite song of lucky Ali (You must try...).....

*“Teri yaad jab aati hai
Meri aankh bhar jaati hai
Hum to bichhde u mil mil ke
Khwab tooten hain is dil ke*

*Yehi gum mujhe sataayega
Phir tu laut ke na aayega
Phir bhi tere aane ka intezar karta hoon
Pyar sirf tumse , pyar sirf tumse yaar karta hoon”*

He shuts down all windows, he walks back to the mirror, still with continous flood of tears, he is looking his face, now he is slapping himself, he is crying a lot, he is hugging himself, he is kissing himself like he is loving himself..... He utters....

Yaadi,” Bhai apney aap ko Sambhaal, Mai bhi nhi chahta tha ki tuu is page ko padhey, ye page kabhi hamari journey me aaye, par is page tak kabhi na kabhi to pahunchana hi tha, tu sambhaal apney aap

ko, Vo kabhi teri thi hi nhi to tuu usey dil se kyon nhi nikaal paa rha hai.....”

Chirag,” I can’t, I **LOVE** her, I **LOVE** to die, loving her..... *Uspe ye jaan mai nissaar karta hun, pyaar sirf us se, pyaar sirf us se pyaar karta hun, Sun le sda..... Sun le sda..... Sun le sda.....* (He sings two more lines of the above song....) ”

Yaadi,” Yaar agar tuu usey pyaar karta hai, to fir tujhey khush hona chahiye ki vo aaj khush hai..... Chal ab aansun pahunch le..... ”

Chiraag,” Usney mujhey kabhi pyaar nhi kiya, Yaadi? Haan, nhi kiya, Haan vo nhi karti thi, Haan vo shayad uski sympathy thi ek ameer ladke k liye jo apni life se dukhi tha jisey mai pyaar samajh rha tha..... Par useiy mera pyaar nhi dikha, mereiy is dil ki dua us tak nhi pahunchi, meri palko ki aawaaz usneiy nhi suni, Tu jaanta hai na Yaadi ki mai usiey kitna chahta hun, aakhiri saans bhi uskey naam ki jee rha hun.....”

Yaadi,” Jab tuu jaanta hai ki vo sympathy thi, fir tujhey usseiy Love expect nhi karna chahiye tha, Yaar, LOVE is always there for sacrifices, If you have loved someone then you should be ready for

sacrifices that will come along with the sweet feeling arised from it's existence. If you can't sacrifice the thing you Love most then you don't know what LOVE is all about, It seems you just need that person or that thing but not LOVE....."

Chirag," I know my fault. Since, my birth I was wondering there for *just one word, LOVE....* But then everything changed, I got what I desired & then it disappeared, it was only there just to make me aware of what love is, But Love was never mine, Yaadi, why did it happen to me? My only fault was that I loved her, It hurts me a lot, Bhai..... (He sings 2 more lines.....)

Ye dil tujhe na bhulaayega

Kya tu phir se laut aayega....."

Yaadi," Bhai, Sambhaal apney aap ko..... You are in misconception with word LOVE, O.K. Let me define it..... Love is something that you always live with, even when you hate someone there is Love, when it rains there is love, when nature smiles there is love, when you are the source of someone's happiness there is love, when you help someone there is Love. To know Love, first you should feel it. It is divine,

above all, above this win or lose, above this day or night, above this life or death even it is above all of what we think. It is very simple for those who live for others finding themselves happy & it is equally complex for those like you who restrict Love to someone, who need their presence to them but not their happiness. I know it is bitter truth but it is ultimate truth too..... Chirag Just think the last year you are living with, there you have found all LOVE what you need, Now you should feel very relaxed, You have got all Love even more than anyone can, in this year.....Just wash your face & come again to complete your story, time is running fast..... ”

The way Chirag has consoled himself with the help of that mirror or Yaadi, is very helpful to him, He is finding himself in better position, He refreshes himself & comes again & continues the story.....

Chirag,” So, Yaadi where were we?”

Yaadi,” Ya, She had proposed Arjun....”

Chirag,” Ya, I deleted that conversation just to make it a secret, but she was typing again & again as : Drishti-“ I love you Arjun, Everything about you

makes me Crazy, Even the way you dance, way you play or just the way you smile..... Just reply in Yes or No..... Do you love me.....” & this time I didn’t gather so much courage to delete it again, I went back to the room & told Arjun that by mistake I was logged in using his id & Drishti proposed him, I handed over him the laptop & left him with that sweet proposal. Then I left my room & started running as fast as I could, I ran, ran a lot, I took several revolutions around OAT, circling it every time, fast & fast, even I didn’t want to stop though my speed decreasing continuously & then I went unconscious due to continuous running, Thank god I didn’t remain with that thought for very long that night as I went unconscious after 1 hour of that proposal. Next morning, I was treating my heart as it was a dream but my brain knew that it was bitter truth. But what made me completely puzzled was, Deepak told me in very low voice that Arjun had accepted her proposal as Deepak was the one who knew my heart, my love. I don’t know, such boys like ARJUN who dreams of some other girl & decides to Love some other. Even girls like DRISHTI makes me confused as they Love those who had

never thought of them & are never able to read the love of those who are living for them. I decided that I'll not think of them but I couldn't. I was still hoping that she would come back to me when she would get to know about Chirag's Love. I tried to face her but I couldn't, I stopped receiving her phone calls, even I didn't want to face though it was like impossible for me, Now I decided to make them happy together but Deepak told me that I should also propose her once, So that I would live my life without any burden of not proposing her. I told him that Arjun was also ready to fall in Love with her, but he argued that she would be much more happier with me than that with Arjun. His argument revived my love which I was going to kill. It was the end of 5th semester, & time for vacations, I couldn't do anything, all I left with to drop them to the station but unlike always this time I didn't run with train, I letted them go. At that station, I made a pledge to myself that I'll show her my real love when next semester will start....."

Yaadi," Before coming to the 6th sem, first light your 10th one....."

Cigarette : 10

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

13 Dec, 2012 ; 03:00a.m..

Chirag lights his 10th cigarette & continues the journey.....

Chirag," It was the first time when the winter vacations for a month were looking to be about a year. But unlike every time, this time there was my mother in my room, placing the things. She was looking in the mood to talk with me. This time she had served the food to me by herself, but now I didn't need her care, when I was in 3rd year of B.Tech. Where was she, when I needed someone to share my emotions, my life. I took my guitar & laptop & left for terrace. She spelled my name Chirag a lot, but I didn't heed. After putting fire, I placed myself at a chair & logged in to visit her profile, after a long about 3 weeks since our vacation. There were 100+ notifications, 7 messages & 11 friend request, I checked for her message first but there was no message from her, without caring about notifications I just clicked her profile, she had uploaded an album last week titled 'My World, My Love, My Life @ Nainital' with only 2

faces there, one of Drishti & other of Arjun..... I was completely shattered but what made my heart pierced was that they were near to Delhi, but they didn't tell me about, I know they were making their love but how can they forget about their friend who lived his every moment with them. After stabbed by that album & their respect towards friendship, I couldn't help me to remain logged in but suddenly a message jumped up from chat box....."

Drishti," Hi 😊 😊, howz u?? Are u angry on me? Ya, you should be, I didn't tell you about me & Arjun, We are in relationship..... Can you believe it ??"

I didn't want to reply her but this time, Arjun was not online, It simply meant to me that she was there for me. Moreover, her way of talking always makes me fall in love with her, I couldn't resist myself & typed.....

Chirag," Oh! Congrats, Ya, Arjun is a nice guy, he will make you live happily forever, He is talented too, You both look awsm with each other, Ab to kehna padega Rab Ne Bna Di Jodi...."

Drishti," Oh, Thanks.... But he never makes me laugh like you used to do, I miss you yaar... 😞"

Chirag," Friends like me can make you only laugh, But he is someone special who made you fall in his love, He is very lucky... There are some like me also with their unfortunate fates who try their best to show their love but at the end they are considered as those who can make laugh others."

Drishti," I'm not getting you, Do you love someone? It is looking like there is someone special, who you are missing....."

Thank God, atleast she reached to my heart, what my heart was feeling for her.....

Chirag," Ya, I was going to propose her but she proposed someone else, She thinks that she doesn't feel love with me....."

Drishti,"Oh, So sad, So tell me is she from school or college? May be I can help you....."

Chirag," School or college doesn't matter, what matters is Heart & love, She should feel my love in her heart like my heart feels for her....."

Drishti," So romantic, yaar. She is a lucky girl, she is just unaware of your love for her, when she will get

to know about how much you love her, she will tie her soul in knot with yours forever.....”

Chirag,” I don’t know when she will get to realize about it, but one thing is for sure I’ll love her till death, I’ll wait for her forever. It is simply because love need not to be defined it simply exists everywhere forever.....”

Drishti,” I wish Arjun also loves me like the way you love her.....”

Chirag,” He will but not more than I can.....”

Drishti,” What do you mean by that, haan? What would you do, if you were in place of Arjun.....”

Oh! Damn..... My heart beats stopped for a moment I had waited a lot for the day, the day I’ll show her my love but it didn’t come, But now she had given me an opportunity to full-fill my wish, I was ready for it since I saw her first time, I typed.....

Chirag,” I’m not so lucky like him.... But let me try... If I was in place of Arjun then, (Chirag uses Hindi whenever he needs to express his feelings from the core of his heart)

Teri sirf ek hasi ki jhalak paaney k liye ye jaan nisaar kar deta, Teri in palko me saari jindagi guzaar deta, Tu zra ruth jaati to is gagan ko tereiy kadmo tak jhuka deta, Teri julfo k saaye me kitne janam bita deta, Tereiy har khwaab ko hakikat kar saku itni roz dua maang leta, Tu sun le sda..... sun le sda.....

Vo rah jo tera pta na batati usiey tujh tak mod deta, Vo ashk jo teri palko se nikateiy unhey mai pee jata, Tere pyaar k liye khud ko Bekaraar Baar Baar Karta hun, Kyonki pyaar sirf tumse, pyaar sirf tumse, pyaar karta hun..... ”

Drishti,” Hey, Chirag! Please stop.... Please stop... No one can love like the way you describing..... Please say it is completely fake, No one can love so madly, It’s fake.... Say na.... Say, it is fake.....”

I was not seeing what she was typing as for the first time, I had to show my LOVE, LOVE without which I had spent first 2 decades of my life, I went on typing & in emotions I was typing not as Arjun but as Chirag, who just wants to show her his love not as Arjun’s love.....

Chirag,” Mai uski khushi k liye har pal is khuda ko ada karta hun, Apni nazroien se hale-e-dil bayaan

karta hun, Dil ki dhadhkan ko uski yaad me kurbaan
karta hun, Uski parchaayi paa saku itni guzaarish
baar baar karta hun, Ye dil tujhko kabhi na bhula
paayega, Kya tuu laut k aayega?? Teriey aaneiy ka
mai sda intzaar karta hun, Baar Baar khud ko
bekaraar karta hun kyonki pyaar sirf tum se pyaar
sirf tum se pyaar karta hun.....

Ek sach aaj is dil ki hakikat bayaan kar dena chahta
hai, Tera chehra hi hai jiski muraad k saath ye
parinda sda udna chahta hai, Tere saath na paakar
ye khud ko khud se aazaad kar lena chahta hai,
kyonki ye maut bhi tere jaisy haseen chahta hai... ”

Drishti,” Please stop, I don’t know why, but it is
hurting me, hurting a lot as I have lost something,
something which a girl dreams of through out her
life, Please Stop, I can’t tolerate it any more, your
words are piercing my heart like an arrow, Please
forgive me. Bye, I can’t carry on this conversation.. ”

She then went off-line, I was just started to explore
my love, but she didn’t bear that pain with which I
was living for last 20 years, One thing was very
good for me that my words were appealing her,
though she was running away from them.....

Yaadi," Kya Baat hai, tujhey us raat ho kya gya tha, itni gehri baatein shayad ek sachha aashique hi kar sakta hai, Kya Baat....."

Chirag," Bhai ye hi to mai tujhey samjhaana chahta hun ki, vo mera pyaar hi nhi sab kuch thi....."

Yaadi," Koi baat nhi, Chal bta fir kya hua ??"

Chirag," Then after that night she never came online, might be my words made her aware about my love for her. Equally, I didn't try to call her or reach her as I wanted to give her time to take correct decision in choice between me & Arjun. Then, it was time to reach college again for 6th semester but unlike every time, this time my mother packed my things, she baked food for me by her own hands, she gifted me a lot of things, she was kissing my hands, I didn't know what made her love me after 20 years so passionately. But I didn't forgive her, without saying even Bye, I left for my hostel..... I was just driving to the hostel via OAT, where Arjun & Drishti were having fun, they were playing chess not by looking into the chess board but by looking into each other eyes. After reaching hostel, Deepak told me that I should forget about

her as they had arrived 4 days before for having fun, he even told me that they were behaving like married couple. But I had already taken an oath to show her my love, I decided to make her fall in my love, that complete night I didn't sleep even my eyes also supporting me & supporting binoculars too. From the next day, I was on my mission, Only thing I wanted was her to be alone for sometime, I made Arjun busy in Robot designing Classes from 7:00 to 8:00 p.m., I then started playing Bad-Minton with her & during that hour I used to flirt with her directly, though she refused to share our chocolate anymore, but still there was something in my regular words to her which always compelled her to come for Bad-Minton with me, My lines from my heart always hurted her at the last of that hour but the love associated with those words made her come to bear that pain again & again, everyday. Even there was reaction of those words on her, as she started asking Arjun to dedicate some lines to her like the way I used to did but I know Arjun can't match me in that, I didn't know what happened to me I was betraying my room-mate Arjun each day, Even one day when he was ill, I asked Drishti to

come with me for a local trip, again to Delhi with Arjun but when she came I told her that he was not feeling well & asked her to come with me, in such a poetic manner to which she couldn't deny, this time not in car, but on my enfield, I kicked it furiously but this time she didn't afraid of it, neither she was holding my shoulder. I drove straight to the Lotus temple, in start I was not flirting with her, we both were just enjoying like we used to, then we went for lunch nearby Red Fort, then I decided to show her my love, I asked her to dance with me but I didn't know what made her ready to accept my proposal, I drove to that Dublin club, we danced a lot, sometimes very fast & sometimes very slowly, my hands along her waist & her hands on my shoulders with 200% eye contact for very long, we were not using our mouths but we were talking a lot with our eyes, I was like begging for my love to her & she was just forgiving me every time. Suddenly she broke dancing & went outside, I followed her & then we started walking with her hand in my hand, Still there was not even a single word between us, That silence meant a lot for both

us but couldn't last for a long, as suddenly she broke the silence.....

Drishti," So you love someone, haan?"

(I didn't want to answer her, I was feeling like a beggar asking for love.....)

Chirag,"God knows....."

Drishti," Can't you be straight forward with me, haan? You know, you have hurted me a lot..... So tell, you love someone or me, haan?"

Chirag," When you have the answer then what is the basis for asking this question?"

Drishti,"No, Chirag It's not the way you should treat others, you think everyone here, is God who can read your heart. No, Bloody! There should be some proper way of expressing your feeling to someone, you can't expect someone to read your heart & then take decision. We should explore ourselves to others in the way we want the other to react. You think I love your company, No, I like your company but I would have loved it if you had told me earlier that you provide your company for loving me. Now, nothing can be changed..... I am with Arjun & this

is something that no one can change & no one wants to change..... You have made it complex too, why you come to me, haan? Why did you love me, when I never loved you in return? How can you love me like this even knowing that I'm with Arjun, haan Speak Chirag, Speak..... (Then she went mad, started crying & shouting at me)

Who are you to me? Why I enjoy my life with you? Why my eyes want to see you? Why I feel like I need nothing from my life, only I need is you? Why your words are so compelling, full of Love always? Who teaches you to love like this? How can one love like you? Tell Haan, Speak.....

She was becoming restless, she started slapping me, slapping for a long... There was love, love that I wanted from my life, She was slapping & slapping.. I was continuously smiling, with her every slap, my smile becoming broader as with every slap the intensity of love for me was increasing... She shouted.....

Answer me..... Answer me..... ”

Chirag,” Just listen me, First stop crying & listen me, Just listen very carefully what I'm telling you & then

rest is your choice..... I'm a 21 year old boy, I have spent my first 18 years just devoid of Love, I never loved by anyone, even my father, mother or friends, no one loved me, I was all alone. I didn't know what this Love is all about & then one girl came to my Life. She spent time with me without knowing me. She used to like the way I live, neither my money nor articles. She shared a lot of moments with me, she laughed with me & cried with me too. Then I started giving back her the same which she had gifted me directly or indirectly, Love. It was the first time for me to go for Love & then it happened, The thing you go for first time after waiting for so long like 18 years, you know its cost very well like I knew. I decided to give my every thing even my breathe, just to get her smile forever. It is very simple, Love needs not to be defined, It simply exists only thing we have to find is ourselves. It is always open to us but we are not open to it, those who are open to it know it like I do, but those who don't want Love to explore to them & just enjoy life, always remain closed to it like you did. But Now, I know that you have opened yourself to it, then be relaxed I'll make everything fine, because I

love you, Ariey ab to muskura do baba, meri jaanu..... Kya gaakar sunana padega, O.K. theek hai, ye bhi sahi.....

Tereiy aaney ka sda intzaar karta hun, Mai to Khud ko Bekaraar baar baar karta hun, Pyaar sirf tumse, Pyaar sirf tumse, Pyaar karta hun....."

Suddenly she came very close to me, like once I was very close to her in Girl's hostel, But I didn't expect her to..... She kissed me, Ya.. You know Yaadi, She passionately kissed me & I couldn't control myself & I joined her too, this went for about 60-70 seconds, then I broke it but still she didn't want it to. Without saying anything to her, I took out my enfield & kicked it, she came & took back seat. There was again complete silence, but we were not looking at each other, even we were avoiding to look at each other faces, I was just driving & then I dropped her at girl's hostel. Even we didn't say Bye to each other, I drove straight back to my room, Both Arjun & Deepak were sleeping, I went for terrace but without any cigarette (pointing it to Yaadi) as our heart knew that they are loving each other, My binoculars could see her, there dancing with her pillow, jumping. She was looking like she

had discovered the best way of living & I was equally excited too. I decided that next morning I will propose her in front of whole AIT, as I was very confident about that she loves me. I sung about 15 songs in those two hours, Even she was also not going for sleep this time, She updated a status as "It's the best day of my life. I want it to be freeze forever. 😊😊😊😊", & the first like came from my side though we didn't chat as we were very shy to each other at that moment..... I still believe it to be one of the best day of my life....."

Yaadi," So romantic Yaar, So, it was the day which made you mark 'C+D' over this lighter, haan? More importantly, she accepted that she loves you, What else can you want from your life? Yaar but you have to face the reality now, so make it for 11th one, this 11th cigarette will help you to bear that much pain, time is running, Hurry up! Fast!..... "

Suddenly Chirag vomits, he is vomiting in blood, blood there all over that copy, blood is rushing through his nose, He runs towards bathroom.....

Cigarette : 11

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

13 Dec, 2012 ; 04:00a.m..

Chirag takes about 15 minutes to wash the blood flowing through his nose, mouth over his body, He comes back to the mirror & lights his 11th cigarette..

Yaadi,"Are you alright? Shall we move forward?"

Chirag(Kissing that cigarette passionately),"Ya, Bhai, Nothing can harm your brother except Love, Ya, I was there at terrace waiting for the next day, My first & last propose to her, Drishti jain. It was about 3:00 a.m., my phone rang. For the very first time in my hostel life, it was Dad's call. I received but what I got to know was really shocking, My Mother was no more. She was a Cancer-victim. I was completely puzzled, I didn't know why I was abusing myself though she had never treated me as her son except the last time when she did, after all she was my mother, I am here because of her, my life is given by her. I kicked enfield and accelerated it to the top gear, in a very short time I was at home (with no thoughts about Drishti....). My mother's body was brought back to home.....

Chirag starts crying, he is crying, crying.... He moves towards his mother's photograph hanging opposite to that of mirror, He is touching her feet, he is regretting himself for being rude with her without knowing her, He is crying a lot & lot, Then he manages to continue.....

I slept that night with her Dead body, with endless tears in my eyes, But what made me bursted into tears was.....

Chirag takes out a piece of paper at the back of his mother's photograph.....

.....was this Yaadi, My mother's note for me which my Dad handed over to me after her funeral, He asked me to go through that note which contained all my questions to my Family & to the word Love... I'm reading it for you Yaadi.....

Hí! Chirag Beteiy, This is your Mom. Beteiy I know it is impossible for you to forgive me and your Daddy as we were never there with your's childhood, teenage and now..... But Beteiy it's not that we don't love you. We love you though we have never let it clear to you, I'm sure you will

be reading this when I have left you alone again. Look betiey it's very difficult for me to share the reason with you, but now it's time to make you clear about the truth, me and your Dad was living with.....

I was having Liver-Cancer, Its medical treatement was going on, but it was not sure that whether it could be completely treated or not, I was afraid about my Life. Your Dad is one of the best person for you and me, He loves me a lot and can't see my pain like you love Drishtí I Beta sorry for reading your personal chat messages, but I was always there with you, with your football match, with your entarance results, with your clothes which I liked to wash them by my hands, to cover you blanket at terrace.... I was always there but just I didn't let it clear to you.... I, Your Dad also loves you a lot, he was afraid of coming in contact with you as if he came then he would have to tell the reality I was loving with, he used to visit your Hostel

room when you came back to home, for knowing the condition in which you are living with. He is very proud of you, for getting such excellent ranks..... He likes your self-made path but he never said it to you. I didn't want to come in contact with you because I was afraid of that word Love, if I trapped myself in my son's love then it would have pained me a lot, at time of Death. Ya, I loved to go on tours, I wanted to see the world before my death for which your Dad was paying a lot. You know Beta, when one knows his time of Death, How much difficult it becomes for him or her to love other, So was for me. Just I was loving my life, I never loved your father but he loved me a lot because love never expects anything in return. Now I am regretting as I had never shown my love for you, How could I forget that Love is sweetest thing..... Love is all above.... Please forgive your Mother..... Beta at last, I want to tell you one thing, Never expect anything in return of love, Love is God, If you know it then you know the truth. Again Please

forgive me, Chirag you are the best son in this world I know. I am dying, Please bid farewell to me with smile not with tears, though I was never nearby you but my Love was always there with you..... My last words for you Beta.....
Live the life for, *'Just One Word, Love'*

-----Your loving Mom..... 😊😊😊😊"

You saw Yaadi, How much wrong I was for my family, for my life, for the word LOVE..... It was always Home, it was I who was wrong to call it graveyard. Her death made me aware of the reality of word, Love. This time, in my eyes there was feeling of respect, of love for my family, for this world. She had left me with a vision in my eyes, to love the life. For the very first time, I got to know about Shambhu Kaka ji's last sentence. My mother's death had made me weak from inside, I was trying to recover. I was not attending any call from Drishti, not classes. Even I didn't return back to college for about 2 months, I was finding the impression left by her love in my home. My father was very happy, seeing me reckoning their Love. Ya, I could feel her now very close to my heart,

when I ate food my mother's soul was with me, when I was at terrace my mother's soul was with me.... After knowing that My Mother's love, I found myself 100% fit & I decided to return back to the college. This time not with my Driver but with my father driving for me, He also talks like me, His jokes are equally humorous like mine, After all I'm his blood. My heart was very happy now though I had lost my Mom as now I had her Love & my father back. After reaching hostel room, Deepak told me everything How Arjun proposed her in front of whole AIT, He proposed her 3 times, first two times she didn't accept his proposal but after waiting for me since a long, she accepted her 3rd proposal. I know it was not her fault, but equally it was not mine as my mother's love was equally important for me. Anyway She would be happy with him, Arjun is a nice guy. It was I who betrayed my brother Arjun, You can never say it true Love if you are betraying someone like I did. If I considered my love to be true then I have to wait for her. My love for hostel terrace grew more, My fingers on guitar were completely set. I used to play guitar for her.... She was always there at her room, always smiling but

not so happy like she was with me. I hope I could tell her truth of not attending her phone calls. I didn't tell anyone about my mother as I believed that she was not died, she was still with me. Every song from my heart was for her. I decide that from now, I will not come in her way, just I'll wait for her forever, for the day My love will sound in her heart. Then it was the time of recruitment, Companies started coming to AIT for placements, Drishti & Arjun were placed in Samsung Electronics Ltd., I didn't take part in that procedure as I decided to work for my father as manager for his company Gaamaa Private Ltd. (Dealing with Hardware of computers), after my engineering. My 3 years were almost over there at AIT, a lot had happened to me. But the better side of those 3 years was, I now knew What is LOVE? Now, it was the time for 4th Year, I wanted to live it as best as possible. Also as Deepak & Arjun were also placed, we were enjoying that year without any tension, we used to play football, basket-ball, rugby at night with other Hostellites though Arjun joined us very late after spending time with Drishti. Drishti & me, started avoiding each other though I never wanted it to be. She

started behaving as she just doesn't want to see my face in her whole life. She looked happy with him but was she? I didn't know & I too pretended like I didn't want to know. Like every day about 2:00 a.m., I was on terrace with eyes focused to her, She was making phone call to some one & Arjun's phone was ringing but he was slept, She was trying a lot.... I ran to pick up the phone, just to get her voice, I took her call then.....

Drishti," Hey! Arjun, Why aren't you picking the phone? How can you sleep when you have promised me to dedicate a poem to me? Are you listening? You love me, but can you make it feel to me? Hey Arjun, Speak something..... "

I was just smiling as she still needed poems, the poems which I used to dedicate her earlier, I was not able to utter even a single word, I was just breathing fast due to 6 consecutive cigarettes.....

Drishti," Why have you picked the phone, when you aren't interested in talking with me, Haan? Sorry for disturbing you at night.... Sorry Again, Atleast Say Gud Nyt to me..... or just one line....."

I managed to say my usual line for her.....

Chirag," Mai to khud ko bekaraar baar baar karta hun, Pyaar sirf tum se, pyaar sirf tum se, pyaa karta hun..... Sun le sda.... Sun le sda..... Sun le sda....."

Drishi," Chirag, You are Chirag naa..... I hate you Chirag, I hate you.... These lines not suit on you.... Did you hear that....."

Chirag," Ya You should be, I know I have hurted you a lot... I don't want to talk about it, I know you have moved miles away from me. I was negotiating with my life during that period, For something I have to sacrifice my love, my Drishti..... But please don't ask me about that thing in place of which I have lost you, Just I want to sing.....

*Maine vaada to nibhaya tha,
Socha kabhi naa sataya tha,
Phir bhi jaane anjaane mein kahin
Tera dil to naa dukhaya tha,
Kaisa dastoor hai jaana,
Sab kuch jaan ke hai sab sehna,
Yaar tujhpe main ye jaan nisaar karta hoon,
Pyar sirf tumse, pyar sirf tumse pyaar karta hoon"*

Drishiti," You have correctly said that I have moved miles, but can you feel the pain, the pain I felt in

moving miles..... I don't want to know the reason for which you betrayed me..... I just hate you.... Did you hear that....."

Chirag," No, this time I'm not begging you for Love, this time I'm loving you without expecting you to Love me, I know you & Arjun both are happy with each other & I don't want to become a thorn between you..... Only thing I need from your side is one promise that you will remain happy, keep on smiling through out your life..... "

Drishti," Who are you?? Why you love me?? What makes you to love?? You know love or not? What's your problem?? Why aren't you sure about you?? How can you make yourself feel happy, without having your love, Please tell me It will help me to forget about you..... Please..... "

Chirag," Tere kadmo k nishaano me, Teri musqaan ki chaawn me, Tere ruth jaane me, Teri har umadti ada me, Tere pass aa jaane me ya Tere duur ho jaane me, Tere khilkhilaate daaman me, Tere khwaabo k badal me, Tere ashko k sailaab me, Tere har waade me, Tere paawan saaye me, Teri dhadhkan me, Teri sehmi sehmi baatoin me, Teri

gehri julfoin me, Teri komal palko me, Teri chuu lene waali nighaahoin me, Tujhse ki mulaakaatoin me Bas khud ko dhundhta hun... Ho sakta hai mai pyaar shabd se bekhbar hun, but mai ye jaanta hun ki pyaar hamesha hamaare beech hi tha, hai aur rahega..... Bas tujhko khush dekh khudko khush paata hun kyonki pyaar sirf tumse karta hun "

Drishti," I hate you..... I hate you..... I'll hate you my whole complete life...."

Chirag," Hey, Please aisa na karna kyonki jitni nafrat ham karteiy hain utna hi hamaara pyaar gehra ho jaata hai..... Ek tip deta hun, Khud ko Arjun ki khushi me dhundhna, vahi pyaar hai..... Ye mujhe bhulaaney me help karega....."

Drishti," But what about you then....."

Chirag," Mera kya hai, Hamesha ki tarah mai tujhey pyaar karta rahunga, karta rahunga... "

Drishti," I want to say one thing to you, May be it is the last time, I'm talking to you..... I Love you..... I Love you..... I Love you..... Can I ask for one thing at last....."

Chirag," Ya, Sure... You can take my life as it is already yours....."

Drishti," Can you spend this night with me? "

Chirag," I can spend my whole life, just watching you.... I'm coming with my guitar, for you....."

She cut the call, I was feeling like it is the last time, the last opportunity which God has given me to spend time with her.....

I took some wooden logs, my guitar & went to OAT along with her. I put the wood on fire & started delivering my favorite songs to her one by one, What a wonderful scene it was, full moon's light at top, wooden logs warming us, melody tones coming out from guitar, her ever lasting smile, my voice full of Love, I can spend my whole life like this with her..... She was just very close to me, her head on my chest, we were living that moment in perfect sense, with tears coming out of our eyes frequently. Then she asked me for a promise & like always I was ready for it, She asked me to run away from her life & not to show my love for her again... Even she asked me to avoid her as maximum as possible..... She too knew it was very difficult for both of us,

especially for me. There were tears & tears all around my face, But if I couldn't prove my Love, then I have no right to love anymore.... To her surprise, I just said : ' I will....' But to my surprise, she grasped me tight then she kissed me, this time I too, I don't know how long it went for, might be for 1 min or 2 min or 3 min or more & I didn't want to know also, I was equally loving her..... Then I dropped her for the last time to Girl's Hostel, Since then we never talked to each other ever. That year ended with the completion of my B.Tech with Deepak, Arjun & Drishti... I gifted wrist watches with 'C+A+D' marked on it (C for Chirag, A for Arjun & D for Deepak or you can say Drishti as it is near to A) to Deepak & Arjun but not to her just to keep that promise between us given by me to her that night. Deepak was crying like a 2 year old baby who hasn't got her mother's love. He didn't want to say Gud Bye to me & I too also but we have to face bitter truth always & then we went for 3 different directions, Arjun & Drishti to Samsung Bangalore, Deepak to Maaruti Chandigarh, I back to my father's company Gaamaa Pvt Ltd. Ghaziabad.

Yaadi," So, Sad..... Yaar after all your journey at AIT came to an end, I know how much you miss it & now how much you are missing it, But it's called Nature Law that Earth rotates continuously, Time moves forward continuously, Sun & Moon rise & fall continuously..... Life keeps on moving, spreading the Love....."

Again Chirag is bleeding through mouth & nose... He throws that burnt bud in his hand, He comes to mirror & kisses himself, He is finding himself very weak, even it is looking very difficult for him to go to the bathroom, He gathers his 200% strength & reaches bathroom & comes back again...

He lights his 12th cigarette....

Cigarette: 12

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

13 Dec, 2012 ; 05:00a.m..

Yaadi," So, What was waiting for you after AIT, Your Life, Your World, Your Love..... ?????"

Chirag," After leaving AIT, I joined my father's company as Manager. I explained myself that I have to live my rest of the life by forgetting about my past, even my love for ECE, Deepak, Arjun & Drishti..... It is sure how much you criticize your college, at the end you will miss it. Considering, the way they had behaved with us at AIT, but atleast their behavior made the prosperous future of various students at AIT. Missing you AIT a lot.. Your canteen, Librerary, Sports Complex, Hostel, almost everything..... Anyway it was the first opportunity for me to work for my family, For my Father, For my Mother's Love in my heart.... I gave my 200% to take his company to much above height than he had expected. I worked there for whole day, with my best efforts & it was looking in the company's monthly benefit, which made my father very happy. After all it is an engineer brain which can work everywhere, No matters whether you are a Civil,

Mechanical, Electronics, Electrical or Computer Engineer you can repair anything..... But I couldn't negotiate it with my Love for music which the only thing, I was Living with except this (Pointing the cigarette to Yaadi). I used to practice with my guitar a lot & equally worked on my voice, music notes, lyrics of the songs.. Then I used to visit some public bars, pubs etc where I could drink little bit.. Then I went to check the latest updates going-on, on facebook. Deepak used to share some images related with friendship & some status showing his enjoyment at Chandigarh, Even he was planning to marry also. Arjun & Drishti used to upload albums with each other, making love at various tourists places, Sometimes in India & Sometimes outside the India. I just used to like them only, without commenting anything just to show my silence..... I tried a lot to communicate with Arjun, But we never came online simultaneously, I also stopped caring about him. Deepak used to call me, about once a week & I too, But he stopped calling always it was me who called him. I didn't know how friends forget about the word friendship, might be Deepak

was busy with his work... I still needed them, my friends, This went for about 1 year.....”

Yaadi,” So Sad, You were completely alone again. Then, what happened, Bhai???”

Chirag,” No still I wasn’t alone. Still mine cigarette & guitar was with me. I continued visiting Dublin Club. But, this time there was something new with that club. There was a girl singing & playing guitar for crowd, The way she was playing guitar was very similar to me which attracted me towards her. I started visiting that club regularly not for drink but just for her singing. I could feel the same pain in her song with which I used to sing at night. She was like Drug for me as She used to take leave for Sunday, which always made me restless, I started loving her voice. Yaadi, One of her favourite song which she used to sing & play with guitar, I sing for you.....

*Tujhe dekh dekh sona,
Tujhe dekh kar hain jagna,
Maine yeh zindagani,
Sang tere bitaani,
Tujhmein basi hain meri jaan haai,
Jiya dhadak dhadak, Jiya dhadak dhadak,
dhadak dhadak Jaayen.....”*

Yaadi," Awsam, Yaar She is looking, someone like you... Like she is passing through the same situation with which you were passing....."

Chirag,"No Yaadi, She was passing through much worst condition than I was living with..... Just listen, I became habitual of her singing but one day, she was not there, I waited for her to come but she didn't come that whole week. I guessed she was singing for money, might be she has found some other job with good salary. I instantly decided that I'll pay her for every hour 10,000 Rupees.... I searched for her a lot, but I couldn't find her. One day, I was driving to Shaheed Bhagat Singh, Hospital for my Dad's regular check-up, suddenly my eyes caught a familiar face, There she was - the singer of Dublin Club, she was pregnant & it was her delivery time.... I helped her mother & doctor to take her to the operation room, where she gave Birth to her son.... I was wrong, she was also from a rich family, her father was, retired D.G.P. of our city... Her mother told me her complete story, She was Deepika- a girl of words, in her college time she fell in love with a boy who betrayed her after living in relationship for just 2 years with her. I don't

know who to blame..... Boys like him are just black spot on humanity who consider love to be a game, they compare its value with physical relation not with relation of heart. They have made Love something like fun, they enjoy it & forget it equally. They think that only beautiful girls are one whom you can love, But what the f**k is this, Love has nothing to do with physical beauty. You might have listened so many comments on Girls, What this f**king mentality is, they are sick they need treatment..... Also, Girls like her should change their mental state, they go mad for those who have Bikes, Good-physique, purse with money, fake smile, name & fame etc without knowing their reality. It's not like that all boys are same, there are boys who don't have looks, bikes, 6-pack abbs, money but they have love, love no one can match, they are so rich in that context that even richest man on earth can't compare him with those mad lovers. Ya Yaadi, It's true..... After investigating about her, I got to know that the boy who had cheated on her wanted just her body not her love from the very first look to her, & there was also a boy, Akshit who used to love her not her body, He

was very poor all he could give was his true love. He had no money to spend on him, on his looks, bikes..... He used to work as waiter at the same Dublin club & a drummer too to earn some money for his livelihood & mainly to see her. He was a passionate lover which I got to know when he started telling me about the future he had planned for her. Even he was ready to accept her with her young son. When I talked with Drishti about Akshit, she refused as she didn't want to become a burden on Akshit, also She believed that she still loves that Bloody *****Boy, because though he had used her but still she was in love with him, I could now realize her pain associated with her singing like I am living with. Even the determination of Akshit also reminded me of myself as he was ready to wait for Deepika forever & even there was same pain in his Drumming with which both me & Deepika & now he also was living with. I didn't know whose fault was it & neither I made it complex too. In both of them, I was again searching for my friends, my family. I came up with an idea....."

Yaadi," I know.... I know..... It's formation of the ultimate band called 'DARPAN'..... Hai na Bhai...."

Chirag," Absolutely correct, I thought that we all 3 love music, why can't we come together & work as a team for our individual Love..... On asking them, they were ready as I was going to pay them for it, but none of them was ready to take even a penny from me as their thoughts were same as mine as no one can decide the cost for MUSIC like as we can't decide for LOVE, finally it led to the formation of the ultimate music band ever 'DARPAN', with two guitarists Deepika & Chirag, one drummer Akshit..... After working hours at my father's company, I started practicing various songs with them upto late night. We use to fuse various tone, sounds together, it was just amazing feeling which could only 3 of us feel. We all 3 + Deepika's son Dhanush, started living together at my Dad's farm house. About a year passed with them, those guyz were just amazing... They had filled the void, that gap after ALT in my life... I even didn't log in to my facebook account as there was no need of it, I was enjoying Darpan..... One day while going through the letters, in the mail box of my house... There was

an envelop like that of an invitation, I tore that apart, ya I was correct it was from Arjun.... Drishti & Arjun decided to marry, after being in relationship for about 6 years..... For once, all earlier memories revived in my head but this time I was not feeling something like my love lost as Now I knew Love never loses or wins, I decided to leave it on Darpan..... Ya, Without letting my identity known, I made Drishti's father to book our Band Darpan for her marriage... Even I didn't take a single penny from him as Darpan was going to sing for Drishti not for money, though I had never told anything about Drishti & my past life to Deepika & Akshit..... "

Yaadi," So, great Man! Hats off to you.... It needs a lot of courage & a big heart ever ready for sacrifices to sing song or even show your presence in the marriage of whom you love more than yourself..... So, Darpan was going to sing in Drishti's marriage....."

Chirag," But it was very difficult for me to control my emotions, my love for her & always it will be... The stage was set, Darpan was ready to give its first live performance, I started singing songs with

Deepika & drum-beats from back by Akshit.. Someone shouted from back 'Hey! Messi!', It was Deepak who had come to join Arjun's wedding, He was very ashamed of me as he had married without inviting me though it was love marriage at court... He asked me sorry for that & as usual I forgave him because I knew he was good by heart, He introduced me with his family, he was having 1 year old daughter... He asked me all about Darpan & I told him in short..... There only 3 person knew my reality Deepak, Arjun & Drishti..... Darpan was exploring its music, everyone was blowing in our notes, even our stop for changing track made them disturb as they wanted us to go on without any break..... Then there Arjun came to take the Bridegroom's chair, he was completely shocked seeing me in that fashion, but he couldn't do anything as Bridegroom is not allowed to leave his chair... But still I was singing, singing sometimes Folk songs, Wedding Songs etc... & then She came Yaadi, Drishti..... Her first view after 3 years in Bride's dress nearly killed me, I stopped singing... The whole palace went silent, all started shouting to continue the songs, but I was not giving any

attention to them, the way I was staring her made Deepika & Akshit very clear that there is some connection between the Bride & me... Seeing the whole palace silent, she looked at me & then she was with tears, I had broken that promise given to her but I had to as I didn't want to miss her in wedding dress which always I dream of, The wedding procedure was going on, My voice started quivering, My eyes went red.... I couldn't sing anymore but I had to, After completing almost all songs that we came with, I decided to sing my favorite song of Lucky Ali which I used to sing for her in college time..... I asked Deepika & Akshit to leave the stage.... Now it was time for Chirag leading the Darpan for Drishti.... I gripped my guitar very tight & played it without singing for 10 minutes & with guitar I started singing.....

*Teri yaad jab aati hai,
Meri aankh bhar jaati hai,
Hum to bichhde yun mil mil ke,
Khwab tooten hain is dil ke.....
Yehi gum mujhe sataayega,
Phir tu laut ke na aayega,
Phir bhi tere aane ka intezaar karta hoon,
Pyaar sirf tumse , pyar sirf tumse, pyaar karta hoon.....
Maine vaada to nibhaya tha,
Socha kabhi naa sataya tha,*

*Phir bhi jaane anjaane mein kahin,
Tera dil to naa dukhaya tha.....
Kaisa dastoor hai jaana,
Sab kuch jaan ke hai sab sehna,
Yaar tujhpe main ye jaan nisaar karta hoon,
Pyar sirf tumse, pyar sirf tumse, pyaar karta hoon.....
Sunle sadaa..... Sunle sadaa..... Sunle sadaa.....
Sunle..... sunlesunle sadaa..... Sunle....
Teri sehmi sehmi baton mein,
Khoya chand mulaqaton mein,
Aaye nazar vo saare makaam,
Tera pata yaad hai na naam.....
Ye dil tujhe na bhulaayega,
Kya tu phir se laut aayega,
Main to khud ko bakaraar baar baar karta hoon,
Pyar sirf tumse , pyar sirf tumse, pyaar karta hoon.....
Pyar sirf tumse , pyar sirf tumse....*

With tears all around on my face & equally on her, without participating further in the marriage procedure, I left the place & drove back to home back.... I locked myself in a room, just to cry as loud as I could... I cried for very long just to delete her memories from my heart but I couldn't... I didn't go to my farm house back for about one week, Deepika called me a lot but I didn't take it.... After that week with unbearable pain, arised from the broken pieces of my heart... I returned back to Darpan but I knew I have to answer them very first question to me, I gave them this copy (pointing

towards the same copy from which he is reading to himself as he used to write it at the end of every year), Both Deepika & Akshit went through it, They returned back the copy with tears in their eyes & their hands saluting me for sacrificing my Love inexchange of knowing what love is, inexchange of my mother's memories..... Even Deepika asked me for permission to call Drishti & tell her why didn't I propose her that night, But I just refused her to do So, just by telling her that Love never meant for expectation, it meant for sacrifices & After all, she was married & happy with her new life too, I wouldn't be a hurdle for her again after giving her so much trouble....."

Yaadi," Bhai mai tere jazbaaton ki kadam karta hun, Bhai bahut khuun aa rha hai pehle paunch le....."

Chirag," Nahi yaar, Ab nhi.... Ab mujhey maat bhi manzuur hai, maine zindagi jee lii, jitni mujhey jeeni thi..... Tu fikar na kar, tera bhai hasteiy huey maat ko galey lagayega.....Mujhey meri ye kitaab puuri kar lene de..... So, Where was I?"

Yaadi," Drishti finally married to Arjun, Deepak is also doing fine with his job & small family, You

mother's memories are still there in your heart, Your father is doing fine..... Haan, you had told everything to Deepika & Akshit....."

Chirag," Ya, Then everything became normal again, our practice made it possible, Darpan was declared most popular music band of India, We started doing live performances in India & outside as well like in Australia, Singapore, New York, Tokyo, paris etc... We were world famous for our way of presenting songs, by making them appealing to our fans there in crowd. We were declared as Rockstars who put the stage on fire..... I'm sure Drishti had seen me in Television, in newspaper, in magazines etc..... I hope she would have loved it too, ya she should because my every song was for her.... Also I didn't want to lose my new friends again but what I hadn't expected was... Deepika proposed me, she fell in love with me after reading this copy & spending time with me in Darpan, just because she liked the way I used to love Drishti in my college time. I simply rejected her proposal as I could never give her that place which I had already given to Drishti & further made her aware of that, that no one could take that place neither God nor Death...

To this she simply told me that she would wait for me till her death.... I tried to explain her but she was not ready to talk anything to me in this context. I love her voice, her way of singing but Yaadi you know naa, I can't Love her..... One day she once again proposed me on her knees with tear in her eyes, seeing her like this my memories again revived & I simply accepted her proposal but on condition that I'll never touch her, to this she just said No problem at all..... I knew it would have hurted Akshit a lot but this time it was he who have to give sacrifice. Then I married Deepika, simply in a Temple & gave Dhanush my surname Garg... I personally loved him a lot, as I used to find myself in him..... We were a complete family.... I used to sleep with Dhanush & my guitar at first floor & she at ground floor.... I had gifted Akshit one of my apartment at Rohini..... I started talking with Deepika like I used to talk with Drishti though I couldn't give her the same love as for Drishti. Even on her wish, I used to celebrate picnic at various places in Delhi remembering my old memories with my enfield again....."

Cigarette: 13

Mayur Vihar, Delhi.....

13 Dec, 2012 ; 06:00a.m..

Chirag is vomiting a lot, in blood, blood is all around through out his nose, mouth.... He is finding himself very weak, pathetic... Even He is trying but he is not able to stand on his own.... The copy he was reading is completed upto 2011, Now he wants to share his journey of 2012 which is not in copy as he writes that copy at the end of year.... He is trying to share, share 2012.....

Yaadi," Are you alright? "

Chirag," Ya, I'm fine... Just little bit Red.... Bhai, I'm very lucky naa....."

Yaadi," Ya, You are very lucky... I know it....."

Chirag," Ya, As it was the time for God's Gift or you can say it the outcome of loving someone other than Drishti..... It went as, My health started deteriorating a lot, I went for medical check up & then one Doctor came to me & told that I have *Blood Cancer : A God's Gift* ,I was shocked completely shocked, I was not believing what was

going on with me.... I started loving Dhanush, my son.... He is only 3 year old, Why did it happen to me, I asked the Doctor for calling it to be a gift given by God.... The Doctor explained that my continuous love towards smoking 12 cigarettes a day is responsible for this, He called it gift because the patient of the Blood Cancer knows his time of Death. He further warned me that if I leave smoking then I may live 2 or more years but if I didn't leave it then I will die within this year.... Did you listen, Yaadi I'll die....."

Yaadi," Bhai, Tell me the truth, are you afraid of Death, Haan???"

Chirag," No, Never.... I just wanted some more time to spend with Dhanush but I can't betray this time with my cigarette for love anymore... I decided to love my soul-mate cigarette as she was the one who was very truthful to me from the very start as she was hugging me with every sip I was taking. I told Deepika that I want to spend this year alone without telling anyone about my disease, I took this flat with no. 13-m here in Mayur Vihar & a new pulsar 180cc to forget about the memories associated with my enfield. Now, it was the time to

just love only two things Life & her (cigarette), I started visiting orphanages where the young children living without their parents, in very poor condition..... They have very less to wear, very less to eat, drink, in unhygienic conditions, with no dreams, no scope of study for them, just devoid of the world from which I had come.... But they have one thing in excess ie-LOVE, they love each other more than as in family we do... The best part about them is, they never complaint to anyone, they are always happy with their life, This is the basic funda that one needs to live his life happily which I found when I don't have anymore time left. Now, it made me happy to eat with them, to play with them..... It was my daily routine to spend time at orphanage, in visiting various places like my mother used to visit, Now I could feel her position, when you know your death's arrival, it becomes impossible for you to love others like I finds difficulty in loving Dhanush & Deepika's voice. Only thing I could do was just to love my life... After spending time like this, at night I used to join Darpan & my son Dhanush, after enjoying with them I returned back to this room & started loving my cigarette, my guitar & sometimes

Drishti in my heart...I have prepared a will declaring half of my property in name of Darpan Band & remaining half to those who need a lot like orphanages & schools running on trusts.... Oh what a wonderful day it was, 12 Dec, 2012... I took a quick shower at about 4:00 a.m. & then raced the pulsar throughout the various places in Ghaziabad & Delhi.... Visiting AIT after a long, refilled me with my love, I made telephone call to all one by one, Mayank, Arjun, Deepak, Sneha, Radhika, Nishant.. a lot....I was just recollecting all my moments that I had lived in my whole life whether at terraces or football ground, wether at AIT or Gaamaa Pvt. Ltd. Whether with Darpan or Drishti..... It was the complete day of my life, before joining you... I'm talking to you from last 6 months & in those months you have made me to fall in your love like you make every one to fall, Yaadi..."

Yaadi," Bro, I'm in love with you too..... Say what ever is in your heart, Complete it today....."

Chirag," Bhai, Thanks for being with me....."

Yaadi," I'm equally thankful to you... Now, I allow you to go & love her, your 13th one..."

Chirag,"I'm going but, I want to accept something."

Yaadi," Ya speak...."

Chirag," I love her, I love Drishti..... Bhai, whoever I have loved is not with me....."

Yaadi," Bhai, It's not ture everyone has equally loved you as well though it was never open.... Bhai, Now Marry with your soul-mate....."

Chirag," Ya, I'm going to marry her (cigarette), At least one thing is very clear, She replies me back more I love her, more it takes me near to her ie-death, I'm feeling joy of love in dying because of her, my true lover. I could feel her pain in ash which she gives me after burning herself. **D**rishti is happy with her son & daughter along with Arjun, **D**eepak is also doing fine, **D**arpan is also touching the sky with **D**eepika, **D**hanush & Akshit.... The letter '**D**' is very significant to me that's why I love to write '**C+D**', But now I know why I couldn't live with them because I'm a '**C**' which can get love from only '**C**' ie-**C**igarette,..... I love you my dear Cigarette..... "

Yaadi," Oh great, Can you dedicate a song, this time for all **D**s & **C**s, even for me **Y**....."

Chirag," Ya, I try....."

Chirag is in worst condition with Blood, he is completely red but still he can't deny when it comes to music, whom he loves most, even more than Cs & Ds, which he himself never know.....

He sings.....

Kahin se kahin ko bhi,

Aao bewajah chale,

Poochhe bina kisi se,

Hum mile.....

Bandishe naa rahi koi baaqi,

Tum ho,

Tum ho paas mere, saath mere ho

Tum yun,

Jitna mehsoos karoon tumko, utna hi paa bhi loon

Oooh hoo hoo.....

He is crying but without any regret, just because he is feeling joy, remembering his journey on Earth.....

Chirag," Bhai usney (Drishti) kabhi mujhse pyaar kiya tha.... Sach bataana....."

Yaadi," Haan, Bhai vo tujhse bhi utna hi pyaar karti thi jitna tuu ussey, aur aaj bhi karti hai aur karti rahegi....."

Chirag," Bhai mai useiy bahut khush rakhna chahta tha, bhai mai uski goed me sar rakh kar aakhiri saans lena chahta tha, Bhai vo mereiy marneiy par mujhey dekhneiy aayegi, apni promise todkar.....??"

Yaadi," Beshak, Bhai vo daudi chali aayegi, tu beshak aaj mujhey choedkar jaa rha hai par jo Chirag abhi tak yahaan jiya hai vo khud ko yahaan choedkar jaa rha hai, ham sab k beech, ham sab k dilo me.... Bhai everyone loves you"

Chirag," Only, This I want to hear, Now I can die loving her, Love you Mom & Dad, Love you Deepika, Dhanush, Deepak, Darpan & Drishti, for loving me.... Love you Yaadi too....."

Yaadi,"I love you too & they too also....."

Chirag," Bhai, now let me go alone with my cigarette & no one else, Just I want to love her, only she & me.... Now I have to go....."

Yaadi," Bhai, Go I have no issues, Good Bye but listen first, complete your promise, Your promise to Drishti that in your last breathe, there will be all everlasting love for her....."

Chirag," Are you asking me to sing again, for her?"

Yaadi," Sing, If you can....."

Chirag," So, Ok... Just for her, For *Just One Word,*

Love Let me try again.....

Tum ho toh, gata hai dil....

Tum nahin, toh geet kahan....

Tum ho toh, hai sab hasil....

Tum nahin, toh kya hai yahan....

Tum ho toh hai, sapno ke jaisa hasin....

Ek samaa.....

Jo tum ho toh, yeh lagtha hai....

Ke mil gayi har khushi....

Jo tum na ho, yeh lagtha hai....

Ke har khushi mein hai kami....

Tumko hai mangti....

Yeh zindagii...."

& Suddenly he stops as his guitar strings get broken by cutting his fingers, all with blood... He utters....

Chirag," Yaadi, Bhai Dekha na, ab to mera guitar bhi saath choed gya, vo bhi chahta hai ki ab mai so jaun hamesha k liye, shayad ussией mera dard dekha nhi jaata..... "

Yaadi," Bhai vo bas ye chahta hai ki ab tere aur teri cigarette k beech me koi na aaye....."

Chirag," Chal Bhai Bas tera mera saath yahin tak tha, Alvidaa..... Alvidaa mere Bhai agar tu na hota to mai kab ka mar gya hota.... Alvida.... I love you.."

Yaadi," Bhai mai tujhey kaafi miss karunga, I love you too & miss you too..... Bhai ja apni maut jee le....."

Chirag this time with full strength stands, comes to the mirror & kisses himself & for the last time utters.....

Chirag," Alvida, Mere Bhai....."

Yaadi," Alvida..... Bhai you have lived for *Just One Word, Love*, I'm proud of you & the whole world should be....."

Chirag," This time is for **13th** one, Chal chalta hun... Mujhey ab is cigarette se shaadi karni hai....."

Yaadi," Bhai fir tu kabhi nhi aayega, mujhse milney? Kabhi nhi, haan???"

Chirag just passes smile & moves towards Bedroom, He logs-in again to his Facebook account, in notifications there are 513 likes to his recent updated status with 213 comments, He visits

Drishti's profile & kisses her on screen, He is happy to see her with his complete family, He decides to write his last status, He is typing.....

Mr Kapoor pauses the last video recording just to see what he had typed in his last status.....

" Dear Word LOVE, Why these people make you so complicated which you aren't.... I have loved so many people & life too... I know how much Divine you are.... Hey Deepika, I'm going to leave you with Akshit forever, if you have loved me then you should marry Akshit, He loves you a lot He will give you everything which you have expected from your life, Just go with her.... Hey Dhanush, My Champion, I'll not be there to teach you football but I know that you will play it better than me, Lots of goals are waiting for you..... Going to miss you Darpan.... Hey Deepak & Arjun, Bhai AIT ki raatein aur Meri Enfield ka saath mere saath Bhula mat dena.... Love you both.....Love you Mom & Dad, Mom I'm coming to you, just wait for me..... Hey My Love, My Life Drishti, Sorry for breaking your promise at your wedding but you were looking beautiful in that wedding dress with Arjun, I'm not asking for any sorry Because I just love you, Keep

smiling like always.... I am tired a lot, I'm going to sleep, sleep for a long, But whenever you need me, just put your hand on heart & take my name, I'll surely come to you in form of wind..... Drishti, I love you.... I love you..... 😊 😊 😊 😊 😊 😊 😊 As usual I want to dedicate 4 lines to you at last.....

*Ye dil tujhe na bhulaayega,
Kya tu phir se laut aayega,
Main to khud ko bakaraar baar baar karta hoon....
Pyar sirf tumse , pyar sirf tumse, pyaar karta hoon..
Pyar sirf tumse , pyar sirf tumse....*

Love you all & I'll love you all till my last breathe....."

After seeing the status, Mr. Kapoor again continues the recording.....

Chirag now goes to bathroom, He fills the tub with water, He lights his 13th cigarette, He is staring at it continuously & now he enters in Bath-tub, He lies down & starts kissing her, He is talking with his cigarette.....

*Chirag," Thanks for loving me, Not leaving me till my last breathe...My whole life I foughted a lot for which you had gifted me, **Just One Word, Love....."***

Chirag's voice drops down, blood is still flowing, his hands drop down with 13th cigarette gripped firmly & still it is burning but he is no more.....Clock shows 7:30 a.m.....

This led to the end of all video recording session.....

PROLOGUE CONTJNUES...

“Oh My god! Oh no! Oh no! He is..... He is..... He is.....”, Mr Kapoor uttered.....

“.....He is the lead Singer of the most famous Music Band ‘DARPAN’, also the General Manager of Gaamaa Pvt. Ltd....He couldn't die like this....”, Mr Kapoor uttered.....

After seeing the video, The police men discuss with each other about the case.....

Mr. Sharma,” Oh, So sad, How much wrong are we about the Love???”

Mr. Kapoor,” Sir, Whose fault was this? Was it cigarette's fault or Chirag's himself, or his love for Drishti or his living devoid of any one in contact for

very long????? He was a great boy, Hats off to him....."

Mr. Kapoor along with Mr. Sharma salutes him, mainly for his sacrifices.....

Mr. Sharma," God Knows, whose fault was this....."

Mr. Kapoor," Should we send this copy to her, Drishti....."

Mr. Sharma," No, Just Wait She will surely come if she had loved him by heart, if she know the meaning of *Just One Word, Love*".....

Mr. Sharma then dismiss the further case proceedings.....



The End

Just One Word, Love

Thanks a lot.....

If you have loved the novel then Please, like the page www.facebook.com/justonewordlove

You can also send me you feedbacks at :

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Thanks again.....

Merry Christmas & Happy New year, 2013, To you & your family.....

Always Keep Smiling 😊 😊 😊 😊

Just One Word, Love

