

Love stories

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Love Stories

By Prajwalit

Dedicated to true lovers

Acknowledgment

This book is acknowledged to my parents, whole humankind, all creatures of the world existing and the God almighty. I am sincerely thankful to my elder sister Sudha, my younger sister Bhoomika, my brother Girish and Bhabhi Hetal Chauhan, who always supported and encouraged me to write. I am also thankful to all my friends, colleagues and relatives for their unforgettable assistance. And the largest thanks and love to the Ms. Pooja (my Niece), Vihaan and Kavish (My nephews).

Prologue

This book contains some actual love stories that never ended in marriage.

Ponytail: is a story of a moneymaker businessman; doing very well in business and falls in love with one of his employees

Chocolate: is a story of a handworker student who is the child of a widow who falls in love with a school friend.

Secret Love: is a story of a young working girl who falls in love with a handsome young physician.

First Crush: is a story of a boy who had a crush on his doctor.

Kiss: is a story of passion between two college students.

Ponytail



Today a year had past, since I had last seen Tapasya. Only a year before she had left this house and me. I can remember that night, when I came back home and she found lipstick stains on my shirt. They were not even real marks, just lipstick stains! She asked for the explanation, but I could not because even I did not notice the stains. I had no idea where the stains came from.

Three years ago, I met her when she appeared for an interview for a job as marketing head in my small textile industry. Her confident look with tight ponytail, corporate suit and knee-length skirt was not sufficient to impress me. But her attitude towards the work itself, her sincerity and her past job experience constrained me to select her for the job from the pool of seven candidates. My firm was growing and I'm happy to say, among the best houses of the metropolis. I had started my own business after completion of my diploma in business administration from the Indian Institute

of Management, Ahmedabad at the age of 26 years with few lakhs investments.

When I recruited the lady I was 29 years old, owner of 50 crores turnover company and offering the industry's best salary to competent candidates. Her CV informed me that she and I were the same age. She must have educated herself to market her knowledge and personality. Only I was habitual to see with bird's eye; I could see that her communication was good and she could sell anything to anybody.

She had done well in six months and proved herself; I called her into my office to congratulate and inform her that she was promoted to managing director of our new branch somewhere in another city with good hike in her salary.

She entered my room with the same smiling face of a salesman. I complimented her and informed her of her promotion. She smiled again, but this time her smile was dry and charmless. She told me that she wanted to work under me and wanted to learn more from me. I

knew most of the employees show the same genuflection to their employer and supposed she was one of those. [how about "gesture of respect"?]

I was transferring other three well-performing employees from my branch to the new branch. So, I decided to give a small farewell party along with the announcement of the new branch opening. The whole responsibility of the arrangement of the party was given to Tapasya. Only those four and I were aware of the fact that we were escalating our business.

I talked about the budget and about the expected number of guests for the party. It was a small party and only office members with their folk were invited. She asked me to give her time to manage everything because she had other important work at hand.

"If you are busy with your work, I can ask another for the arrangement."

"No, sir, I am delighted to perform the duty." She extended a lingering curtsy. She did not desire to leave it.

But the sharp features of her face showed an expression I had never seen before from her. First time I ever noticed the pouty lips of a lady!

She had nice wide eyes which appeared more beautiful with the mascara and eyeliner she had placed with much practice. She had painted her face with light makeup that exaggerated her sharp facial features. Her neck was quite long and her hair was still tied in a ponytail, but long enough to reach her mid-back.

I also had healthy, well grown black hair and I always kept it a little bit longer than other males did. I was an out-of-the-box thinker and habitual to keep my hair a little bit longer than shoulder length but never tied back in a ponytail. I kept a well-grown but neat, clean, and well-trimmed beard, which gave me a dashing look. Many girls had flirted with me because of my dashing looks and well-built Bharatiya stature of five feet eight inches with broad shoulders, well-built muscles, a 38-inch wide chest with bulging pectorals, flat abdomen with a 28-inch waist and 36-inch butt with thick thighs below. Regular

two-hour yoga, meditation and weight bearing exercises had left enough cuts on my body to be an amatory hot guy.

But my business was my only concern and not girls so I never dated a girl, nor even flirted. Whenever I communicated with any lady it was for business purposes only, or just for formality. That day, I could not shift my gaze from her troubled face.

“Sir, may I leave?” Her eyes caught me staring into her face.

“Tapasya, if you’re comfortable, only then, take this responsibility.” I attempted to poke out her hesitation.

“No, sir, it’s ok” she told me reluctantly.

I was a very punctual and strict boss but I was not heartless. I often could sense the frame of mind of my employees. I was a boss who not only believed in target based work, but quality based work also. Additionally, my overachiever persona and my assertiveness was enough to keep any employee in control and terror. Only that time I imagined I might have been too punitive with my employees. That might be the reason Tapasya could not

refuse the employment. She must be papering over the crack.

I called Ahmad and told him to prepare an arrangement for a little party. Ahmad was also a truthful and meticulous employee. He was to be the marketing head after transfer of Tapasya. I revealed the purpose of the party, invitees list, and the other plans discussed already with Tapasya in the presence of she. Ahmad called for me to allow him to leave early to arrange things; the plan was to arrange dinner in a banquet of a four-star hotel owned by my acquaintance. I allowed him, but only after the big announcement was made.

I had almost 25 employees working in my office, including the peon, although my manufacturing unit had around 100-150 employees. That treat was only for the 25 employees and their families.

I came out of my office with Ahmad and Tapasya and announced, "My dear colleagues, with heavy heart I have to announce that our very efficient colleague, Miss Tapasya, will no longer work here with us. And as well, respected finance

manager, Mr. Mansukhbhai, who has been practicing with us from the time of establishment of this young company; quality assurance manager Mr. Krunal, and manufacturing queen, manufacture unit's head and manager, Mrs. Vrunda is going to leave us, also with Miss Tapasya."

I talked without any aspect then I paused to watch the reaction of the faces of others. Everybody was surprised. They knew some large changes would be taking place, but my announcement was unexpected.

I continued, "Just juniors of all these four are going to replace them and will take their position and pay perks. I am officially announcing Miss. Tapasya, Mr. Mansukhbhai, Mr. Krunal and Mrs. Vrunda, as managing directors of our new branch in Surat and as they have already taken on the proposition, they will carry the obligation of a new manufacturing unit in Surat from the succeeding week." Everybody was delighted, congratulated and applauded me and also for those lucky guys.

As the environment calmed down; I added, "In addition, each employee of the Prajwalit Ltd. will be offered one unit share of the company this year."

The performance of my company was superb and every single person dreamed to have partnered with me. I was disbursing 500 shares of my company to distribute among the employees. The market value of each share was around 25,000 rupees and those guys were fortunate to get them at 1000 rupees for each. So that was like a huge bonus for everyone and clapping did not stop for a long time.

I had to shout, "Please silence, silence. And on this occasion, everyone with family is invited to a dinner party tomorrow evening. And to make your presence remarkable in a dinner party, tomorrow will be a half day. Ahmad will notify you of the venue and the time of the party by this evening before you leave." The environment was full of thrills, and lots of dialogue.

This was the first time I had given such a big surprise. I came back to my office and

relaxed in my chair, removed my rimless glasses, and supported my head in the back of the revolving chair.

I pampered my long hair and shut my eyes and went away into my past.

Exactly eleven years back, I had gone past my junior college and entered into engineering college. My father was an honest police officer, and mother was a housewife.

The same year, mummy had an accident and a serious brain haemorrhage. The doctor had prescribed an emergency procedure and we needed to pay one hundred thousand rupees. Dad could not handle money and eventually lost mummy. Papa could not tolerate the passing of his beloved wife and consequently, dropped dead of a severe heart attack.

I lost my parental shadow in just a day and I shaved my head as part of a ritual. From that day, I decided to hoard as much money as I could.

I also decided not to marry until I could become the richest person in the world. To keep the oath in my mind, I kept my hair long and never cut it shorter than shoulder length.

From the day I tried hard work, Papa had left a small house and few thousand rupees as a gratuity. I continued my studies. To pay college fees I gave tuition classes to school children. Government scholarships continued to pay my 50% of the tuition fee for my Management studies. I was quite sharp in studies and was intelligent. Nothing else interfered. At the end of study, I was able to save two lakhs of rupees. I had mortgaged my paternal home to borrow another 8 lakhs from the bank and started a small company, Prajwalit Ltd., with the small manufacturing unit.

Only, my eyes were bigger than my stomach. I wanted to enlarge my business in Maharashtra. Surat was quite near to Maharashtra and the branch set in Surat would help me to put legs in Maharashtra and in other states.

I had received reports from the research and finance department about the potentiality and risk of my future expansion. I was planning for an initial public offering of 1000 crores next year to make my company nationalized and to expand in the whole Bharat area. The Surat branch was the first step of my plan.

A knock on the door broke my thoughts. I opened my eyes and got again the royal seating posture in the chair and ordered, "Come in."

Ahmad entered the room quietly. Ahmad was a young guy; he was wearing a blue lined formal shirt with dark blue coloured formal pants. He was the guy with short black hair, always clean shaven and intelligent, a sweet smile. He used to be polite with the other colleagues and his juniors, also. He had a decent office look and office manners. I always hired efficient employees, but the thing I noticed, each and every employee followed the universal rule of formal clothes and office manners. I swear I had never forced them to do so, but almost all

of them seem to fear me. On the other hand, on most occasions I dressed casually. I never put on a suit or anything like formal shirts. Either I entered into the office with jeans and t-shirt, or any other casual apparel. But my dressing sense was always dynamic and energetic.

“Sir, everything is planned. Tomorrow evening in the hotel Alphonso, at 7 o’clock, about 140 people will be there so, I have arranged for 150 persons”

“Just confirm the dinner menu is suitable for everyone. Take care of people who prefer Jain preparation of food. And yes, you can come with your girlfriend also; you will have a great day tomorrow.”

He blushed, “Don’t have a girlfriend, but have fiancée.”

“She is also allowed. But not her parents.” His inner happiness converted his fair, clean-shaved cheeks into red.

“Thank you, sir. May I leave now?”

“Sure, you can leave now. Announce the venue and time to everyone in the office.”

It was already seven o’clock. I again called all four lucky future directors in my office.

“You all can leave now and arrange for your future destination. You will each be provided a company apartment there and you will take charge no later than next Monday. So you have about seven days to pack up your work. Explain the work and charge to your substitute. I want little work to be completed by you only, before you all leave this branch. I have mailed you the list. I know you all have to manage many things, but those files and work are critical, so get them complete before next Saturday. Any question?”

“No, sir.” Everyone chorused.

“You may leave now.”

At 9 P.M. Damajibhai was permitted to enter my office.

“Damajibhai, why are you still here in the office?” I inquired.

“Sir, Tapasya madam is working till yet. So I was waiting her to leave.” Damajibhai replied.

I was used to leaving the office almost at 10 o'clock and kept one key with me. Damajibhai, our head peon, usually left the office at 8:30 p.m. after everyone had gone.

I never wanted my staff to be overburdened by the work and never wanted to make them stay in the office as overtime. I allowed Dhanajibhai to leave and told him to inform Miss Tapasya that she should leave the office without taking the stress of the work.

I finished my work. From the glass window of the office, I could see the rain. The water drops collided with the window glass and spread to wet the glass. Just like that, I was struck with the painful loss of time and dispersed myself into a greedy boring man.

I stopped my thoughts and put my feet into a pair of casual, brown 'Red Chief' leather shoes. I wrapped the platinum coloured Rolex watch around my wrist. I did not carry any work or stress from office to home, so I always kept my hands

empty while coming outside of the office. I changed myself from businessmen to young, dashing person when I left the office but never could have time to spend with friends. Neither did I have close relatives to spend time with.

I locked the door of my office after coming out of the door and was surprised to see Miss Tapasya still working. I went to her but my movements did not distract her. I was really impressed by her concentration and dedication. But I did not like that she had not followed my instruction.

"Miss Tapasya, this is not the best place for night stay. I think your home will be better." I tried to play with words in which I was not an expert.

"Sir, I am really sorry. But the work you wanted me to complete tomorrow is..." she staggered.

I trusted her. Something must be out of her control, so she would not be able to leave just yet, and I wanted to know the results, so waited for her to complete her sentence.

“But...?” I deduced her incomplete sentence.

“But I have lost the file and my full seven-day's work. I could not find the file when I came this morning into my office. Something went wrong with the computer and I was not able to search the work. So, I was doing the whole work again and will submit it to you before tomorrow evening.” She was so terrified that she gave reason three to four times and was unable to express herself properly.

That file was quite important and very confidential for me. The file held future plans for my company, including plans for IPO. I had given that file to Miss Tapasya to analyse, estimate, and prepare a marketing strategy for my new brand – a launch of female garments. She recognized the importance of the confidential file.

Only at the time I gave priority to quiet down and relax Miss Tapasya.

“It's all right! Relax, and don't worry about the deadline. You can take a few days more to complete the work and it

must never have gone anywhere. We deliver a fair level of security and I don't imagine anyone else in the cosmos may bear a pastime in my company's future plans.”

“I am grateful to you, sir.”

“Now close your work. I am waiting for you to leave the office, and my stomach is crawling.”

She gave me a smile, thanked again, and shut down the system. We left the office, switched off the lights, and locked the door. I procured the key in my pockets by the time she had shouted out at the elevator. My office was on the fifth floor in a commercial area of Ahmedabad. Lift downed us to the ground parking lot. I unlocked my brand new black coloured Renault duster with key remote.

“See you tomorrow, Miss Tapasya. Good night.”

“Good night, sir.”

Rain was at a slow but continuous pace. I opened the door of my car and ignited the engine. It roared and smoothened. I wiped

the dust from the front glass, opened the window glasses, and started the AC of the car at mid-speed. I turned the car to get out of the parking lot. ***

To my surprise, Tapasya was fumbling around and was standing, stunned. I noticed that in the whole parking lot, not a single vehicle was there, except for my car. It was my daily routine to work till late and to be the only car left in the parking lot. There must be some vehicle of Tapasya, also, I thought. I was paying her enough to afford a car and she surely must possess one.

I drove my car near her and asked, "Tapasya, what happened? Where is your car?"

"Sir, I just deduced that I had given it for service at a service station. [It's in the shop.] It will be returned back to me by tomorrow morning."

I continued to observe this shivering girl, who must be wishing in her mind that I should offer her a lift that time. I also thought I should offer her a lift, but then

she might take it another way also, so I waited.

"I had planned to go home on public transport. And I am already too late for that. But I will go home in an auto rickshaw." She continued to describe her problem, but did not dare to ask for help.

Whenever girls are in need, they want men to offer the help. I never understand, why they don't ask for help?

"And where do you reside?" I asked her.

"Satadhar near Ghatlodia" it was almost 45 minutes from the area where my office was.

"I don't think any auto rickshaw will take you there. Although my home is in Satellite, not so near as yours, but I can drop you off to your home, if you don't mind." She was happy inside but did not show the cheered up smile, just showed a thankful smile to me. I swear, if she had shown more curtsy or drama, I was definitely not going to give her a lift.

"Thank you again, sir." She took her seat.

I geared up, closed the window glasses and accelerated the car.

“I think because of the rain, it will take more time than usual. I don’t have much things to talk so if you wish, you can hear the songs from the music system.”

I started the music system and a melodious song lighted the environment. Very few vehicles were on broad, black, swimming-with-rain-water roads. But street lights were flashing because of the water. I had to drive car slowly and carefully.

“Sir, if you don’t mind, may I tell you something?” She could not bear my silence after ten minutes.

“Sure, go on. I never mind if someone tells me the truth honestly.”

“You are entirely different than I anticipated for you”

“You must have pretend me Queer fish”

“No sir.”

“So you found me strange, now?”

“No sir means yes sir. It was very strange that you speak very less especially with girls. But today I feel you are very caring and have more respect for you.”

“If I had not offered you the lift you might have thinking I am a bad man, right?”

“Perhaps, yes. I really wanted you to offer me the seat.” I smiled lightly. And was surprised also, how innocent and honest she was; she had tried to show an arrogant and professional look in the office, but how easily she confessed.

“Anyway, thanks for the appreciation.” I show curtsy.

She relaxed her body and removed the ponytail rubber band allow her hair to flow freely, and sipped water from her bottle. She was closing the cap of the bottle, but then, she asked me whether I wanted to drink.

My throat was dry of thirst so I took a sip from her bottle.

“It is not water; what is this?”

“Lemon drink. It gives me energy for work.”

I took one more mouthful. I liked that, so asked, “Really nice, does your mother prepare it for you everyday?”

“No, I prepare it myself. My mother and father had divorced a year back. Both rich persons have married other rich people. And gave me a small home to live on for my completion of graduation. I have fortune to meet them occasionally. A maid does all housework, but I like to eat dishes prepared by myself. I love cooking.” She continued her nonstop tongue but consciousness of my presence stopped her suddenly.

“Sorry sir, I just went on speaking.”

“I also cook my food myself; I love cooking, although I can afford a special cook.” I show no objection to her nonstop babbling.

“One more thing I want to tell you, sir.” I smiled and gave her silent consent.

“Sir, you have very beautiful hair. I have longer hair than yours but yours is very silky and lovely. I dream to have such hair.” I did not believe her words. I was with a beautiful girl with a perfect figure

and cute smile. And she was continuously praising me!

“We all - ladies in the office - like your hair and wish to have hair like yours. And please don’t cut it any shorter; it looks elegant on you. I wanted to tell you this from the first day, but hesitated, because of your tough personality.” Again I recalled guys who always esteemed their bosses so did not take her seriously.

Fortunately, we reached her area and I hoped relief from the talkative lovely girl.

“Thank you again, Tapasya. Here is the Satadhar crossroad. Now, in which direction?” I diverted the nonstop speech; she directed me to her home. I stopped the car in front of her home.

“I am thankful to you, sir for the lift” she opened the car and stood out of my seat window.

“You are always welcome.”

“Sir, if you don’t mind, may I offer you dinner today?” She was excited to have dinner with one of the young, most popular businessman of the city.

“Yes, you can. But I may not accept it.” On hearing the answer, she brought a sad expression to her face.

“Sir, it is almost eleven o’clock and I think you will reach your home not before 11:30. Don’t you think it is a great idea to have dinner at my home?” I thought it was great idea to have a home style dinner from her hand, but my bossism stopped me.

“Sir, I will never tell anybody that you had dinner with me, and I don’t think I am any dangerous vamp.” I realized how speedily she was being frank to me; and I could not resist her.

She was right; she was not looking like a vamp. Actually, I was not in the mood to prepare something special for myself at home and might have engulfed sandwich or something else. And hunger was knocking at my stomach.

So, I accepted her offer but put a condition, “But a condition is there; I will help you in preparation of the food.” She happily accepted the condition.

We entered into her well-kept beautifully decorated home. A large portrait of her was hanging on a wall. One painting of farm with farmers and bullocks in the farm was decorating the wall. She owned a large 40-inch LED and home theatre system. Two-by-three sized reach sofa was arranged in the main hall artistically with a brownish black cover. The covers and curtains matched the colour of the wall.

“Sir, that is the extra bedroom with wash room; you can use the wash room if you want to freshen and relax. I just come after change.” She pointed toward the bedroom, the door of which opened in the main hall, and she entered into another room. It was a two-bedroom hall kitchen tenement. It was large enough for one person. I was dying to empty my bladder, so I rushed to the rest room. It was also neat and clean. I washed my face with water, and used a pink soft towel hanging up in the rest room. I went outside and took a seat in the hall. The kitchen had an attached hall. Her kitchen was smaller than mine, but looked more attractive. After all, girls can take care of a home in a better way.

She came out of her room. She had changed into a trouser and t-shirt; it was not looking like a night dress but was more comfortable for her.

I asked, "So, what we are going to prepare?" I knew it was not possible to have a full dinner dish but she might have some extra ordinary skill.

"Whole grain spaghetti with garlicky kale and tomatoes with pasta" she answered, and started to go into the kitchen area.

"Then let's start, my stomach is crawling." I stood up and followed her.

She opened the fridge and brought out water and one large sized apple.

"Sir, relax. It will not take more than ten minutes. But before that, drink the water and take this apple." She cut the apple in two halves after removing its core and then offered me a half one. I was damn hungry, so I drank the water and took the apple.

During eating of the apple, she said, "Before cooking, I tie my hair back in a ponytail. And I don't like the lady cooking

with her hair loose. I think, sir, you must be tying your hair while cooking."

"No, I have never tied my hair. I like it free and open."

"Sir, if you don't mind, if you want to help me cook, you must tie your hair back. Because this is my kitchen and I will prefer it." I finished my apple and noticed that she had already tied her hair in a bun.

"Ok, because I want to check out your kitchen and cooking skill, I have no objection to following your kitchen rules. But I don't have any skill or experience to tie the hair." I tried to nullify her condition with my genuine reason to come out of the dilemma. On the other hand, I did not want to sit alone be a bored one in the hall, among the piles of feminine items and fashion magazines.

"Leave it to me. If you allow, I can do it for you. It will not take more than a minute." Her legs were waiting for my words.

"Ok, no problem." A hypnotic smile was back on her face and she rushed to her bedroom.

“Keep your head straight, looking forward, sir,” she came back with a wide toothed comb and something else in her hand.

She combed my hair from front to back and collected all of it in her hand. She then tied it in a ponytail. I could feel the stretch in the hair roots. She had skilfully tied that ponytail, until a few front short hairs were enjoying their freedom. She passed something behind my ear which then slid from my forehead to the crown of the head.

“What is this?” I asked her, although I knew that it was the brown coloured plastic toothed headband.

“It is a head band that will keep your hair away from your face. And now you are allowed in the kitchen”. She did not break her promise, and completed the thing in just a minute.

She gave me a cook apron from the pair she had in her kitchen. I was assigned work to cut the vegetables, while she prepared another thing. We cooked our dinner dish in just 10 or 15 minutes.

The smell of the dish stimulated the juice secretion from my stomach. Since the cooking was over I removed the apron, washed my hands, took a seat at the dinner table, and waited to be served the delicious dinner dish.

She also removed her apron and served the dish in two plates. She brought cold drinks from the fridge and poured them into two glasses. Her small, round dining table had a four-person capacity. It was placed in such a manner, so that the food can be served easily from the kitchen.

“You are good cook.” I admired the taste with mouthful food.

“Thank you, sir. In a way you assisted. You also seem to be not a bad cook”, she returned.

A few moments passed in silence. When food was nearly gone from my plate, she served me more. “I learned from my mother and cooking classes. And from where did you learn, sir?” She could not bear silence, and tried to break it.

“Some, from mother and internet, and from some friends.”

“Girlfriend?” Her inner girl was coming out.

“No, I don’t have any girlfriend Neither I had.”

“It is not possible. I can’t believe that an intelligent, handsome, and magnificent character like you doesn’t have any girlfriend.” She continued her buttery language.

“I think you have lots of stock of butter in your kitchen and continuously buttering me from today evening.” I pointed toward the fact that that’s how I was taking her comments.

“Sorry sir, but I am not trying what you are thinking.”

“You are really a dream guy for city girls.” She told the same sentence I heard many times from many girls, relatives, friends, and magazines. This time, she was right: my name was on the top list of most eligible bachelor in the city.

“I think my stomach has had enough food.” I stood up from the table carrying

the empty plate and walked toward the washbasin.

She finished her meal also and carried the empty dishes to the kitchen. I dropped the plate into the basin and washed my hands. She gave me a napkin to dry and as I wiped my hands, she gave me a glass of water.

I was feeling sleepy and wanted to rush home, but to show proper guest manners, I sat in the main hall.

She cleaned the table and joined me with roasted salty aniseed in a small glass bottle in her hand.

I took two spoonful of aniseed.

“Thank you, Tapasya for a nice dinner.” I stood up and continued, “Now I should leave, it is already very late.”

“I am obliged, sir, that you had dinner with me, sir. And I am sorry if I have told you anything that has hurt you. I could not stop talking with such a good listener.”

“No, none of your words hurt me. I enjoyed your company. Ok, goodbye.” I started to walk outside the door. But I was

reminded that I had her hair accessory. I turned back and removed the headband from my hair and gave it to her.

“Sorry, forgot to return your headband and hair band.”

“Keep that hair band.” She received back the headband but denied the hairband.

“Thanks, but I don’t tie my hair; and don’t think it will be any more useful to me.”

“But this ponytail looks great on you and this hair band is made up of cloth material that will not hurt or break your hairs.”

“Ok, fine, thanks.” I did not want to waste time in discussion.

“Sir, wait a minute.” She called me back when I reached my car. I turned back. She ran like a small child from the main door of her home, to me, and handed me my Rolex watch. I had removed it before starting cooking.

I thanked her again for the watch, and dinner, and left her home for mine.

Ahmad managed the party nicely. In addition to the dinner, he included dancing in the budget he was given.

The party was held in a banquet hall of 200-person capacity. Most of the staff members had already arrived with their families. They all eagerly introduced their family members to me. I could see the happiness on all faces as they had a chance to shake my hand. Children of a few members touched my feet, which I never liked and pleaded for them not to do so. I requested everyone to enjoy the drink, with a light starter and light music in the background.

It was like a get-together, wives of male members, gossiping and busily showing their husbands’ status. Males were busy debating such hot topics I Kohali’s failure in a match, politics, and company policies.

The company’s future plan was mysterious for everyone and most tried to predict the plan, even though they had a worm’s eye view.

In some groups, men were busy flirting with the wives of others, or if they’re

lucky, young beautiful ladies. Most of the males had on black or brown suits or something like to show their office party sense, while females had more choices. These choices ranged from fancy dresses to traditional sarees.

I was standing near a wall mounted with one of the masterpieces of Dr. Ankur Zalawadia, a world famous painter from the Gujarat.

Ahmad introduced me to his fiancée and parents. I admired the sincerity and forecasted bright future of Ahmad. After completion of the formalities, I asked them to enjoy the party. As I was relieved of them, Mrs. Akanksha, with her husband and children, came to me and introduced her family. I shook hands with her husband and talked some formal things.

“Excuse me, please,” I told Akanksha and walked to the Krunal. as I show Krunal Entering in the door,

“Excuse me, sir.” Tapasya shouted from the back. She was wearing an embroidered and stone worked princess cut neck, bodice and long sleeved oink net

party dress flaunting her curves decently and her sedative smile on her face with high hairdo. Moderate makeup, smoky eyes, and dangling earrings made her look gorgeous.

For a moment I was hypnotized by her look. I thought I started to like from the day first I was interviewing her. [SUGGEST: I sensed I was beginning to fall for her ever since that first day when I interviewed her.] Now, last night’s interaction had facilitated the realization of my feelings. Suddenly, I recalled the person to introduce whom I had arranged the party.

“Yes, Tapasya, you look gorgeous, and nice to see here. Enjoy the party; I will come back to you. I have a little more important work.” My ignorance annoyed her. I shake leg and moved to Krunal who was now accompanying by a Mr. Mehta and his young daughter Kaumudi.

Mr. Mehta was the big name in the business world. He was the richest man in Bharat; he was a big cheese.

He was wearing a costly black suit with platinum chain around his neck, clean shaven and classically-styled grey coloured hair and richness on his 50-year-old face, which worked to hide his aged wrinkles.

I had invited him to convince him to invest in my future plan of launching a female apparel brand clothes. As I was also famous in Bharat as the self-grown promising businessman, he was ready to taste my work.

He was to invest almost 300 crores in the name of his 25-year-old daughter, Kaumudi. She had just completed her post-graduation in management from Harvard University.

She was to join me as a partner in the company. She was offered to join the company of her papa, but decided to start her own new company. At the same time, I had put a proposal to Mehta to invest in my future apparel industry. He caught the idea and asked her to join me. She was also excited about the apparel industry, and her papa had not put legs in fashion industry.

That day, they were to visit the Ahmedabad, for another purpose of business, but I grabbed the chance and invited them to meet my branch team.

“Good morning, Mehta, sir. I am thankful you accepted my invitation to come to our small party.” I greeted him.

“I am pleased to meet one of the promising businessmen, Prabuddh. Meet my daughter, Kaumudi, and Kaumudi, he is...”

She was wearing purple-coloured spaghetti straps with cross light brown coloured knee length skirt, below, which unveiled her well-shaped, long thin legs.

Wearing 3-inch-high heels, her eyes quite large and thick, with black coloured eyelashes, making them look more amorous. Her oval face was surrounded by a retro elegance classical hair style. She had the brown-black, medium-size hair, and thick, pink coloured lips, with a black sexy mole at the left side of her neck.

“He is Prabuddh - every management student knows him - his success lessons from 10 lakhs to 50 crores are taught in

many institutes as a case study.” Kaumudi seemed quite impressed by my success.

“Thank you, madam; pleased to meet you.” I showed my million-dollar charismatic and enthralling rare smile. Any girl in this world would practically die to see that smile on my face.

“Kaumudi. My name, I like you to call me Kaumudi. After all, we are going to be business partners and may I call you.”

“Obviously, you can address me Prabuddh, Kaumudi.” I won the half battle. For my dream, a large investment and accompany of large brand names were necessary. Instead of money, the name of Mehta was more precious for my business. That will crack many government policies and other hustles of my business. Although there were about six months to official announcement and launch, a lot of work was before us and assignments were necessary.

“Sir, if you don’t mind, may I announce your presence here and may I introduce to you our business team?”

“Prabuddh, actually, I am in a hurry. I really should leave now.”

“But sir, dinner.” I tried to stop him so that I can impress him by showing off my business team.

“Prabuddh, I am already convinced to invest in your business, and now everything is up to Kaumudi. I have another business meeting and I have to attend it. She will join you in the party. Please take care of her.” He was in hurry; he was really a busy man.

His per-hour income was more than my monthly turnover, so the fifteen minutes he had spent with me costs him more than 100 crores, double than my annual turnover. Whatever he was to invest in my company was penny for him. And so I didn’t dare stop him.

Accompanied by Kaumudi, I went to the door to say goodbye to Mehta.

“Prabuddh, please don’t announce my presence here. Actually, I hate formalities

and butter polishing.” Kaumudi requested me while coming back in to the party.

“Sir, should we start the dinner?” Ahmad came to me for permission.

“Ahmad, whole arrangement is yours, no need to ask for any permission anymore.”

“Sir, one more thing. A one-hour dance is arranged after dinner, as I had informed you yesterday.”

“Ahmad, you are allowed to rock the floor after dinner with your fiancée.” Kaumudi sensed my irritation for the so much formal person. I tried to dilute my expressed feeling, telling,

“Kaumudi, he is Ahmad, a very talented and enthusiastic new marketing head of Ahmedabad branch.”

“Hi, I am Kaumudi. Nice to meet you, Mr. Ahmad.” She shook hands with Ahmad.

“I am also pleased to meet Miss. Kaumudi.” Ahmad, unaware of his future boss, muttered.

“Ahmad, please, you can announce the dinner?”

“Kaumudi, what will you like to have?” As Ahmad was announcing the dinner, I asked the beautiful lady to accompany me.

“Sweet release for me.”

“Waiter, one sweet release for the lovely lady and an orange juice for me.”

“Don’t you drink?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Impressed. To accompany you, I also won’t drink. One pineapple juice for me instead of sweet release.” I changed the order as per her demand.

In no time, the waiter came with a glass of orange juice with lemon tucked to rim of the glass and pineapple juice with straw and lemon on the edge.

“I have read and heard many things about you and your work attitude, Prabuddh.” I blushed. Really, I was a famous man. I realized that time because she was not my employee who required to secure her post and salary.

“I hope all you have heard good things about me.”

“You should know that fashion magazines notice your fashion style and hairstyles. Your hair is quite sexy and very beautiful - any girl would want to own it. If you cut it, I will not be your partner.” I blushed from hearing the praise of my hair, consecutively, the second time from the second striking woman!

“Good evening, sir. Should I prepare your dinner dish?” Tapasya appeared from somewhere, she might have heard the last sentence of Kaumudi.

“Oh, Tapasya, Kaumudi meet Miss Tapasya, our managing director of our new branch in Surat. And Tapasya, she is Kaumudi...”

“New friend of Prabuddh. Pleased to meet you.” Both cats kissed each other.

I could feel the increased temperature from the meeting of two ladies and could smell burning.

“Pleased to meet you, also,” Tapasya replied with her charming smile, but jealousy was pouring from her tone.

“Nice dress, Tapasya, from who was it designed?”

“I designed it myself. Fashion designing is my hobby.”

“Oh, great! Will you design one for me?”

“You are already wearing one from the collection of Manish Arora - one of the best designer of Bharat. It looks very attractive on your finely moulded body.”

They started with the fashion industry, and reached the discussion of ornaments, and then, hair styling.

Gradually, the initial jealousy was replaced by girly talks and giggling. They forgot my presence.

“Ok ladies, you can continue your girly talks. And Tapasya, will you please take care of dinner for Kaumudi?”

“Sure sir, if Kaumudi does not mind.”

“I don’t mind, Tapasya is quite good company.”

I did not like the way that both ladies ignored my presence, and then I was

jealous at how I lost the company of two girls.

“Do you have anything else important, Prabuddh?” Kaumudi stopped me.

“No, I don’t have any more work, except having dinner, and both of you look like old friends.”

“Then let us have dinner together. I am also hungry.”

After the conclusion of the party, I dropped Kaumudi off at her hotel. I had arranged meeting with her to discuss about the new project the next evening at 8 O’clock at the hotel Marriott, where she stayed.

I detailed her and her father about the total investment, branding and marketing and launching the product. She was excited for her first steps in the business, and I was excited for the money from her father.

She confirmed her partnership in the project and suggested to start the project as early as possible.

Her father also confirmed the deal. We signed the formalities. Because blue print was ready and I was waiting for money only, so now I was on the way for 1000 crore rupee project.

Mr. Mehta was to leave for Delhi. The project required Kaumudi to stay in Ahmedabad for almost a week.

A meeting was fixed in my research head the next day to understand and decide the next strategy. Up until that time the project was not disclosed to anybody in the office, except the research and finance heads of department.

“May I come in, sir?” Tapasya asked for permission to enter the office.

“Please come in.”

“Sir, the file you wanted is complete.” Tapasya informed me. I gave a sigh of relief because these things were to be discussed with Kaumudi that evening.

“Good, Tapasya you are a woman of your words. Let me go through the file.”

I went through the file; she had done better than my expectations. While

reading the file, an idea flickered in my head. I completed the file and called her back, and made her comfortable to sit in the chair.

“Tapasya, after I have gone through the file I have decided something for you.”

She continued to button her lips. After a pause, I revealed, “I suspect you might have understood the purpose of the file you prepared, but till I will brief you about it.”

“Yes, sir.”

“We are going to launch a new wing of our company in the form of female garments in partnership with the Mehta group. Kaumudi, the daughter of Mr. Mehta, is partnering with us. They are investing 300 crores and our company is investing about 700 crores for a 1000 crore project. Before we recruit a few more employees for the company, I want you to assist in the project.”

“Seems interesting, and I will be happy to assist, but sir, a question flickered in my mind. In a whole story, I could not

understand from where the 700 crores will come.”

“That can be disclosed to you only after you confirm the proposal. Your role will be as director. Salary and perks will be same; the only thing that will be required of you is to change your workplace. That will not remain stable. You will need to travel to Delhi, Ahmedabad, and Mumbai frequently from Surat.”

“That means I will have to continue with the Surat branch?”

“Yes, you will remain and work as director of board of the Surat branch for an initial two to three months, and as will the branch become stable, we will announce our new product, and you will be the full time director of the new extension.”

“Seems interesting, and I will like to work in such a busy schedule. You are going to double my responsibility.”

“No, I am giving you a chance to become a partner in my foot of the company. You will get 1% shares of the new company upon official registration. That will amount to about 10 crores rupees on its

basic rate. And its market price might be quite higher.”

“Very provoking offer; I am ready for the offer, but may I know now from where the 700 crores will come?”

“I will mortgage this company and my home to the bank for a loan of 700 crores. All paperwork has been completed; money will come in instalments from the bank as the project progresses.”

“Sir, you are taking quite a big financial risk.”

“No, I don’t think; you must have noticed in your file that after the launch of the product we will recover the whole cost of the project in not more than a year.”

I did not tell her that I was going to recover money by the IPO from my existing company - for which I would have to improve the financial sheet of the company.

We worked hard for the month, assisted greatly by my entire team. We already had a textile supply from Ahmedabad branch;

Surat branch was set to supply other extra varieties of the textiles. The main office of the new company was to be established in Ahmedabad, but the branches were decided in Mumbai, Delhi, and Bangalore, to cover whole Bharat.

For vigorous launch of the company and brand, at that time we were in need of hiring a couple fashion designers, tailors, and few more employees.

We took over three local apparel factories in Ahmedabad to tailor the female clothes; their employees would undergo training of two or three days for new designs and stitching for the company.

Finance flow was not disturbed from any sources and everything was going in its right pace; we did great work.

We recruited after interviewing our marketing officer, accountant, and branch manager for the Delhi branch from the candidates shortlisted by the HR manager.

Kaumudi forced us to take dinner and night stay at her home and to take a break from the work. Tapasya had already

become exhausted and needed a break from the work, so we accepted her proposal and postponed our flight the next morning.

A good chemistry was developing between me and Tapasya. A relationship was developed between me and Tapasya, but, till yet officially, was not confessed. Kaumudi also became a good friend. Although I was partner and friend to Kaumudi, Tapasya was closer to her; that might be the reason Kaumudi invited us to stay in her home.

A large, oval-shaped dinner table was covered by costly table cloth and more than 50 varieties of Thai, Chinese, Italian and German dishes. I had not heard the name of many more of them.

Mr. Mehta was out of town and could not join us in the dinner, but Mrs. Mehta gratified us by accompanying us for dinner.

After dinner, Kaumudi proposed a walk; her bungalow had a large garden decorated with five types of roses, sunflowers, and other unknown flower

plants. A coffee table with four chairs were placed in the centre of the garden near an apple tree. A swimming pool was on the left side of the garden, the right side of the garden was bordered by tennis courts and basketball court.

Pink variety of rose was a favorite of Kaumudi's and she was habitual to take her personal care.

While we sat around the coffee table at the end of 10-15-minute walk, Kaumudi had one of her favorite roses in her hand. We all were in light mood; and both girls had already started gossiping with their favorite topic and discussing the hairstyles of a few of their friends. I was getting bored by such talk and not at all interested, so, was surfing messages from my brand new Samsung 6 edge plus mobile.

“Tapasya, what do you think about the hairstyle of Prabuddh? He would look great in a ponytail.” Kaumudi had already noticed me surfing the mobile and tried to drag me into their discussion.

“Of course, he was looking great in a ponytail.” Tapasya was also big mouthed like any other girl.

“That means, he had tried a ponytail; I had never seen him.” Kaumudi caught the message.

I frowned at Tapasya; I did not want others gossiping about my hair style, but Tapasya was not afraid of me. And she had knowledge of my kind and polite nature.

“Sorry girls, I feel sleepy and am going to sleep. You both enjoy your gossiping.”

“Prabuddh, please let us tie pony in your hair; then you will be allowed to sleep.” Kaumudi pleaded.

“Kaumudi, you are so like a little girl.”

“Please... please... please....” both girls chorused.

I had no other option.

Tapasya stood up and picked the comb out of her purse; she knew I did not know how to tie a ponytail.

“Tapasya, if you don’t mind, let me try this time.” Kaumudi was taking permission from Tapasya to tie my hair, I felt that I was like a Barbie doll for them.

Kaumudi brushed my hair and collected my hair into her fist; Kaumudi had only a pink coloured hair band in her purse and Tapasya had one with bright red coloured butterflies in her purse. They chose the pink hair band to tie my hair tightly. Kaumudi loosened a few strands of my bangs, so those hair strands rested in front of my face.

Both girls enjoyed the Barbie doll game with my hair, trying various types of hair styles for about half hour, turn by turn. I had to bear their game because I wanted to become the richest man in the world; and both these girls were key persons for my dream. At last they approved a half ponytail for my hair, tied by the red coloured butterfly and lower back hair open.

I noticed both girls had the same hairstyle that time. Kaumudi got one of her servants to grab the photograph of hairstyle of three half ponytail while

standing in a manner to show the back of the head.

Both pleaded with me to keep my hair tied for the night and I had to do the same.

I was given a separate bedroom, and after leaving the girls, I went to my bedroom.

It was quite large, like a hall of any middle class home. A king-sized double bed was covered by a soft, blueish, peacock printed bed sheet. two split AC was chilling the room. On one side of the bedroom was a bookshelf, with a good number of books and magazines. The full body-size mirror was on the other side of the bed.

I removed my clothes and went into the washroom and took a shower. A soft, fluffy blue colored towel was hanging in the bathroom, so I draped it around my waist and came out of the bathroom topless. I stepped toward my night dress.

I could see myself in the mirror. Even after such a busy schedule, I did not break my regular morning workout that had built my muscular and hot body. I

appreciated myself by staring into the mirror for a few seconds. I dropped the towel and put my legs in trousers. For a moment, I had removed my eyes from the mirror. I put on light blue colored printed t-shirt on my trunk and turned back.

I was startled to see Tapasya standing near the entrance of the room.

“When did you enter?” I asked with the hope that she might have not seen my topless body.

“Just when you were enjoying the shower. You have really nice cuts and your six packs are really erogenous.”

“Why are you here?”

“To take my butterfly back.”

“I did not remember where I had thrown that girlish thing.”

“I only had one and will need it tomorrow.”

“Will be somewhere here; let me find it. You look for it there near that edge of the bed.”

We started our search operation. I saw her butterfly lying in the middle of the bed and almost jumped to take it into my hand. Unaware of my action, Tapasya had also stretched her body to grab the same stuff. My head hit her head and she screamed out in pain. I was also hurt, but only she screamed, so she won the sympathy as a victim.

I apologized to her and puffed air to her face to feel her relief of pain. She was staring into my eyes and I could smell her fruity breath. Her eyes were much deeper than I had imagined, her cheek bone was touching my chin, her skin was more beautiful naturally, without makeup. I could not resist my desire to kiss her lips; I tasted strawberry flavoured red colour lip gloss from her lips and poured my dribbling saliva into her mouth. I encircled my arms around her chest and softly laid her on the bed.

She was sleeping when I came back to the bedroom at 6 A.M., after finishing my morning workout. I did not disturb her sleep and went to shower. She was seated

in the bed, when I came out of the bathroom with the towel around my waist.

“Hi, good morning.” I started the conversation.

“Good morning.”

“I am sorry for last night... if... but...” I stammered.

“It’s ok.”

“You should get ready; we have flights to catch for Mumbai.”

“If you don’t mind, may I use your bathroom?”

“Sure.”

She got out of the bed and pulled my towel off me and ran into the bathroom playfully. I did not expect that.

“Hey, my towel! I allowed for the bathroom only.”

She opened the bathroom door and threw her bra and panty at me.

I dressed into my casual clothes and packed my luggage. She was still in the bathroom.

Kaumudi came into the room after knocking on the door.

“Hey, Prabuddh. If you are ready to come down for breakfast - and I did not find Tapasya in her room.”

Before I could answer anything, Tapasya came out of the bathroom with the towel around her chest.

Kaumudi widened her eyes with surprise, “Oh, both of you had a great time last night, ” she noticed the lingerie lying near to me.

“We just come down for breakfast as Tapasya get ready.” And gave look to Tapasya.

“What?” Tapasya reacted when I gave looked at her.

“Nothing, get ready. We have to catch a flight.”

“Get my clothes from my room.”

“Get them yourself.”

She kept standing in front of me with the hand on her waist.

“Ok, I go. I don’t understand whether you are a boss or I am.” I stood up.

“Of course, honey, you are the boss,”

I got her clothes from her room and she changed them in my presence and went to her room.

“Wait, I’ll just get ready and pack the luggage, then we will get down.”

She came back within 20 minutes wearing a pink shirt and skin tight beige colored jeans; she was looking stunning with pink dangling earrings with open hairs and bracelet in her hand. She did not apply makeup on her face except mascara and pink colored lipstick.

Her milky white colored cheeks were looking striking with the dimples when she smiled at me and spoke, “I am not going to use this, you can use this.”

She gave me her butterfly with the comb in her hand. She did not even wait for my reply and combed my long hair and made half up ponytail with the help of another black colored small butterfly.

“Tapasya, I don’t want to hurt you. But I am not able to marry you in the near future of in one or two years. Although you are a good girl and I like you much but...”

“But your business is your priority. I know you will not marry till you achieve your goal.”

“Prabuddh my ear wants to hear the words any girl would die to hear from your mouth.”

I turned back, held her shoulder and stared into her eyes and said, “I love you... Tapasya.”

I spoke the words - but I knew the words - not from my heart; I was still in a dilemma.

I had enjoyed her body that night. She was quite attractive and my type and I also liked her. But she might not be able to make space in my heart as a girlfriend that may be because I was fully saturated with my business and money. I was a bad guy thinking all time about money and business.

“I love you too, and also trust you Prabuddh. And now you are reserved for me only. I make my stamp on you.”

“Where is the stamp?”

“In your hair, my butterfly. And now onward you will wear regularly your hair in a ponytail tied in my hair accessories. And that is my stamp on you.”

“Let us have breakfast after a heavy dinner.” I smiled and kissed her lips.

My core company performed very well in next six months. The audited financial sheet shows 400% hike in sell and 370% hike in profit. Both our branches had superb performance. And the root company's market value was more than 2000 crore rupees with each share valued to 1 lakhs rupees.

I was on the cover page of most of the business magazines. It was miraculous that the company value had increased twenty times in just six months. My efficient financial team had worked hard

to keep everything clean to satisfy the income tax department and government.

We announced the new brand of female apparel in the market as a new wing in association with Mehta group. The marketing team had already spread the news in the market about the announcement, so every print media and news media was waiting for the official announcement.

'Ponytail' was the name suggested by Tapasya and approved by Kaumudi and marketing team. The campaign of 100 crore rupees was ready for vigorous marketing.

Our fashion designers had prepared more than 100 varieties of female apparels in each centre. Those were exhibited at the time official announcement at the Mumbai branch.

Our research team had worked meticulously and our technology department was successful in keeping the manufacturing cost lowest in comparison to another company with the best quality.

We assured the quality and fulfilled the demand supply.

We received orders of 300 crore rupees in just the first two days from different wholesalers and retail chain; we fulfilled the order in just a week.

I grabbed the chance and launched IPO for my root company and disbursed 30% of shares. The IPO was 40 times filled. I had offered 10-rupee unit at 990 rupees which was listed with 30% premium.

I could collect 1300 crores rupees by selling 13 million shares of my root company. My eyes were getting bigger than my stomach by the successful IPO. I was able to clear my debt and had a few more crores rupees in hand to expand. Prajjawalit Ltd. extended with 10 branches and 25 manufacturing units in all over Bharat. Research and analysis team was ordered to analyse the global market for the textile.

'Ponytail' creative team was successful in designing a new chain of designer clothes for every season. Our market strategy was simple: to keep the profit rate higher for

latest fashioned clothes and decrease the profit as time passes.

We celebrated our success. The market value of 'Ponytail' was 5000 crores and our eyes were on male apparels.

We launched the new series of male apparel in the next three months and distributed 300 franchises for the outlets of the 'Ponytail'. Quality, design, styles and innovation kept growing the 'Ponytail' and my hunger of money.

'Ponytail' promoters were Tapasya, Kaumudi, and myself. The others were good friends and had a wonderful understanding. I was the highest stack holder of 60% of shares, Kaumudi was 30% and Tapasya was holding 5% of shares. Another 5% were held by various politicians and other crocodiles of Bharat politics.

"What is next?" Kaumudi questioned. We were enjoying lunch in Taj hotel in Mumbai after a meeting with the branch managers of 'Ponytail'.

"I have eyes in the software business and I'm planning to have research analyst for the global business of medical software." I replied with my eyes on the plate and spoon playing hands.

"I am wondering what should happen next for 'Ponytail'?" Kaumudi cleared her query.

Just then, a group of teenagers entered into the dining hall. Everyone had funky styles and funky clothes. We noticed not a single girl or boy was wearing clothing from 'Ponytail' brand. We discerned a unisex variety of clothes. A few boys had girlish t-shirts and trousers, and two of the girls wore masculine apparel.

We three chased the moves of the group. They were from rich families and were able to spend enough amount of money on clothes.

We came back to our business and held a discussion, "Do both of you think the same what I think?" Tapasya asked.

"Yes, a series of clothes for the new generation, including unisex clothes." Kaumudi nodded.

“In other words, girlish clothes for boys and boyish style for girls.” I cleared the concept.

“And that will increase the business of Ponytail like the growing ponytail of Prabuddh.” Both girls giggled with Kaumudi’s comments.

I noticed that my hair was longer than both the girls and reached to mid-back. Both girls had regular trimming and cutting of hair. I always avoided the barber because of my greed and busy business schedule.

“Don’t harass him; he is my little princess and I like to make his hair in a ponytail.” Tapasya’s comment made both girls giggle again.

“We cannot launch it as our main business or on a large scale. We must have to sensitize customers for the new fashion trend.” My mind was acting along the estimate.

We decided to give the chance to idea and decided budget of 50 crores for the research, designing and launch of the

product. And the efficient employees of the ‘Ponytail’ had new work.

I wanted to grow a new wing in the form of medical software. For this purpose, I called a meeting of my ‘Prajwalit Ltd’. Tapasya was now not in Prajwalit Ltd. She was relocated to ‘Ponytail’, but still yet I had an efficient team in the ‘Prajwalit Ltd.’

I put the idea in front of the team and got mixed reviews from them; most of the negative reviews were because the field was entirely different. As a result of the meeting, I could sense that the team might not work for my next target. I must hold to consider something else.

I came out of my Ahmedabad branch office and ignited the 1.5L Twin power Turbo V3 engine of brand new silver colored, 4.68-meter-long, 1.5L BMW i8.

It was a winter evening in Ahmedabad, and the sun was near the horizon. The sky was fire orange colored, the clouds were reflecting the orange dark color, and the roads were full of vehicles. People wore different kinds of winter clothes; a sweater

from Tibetan market, a woolen cap, a leather jacket and mufflers covered the alive human bodies. I drove to the riverfront and parked the car, got out, and started to walk. I sat on an empty bench facing the river.

A few elders and some young couples were roaming along the riverfront. Two older men passed nearby me, running slowly - they might call it jogging. The riverfront water was not wicked, but it was decreasing the temperature. Do not dress in the winter clothes and wear a casual half sleeve T-shirt, I said to myself. I was getting cold, so I clamped my forearms against my chest, then rubbed my hands and tried to produce some heat. I then put my warm hand on my face and closed my eyes.

A few years earlier, there was a Sabarmati river, the bank of which was occupied by slum areas. It was hell to sit there during the winter season, due mainly to the foul smelling dirty river water. Nobody ever thought that the bank would be converted to a beautiful place.

Just few steps away a man with no clothes on his body was lying on the footpath. His bed was made up of one of the advertisement flash banners. A slow wind waved the corners of the banner. I recognized this banner; it was from the promotion of 'Ponytail Male New Collection'! The wind shivered thin bodies of men.

He withered his body and covered it with the poster. Another dry wind breezed my lower back hair. I shivered, shrunk my arms, pressed my knee against my chest, and covered it with my arms to protect against the decreasing temperature.

After a minute, I got up, and removed my blue colored latest fashioned 'Ponytail' t-shirt. The chilly wind made my body shiver one more time, and I know I'm almost getting a cold.

Dense darkness replaced the fire-orange colour. I walked up to the man and touched his body; he did not move. I tried once more, but again, he did not respond. Perhaps the cold weather had downed his senses. I put the t-shirt near his body, but thought a wind might throw it away to

take revenge on the man. I again tried to wake the man. He moved his body slightly, and moved the poster away from his face. I extended my arm to give him the t-shirt. He ogled in my eyes; he might have never touched such costly clothes in his entire life.

“Take this and oblige me.”

He took the t-shirt, although it was not warm enough, but it might give him some protection. I walked away without caring what he will do with the t-shirt.

I had parked the car a kilometre away. I started to run to warm my body. A few young collegian girls were having fun on the riverfront and they checked out my muscular body with long hair, which was thrashing my back. They passed a comment; might have believed that I was some sort of a pervert, a middle aged man, running topless, with long hair.

Running warmed my body. I perspired. My vest was wet. I had reached my car, but took a U – turn, and continued to run back again, passing by the girls. This time, my whole body was wet with

perspiration, the vest was glued to my muscles, my long hair was dribbling sweat, and my chest was moving like an engine. Breathing was rapid, my breath was warm, and I was not feeling cold. Now, the girls did not laugh, but because I passed quite near them to show off my topless muscle cuts, their eyes widened and their mouths gaped open with a hot look. I noticed their expression, but left them out in the cold, and again took a U-turn to come back to my car. I was getting hot, perspired and tired after three- four kilometers’ running. I reached for the car, and put my hand in my trouser pocket for the key.

“Hey, Prabuddh?” a hand patted my back and I heard a feminine voice.

“Oh, Mahek. Nice to see you again after so much years!” I recognized the girl who had a crush on me during my college life and proposed a dry, rude and selfish man like me; got hurt by me.

She had invited me to marry her. Even after I had not been talking to her after the incident, she called me ‘perverted’ because of my long hair.

“Workout? You are looking more handsome than the college years... a little bit more.” She could not take her eyes away from me and I could not resist her words.

“And much longer hair than college life also,” I taunted her.

“Yes, but now, it does not matter to me. What are you doing here? You are very rich and famous nowadays. And your ‘Ponytail’ is a world class learning lesson for new industrialists!” she started the conversation.

“Just wanted a break from the work. By the way, what about you?”

“With husband, to celebrate Diwali holidays in Ahmedabad. My husband is working as a programmer in a techno company in Hyderabad and I am working as a software developer in the same company.”

A bald man appearing more aged than myself, with a bulging belly and a loose XXXL sized T- shirt on his flabby body, walked up to Mahek. She had also collected a fair amount of fat on her face

and body, but still, she was still looking beautiful enough.

“Hi, Agnesh. Meet the ‘Businessman of the Year’, Prabuddh. Prabuddh, Agnesh my husband.” We shook hands, he looked surprised to see me topless. I stimulated his mind.

“Nice to meet you. My workout jogging perspired me a lot, so I removed the T-shirt.”

With the formal introduction of two minutes, I knew he had been working in the software company. He was holding the first number position in Bharat.

An idea guttered my mind and I invited them to dinner. They had planned to take dinner out of doors in a hotel, so they accepted my proposition. The venue was a fortune landmark on Ashram road. I begged for a half hour to change my clothes; I was excused. Tapasya was out of the city and was to reach at late night.

I phoned my team to find out the position and influence of Mahek and her husband

in their company. They got back to me just before dinner, that they had an influential position in their company.

I went to the wash room to wash my hands, and when I came back, I had lost my hairband. Mahek had an extra one of green colour that she offered to me. She tied my long hair with it.



Image: Ponytail of Prabuddh tied by Mahek

We enjoyed the dinner, recalling the crazy moments of college life. Then, we discussed their profession, and I conveyed a strong message that I had eyes on medical software development. Agnesh was quite intelligent and understood my motive and reason for the dinner. He stood up and excused himself for the washroom as I told the thing.

He returned, and invited me to meet the chairman of his company. He was decisive and the meeting was fixed.

His company had not put many feet in the field and wanted to expand its business. They needed an investor. I had no experience in the field and no knowledge, but had money and could invest in the company. A meeting was fixed for after two days in Bangalore. We waved and parted. I again ordered my substitutes to search about the company, its financial position, and report back everything about the company, all within just two days.

I returned home and opened the door. Tapasya was sitting in the main hall watching television. She was used to coming to my home whenever she had been in Ahmedabad. It was almost 11 at night.

Her face and nose was wide with anger; I got some water from the fridge and went over to her.

Sometimes, she's played with emotions and created drama, just to take the

attention off me, so I did not think much about anything else.

“Darling, I have good news,” I pressed her shoulder from behind and was eager to tell about the meeting.

“And I have bad news for you.”

“Ok, what is that? Let us start first with the bad news.”

She jerked her shoulder to move my hands, and I was surprized by her act. She stood up and threw some photographs from her purse at me.

It was of me and Mahek, talking near my car. I was topless and the photographs were taken from such an angle so it looked like that I was kissing Mahek. I was stunned by the pictures.

Before I could say anything, she was almost crying with tears in her eyes. Instead, she told me to turn around, and as I turned back, she removed the hair band from my hair and asked whose hairband it belonged to.

“It is ... honey, let me explain.”

She again handed me a photograph showing Mahek, this time, tying my hair with her hairband. Once again, the photographer was tricky not to show Agnesh.

“Darling, let me explain.”

“I trusted you. You are the same like other men. I never believed people telling me about your colourful life. But how can I ignore this photograph? Just tell me these photos are yours, or not?”

“These are mine, but this is not what you think. She was my college friend and I met her again today.”

“And you kissed her, had dinner with her, and let her replace my mark from your ponytail.”

“I can explain these things.”

“I know that you are quite an intelligent person, and will convince me that the photographer had tricked these all. But you hurt me, and have broken my heart.”

I tried to explain everything to her, but she did not trust me, and kept crying.

“And what reason will you give for this lipstick stain on your shirt?”

I did not know from where the stains had been.

“I don’t know from where these stains came from.” I replied honestly.

“I am getting out of your life and your home. Now, never try to talk me without having a strictly professional reason. I don’t want to see any future dreams with you anymore.”

Before I could stop her, she left the home. It was just a lipstick stain, not even lip marks, and I did not know from where it came.

I tried to contact her after that, but I could not. The next evening, a local police inspector called me to identify a dead body they had found, which was floating in the river front.

It was her, tight ponytail, sharp featured face widened eyes. Her mouth was still ballooned out to express anger and her nose was widened because of her aggression. The body was blue coloured,

swollen with water. She must have drunk extra water to cool herself down. Her eyes were still watering; she was clenching in her hand the same hairband she had removed from my ponytail.

A year had been passed last time I had seen her. She had left this home and left me, after her death I was broken; few years back I lost parents because of no money. And lost her even after I had lots of money.

I understood the game of god, he gives you everything but steals your caring near one, those you don't care alive but when they are not with you, you understand their importance in your life.

I have withdrawn myself from business and now my 'ponytail' is fully owned by Kaumudi. I sold her my shares and had lots of money in my bank account in cash enough for my full life.

Now I pass my full day in my home, in morning I cook my food with tied ponytail and then writes story with my hairs tied in bun Tapasya used to for her hair.

I had stopped work out and got depressed look by staying whole day in the home; now I am fatty pig eating stuff and writing stories. I don't meet anyone or never give appointment to anyone.

But today morning I allowed Ahmad to meet me with his wife, he is running the company on behalf of me. He believes I will come back in the business and again the 'Prajawalit Ltd' will be accelerated.

The doorbell rung and he entered the hall with his wife. I did not care to offer him water, her wife went to kitchen and brought water for both of us.

He staggered but then put a file with few documents. He told me to go through the file, I did not show any interest. He had been running my company and taking care of my business, my daily need and giving me the part of the profit.

After he left the home I show a photo of three ponytails taken at the home of Kaumudi looking out of the file, I took photo in my hand and noticed something. I recalled the photographer of three

Ponytail, he had professional camera in his hand, he was wearing black party shoes.

Photos showing me and Mahek were in the file, in one of the photographs in my car mirror reflection of the photographer was seen; it was the same photographer who had taken photos of the Three ponytail.

I got off the sofa and grabbed the phone and thanked Ahmed and told him that “I am coming back in the business.”

I knew the whole game of Kaumudi who wanted to own whole my ‘Ponytail’ and I decided to take over again the ‘Ponytail’ and to give it mark of Tapasya.

The Chocolate

The school bell rung for lunch. Pritesh came out of his 2nd standard class with his friends, Jignesh and Rahul.

“I have a sandwich and Cadbury chocolate in my lunch box. What do you have?” Jignesh asked while sitting under a small tree in the playground, their daily place for lunch.

Rakesh opened his lunch box and showed them the pastry and cakes in his lunch box. Pritesh opened his lunch box and was disappointed to see fried Roti, as usual.

He had lost his father, and his mother was working in a small bangle factory to earn the bread. Her income was hardly sufficient to run the home, so she did some extra work at night to fulfil the expense of his costly private schooling. She didn't have time to prepare other varieties of food, so she fried the roti the night before. Early morning, at 6 AM, when school starts, she gave him the prepared lunch. She could manage other varieties like parathas and Subji roti, but it was old-fashioned and in his 21st century schooling.

Pritesh, mortified, ate the fried roti. He begged for the piece of chocolate and pastry but both denied because Jignesh and Rahul were not at all interested in his lunch box.

Initially, Pritesh asked his mother if he could have chocolate, pastry, or cake in his lunchbox. However, on most occasions, she expounded him that those awful items would damage his teeth and health. His mother purchased those so-called awful things once or twice a month, but she could not afford them on daily basis.

Gradually, Pritesh, himself avoided facing such circumstances of being embarrassed. On most occasions he was used to sitting in the classroom during lunch time and eating his breakfast alone.

He was quite sharp in his studies and held the first rank in his class. He had nothing to distract himself: no television, no video games, no friends at home. He spent his whole time reading books. His mother took him to picnics once a month in the city bus and other public transportation services, which he eagerly waited for the day.

Sometimes during vacation, he had the good fortune to go to his uncle's home, mother's brother. There he was treated like a prince and all devil items he dreamed could eat there. He dreamed to live there forever, but his mother did not allow him and forced him to attend a school full of mischievous boys.

Time passed and he was now in 7th standard. His mother was getting older and weaker because of her heavy, stressful, life but income did not much hike.

One day, in the classroom a new girl Reema admitted a little bit late so she missed a few days of teaching. She was the daughter of a famous businessman in the city and got special attention and care from the teachers. She was also good in the study, but because she had missed previous lectures, she could not follow perfectly. She pleaded the class teacher for the same. It was not possible to revise all lectures again. Class teacher gave Pritesh the responsibility to assist in her study.

Pritesh was a decent and sincere student. He had impressed all the teachers by his

hard work, reasoning power and intelligence. He had been holding his number one position with wonderful grades without failure. And because of his outstanding characteristics, school had been giving him 80% scholarship from his school fees. School management was also taking care of Pritesh so that he could perform well until the board exam and can make the name of school.

Pritesh explained everything to Reema, like a skilful teacher. But he could spare time only during the lunch hour, so both sat together during lunch time and had their breakfast together. Reema shared her breakfast with Pritesh. Initially, Pritesh denied to take it but growing friendship between both as time passed removed the hesitation.

Reema got his favourite Cadbury chocolate every day. He had been sharing it with Reema breaking pieces in half perfectly. If he failed to do perfectly half pieces and had a large piece for himself, then Reema ballooned her mouth and nose and stopped talking to him. He liked

the situation and kissed her cheeks to make her happy.

Gradually, other girls also came to Pritesh to solve their queries. Now, Pritesh had a huge circle of friends, both girls and boys.

Pritesh understood the power of knowledge. He topped in the city with highest grades in 12th science. He got admission into one of the top ranked engineering colleges of Bharat. During his study, he continued to give tuition classes to school students and earned well. He had stopped his elderly mother from working and made her comfortable in his newly rented home. He could afford the maid to do household chores, cooking, and to take care of his mother. Reema also had good grades and was selected for a medical course in the city. Communication was interrupted between these two because of both their busy schedules.

Pritesh continued his hard work and instead of perusing career in engineering, he attempted civil service exams and cleared it at the first attempt.

He wanted to give his mother a surprise, that he was selected for IAS cadre. He gave the news to his mother. She was quite happy, her eyes filling with tears, she kissed him all over his body and closed her eyes.

He could fulfil his mother's dream before her death and when she died, she died in happiness. He did the rituals, but he was feeling alone. He was forced to leave the rented home, because it was a reminder of his mother's death.

He kept his mother alive in his mind, and saved her favourite saree. She covered his head while Pritesh was sleeping in her nap, he liked her voice singing the song that made him sleep. His eyes filled up with tears when he saw the saree; whenever he recalled his mother he touched the saree and imagined the touch of his mother.

He had undergone the training of IAS and was posted as collector in Porabandar. After a few months of his posting, an epidemic of an unknown disease blackened the sky of the city. Teams of doctors were posted in the city. Medical

teams worked hard, with the minimum resources, and found the cause of the epidemic in no time. Doctors efficiently controlled the epidemic in seven days. They, not only prevented the spread of this disease, but it prevented a huge disaster. The Chief Minister had decided to show appreciation for the doctor who had first identified the epidemic and reported the authority.

The letter of appreciation was faxed to his office to identify and find the intelligent doctor. The health department record had the name of an influential physician practicing in a large multispecialty hospital in the city. He checked the record; everything was correct. The Chief Minister had ordered to invite the doctor personally for the facilitation ceremony in the Gandhinagar; so Pritesh had first ordered to take appointment of the doctor; but when he read the name of the doctor he preferred not to take appointment.

He called the driver and rushed on his way to the hospital; he stopped the car in midway to carry something. Hospital

management came in movement knowing that the collector had been arrived to visit their hospital and came to the gate to greet him but before they could reach the gate, the collector had rushed to the second floor and knocked the door of the cabin, labelled as 'Dr. Reema Bajaj, MD (Physician)'.

She was discussing with a patient when she asked him to take seat. As she had done with the patient, she looked at Pritesh with a witty smile and asked, "Oh, respected collector, Mr. Pritesh is here."

"What can I do, you have pulled me to your cabin, Dr. Reema."

Pritesh took out the Cadbury chocolate he had bought on the way. Both had shared making perfectly half pieces in the past. Pritesh told him the purpose of his arrival and congratulated her achievement. He also told her about the sad demise of his mother, and his story from school student to the collector.

"Reema, may I propose you to marry me?" Pritesh could not stop his words. Now, he

had a position to propose and marry the Reema.

Reema staggered and stood up. She removed her apron and sat back in the chair.

She did not answer, but Pritesh's eyes were waiting for the answer. Silence of few moments was feeling heavy for him. She tried to speak, but her words were choked in her throat.

She passed her hand to her neck and showed the 'Mangalsutra' to the Pritesh. She gave back the unbitten half piece of the chocolate. Her eyes filled of tears, however, she could manage to tell Pritesh, "I will not speak to you."

Pritesh kissed her cheek and said, "It is ok if you are married but you cannot deny this half of chocolate. We are still

The Secret love

Transferred to a new city. I had been holding a branch manager post in the nationalized bank. I had completed my finance management a year earlier and accepted the offer of the bank. It promoted me as regional manager and I was transferred to a new city. This is not a new city to me, because my mother was born here and studied here, so I have maternal relatives there.

I had preferred to stay in the company quarter, but my mother forced me to reside in Grandpa's house. He was a rich and persuasive man. His bungalow is quite large, having 15 rooms and four floors, with a large hall at the ground floor. He is owner of a well reputed FMCG company and asked me to give him a hand in the management.

My mother was the only child of Grandpa, and I was the only child of my mother. Mummy had lost her mother in her schooldays, then she completed her study. She married a businessman's son; after a week of marriage, she lost her husband in car accident. Because I was already in her womb since the night of their marriage,

she did not marry again and spent her life to bring me up and help my grandfather.

Mummy came to me and asked whether I was free that night and want to attend a party thrown by Maheshbhai, one of her school mates. Nishan, the son of Maheshbhai, had completed his medical study; the party was to celebrate the opening of his new clinic. Maheshbhai studied with mother and had been holding the higher position in the municipal corporation.

I like to attend parties. Much time had been gone I have attended any such social function so I was ready to go with mummy and Grandpa.

I draped one of the saree from the collection of Mummy. A baby pink colored saree from the Touch Trends brand, with dark pink colored embroidery and matching blouse. Pink colored dangling earrings, looking out through my open long black hair, dark black round wide eyes, and long neck gave me gorgeous look. Beauty was inherited from my mother. Mummy wore blue colored silk saree. I was thin and long statured and the

saree was draped to show me slim and tall; exhibiting my well grown chest and hips. Navel on white colored slim waist was giving amatory look to me. Additionally, I put pink colored medium height heel. Mummy came to me and glued a pink colored oval shaped bindi on my forehead and whispered, "God save you from devil eyes."

I hugged Mummy and she kissed my forehead.

We reached the dinner party. Only a selected number of guests were invited. Mummy introduced me to Nishan and his father; I congratulated Nishan.

Nishan was a fair colored, tall and handsome man. He must be a year younger than me; his healthy hair growth with black, dark eyebrows and sharp chin, made his diamond shaped face attractive and striking. I skipped my heartbeat when he smiled greeting me. If I had not controlled myself, my jaw would have dropped, to see his broad shoulders, which was looking spectacular, with the neck muscles from the neck collar of his black colored double breasted suit. When

I shake hands with him, his warm, firm hand thrilled me and lighting had passed by his touch.

His eyes had the same elation when he looked at me; he stared into my eyes and I dropped my eyes with shyness. I blushed to hear from his mouth that, "Aunty, she has grown in a beautiful lady."

After dinner I desired to meet him.

He came near me and told, "Hi, Minakshi, if you don't mind, may I have your phone number?"

I was eager to give it to him, yet, show some attitude, "Why does Dr. Nishan want my phone number?"

"You may help me to treat a patient."

"I am not a doctor."

"But the patient wants to only be treated by a beautiful lady standing with me, holding an ice cream cup in her hand, and who has honey lips sweetening the sweet." He made me laugh with his flirting comments.

We exchanged phone numbers. Mummy and Grandpa interrupted our exultant meeting. He talked to them and turned to the other guests.

As I reached home, a message blinked in my mobile.

“A girl came to me and ambushed sleep from my eyes. Please give me back it,” it was very filmy message till yet I liked it and replied,

“What I will get in exchange?”

“Whatever you want” then chain of messages and call, secret meetings and we fall in love just in a month.

We both were mature and knew that marriage was a big decision. We discussed prudently every pros and cons, and discussion ended with the intangible, that we will have successful marriage life.

We decided to inform our parents because both families had a good relationship. There should not be any problem.

That night, I went to Mummy after dinner. She was checking her mail on the

computer. I stood behind her and took her hair in my hand.

“Mummy, your hair is dry, let me massage your hair.”

“What favor my little princess wants from me?” after all she was my mother and knew well the mind of her daughter.

“Let me massage oil in your hair first.”

I brought the oil, made her comfortable, opened her hair, and started to massage.

“Mummy, are Maheshbhai and you school friends?” I had planned to talk Mummy about my marriage and followed the plan.

“Yes, Maheshbhai and I are childhood friend, but why are you asking?”

“They are good people and have good reputation in this city, wealthy and educated.”

“Yes, what is running in your mind?”

“Mummy, don’t you think I am aged enough to marry?”

“So. my little princess has found a prince? Who is the lucky guy?”

“Nishan” I stopped the massage and was waiting for her reaction.

She stood speechless, stunned, shivering. A tear ran out of her eyes. “It is not possible honey.”

“But Mummy, why not? Nishan and I are in love with each other and want to marry. He has good family.”

She could not stop her tears and ran into her bedroom. After a few minutes, she came back and handed me a paper.

I read the paper; it was a letter from my father addressed to Mummy,

‘Honey,

I loved you and married you, I tried to control my sense and anger when you informed me that night, that you were carrying the child of Mahesh, and loved only Mahesh; you did not want to marry me.

I cannot bear this situation anymore and am going to commit suicide. You will find my dead body from a car accident, that will not make any worry to you or your family.

God bless you and your child.

Yours, and only yours, husband

Kripal

“That means....”

“Yes, you and Nishan are children of Mahesh, and you both are siblings. I had to hide this secret from society.”

“Even after the death of your father, we had secret meetings and many nights together.”

I was standing, shocked. My body got cold. I was breathless, knowing that Nishan and I had the same biological father.

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The First Crush

As I opened my eyes, all I could feel was severe pain throughout my whole body, with a tube in my nose, and masses of tubes in my arm pumping some medicine. Pretty women, dressed in neat, clean, white clothes were roaming here and there. They were all being addressed as, “Sister”.

What was I doing here?

I moved my hand and suddenly something started to beep, perhaps from the machine attached to my index finger.

One of the “sisters” came to me, with an annoyed expression on her face, and removed the machine from my finger. She tried one or two switches on it, tapped twice on the bottom, but it was in vain. She gave a look to me of anger and said something, but I could not understand. She left me alone with my thoughts.

What seemed like a minute later, I felt a hand stroking my hair; it felt wonderful. I didn't want to open my eyes, as I was enjoying the experience. I had never felt like this before.

I opened my eyes, finally, and the hand withdrew. Although I couldn't believe it, a

stone-like face with dark, thick, emotionless, personality standing beside my head. Only his eyes were saying he was full of emotion!

Behind him, a woman with tearful eyes ran towards me. She took my hand, wetting it with her kisses and tears, but said nothing.

Were these strangers my parents?

All of a sudden, who I assume was the Head Nurse, broke the silence with her high-pitched loud voice, telling us to be quiet. This confused me, as we were already silent.

A large team of important looking people, wearing formal clothes and grave expressions, entered the ward. One of them looked as though he was close to retiring. He would ask every patient something in a mesmerizing voice. Patients and relatives were answering and listening to him very carefully. Other people following him, and were also taking much interest in the conversations.

Gradually the group came to my bed.

My parents wore a look of concern and were paying rapt attention to the senior man, as if waiting to hear something.

He came over to me and asked a girl, Adhya, to check my eye reflexes. "Adhya", I thought to myself, "what a name it was. It is derived from Sanskrit word 'Aadya'. I didn't know why, but I just continued to stare at her and she, I. My meditation was suddenly broken by the flash of a light...

Adhya, looking like a junior doctor, switched on a little torch that she had taken out of her pristine white apron covering her light pink top, fair skin, and curved figure. She directed the light into my eyes, starting with the left, then moving to the right, and said something in a foreign language. Perhaps I was not conscious enough to understand the foreign dialect. She came near to me and asked my name, and once again I was lost in her honey sweet voice.

"Prabuddh, he is Prabuddh," my father answered.

A divine smile broke on the face of the respectable old man; he discreetly wrote something in my file and began walking away. After a few steps, he called my father over and talked with him. At his words, my father began to relax.

After a few moments, the angry nurse from

before injected a substance into my veins. I felt myself beginning to slip out of consciousness.

I don't know how long I slept.

I woke up in the early morning the next day. The room was chilly, but comfortable. My parents were sharing the sofa in the room, both fast asleep.

I was feeling much better than the previous day, so decided to try and get off the bed. I could do it! I was standing on my feet! What a wonderful feeling! I decided to take a stroll around the ward. I noticed the nurses and ward boys were resting, after what was no doubt a restless night shift.

Through a door, I was able to see a dusky and dark sky outside, with the moon illuminating the trees and the grass in the courtyard outside the hospital. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, so I felt an urge to go and experience it for myself.

As soon as my feet touched the soft grass, I sighed. "What an amazing feeling!" I said quietly to myself. Hearing the leaves rustle

in the cool breeze, watching the shadows dancing.

"Hey, what are you doing here? Who let you out? Sister... Sister... Oh, I am tired of this careless staff."

I turned round and there was Adhya, standing in front of me.

She wore a tired face, sleepy eyes, and her hair had become slightly disheveled. But in that moment, she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

I was speechless, I wanted to tell her something, but my words seemed to be stuck in my throat.

Adhya asked again, sounding more irritated, "You are too weak to stand on your feet! And yet you are here... roaming outside the ward!"

I stammered, "Doctor... I was... I was... Just..."

"Go back to your bed." She bit back.

Her tone hurt me. So I took a deep breath & asked, "Will you be my friend?"

She was obviously shocked. After a few moments of silence, she burst into laughter,

while tucking her hair behind her ear. “See, our doctors are always friend of patients. Now go to your bed quietly, we will talk later on.”

“No, I don’t mean friends like that. I mean real friends.”

She frowned, looking more tired. “We will talk in the morning, but first, go back to your bed. Get some rest.”

By the time I returned, the ward-boys were there, they took me by the arm and dragged me in the ward.

As I laid on the bed, another injection was pushed into my body. I once again found myself getting sleepy.

When I opened eyes next time, I was in a room crowded with engineering books, decorated by computers, speakers and lots of gadgets. After a week’s rest, I was able to move around my home.

On a Monday my father took me to the hospital for follow-up.

Adhya was sitting at a table with one of her senior doctors. Dr. Abhay was looking through my file and started examining me. She interrupted him, “Dr. Abhay, this is the

boy who was getting fresh air in the middle of the night.”

“Oh, so you are the boy who wants to be friends with this beautiful doctor.”

I could feel my cheeks beginning to get hot, and felt something I had never felt before, like I wanted to disappear.

“Should he continue to take medicines doctor?” my father controlled the situation by his question.

“No, he need no more medicines. He is well now.” Abhay had to answer my father.

After coming out of the consultation room my father glanced to me and asked about the doctor’s comment. I briefed him the whole incidence in the way to home and he went on laughing on my madness.

I soon came to learn that I was an engineering student, but I was not able to recall the reason for my suicide attempt. I was regularly attending college, and I was a very fast learner. I seemed to know and understand each new thing I heard, even though I had not heard about them before; that surprised my colleagues, and I also.

I must have been very choosy with my choice of friends, as I had very few with whom I liked to spend time. Shankar was my best friend. He visited me a lot when I came home from the hospital. I liked him. He was quiet, but whenever he did speak you knew it would be something important.

Shankar and I had part-time jobs at a nearby electronic showroom, although neither of us really needed to work. We attended customer service house calls, which earned our pocket money, paid for out study expenses, and gave us practical experience in electronics.

One weekend, we had made plans to see a movie with a few friends. Shankar had booked seven tickets in total, but two of my friends couldn't make it.

The movie was a blockbuster and had great reviews. Shankar and I were at the ticket counter, trying to convince the attendant to cancel those two tickets, but the man denied, saying that because we had booked online, it was not possible.

"If you don't mind, may I buy those two from you, please?" I heard someone say. I turned and saw Abhay! "I forgot about my

promise for the movie to my girlfriend, and the show is full and I have no tickets. Please."

"Girlfriend?" I queried.

"Yes," he replied.

Shankar was in a hurry and handed him two tickets, "500 plus 40 booking charge, total 540"

Abhay got 550 from his wallet and gave it to Shankar. Shankar was searching in the purse for change, but Abhay told, "Don't worry about the change. You have saved my life!"

"Hi, Prabuddh! Are you also here for this movie?" I heard a sweet voice say.

"Oh Adhya, do you know him?"

"Yes. I told you a sweet boy, wandering in the dark. You are so bhoolakkad."

"Hi Adhya." I was confused about how I felt. I was happy with seeing Adhya, and I was disappointed to learn that she had already a boyfriend.

She took the seat beside me in the movie. We spent half the time talking about my health, how I was recovering, what I had

been up to, and my parents. After a while, I forgot that I was meant to be there with my friends.

“Oho.... Bhai..... Bhai. You made girlfriend in hospital also” My friend, Ishan, teased me.

“She has already boyfriend, she is my doctor only. Not even a friend.”

“Just a boyfriend, you can replace him”

“Let’s go inside, movie has been started.” I tried to escape and entered the hall.

When the movie was over, I asked for her phone number. Reluctantly, she gave it to me. She then told me that Abhay was to go out of the state for super specialization next week.

It’s been months now, and I have not spoken to her since.

Final exams at Uni had arrived. There were only few days were remaining.

For five days and nights, I was submerged in books. I liked reading alone, even I hated presence of Shankar while I reading.

I was looking like a terrorist without shave for days. I also had not visited a barber for more than three months! My eyes were red, tired, and swollen. My head was pounding.

The main thing that I drank was tea. Morning, afternoon, evening, night, and late night there was tea, tea, and only tea to keep brain alert. My colleagues had the same situation.

And those days passed as usual and times of rest came.

The results were to be announced in few days. Our friends had planned to throw a party when we had all finished.

I was napping in front of Television in the drawing room when my mobile ringing awakened me. It was Karashanbhai, the electronic showroom owner. Generally, the manager called for electronic items repairing.

He asked me to come to his home. I reached there, where he introduced me to his niece, Meera. Meera had completed MBBS and taken admission at specialization in our city hospital. She had some problems with her cell phone and laptop, so I started checking the cell phone during her continued conversation with me. Although she had only been in the city for around three months, she already seemed to know a lot.

Within 10 minutes I solved the problem, and then asked her to show Laptop.

After fumbling through the bag, she called her roommate. She realized that she had left the laptop in her hostel.

Karashanbhai told her, "Don't worry; he will fix it next time."

"No Uncle, I have to prepare a slideshow and present it day after tomorrow. If I don't, my PG teacher will kill me! Please do something!"

"But it is almost eight o'clock. Prabuddh, will you fix it at her hostel, please?"

Although I was tired, my job was my first love and passion, I could leave anything for it, so I agreed.

"Yes, I will surely do it. But I have to collect few tools and parts to fix it."

"Don't worry, I have some. I will give them to you." Karashanbhai replied.

"Meera, will your roommate object if I do enter in your room?"

"I don't think so, but let me ask her"

She sent a text to her just-repaired cell phone, and within minutes, there was the reply,

"She said that's fine!"

"Prabuddh, take these tools and parts. Use them if you need to and when you are finished, I will collect them." Karashanbhai said. "Here is 300 for you. I think there will be a difficult technical problem to fix in the laptop; if so, please tell me if you have any other expenses after you repair it."

Three hundred bucks was enough for me. I would be able to spend more for the Goa trip.

Meera had a pink coloured bike; I followed her with my Pulsar at the speed of 35 km per hour.

We entered the hostel. It was beautiful! The building was spacious, well planned and sophisticated, and very clean.

Meera knocked the door, which she opened a minute later as nobody was home. On entering the room, I saw an incomplete oil painting on the floor with oil paints, brush, and other painting accessories. Meera offered me a seat and a glass of water. I felt so nervous being in her room... Especially because I had barely even spoken to a girl before!

“Just wait a minute, I will go get the laptop” she said.

I began looking around the room. She had a floral bedspread, and a few posters on her walls.

“Hi Prabuddh, what are you doing here?” I was surprised, standing in the doorway was Adhya.

She was looking beautiful in a dark green coloured skirt and light green loose T-shirt. She was standing in front of me with a brush and something like a bowl in her hand.

“Meera has called me with her to fix her laptop.” I stammered in response.

“Adhya, this is Prabuddh. He is here to repair my laptop.” Meera said, and gave me laptop.

“I know him. If you don’t mind, may I continue my painting here?”

“Of course, but how do you know him?”

“He is a patient, and a friend, of mine,” she said with a smirk. It felt like heaven, to hear her call me a friend.

Meera explained the problem. The system hard drive was corrupted and severely damaged, as well as a few parts needed servicing. Some hardware needed to be replaced, I needed to backup the data, format, and reinstall the operating system. It wouldn't be difficult, but would be time consuming. It would take at least two hours.

“It will take 2-3 hours for laptop to be repaired,” I said, but skipped the technical stuff.

“Can’t you hurry?”

“Sorry, but it will be 2 hours minimum. If you want, I can take it home, work on it, and bring it back tomorrow morning.”

“Tomorrow morning I may be in the hospital! And I have to start work on it as soon as possible. I can’t take others’ as I have more than half my work done on it.”

“And you don’t have a backup? I will do my best, but it is already nine O’clock. And it will be late by the time I am finished”

Adhya laughed, “Don’t worry Prabuddh, you can work here in a room of two girls safely, we know you are not dangerous and even you will be safe here.” Both giggled at her comment and an embarrassed smile broke on the face.

I started working on the laptop, going as quickly as I could. I wanted to get out of there.

Initially Meera was observing me, but later on she got bored and started to talk with Adhya. Adhya was sitting on the floor, filling the colors in her painting. My ears got word of their useless chattering, including shopping, daily soap operas, and so on.

Damaged hardware had been replaced and backup was going on. I had to wait for 10-15 minutes and had two options: first, just look at the laptop - the invention of the human. But I chose the better second option to look at God’s creation, Adhya, who was painting the picture.

Music channel of television was playing a song of ‘Jab We Mate’ movie,

‘aaonge tum kab sajana.... Angana phool khile...’

I had moved my eyes to two beautiful girls sitting on the floor.

I don’t know why, but I was intuiting the Adhya’s mind and thoughts. The song was appropriate for her mind.

Yes, like a typical boring girl she was dreaming the world of romance. She was tucking her hair behind the left ear repeatedly, that made her natural average face more attractive.

I could have seen pleasure in her eyes while painting same olive color in the petticoat of a woman in the picture if her useless spectacles had not obstructed. Why was she

wearing it, why did she not throw away those glasses?

The mind of this girl Adhya waiting for her beloved 'Abhay' was becoming inquisitive for me. She was celebrating now the time she was to live with Abhay in future. This compelled me to take in her mind! Oh God, I did not know from where I received that power of reading someone's mind, but please forgive me as I had misused it.

Adhya was filling color in a woman- waiting for her husband at the door with a mirror in the hand; it was like Adhya was feeling the face of Abhay in the mirror. She was thinking about the favorite color of Abhay; she would paint the blouse of the woman by that red color.

Ah! It's really complicated how someone can fantasize a lover in such a manner. During her thought, few drops of red colour from her painting brush were dropped on the petticoat of the woman; she tried to manage the colour successfully. But during that she had unconsciously put her elbow on the corner of the painting and messed the corner; I wanted to draw her attention toward it but could not dare. She got worried about it when she noticed the

corner of the painting, but however managed that also. After her successful patchwork she again tucked her hairs behind her left ear and her hairs got the red color.

In reality, I was waiting for the painting to be completed. However, I knew that it was not going to be completed; but I wished the God to complete her painting. But...

She had created her own world filled with her own dreams and feelings of love. She was fighting with her lovely kind smile against evil eyes averting those dreams. And that's why she was becoming the center of attraction for everyone.

I could have more from her mind if I would have presented there invisibly, because she could not ignore my presence; and by one of her hands, kept her chest covered.

It is clear that the touch of love makes an innocent human a naughty creature, who wants to live each and every second. For example, Meera, a 23-year-old girl with innocent eyes and beautiful smile, had just put steps in the world of love. Her useless trials for hiding this innocence with her philosophy and mature talks created an

image in my mind. She was the eldest child in her family and that was reflected in her way of talking also. But a small cloud carrying the moisture of love was being built in her mind. I could have read the name of the person from her mind, but the code of ethics prohibited me from doing so.

I noticed a glare in Meera's eyes when Adhya talked about Abhay. A wish sparked in those eyes that there would be someone for whom she would prepare fried rice and can invite for - and of course, can talk for hours!

Like a typical Gujarati girl, she wished to make her future and present lively with the family and to live her full life with a loving husband. And this fantasy filled her life with energy. And yes, she was lost in dreams....

Back to reality: the laptop was working and in can be used condition. "Meera, now you can use this laptop."

"I am tired, sleepy, and hungry. You guys, will you like to have a snack?" Adhya interfered.

"I have no problem, but it is already 11:30; and I have plans for tomorrow in the early morning with friends".

Actually hunger was knocking my stomach also but I was feeling somewhat uncomfortable in the presence of two young beautiful ladies. I had experienced neither the sharing of chat, nor snacks with girls before.

"I am very thankful Prabuddh, can I call you if I have any problem with the laptop?" Meera show curtsy.

"It will be my pleasure, ok see you again".

I, with Shankar and other 3 friends reached the Goa at evening. We hired two rooms nearby the sea. We wanted to save money for liquor.

On reaching the hotel, and after taking a bath, the friends walked to Mandrem beach with chilled cans of beer and *Sing bhujiya*. Although we all were tired, we had full fun, danced to rock music and enjoyed.

We didn't know the time at what we returned the hotel, but the next day, we got up very late at 10 o'clock. Late wake up, drinks, dance and full enjoyment for the full two days. Just on the previous night of

returning the home, Arjun and I decided not to join the drink party and sat on the beach.

I and Arjun took a seat on the beach, staring the waves of the sea. In the dark, due to the light of the moon, it looked like roaring milk was flowing to us and disappeared before reaching to our feet. We both were enjoying the silence of the environment, only the roaring sound of the waves was the background music of the silence.

“Yaar, I am really confused,” Arjun broke the silence.

“What happened?”

“I have a job offer from the company. This is our last year and results will be out within a few days”

“Hmm, then what?”

“Marriage.”

“What?”

“Yaar, parents want me to marry.”

“Ok, then do marriage.”

“I have postponed till the result is out and want to study further abroad.”

“Ok then, what is the problem? Tell your parents, they will understand well.”

“Yes, but do you remember Kruti?”

“Kruti? That sweat singer, our classmate?”

“She proposed me today morning.” Arjun disclosed.

“And you are telling me now. And what did you tell her? I knew something was between you and Kruti. I think you are also interested in her. She is a good girl, go on. What is wrong?” I could not manage my excitement and fired lots of questions breathless.

“I accepted her proposal but now I don't know, what to do.”

“Oh Laila Majanu, don't want to return? It's 11 o'clock. We have to get up early tomorrow” Ishan broke Our conversation.

“Ok, Arjun will talk about it later; let's go on. We'll plan something for it.” We both moved towards our hotel with other drunk friends.

We reached home late at night the next day. After having a heavy dinner prepared by Mummy, I took the remote of the TV in my

hand and started surfing the channels. I was a person of few words. I did not remember the occasions I had shared words of any trip with my parents.

After enough consumption of Battery of television remote, my upper eyelid could not maintain their position and started dropping; even my semiconscious efforts failed. But again the phone rang and awakened me.

It was Ishan, “Hey bro! When are you going to give party? You rocked man, first in college. Shankar and Arjun had cleared the exam. But you broke all records of the university up to now. 90% dude, nobody has even heard about such a score up to now in final year electronic.” Ishan was talking nonstop in excitement without knowing that I was slumbering on the other side. A girl’s spirit had entered into his body.

“He? What were you talking?” however, I managed concentration on the conversation.

“Dude, you got fabulous result. And we want party.”

“Ok! Given. When do you want?”

“Just now.”

“Ok deal, just now, come to my home within 2 minutes. And get the party” I tricked.

“Open the door, we are outside!” And my trick proved boomerang. These friends are really *kaminey*!

Then my full month pocket money was exhausted on the next day.

We all friends were engineers and had job proposals with handsome salary from the reputed companies. Ishan decided to pursue career in finance management so he accepted the job proposal for industry experience and time for entrance preparations. Arjun had planned to join his family business and so he had decided to join management course in one of the reputed universities in the united states. Shankar was to work for post-graduation in the same college; I decided to join the Delhi Institute of Technology for pursuing post-graduation in Microelectronics. My parents were happy with my performance and my decision of pursuing further study.

That was the time of celebration and we friend had very few days to enjoy with each other. So without any plan we decided to go somewhere nearby. We met at Arjun's home at 3:30 pm; while enjoying the strong tea and spicy breakfast his mother suggested Thor pond to go; Arjun's father offered a car for the small trip.

After a half hour we were on road; Arjun was in the driving seat. The audio system in the car was buzzing in our ears with high volume; chilled perfumed air in the car made us wild. Teasing, laughing, witty comments were in the flow. This flow was repeatedly interrupted when our eyes were busy to see the curves of beautiful girls. The 30 km distance was completed in an hour.

We spent nearly four hours at the place celebrating our accomplishments.

"Guys, we should leave now, it's already dark." Ishan proposed.

"Hey bro, why are you in a hurry? The real celebration is starting now!" Arjun spoke with closed eyes and lying on the grassy ground.

"No Arjun, Ishan is correct, we should leave now and the mosquitoes are killing their

hunger with my blood." I stood up with the words. Ishan and Shankar also followed me.

"Ok, as you guys say 'let's move'." Arjun got up and started to follow us.

"But don't blame me that I didn't show you this thing." He pulled out his backpack. He had a beer can in his hand from the bag.

"Where did you get it?" Shankar was shocked.

"From our last trip"

"Goa? Are you mad? If someone had found it, we might have had trouble. We are in Gujarat - a dry state. This is not Goa." Shankar continued.

"Then let's get away from this trouble." Arjun started to find places to seat for with these words. Youth believes drinking beer and alcohol is the celebration; but honestly, I found it illogical. How anybody can enjoy a bitter liquid being poured into the stomach? I could not have more than one third drink in the whole last trip; and just concentrated on chaknas. I had the same plan for the night.

"I will sit with you, but won't drink." I cornered my safe corner. But all the others

were ready, although Shankar had shown some false hesitation. I concentrated on Sing bhujia and spicy Ratlami Sev.

“That is nice, after all, we will require someone to drive the car. But don’t attack on the Sing bhujia” Arjun was convinced.

One litre beer got its way into the stomach of the three new electronic engineers and it had shown a mild effect on the guys. At the 10:30 pm, I was successful to make them sit in the car and started the car. Hardly had I drove for 10 minutes Ishan asked me to stop. I stopped the car by taking it on the side of the road.

He opened the door, got out of the car, and said, “Whoever wants to eat, follow me to that place,” pointing toward the crowded omelet lari.

All three hungry vegetarians, wanted to try some more excitement started to follow him. ***Alcohol takes control of your mind and snatch away your decision power. It is really dangerous; whenever alcohol is running in your blood. Please be away from the alcohol and keep friends away from the alcohol, it is dangerous in any***

amount. It not only affects your health, but also affects your social states and dignity.)

I was not drunk, but severely hungry; so again joined the egg eaters. Two omelets and one curry were ordered. We had to wait for 15 minutes on the bench with dogs running here and there for eggs. The place was not hygienic and the smell of the eggs was making me sick. However, could manage only a bite of the omelet and left other things for the three hungry vegetarians’ devils. I paid the bill and again took the steering in my hand. It was almost and 11: 30 now.

After having unhatched chickens in the dinner all my tired friends were in sleep in no time. I started the radio in the car; old melody songs with the car air freshener helped me to divert from the foul smell of the alcohol and eggs. I was enjoying the driving in the cool, calm environment of the S.G. Highway.

The vibration of my mobile again compelled me to stop driving. I stopped the car at the start end of the bridge over the Narmada canal and picked the phone. It was papa asking me the time of returning to home. I

informed him the situation. I told him it will take me 45 minutes minimum to drop everyone to their home and then after will come to the home. I had never hide anything from my parents; and had been honest to tell about the bear and egg eating.

I completed the call and got out of the car, locked the car leaving three sleeping Kumbhkaran in the car to pass urine near the bridge. India is the place where people believe democracy allows them to pass urine anywhere in an open place, the only thing to be cared is that your back should be toward the roadside! As I also enjoyed the royal open place toilet and zipped my trouser; I heard noise. A girl appeared from somewhere about 15 meters away from me, it was not possible to identify the face in the dark.

After a moment I realized that she was being followed by two or three men with something like a sword in their hand. That scared girl ran in the dark of the crowded trees followed by those three men. Neither the girl nor the three people might had noticed me standing in the dark near the bridge.

For a moment I thought to help the girl. But could not convince me that I could fight the healthy dangerous men alone with three drunk friends. Then I started to dial 100 from the phone to call police; but the fingers were motionless by the thought of my drunk friends. What would I answer about my drunk friends if the police would find them drunk? This dangerous situation made me confused; I should help the girl by any means but I was also scared.

Just two hours before who was believing in showing manhood by drinking, was scared in the situation where a real man might have never hesitated to help the girl.

I knew nobody had seen me at the place so I decided to get in the car and rushed towards the home.

In the whole route I couldn't enjoy anything and perspired heavily in the chilled environment of the car. I dropped Ishan and Shankar at their home. I dropped Arjun at his home at 12: 30 am leaving the car at his home. I drove my Pulsar home, ignoring the dogs who chased my bike. I was home at 12: 40 am; Mummy was in deep sleep.

She was used to get up early in the morning 4:30 am to complete house core and got tired at the end of the day after heavy household work.

Papa was also in bed, but I knew he was not sleeping. He got up from the bed and drank a glass of water. He looked at me fumbling in the fridge for some snacks and soon realized that I was not drunk nor I had I dinner with egg. He told me about the Dhosa prepared and kept by Mummy and then got to bed. I tried to cool my mind by the two Dhosa kept for me on the platform of the kitchen and got to bed.

The next morning while reading the newspaper and brushing my teeth, my eyes stuck on the news stating, "***Resident female doctor studying in the city hospital committed suicide. Mobile police found the girl named Adhya, dead late last night in the Narmada Canal with a suicide note.***"

"Mind is the only reason for human bondage and relief. Whenever the mind is attached to physical world human is bonded and whenever the mind is free from all physical attachment the human is relieved and finds its way to the God."

Kiss



In the early morning I got the confirmation of admission order from the Delhi Institute of Technology; I was very happy with that. Papa and Mummy were also happy, but Mummy was somewhat anxious. Actually, she wanted me to study in front of her eyes; she believed that she would feel lonely without me. On the other hand, she knew that it was necessary for my good study and the career.

I had to confirm my admission by reporting in the university within 10 days from the date of issue of the letter; but, because of Indian Post service now I had only 2 days remaining to report.

Papa was also to accompany me for the first day to the college. Two train tickets were booked in Tatkal reservation quota of Swarnjayanti Rajdhani express in third AC coach. ***Indian railway has one of the largest rail networks in the world carrying the highest number of passengers in the world, although it is really difficult to have a reserved seat in the train.***

Mummy packed my basic requisites for day to day leavings in a large size bag. She handed me the list of the things she had

packed for me. I stuffed the reading materials and books I found helpful in a medium-size bag. I usually preferred with a minimum basic thing for leavings but my anxious Mummy packed lots of snacks, also with the luggage that could not be denied by me.

Our train had been on the station, before we reached the Ahmedabad railway junction. Let me introduce my Papa. He was the headmaster in the government village school nearby Ahmedabad. He was very punctual in his schedule and never missed his duty; till yet he had been capable to balance his professional life and social life.

Papa asked me to facilitate a disabled person trying to step on the train just in front of us. I gave my hand to help him, but he denied with gratitude. He had lost his leg few years back in an accident till yet he climbed the steps himself with the help of shoulder crutch; his wife carried luggage to their birth. He had difficulty in seating and standing and every movement but, he did all his work himself without seeking help from anybody.

(It is really excruciating and sympathetic to see someone with physical disability. Why

should the god make a person disable? Oh dear god! You are really cruel by making a person dependent physically and doing injustice!).

We had a lower and a middle berth in coach. In front of us was an elder couple, retired manager of an oil company established in the Ankleshwar, with his wife, had settled in the Ahmedabad with their son. They were escorting their granddaughter to the Delhi, for reporting admission in the same institute in which I was considered to report. Birth just above my middle berth was reserved by a military man working in the Air Force. He was in the atmosphere department of the air force, posted in Gandhinagar.

This information was communicated between us within the first half hour of the journey. We Gujarati are very strong conversationalists, friendly, cordial and amiable.

The elderly couple was happy that I was also going to join the same institute their granddaughter was joining. My sincere obedient look and politeness fascinated them.

The girl had an admission letter to the branch of microelectronics, the same which I had; she was also in love of the electronics.

The most important thing she had mid long size black air dried silky hair tucked in half upper ponytail by a purple small size butterfly. I was happy not only because of the fact that the girl was beautiful but, also the level of her interest in the electronics. Now, I had a chance of beautiful and good company in my post-graduation. I was able to see the same reflections of glee in the beautiful deep eyes (covered by the rimless crystal clear glass) of the girl. (Bad news for girls! Boys also have sixth sense).

Back to the train from my flying luck; I should mention we shared breakfast with the family, military man and rich businessman. The side birth was reserved by a 50-55 years old, rich diamond businessman wearing costly silky embroidered Kurta-Pajama, eight diamond golden ring locking his all the eight fingers. Platinum chain around his neck was perhaps the costlier than full five years' salary of my father. He was accompanied by an assistant elder as he was.

'It is not good to talk with beautiful girl constantly, if you want to increase your chances; show some interest but never be desperate.' This golden rule was taught to me by Arjun but I never tried because I never intended to impress a girl.

But in this situation my attention was dragged by activities of the diamond merchant. His assistant stood up and prepared a place, served a lunch to the businessman. The businessman completed the lunch; his assistant brought bowl in which he washed his hands. The royal's hands were cleaned by the assistant with soft costly white colored napkin. Then the monarch's bed was prepared by his assistant; handmade especially decorated and polished leather shoes were removed by the assistant. And at last king's legs were put on the birth by the assistant. The rich man definitely didn't have any physical disability. After his comfortable position he asked his assistant to lay on the upper birth. In the position, the rich man obliged all of us by appraising the taste of the breakfast and food we shared with him. He was quite good, delighting, soft spoken and healthy. ***(Dependence or disability does not***

come only from physical deficiency; it is the disease of mind. Current technology and comfort make human dependent, in this era human has accepted the technology and comfort as his own body part. In absence of either of it human becomes disable. Human mind defines disability created by the technology and money as a comfort and prestige. Oh cruel god! You are really kind hearted by not making all humans such a prestigious.)

After a half hour we all got to bed in jumping birth of the train. On early morning 5:30 am train reached the New Delhi Railway station. Papa had old friend in the Delhi who were there to receive us.

Yogita (Oh! Forgot to mention the name of train girl) and her grandparents had also someone as host. So we waved hand to each other and departed.

Papa and I reached our new college after having refreshment and breakfast at Papa's friend home.

After completion of formality in the student section, I was allotted a quarter, which was

on sharing basis with other postgraduate student. Yogita also completed the formality and was allotted a quarter in the same building on the third floor, one floor below my quarter. Before I check in the quarter I was supposed to report the department of microelectronics. It was on the third floor of the C- wing of the college building. We found the departmental head office with the servant sitting outside the office door. We approached the servant and sent a paper piece to the departmental head mentioning the purpose of the meeting. She called us in the office with no time on receiving the chit. To my great surprise a gorgeous lady named Dr. Rakshita Chaturvedi was heading the microelectronic department.

Yogita was also with her grandparents to report in the department. Dr. Rakshita greeted us, checked our documents and admission order; then called a clerk and asked him to complete our remaining formalities. The clerk guided me and Yogita to another office, where he instructed us to write down a joining application and other formalities; it took a half hour to complete all. We again acquired our standing position in the office, which was now full of all faculties and other staff of the department.

Dr. Rakshita finished the introduction formalities. We were allowed to leave to check in the quarter and complete other required process and asked to be present in the department at nine o'clock the next day.

We reached the quarters, which was about half kilometre away from our college. The college campus was large occupying about 40 acres' land area, with different multi-storied building. We passed by a large playground. The large space of the campus was live with the energetic, well dressed and cheerful students.

Well planned well maintained, spacious 10 storied two building with 40 units in each was allotted as quarters. The quarter was with two bedrooms, a hall, a kitchen and attached toilet and bathroom. Actually the quarter was of equal size of my own home, and the quarter was allotted for no charge to us.

I had to share the quarter with another PG student who was not reached yet. Papa was satisfied with the quality of food prepared in the mess. Papa left the quarter in the afternoon and he handed me the contact number of his friends for any help if required.

Papa left me alone in crowded, running, alive, decorated megacity the Delhi. Because I reached first in the quarter, I had a chance to choose my room; I walked through the whole quarter. I choose bedroom from the window of which a greenwood was visible. A fresh air flowing from one window to the opposite windows keeping the room enlighten and fresh. Walls were coloured with cream orange plastic paint and roof with white colour. Another room was larger than mine, but its only one window was towards the next block building. The hall was large, beside the small passage from the hall to my room attached toilet bathroom and washroom were constructed. The Quarter was semi furnished, both bedrooms containing a bed, a study table and a study chair with wall mounted two cupboards each.

I started to unpack and arrange my luggage. Daily requirements were arranged in a small cupboard, and pressed apparels in the upper part of the large cupboard. My laptop had taken place on the study table; and textbooks in the lower part of the cupboard. While arranging the textbooks, I laid a file down entitled, "**An Artificial Brain - A**

Memory Transfer.” I had found the file from the stuff, when I was searching for books at my home for packing luggage. The title had attracted me, but because of the short time I decided to study it later on. I put the file on the table and decided to go through it later on. I arranged my whole luggage after a full two and half hours; my vest was dirty and wet with perspiration. Because much waste papers and package waste was on the floor I decided to clean the floor. As I had taken the broom and started to swipe the floor doorbell rang.

I opened the door with the broom in my hand. A bodybuilder with superman T-shirt on and blue denim was standing with the large size backpack on the back. He had short curly black hair; his less fair look with masculine face must have engrossed many girls.

“Hi, I am Sanjay a PG in the Microelectronics. I am allotted this room.” He threw words and extended a hand to shake. His biceps bulge stretched his black superman t-shirt.

I could not decide how to shake with dirty hands and introduced myself, “Hi, I am

Prabuddh, from Ahmedabad, PG in the microelectronics.”

Sanjay put his backpack in the main hall and took off his red coloured sport shoes. After that he brought the guitar package in the room.

“Ok! You get revived due the time I clean the floor and then will go for the dinner” on seeing the tired face of Sanjay I told him.

I finished my cleanings and decided to have a bath. Sanjay had been busy in the mobile till yet.

I completed my bath, cleaned my dirty underclothes and attires. He was now arranging his luggage.

‘Message me when you go for dinner’ my mobile displayed the message of the Yogita.

We had packed lunch together with our family accompanied. She was not quite impressed by the food taste. Generally, girls never get entertained by the food taste except on two occasions: one the food is from a very costly restaurant and second the food is prepared by herself.

‘K’ I texted back not having an idea what to write more to girl.

“Girlfriend?” unexpected question from Sanjay surprised me.

“No, colleague asking for dinner. Do you want to accompany us?”

“Yes, sure. But let me have a shower first and change the clothes.”

“And luggage?”

“Lots of clothes are there will arrange them later on”

“Ok, then will go after you get ready.”

Sanjay disappeared into the bathroom with a towel around his waist and topless body; he had noticeable six packs.

I phoned Mummy and talked to her for a few minutes; I informed her about the quarter and food to decrease her anxiety. I don't know how the god creates a mother; She always worries about her child and feel anxious without any effect of Kalyug²—or Satyug² on their feelings.

Then I turned on my laptop; while the laptop took its time to start, my hands opened the curious file. (Laptop takes 1-2 minute and today's generation has not forbearance to wait for a minute also)

Notes, observation, figures and different mathematical calculations amazed me. I had done all this work before my suicide attempt and I didn't know about it. Various images of human brain and part of the brain occupied the space in the file.

“Dude, should we go? I am ready now. You get ready for the dinner.” On the sudden voice of Sanjay, file fondled on the ground from my hand; a pen drive made its way somewhere from the file.

“Let's go, I am ready. I also message to Yogita.” Sanjay stared at my trouser and night t shirt with questioning eyes. He had changed into skin tight red T-shirt from which his muscle cuts were easily visible.

“She is the colleague and I will change this nightdress” I answered his two silent questions.

‘I am going for dinner; my roommate Sanjay is also accompanying me; hope you don't mind about it. We will wait on the ground floor.’ I messaged Yogita.

‘My roommate is also with me for the dinner, we will reach in five minutes below.’ She answered in a minute.

“Let’s go down, mess is on the ground floor.” A large ground floor was converted in mess for the convenience of postgraduates.

Both of us had to wait for fifteen minutes to get the company of two girls; during the Sanjay and I shared our family background and proper residential information. Sanjay was from the Mumbai. His father was a secretary of the general human resource development department of The Maharashtra secretariat. Because of his cheerful nature and live personality, we were now upgraded to the status ‘friends’ from the ‘roommate’ in no time.

Yogita climbed down with her roommate, Sandhya. Sandhya was from the Meghalaya and had taken admission in the microelectronics.

Yogita proposed walk after the dinner of chapati³, Bhindi⁴ and kadhi⁵ rice. We walked through the campus and reached the racecourse nearby. The race course consisted of a large garden, a cricket field, a football field, and a municipal swimming pool. We sat on a bench in the garden and passed a half hour talking with each other.

The next day we walked together to the college; where we were introduced to our fifth colleague Andrew, a Delhi boy. Our first day was passed in orientation of the department and introduction of our subject.

Professor Aapte explained us the curriculum. We were allotted various paper work in the form of duty. After the working hours, we all five colleague went to the college canteen and enjoyed the tea. College canteen was crowded of student groups. Students from other colleges were also there to enjoy the tasty food served in the canteen. Daisy ben a 30 years old widow was running the canteen; she had a 5-year-old daughter named Priyanka. Daisy ben prepared and served good food at reasonable rate that attracted students to the college canteen.

We passed enough time to know each other in the canteen enjoying the tea. We came to know that Andrew was married and the eldest among us but, his regular workout kept him looking young. He had also a well-built body with broad chest and muscular arms. Out of three boys only me a lazy boy was with bulging belly from my loose shirt and old fashioned trouser.

That was our routine to attend the college together, to have a tea after five o'clock and then walk to the racecourse after dinner. Sometimes, Andrew also accompanied us in the after dinner racecourse meeting. We had parties, picnics and movies together frequently. We teased each other, shared problems and celebrated good time.

My gymnasium training by Andrew and Sanjay had started to build my muscles also.

Yogita and Sandhya were to attend the Yogasan classes and wanted company one of the boy. Andrew and Sanjay were not interested in yoga and did not have spare time because one had to keep happy his wife and another had to manage a number of girlfriends; only I had time that can be bought by girls.

I was trapped easily by girls' tricks and so I had to accompany them for ten days' camp of Yogasan and Meditation. I had to get up early on 5:30 am and the Yoga training was for 3 full hours each day.

After camp, my routine was to get up at 5 o'clock, jogging and aerobic for a half hour, Yogasan for a half hour and meditation practice after that. I progressed very swiftly

in the meditation practice in six months; and was able to meditate for a full one hour without a break. Meditation had changed my nature, I was able to contain my anger up to more or less degree, could relax my brain and body; it had increased my efficiency and sharpen my mental capacity.

Dr. Rakshita had told us to prepare the research proposal as a part of education. I had been studying the mysterious file '**an artificial brain- a memory transfer**' and decided to work on the topic. Although I had been searching in the library and on the internet for work done on the topic, I didn't find any significant article. I had gone through many neuroanatomy books in details. Surprisingly I could understand many medical terminologies very easily. I prepared the proposal on the basis of the work done.

My proposed work was a super brain prepared from the hybrid material (containing real neurotransmitters, neurons and computer programming done on the electronic chip). It was to be connected to any object live or dead; after connection my artificial brain would receive the learned

things and memory from the object, and would store it. It would be able to transfer the same thing to any other object. It looks very complicated, but after all, I took a chance and submitted it. I had prepared the work on the principles of the modern science, Bharatiya Vedas⁶ and Ramayan⁷. To my surprise, this hypothetical design was accepted by Dr. Rakshita.

When Dr. Rakshita called me in her office in the evening, she was studying the report I had submitted to her in the morning.

“Ok, Prabuddh tell me about your proposal,” she asked.

I stood still, could not decide from where to start. She waited for a minute to hear words from me. “Ok, I had gone through your report, everything is ok about your proposal. You have done good work; design of your proposed brain looks theoretically acceptable. But only thing your proposal does not include about the energy and software that will make the brain working. How will you bring real neurotransmitters, neural cells and other organic stuffs?” She clarified her queries.

“Madam, I am still working on the energy and software. I have few ideas but will take a week to get them on the paper.” I gave clarifications.

“I think you should meet a person who knows about the brain very well.”

“Ok madam! But, I don’t know any person like this.”

“I know someone, let me ask him about that.” She dialed a number from her mobile but having engaged tone from the opposite side she replied, “Ok! It looks he is busy; I will call you on receiving response from him. Till the time plan out by yourself about the energy supply and software.”

I didn’t receive any response or review from any other faculty of the department. It might be because Dr. Rakshita had not discussed the proposal with any of them. Departmental ethical committee meeting was due on next Monday seven days later.

During racecourse meeting at the day, I got call from the Dr. Rakshita. “Prabuddh, be prepared tomorrow morning at 6 o’clock with your research proposal. I will pick up you from college building.” (She talks always to the point without any type of

useless matters especially during phone calls)

“Good evening madam, ok madam. I will be ready madam tomorrow morning.” I tried to show all types of curtesy.

“Good night, see you tomorrow morning.” She cut the call.

“Good night madam.” I responded in the phone without anybody to hear on the other side now.

“Woo... dude, who was that? Rakshita?” Andrew asked.

“Yes, she wants me to accompany her tomorrow morning. Perhaps she wants me to meet someone who can help me in the project.”

“After all Mr. Einstein, you impressed the Hitler lady. But remember, I don’t want to share my friend with any other gorgeous lady.” Yogita pulled my leg.

“O my princess! I will never leave you until I get more beautiful lady than you.” I replied in dramatic style; Yogita frowned with fabricated annoyance.

The next morning, Dr. Rakshita drove me in her luxurious Honda Civic to the reputed medical college. She wore a pink half sleeve top and skinny light brown jeans, and mid back long hair kept open. She was looking 10 years younger and more dynamic that day.

On the way, she discussed the project and told me about Dr. Pradip, who we were to meet on that day.

“Prabuddh, behave like a good scientist in front Dr. Pradip. He is a neurologist and had worked a lot in the field of memory. He does not like formalities but only knowledge can impress him. You must have to answer his questions honestly and never overemphasize your any hypothesis. For your success, his approval for guidance is necessary.”

We reached to the 3rd floor of the hospital, only a room was open with designation and name of Dr. Pradip. He had been head of the neurology department for 10 years. A peon outside the office directed us to two plastic chairs in the office. His office was not well furnished but everything was well kept. A small hammer, a stethoscope, Pen stand, Laptop was on the table. One third part of

the table was occupied by large size books each not weighing less than two pound. As peon had asked us to wait for Dr. Pradip, I picked a book titled as 'Neural plasticity and memory'.

"Young man, I don't like person touching my stuffs. Keep it at its place and come with me; Rakshita please wait here and enjoy cold coffee." He entered in the office like a wind without giving me a chance to wish him. He picked up rapidly his stethoscope and hammer, called peon and asked for a cold coffee.

I looked at Dr. Rakshita, she signed me to follow Dr. Pradip, due the time he had started walk. I ran behind him to follow his quick steps.

On the way he didn't speak anything with me. I had to almost run to accompany him because of his rapid steps. At last, I was able to catch him and had first look of his face.

It looked familiar face. His gait was confident, foot on the ground were straight and each step was on imaginary straight line. He was smelling something different what I never smelled before, but the smell was mesmerizing. His face was glowing,

brilliance of knowledge and kindness were lighting his face. His face was expressionless but a divine smile was seen in his eyes.

He entered in a ward labelled outside Neuro-medicine male. I followed him in the ward; the nursing staff and other doctors had been standing in the ward, near a table which was covered by green coloured files and folders. That crowd dragged itself to the Dr. Pradip who had reached to a patient lying on the first bed.

I didn't know my role and kept following the first order 'follow me'. He was moving from one bed to another while discussing each patient's case and prescribing the treatment.

"Take the history of this patient, Prabuddh." Not only me, but the whole crowd following the Dr. Pradip was stunned by his order and looked at me. Although I heard the word 'history' three to four times but I had no knowledge of such task. I gave blank look to the Dr. Pradip who had been flipping the page patient's history file.

"Go on Mr. Prabuddh, for what are you waiting?" I had no option after these rude words from the glowing face.

“Mr. Makarandbhai, how do you do?” I read the name of the patient from his case paper and then I started with a foolish question. Obviously, a person lying on the hospital bed is not well!

“See doctor, he cannot move his legs, since this morning,” Makarandbhai’s wife said anxiously.

“Makarandbhai, this is Mr. Prabuddh. Cooperate with him, he will report to me every update about you. And that will definitely help you. And Prabuddh, you take your time and meet me with every detail of this patient in my office after a half hour.” I was really confused by this order of Dr. Pradip.

I could not understand why I was there. He went on to another patient and continued with the history of Makarandbhai.

“Ok, Makarandbhai, tell me the whole story.”

“Sir, I am from the village nearby. I have planted cumin seed in my 50-acre farm. But the rain of the day before yesterday destroyed my full year’s hard work. I have invested all my money and mortgaged my house. Yesterday morning, I ignored my

chest pain; I thought it might be acidity. But when I got up today morning I could not move my right limb. My wife Ganga forced me to come here otherwise I am alright.” Makarandbhai described everything without having a worry on his face. His story abstracted he had been brave, bold and strong man.

“Definitely Makarandbhai and Gangaben everything will be alright. The god always takes from us to give some more; so forget about your financial problem. We will meet again.” I had no knowledge of medical science, but I knew from his case paper that he had a cerebral hemorrhage. That might extend his disability to his arms, also.

“So, Prabuddh. How was it?” after an hour I was standing in front of Dr. Pradip.

“Sir, his condition will deteriorate day by day. We should go for removal of hemorrhagic blood. And should prevent the further damage to the brain”

“Nice that is a doctor’s line; but I think you are not a doctor. And you should see the report also; his hemorrhage is not bleeding now and intervention to remove the hemorrhagic blood might be more

dangerous. Ok you continue to follow Makrandbhai two times a day and give me report about his condition after five days. And then I will consider your proposal. You can leave now; we will meet next Monday.”

“Ok, sir. I am thankful to you, sir!”

“And yes, I like to be addressed as Pradip instead of sir. Forget all formalities and concentrate on the patient and his behavior. You must have to spend a full hour each day with him. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye sir! Sorry, Pradip, sir.”

“Only Pradip. Goodbye.”

I left the hospital with tangled thoughts about the weird Pradip. I reached the room at about 8:45 A.M that day. Sanjay was locking the room when I reached there. I denied his proposal of waiting for me to the way of college, so he left for the college.

I drank a full cup of lemon tea with sprouted mung and then headed towards the college.

As I came out of Dr. Rakshita’s office after having described the whole thing, my colleagues hemmed me in. We went to the canteen and I described everything again.

“What a fool you are! He is not going to help you. He is just screwing you,” Andrew exclaimed.

“No, I think he is testing you. You should just continue with his order. And what madam had told you about the incidence?” Yogita expressed herself with samosa in her hand. I never figured out how she had maintained her figure even after so much fast food. Sanjay always avoided such fast food. But I acted as per situation.

So I picked my second samosa in such stressful environment and told “Rakshita asked me to do everything whatever told by Pradip.”

“Then you should do the same. After all, her decision will be final for your project.” Sanjay, a diplomatic man puts a diplomatic thought.

“Yes, and he has no any other option. Does anybody want tea?” Sandhya asked.

“Even if I have the option, I will work with Pradip. I think he will help me beyond my expectations.”

Everybody drank one extra tea. My pocket had a hole of 130 rupees for the

brainstorming meeting. College was giving 25000 rupees per month in the form of stipend and other allowances that fulfilled our all expenses.

We kept the topic away at the time of racecourse meeting. But in the night I chatted and discussed the topic with Yogita on mobile.

When I reached to meet Makarandbhai next morning Pradip had been taking round of the ward. He didn't express that he had already noticed me but I knew he had noticed me.

I talked softly with Makarandbhai and gave him some fruits, What Yogita had suggested me to do. I asked about his health. He told me that drug is not affecting and now his both limbs are immobile. I noticed that he dared to stand up on his legs but was not successful. His wife Gangaben tried to support him but he took the support with hesitation.

Daily morning and evening I kept visiting the Makarandbhai and passed a full hour with him. He had started to converse me openly like a friend. I had told him that my genuine interest was my project. He had

understood that I was not to help him by any form of treatment but he felt good by sharing heart with me.

And the Sunday morning I met him again. Now his both legs were totally immobile, lost its sensations. Gangaben had gone out to take some medicines for Makarandbhai.

A nurse came to his coat put few medicines and told, "Inform me when you get the urinary catheter and urinary bag."

Makarandbhai's eye were wet never before I had seen and his face was frustrated.

"Makarandbhai you will be on your legs in few days only." I tried to give him condolence.

"Prabuddh I know you are just telling. I am now never going to stand on my legs. I have lost everything." With these painful words his all confidence broke into tears. I had never seen such a helpless man like me who wanted to help someone but had nothing to offer except the empty words.

“You should be surprised why I did not reject your proposal right away. It is your right to know that you are not the first with the idea of the artificial brain. This idea was first proposed by my old friend, Dr. Pradip, 20 years back. He accommodated me in his project ever since the inception of the project. He had been working on the same project since last 20 years before we stopped the project last year.” Sunday evening Dr. Rakshita invited me to her home to discuss about my project.

“And so be careful and honest, while saying anything to him tomorrow.” She was more anxious than me about the project. Actually, she had been a good professor and researcher. And that is why she was concerned about my project also.

“Yes, Madam! I will take care. Do you till work on that?” I pointed out my presence of mind.

“No, actually few years back he went to Ahmedabad. He told me that he had a breakthrough in our project. But after he had returned from Ahmedabad, he declared the project failed and shut off the project.”

“And why my project is considered?”

“I don’t know, but one morning, just before you came with your project, he had asked me about you and your project.” Dr. Rakshita continued. She definitely registered my confused face.

“I was also confused, but I didn’t dare ask him how he knew about you.”

“Then what should I do, Madam?” I begged words for the next day.

“I don’t know. But never disclose to anybody anything about whatever I told you today. And just now you should take this tea and this aloo paratha.”

That night was restless for me, my mind was clouded with thoughts of Makarandbhai and the next day’s meeting with Pradip. Hardly I had 3 hours’ sleep, when at 4 O’clock in the morning, the phone rang. I was irritated by the phone ringing that had disturbed my hard-earned sleep.

Pradip ordered me to come his home about three kilometers away from my residence within a half hour. Telephone calls during my sleep time had made some unexpected situations two to three times before.

A luxurious bungalow with a flower garden at the entrance, was guarded by a security guard. As I reached the entrance, the guard opened the heavy entrance and guided me to a terrace of the home, situated at 10 minutes' distance from the entrance of the home. The home was well planned and well kept, lots of room and complicated passage.

At the terrace Pradip was sitting on a 2 feet raised platform in Padmasan² and with closed eyes. Terrace was decorated with flower plants; divine smell was energizing the environment.

After a minute he opened eyes and signed me to seat on another platform in front of him. He signed again to perform meditation. As I had practice of meditation, I closed my eyes and started. Within a minute I was able to concentrate on my breathing and started experiencing the some undefinable. I didn't know the time, but as I progressed thoughts of Parents followed by thoughts Makarandbhai and Adhya blasted from my mind; ignorance from me to thoughts pushed away them. The aged face of the doctor appeared in my mind who had checked me and treated me in the hospital; that was subtle surprising to

me that the face was completely similar to the Pradip.

A soft voice "now come back and open your eyes." Brought me back to the world.

The sky had been lighted of fire orange colour of the rising sun as I opened the eye and came back from meditation.

"Yes Prabuddh, you have seen the correct thing. I am the same person who treated you after your suicidal attempt and brought you back to the earth."

"Is that why you are helping me?"

"No, it's not; you will learn later on why I am helping you. Now tell me how can your project can help persons like Makarandbhai?"

"I don't have exact plan but have some idea; like if his brain is connected to an artificial device it can help to Makarandbhai."

"You mean an artificial brain or artificial part of brain should be implanted in the brain like a cochlear implant or brainstem implant, is it?"

"No, something like that but I am planning something very different."

“Like your brain?”

“I didn’t get you sir.”

“That means, you know nothing”

“About what?” as I had spoken this words first time I could see change in his facial expression and hesitation in his speech.

“About the artificial brain.”

“Actually, I believed that I was the first person with this idea, but...”

“But, yesterday Rakshita told you that the idea had been worked out by me.” Pradip stood up and started walking; as usual I had to follow him. On the top floor of his three-storied building, he stood against the door and extended his hand to open it.

“Prabuddh, do you actually need help from me?” he pulled back his hand without opening the door and demanded.

“Yes Pradip, I really need your help.”

“Hmm... I will but you must have to prepare yourself for it. You should know that the brain is not a simple anatomical structure, but it is a site of consciousness, a site of the soul, a factory of feelings, attachments and so on. It is in reality a virtual dynamic

individual world. When such virtual individual worlds of different persons interact with each other by any means like feelings, speech, act or any simple touch, they create human relations. And you are truly a heartless man. That is why you could not help Adhya or Makarandbhai. Love and physical attractions are really different things, you know that. You should first fall in love or feel any other real feelings. You are habitual to observe feelings, but you don’t know them. So first start to experience various feelings. Not just observe feelings, but feel those of others in your soul. Feel everything in the world and find which is really necessary that can save your brain anytime” I could not get everything but felt like Déjà vu; then he started again his walk and I started again to follow him.

He shared hot milk mixed with turmeric powder, honey, and almond with me. He offered me a breakfast of cheese sandwich. (Thank god he didn’t deliver further any speech difficult to digest with the breakfast)

I left his home at 6:30 am, came to my quarter and threw my body in the bed.

And obviously my proposal was rejected by the departmental ethical committee on the

day. And I was asked to prepare some practically possible project not to build building in air. During the review of my proposal which was rejected in just five minutes, Dr. Rakshita just kept mum; I failed to answer satisfactorily to questions raised by committee members. I was given five days to prepare proposal on the new topic 'Microelectronic sensors for measurement of electromagnetic fields of living cells'.

We were enjoying the sizzling breakfast at the quarter of Yogita. Sanjay was on a date with one of his girlfriends and Andrew was busy in recreating with his wife. My research proposal for the new topic had already been accepted by the departmental ethical committee.

I knew the reason of this royal treatment by girls; they want me to agree to accompany them in Garaba⁹ going to be started from the Tuesday.

"Prabuddh, are you going home or enjoying Garabas here in Delhi?" Sandhya started a point. Girls first put the boys in their place and then create a trap around it. After a few

months' experience, I understood their tricks.

"I am not going to do Garabas." This time I picked a turn to do drama.

Sandhya told, "Wow, it's great. See, Yogita I win the bet. He is going with someone else."

I was in the place and I knew they would start to build a trap. But I had decided not to be trapped easily this time, so kept mum and continued to eat the Ratlami Sev.

"Actually Sandhya, I think Prabuddh does not know how to do Garabas." My speechless action sparked the chattering between two girls and I concentrated to fill my stomach.

"No problem, we will make him learn."

"Only two days remaining."

"He will learn, after all he has good grasping power and we are not bad teachers."

"I am going to my room. I have to go outside for dinner." I stood up ignoring the conversation.

"Oh, do you not want to eat Shikhand?" Yogita played her move. My each near and dear one knows my weak point is Shikhand.

I forgot the trap and took a seat again on her bed covered with a feminine bedsheet.

“And by accepting this Shikhand treat, you agree to accompany us in Garabas and practice of Garabas.” Sandhya took my verbal consent. But still I was not in the mood to surrender so I kept my mouth shut.

“He agreed already, Sandhya. He will accompany us. And a full nine nights of Garabas will be arranged by our college, and we will not even need to pay for passes.”

(And this is reality, how easily girls can put you in the trap in no time. They have lots of tricks to defeat any boy and fulfil their own wishes.) I was already trapped either I had spoken or not.

“Give me the Shikhand.” I was selfish and wanted to complete Shikhand before these two girls played another trick.

“First say, yes, I agree.” Now Sandhya frowned, she had been the only barrier between me and my Shikhand. I chose Shikhand rather than drama for Garabas.

“Yes mam, I agree.” I surrendered.

Sandhya pushed the large bulk of Saffron Shikhand in my mouth and pulled my cheeks.

“Enjoy Shikhand; we will just come back.” Both moved into another room. They knew Sanjay and Andrew would definitely accompany us in Garabas.

I almost stuffed my whole stomach as much as I could. Both came back with four to five types of color, full Chaniya-choris ¹⁰.

“Say, Prabuddh, which looks better?” Yogita asked for my opinion.

I randomly selected one which I could comfortably reach without giving further stress to my mind.

“This one looks good, thank you for the Shikhand; enjoy your Barbie doll games now by trying all of these. I leave, bye-bye.” I moved towards the door hurdled by Sandhya.

“Please stop Yaar... don’t do so much drama; you agreed to practice.” Sandhya irritated.

“Yes and will practice tomorrow after college with Sanjay and Andrew.” I casually answered and stepped forward.

“Prabuddh, please stop, and help us to decide the clothes for various days.” Yogita continued.

It’s really difficult to ignore beautiful girls especially when they are pleadings. So again I seat near the mountain of colourful female clothes.

“Sandhya you take this one and I will try this one.” I was seating without interest in their clothes trying practice.

“Prabuddh, we go in next bedroom till the time you try this one.” Sandhya gave me the Chaniya-chori I chose; both girls successfully hide their smile behind their face. (Oh no, so this was the real trap...) I could not believe how I was trapped now and almost frightened by the situation. I hate trying even my clothes and they wanted to model for their clothes; but the situation was out of control now.

“That was not deal.” I tried to oppose with my maximum voice strength.

“Don’t be so Drama queen and do what we tell you. We are changing in other room; you remove your shirt and wear this top and this beautiful petticoat. In other things we will help you. Otherwise we will not play

Garabas with you.” Yogita told me in strong angry tone.

At that time, I felt you can say ‘No’ to any beautiful girl but you can never say ‘No’ to your good friends in spite of embarrassing situation.

Navartri¹¹– the specialty of Gujarat, is a festival of liveliness, where every person dances freely in a rhythmic manner. Especially youth enjoys this festival. Garabas previously played in streets has reached in party plots and become commercial.

In the college playground Garabas were organized by college cultural committee. Everything was set for Garabas, Yogita and Sandhya were looking gorgeous in traditional clothes. Sanjay, me and Andrew also had traditional clothes; ground was full of lots of beautiful girls. First time we realized our college campus is full of so much beautiful girls. Prayer of the Goddess Parvati started the festival. The principal of the college with his wife worshipped the Goddess by **AARATI¹²**.

Then the DJ played traditional Garabas songs. We had started Garabas in our small group; gradually the circle became larger as more and more people joined. First round was of traditional simple style; I was just ahead of Yogita following the Andrew and his wife, Yogita was followed by the Sandhya and Sanjay in the round. In the first round, we all perspired severely; drank lots of cold drinks. I clicked lots of photographs, and then took a rest for 10 minutes.

In the second round we became the attraction of people by performing some difficult and complicated steps; taught to us by our two beautiful lady trainers Yogita and Sandhya.

Yogita danced very fluently throughout the second round, and was declared as the princess by the judges.

The third and last round was mixture of traditional and western music. We danced with our full energy and every possible move of our body parts. After three hours' Garabas we were completely tired. We went for a treat given by Princess Yogita and passed half hour extra.

The trend continued for next seven days. Yogita won prize all the day, two prizes for Sandhya. We boys won the prize for prince and best dressed one time each also.

At the last night of Navaratri, we dressed in our best traditional clothes. Yogita had put on a parrot-colored backless Chaniya choli, and dozens of bangles on each arm. In the last mega round crowd had gathered to see the Yogita's Garabas. She danced gracefully and was declared as mega princess. Andrew and his wife were declared as best couple dancer.

Andrew had marriage anniversary next day and it was already 12 o'clock so we all decided to celebrate it. Shabanam was Andrew's wife, a fashion designer who owned a small boutique shop; she also accompanied us in the party. Andrew and Shabanam had a marriage of love.

Because there were two sponsors, we decided to go for a little bit costly, but a cool cafeteria of the Imperial Palace. All had ordered different types of juice, ice-cream and drinks. We wished happy marriage anniversary to couple who had just

completed a year of marriage and cheered up for the Yogita also. Our noise and cheer up got the frowned eyes from many boring and serious customers of the cafeteria.

As soon as Andrew and Shabanam ended up their thanks giving speech, we again clapped for them and demanded to hear their love story.

Andrew described his little love story mentioning that how he had fallen in love of Shabanam. Shabanam was from Shonmarg, a small village near Kashmir. Shabanam had been studying in Shimala, where Andrew went for a holiday with family.

Andrew told, “Her whole body was covered in long Kashmiri clothes except her milky white, cotton like soft face with black large eyes and puffy red lips. She was shopping with her friends. Her curves hypnotized me and her sweet voice made me unconscious. I forgot that I was with my family.”

Shabanam’s white face turned a red tomato colour on her praise from her dear husband.

“And how did you know you were attracted to Andrew?” Sanjay asked.

“Because of his good physique and broad shoulder I let him talk with me; but after that his politeness and soft speech impressed me.” Her eyes sparkled while answering and added, “After our first meeting, I agreed to meet him again because of his carrying and cool personality. After three meetings in just 5 days, I could trust him and exchanged contact number. I liked how he handled our families, who were against our marriage. His liberal thinking had allowed me to stay with my own religious belief even after marriage, and that increased respect for him.”

We all cheered up the Andrew again and now his turn was to blush.

“Honey your love gave the strength to fight against and handle each and every problem.” Andrew clenched the hand of Shabanam and went closer to kiss her.

But then he became conscious of our presence and withdrawn himself.

“How sweet! Real love is God,” Yogita spoke.

“Yes, love is God, who is everywhere and it should be available for everyone.” Sanjay sponsored his philosophy.

“That means?” Sandhya asked.

“It means you can love one, two or more persons.” Sanjay continued.

“That is an affair, not love.” Yogita raised her voice removing hair tie from her hairs. Then she tied her hair in a low ponytail, letting it flow freely.

“Einstein, what is your view about love?” Andrew tried to pull me into the discussion.

Taking a sip of some greenish colored juice ordered by Sandhya on behalf of me, I answered, “It is nothing but just a piece of feelings which remains consistent for a fraction of the time.”

Expression in the eyes of all friends made me understand that they need me to prove that type of weird definition.

“The fraction of time may be seconds, minutes, hours, years or unfortunately may be lifelong. But after all, it is the feeling that depreciates as time passes.” I explained my view.

“It seems Prabuddh has never fallen in love.” Shabanam tried to abstract my mind.

“I think love is just a name given to physical attraction that turns into a habit as time passes.” With this sentence of Sanjay, the discussion was going to catch heat from the girls.

“Maybe it is the view of boys, but for girls, rather than physical attraction carrying, love and other qualities are more important.” Yogita put the discussion now as girl and boy discrimination.

“For boys also not only physical characteristic is important, they also love the girl with good nature and good behaviour that can take care of family like Shabanam.” Andrew was now in the team of boys.

“Then my dear husband, why you keep your eyes on beautiful girls?” Shabanam pulled out the sword.

I was silently enjoying the discussion and delicious ice cream. I already completed my butterscotch ice cream, then took a spoonful strawberry flavor of Sandhya’s cup. I did not like the taste of strawberry ice cream. So I picked up a cup of chocolate flavour of Yogita and started to eat.

“Yes Bhabhi, you are very correct; Andrew always tries on beautiful girls and flirt them.” I blew air in the fire.

“You are my friend or enemy? I am not going to pay for chocolate flavour Ice cream now.” Andrew threatened me.

“Ok, don’t pay for Chocolate flavour.” I continued my mischief.

“Hey, it’s my ice cream; don’t you be ashamed of by taking someone’s ice cream?” Yogita screamed.

“Men are more liberal; they don’t do injustice to any beautiful lady or even tasty ice cream.” I had to defend myself and also men.

“Then manly man, now you will pay on behalf of me and Andrew for this treat.” Yogita snatched the ice cream from my hand.

“Sure I will. Waiter, please give the bill.” Everyone was surprised why I was so easily convinced.

Waiter gave me the bill, I read the figure 980 rupees only; I got the ladies purse from my pocket and put a 1000 rupees not in the billing folder.

“Keep the change.” With such a generous smile on my face, I gave the ladies purse back to Yogita. (Girls don’t have pocket in their clothes. So, Yogita and Sandhya gave me their Mobile, keys and purses before Garabas.)

Everybody laughed except Yogita and Andrew offered 1000 rupees to Yogita from his purse. She returned 500 and then we clicked more photographs in the cafeteria. It was almost 3 A.M. of the morning and left the cafeteria; we did not notice how swiftly time flied.

Next morning when I was searching various instruments in the laboratory for my research project, ‘Microelectronic sensors for measurement of electromagnetic fields of living cells’ all four devils entered in the lab.

Whenever they had decided some idea to follow, they come in group and informed me my role in their idea.

“What is the project? What is my role?” I queried.

Andrew had decided to distribute some feast to orphan children on the occasion of marriage anniversary. Andrew had contributed 1000 rupees and all others had 500 rupees. The plan was to go nearby orphan home, play games with children and distribute sweets to them.

Although, I was not in favour of money donation, but did not want to hurt Andrew so also contributed and agreed to go with them.

We informed the orphan home owner and fixed the Sunday to distribute the sweat. At Sunday morning we gathered at the quarter, Andrew and his wife had purchased sweats from the contributed amounts; I had purchased some balloons, Yogita and Sandhya had taken some old clothes to donate them. Sanjay bought whistles to entertain the children.

We reached in our daily formal dressings and had taken care to not wear reach clothes as per instruction of Yogita. Yogita was advisor to us on all occasions; she had always list of what to do and what not to do! And I was the most advised and scolded person by she.

We were welcomed by the manager on reaching the orphanage on morning 9 o' clock. Ranging from 2 years to 14 years about 23 children were supported by the NGO run orphanage. We introduced ourselves to manager and to the children and children introduced themselves also.

Yogita instructed various games we played with children. After two to three games we divided the children in male and female group. Sanjay, Andrew and me played Kabaddi with male children. Girls were playing various feminine games. After two hours of games we enjoyed sweets and played Antakshari. We let the girls win the Antakshari. Balloons and whistles were used while playing the Antakshari.

At the last, quiz competition round was played, which was introduced by me against the will of others. In the quiz we knew the knowledge of students about the general facts and other academic subjects was very low in comparison to the students of their age.

Most off the children were aware of their orphan condition till they could they enjoy their life in the orphanage with smiling face. But their painful eyesight could not be

ignored by me; their voice vibrated with vulnerability and continued reminding me that they had not their parents alive. They had born on the earth by two biological bodies, a father and a mother. But the society had differentiated them as orphans, which was not understood by them; they could not understand why they have to live with limited resources and limited feelings.

Their hairs were dry because it did not get the touch of mother's wet love; and their eyes were sunken because they did not have the chance of kiss from father. Cheeks had dimples but love bites of siblings were absent. And their brains were sharp but stories from grandfather were not stored in. They knew the god exist but had never supported grandmother to the temple.

We all enjoyed lot with them and but returned home with heavy hearts. I put a thought of weekly tuition to the children after a dinner at the racecourse meeting. Everybody greeted the idea and decided to meet the manager and let him know about the plan. I and Yogita were ready to give them tuition every Saturday and Thursday; others were available once a month as per convenience.

Diwali¹³ vacation was to be started after three days and all of us had planned to enjoy **Diwali** at home; so it was decided to implement the plan on return from the home.

Tickets were already run out. Yogita had flied to the Ahmedabad for the vacation. I did not want to spend extra bucks, so I glued to the train journey. I was successful to get the reservation in the 3rd AC Coach in emergency quota.

Bharat was improving in its cleanliness because of prime minister Shri Narendrabhai Modi branded '**CLEAN BHARAT ABHIYAN**'. So the railway station was quite clean, but congested because of heavy rush of Holidays.

Each time a train was boarded on the station bulk of people was moved and absorbed in the train; same size of bulk of people was expelled by the train. The continued turnover of people had made the environment noisy and uncomfortable. Poorest to the richest, youngest to the elder most were on the same platform; only the

difference was their coaches and births. Poor those could not afford the reservation had to struggle to find seat in general coaches; it was quite difficult and only persons who had learned the technique since the birth were successful. Others were satisfied by the place sufficient to stand up in the coach. Some people did not leave the opportunity of swing by clinging to the door of the trains. Railway police was quite rude and stopped such adventurous people.

Highly impressed by 'Clean Bharat Abhiyan' few pocket pickers cleaned the neck and pockets of enough number of passengers. All benches in the waiting room were full of people; I made my way to the railway lounge to have some coffee. Generally, I drink tea but Bharat railway tea is not better than hot water so better to have coffee.

I picked a coffee cup that cost nine rupees and a chocolate offered to me instead of one rupee change and came out of the lounge. I screened by visual area but did not find any beggar to whom I could have offer the chocolate so I melted the chocolate in my coffee expecting the better taste.

I carried the backpack that accommodated my three pairs of clothes, two pairs of shoes,

few undergarments, perfumes, Dress material for mother chosen by Yogita, shirt and neck tie for Papa. Other beauty products and daily needs were stuffed in my small messenger bag. I had put on blue coloured loose trouser and '**Yudhdh Mai Prachand**' printed sky blue coloured graphical i-ride branded t shirt. My developed muscle bulk and flat abdomen were giving me superiority feeling of eye candy look.

I switched on the GPRS data of my mobile and *Whats app* messaged hanged the mobile. After two minutes' Mobile ram could take breath and started to work; I took the look of messages and read the message of Yogita, 'reached the home'.

I replied 'Miss you. I am feeling alone in the crowd of the Delhi railway station. Waiting for the train' then I switched off the GPRS to save the mobile battery. And I called the Papa informing that I was leaving for home and will reach next morning. Due the time announcement of my train roared in the air; I carefully put the mobile in my pocket and waited to stop the train.

As the Swarnjayanti Rajdhani express was put on the station 15 minutes before its

departure time I boarded in, the train left the New Delhi Railway station at 7:42 PM.

I was allotted a side lower berth in the coach; I was reading a novel 'Mahabharat Secret' so was not interested to other passengers. Berth above to me was allotted to a 50-year elder uncle who was going to Palampur. I was served welcome drink followed by dinner; after a half hour of dinner felt sleepy and got to sleep.

A sudden jerk aroused me; train was stopped because of some unavoidable circumstances. It was 2 PM and the train, it seemed train would not move for almost 20 minutes. I tried to see outside of glass but the dark did not allow me. I got up the bed and walked toward the urinal, all the four urinals near my coach had their customers and waiting line. My bladder had dilated enough to feel discomfort me in lower abdomen. I opened the door of standing still train coach; dark with greenwood outside the coach prompted me to take advantage of the open urinal of India. I stepped outside the coach, crossed one more pair of railway track and zipped out my little organ to pee. The environment was as chiller as in the air conditioned train coach; family discussions of various small creatures in their language

were making the silent environment fearful. A long scream of a fox from a distance had increased the flow of my urination.

I could take breath after completion of the mission and turned back toward the coach. My eyes noticed a girl stepping out of a coach next to my coach; and she started to walk towards me. I was almost 15 steps away from the train and could see the red signal for the train. I was only the person out of the train standing still in midway somewhere in the forest and a young lady was coming toward me. In the dark enough, I could not see her face but her sharp body curves fascinated me. Her hairs were long enough to reach her thigh and flying in the air. It was like beautiful grey coloured portrait created on the dark black colour background was walking; her small, slow and careful steps were waddling large pelvis rhythmically.

She crossed the tracks, raised her hand and settled few of her hair strands blocking her vision. She stopped just few steps away from me; I was still standing the site where I poured the urine to earth; even from such much least distance dark night did not allow me to complete my desire to have glimpse of her beautiful face. She gathered her all hair

behind the crown and converted the beautiful black cloud in a ponytail, but few hair strands managed their freedom and kept flying in the air.

“Hi, why the train is stopped?” she inquired me.

“I don’t know the reason.” I could have better words to impress the girl but my brain did not work at the time.

“Have you asked anybody about the breakdown?”

“Nobody knows, but I think the train is stopped to allow the pass another train.”

“How much time will it take?” she might have a long list of questions in her questioner.

I looked to my clothes and posture to make sure that I did not look like any railway officer of railway worker, “Sorry Madam, but I cannot your answer because I am also the passenger like you; and I have come out to take fresh air. I really don’t know about anything you are asking.”

“I am really sorry. I am also outside to take fresh air but only you are the person standing outside; I thought it will be better

to have a company of a strong young man in such a dark. If you don’t mind will you, please?”

“I know only Lakshmana and Swami Vivekananda who had denied the beautiful girls. And I am neither of them.” My brain started to show its creativity.

“Oh thank you.” She had blushing smile; I could not see the blush but it must be on her face. Each lady likes to be praised. Only thing I could not decide that her thank was for my words or for my company.

“Let us start from your name” That time she came step closer me.

I had heard the same sweet honey before, but could not recall.

“I am Prajwalit, an author; I am eager to hear your name in sweet tone.” I lied my name and my profession just for safety; I could sense the danger to meet an alone girl who had approached me in the dark outside the train.

“Liar Prabuddh, how you cannot recognize me?” she came closer. I recalled her but could not believe my eyes. Sweat beads started to appear below my hairline; I could

not trust my eyes because they were showing me the face of Adhya in the face of the lady.

“A...dhya...?” my fear broke the word. My whole fantasy was replaced by the fear that time.

“You are frightened like you have seen a ghost. I do not look like a ghost, do I?” she took my hand in her hand again asked me.

“Do you think me a ghost?”

“No...No... Just was not expecting you this time. Let us go back in the train.” I managed myself. Her touch had given me some strength to talk her.

“Oh, we have met after long time. It is time for the train to start. Let us have walk in this fresh air.” She stared in my eyes with her beautiful eyes and hypnotized me. Her deep eyes choked my word in my throats. She started to walk with my hand in her hand and I followed her silently.

We walked about 8 to 9 steps; she stopped and came near to me. She encircled her arms around my 40-inch-wide chest and brought her lips just two inches away of my lips. I wanted to remove her love lock, but

my arms could not move and my feet were glued to the earth. I was standing just two steps away from the railway track with back towards the train.

She came closer and put her rose pink lips on my lips; I lost all my sensation and was in her control. After an amazing small kiss, she hugged me; first time I could sense her silky smooth hair and her chest bulges.

“Prabuddh, do you remember? A few months back, same type of dark and in the same manner you were standing in the dark. A young girl frightened by some devil follower. She ran out in front of your eyes and you did nothing to save her.”

I did not have words. I could hear the whistle of a train coming with full speed.

“Don’t you want to confess anything? You must have got the news of my death later on; and you know it was not suicide. It was murder, and you were also a part of the crime.” I did not know what she will do with me; I was feared of death.

She removed her encircled arms went a step away from me. I could see the redness of anger of in her eyes; a whistling engine was just few meters away from me. I felt sudden

jerk on chest by her pushing hand; I was thrown against the killer engine. I had sudden stroke in head lost consciousness, and could not even a scream and felt free of my body.

After a while, I opened eyes and could feel my body was covered with white sheet; I did not have orientation to the place.

A dark man of threatening face came and put a hot water jug near to me and asked me, "Sir, will you have Tea or Coffee?"

I relieved that it was just a nightmare. But it was not just a dream; it had changed something in me.

I could feel the freshness in the air of Ahmedabad. My darling Ahmedabad greeted me with its comfortable cold of early morning. As the train entered in the Ahmedabad, my body hair stood up with the excitement; inner happiness reflected in my body language. I washed my face and combed the hairs; took the position in the door of the coach. I could see the roads of the city; perhaps they knew I was to meet them so they were also clean and clear.

Shops were decorated with various types of lightings and discount offers sign boards. It would be spectacular to see the roads of this city in the night; lighted and live. Isn't weird to fantasize the beauty of light only in the dark? Should we not enjoy the light of the sun during the day or should wait for dark to give respect to the light?

Women heads covered by the dupatta were noticeable among the riders of two wheelers. Free style riding of auto rickshaws was making their way in the congested and trafficked areas. Municipal corporation buses once famous as red bus had already changed their colour and also lost their prosperity; they were being replaced by BRTS. Special route for the BRTS buses had made the public transport more comfortable and rapid but increased the traffic of this ancient city.

Ahmedabad had its own various stories. A myth says once upon a time an emperor was on his foot to take round near the Sabarmati River. He saw a rabbit was attacking a dog; inspired by the incidence he named the city Ahmedabad (reverse ritual).

The incidence was reflected after few centuries when a man with only bones in the

body dislocated the joints of the British rule in Bharat. Our national father Mr. Karamachand Mohandas Gandhi fought the freedom fight for Bharat from the Sabarmati Ashram built at Sabarmati River bank. After the death of the noble man who never got the noble prize, the river water dried up gradually. But at the time it was full of Narmada water. The Narmada River water was flowing in the Sabarmati River with the hope it could have touch of the sacred Sabarmati Ashram; but to its disappointment it had to touch a riverfront infrastructure. This water started to glow on my entry in the city.

This city is blessed by goddess Laxami¹⁴, the goddess of prosperity. The city had jumped out of its ancient walls and extended its feet a lot.

I was back in the city after many months; leafs and trees of the city were dancing; air was singing welcome song; bridges were providing lighting effects. And the train stopped to Kalupur railway station; I step out the train and climbed on the bridge to reach the exit. At the exit as I stepped down the bridge, auto rickshaw drivers hemmed me and offered me their various greedy ride offers. But I knew the cheapest and the best

way to reach my home; I started to walk toward the city bus junction just a 500 steps away. I forgot the tiring journey by the idea of being at home.

I joined the passengers who were waiting at the bus stop. Bus boarded and all of us climbed to occupy seats.

I competed for window seat; the seat was torn with its stuff looking out. I covered my nose and mouth with the scarf; because I did not want my lungs taste the city vehicles carbons. That is acceptable in Bharat while on road you can cover face with clothes; generally, women covered face to protect the skin and men to protect their lungs.

Bus stopped for few seconds at each traffic signal and waited its turn to cross the signal. After half hour journey in the city bus I walked few more steps to reach the home.

Mummy and Papa were excited on my arrival; Papa had Diwali vacation in his school. I freshened myself changed the clothes; due the time Mummy had already prepare hot tea with ginger for me. I chatted with them almost for full one hour; they wanted to know everything about the Delhi, College, Food and my friends. I tried to brief

most of the thing but my mother was not satisfied. She told, “Why you have lost your weight? Did you not feed well?”

It is usual mothers always want her child healthy and fatty.

She added, “Have you joined Gymnasium? Don’t carry much weight in the gym.” Mothers always want her child to leave comfortable life. I gave her the dress material purchased for her; she liked it most. She was very happy by the color, material and design of it.

You can gift anything to mother; she will always like it. But you can never make your wife or girlfriend happy by even after ever best gift!

“You might have tired of journey; and might not have enough sleep in the train. Get rest I will wake you up at the time of lunch.” Mummy jumped again into her tireless job of kitchen.

“Aunty where is our busy man?” Shankar and Ishan entered my home in afternoon when I was enjoying sleep. I had engulfed three bowl Shikhand, lots of Pakodas in addition to full Gujarati menu after many days. I was enjoying the sleep when two of them entered my room.

They removed my body cover sheet ordered me, “Get ready in 10 minutes, we are waiting outside.”

I had no option, and sprinkled water on my face. Changed the clothes and went down stair to hall. Both were enjoying the tea and breakfast; Mummy had offered them. I also sat with them, enjoyed the tea and breakfast. Mummy served me and friend extra foods. My hard gained six abs already had disappeared with just one-time lunch and now fat started collecting on my belly.

After half hour we were at our hangout place with cold drink in hands. Ishan had confirmed his admission in the Indian Institute of Management, Ahmedabad; one of the most reputed management institute of Bharat. Shankar had already enrolled in his dream post-graduation course.

Ishan picked up his vibrating cell phone, read the message and wrote something to reply.

“They will reach in just 10 minutes.” he murmured.

“Who?” I did not know anything.

“To meet whom we escorted you to here. And they are arrived” Shankar replied.

A brand new Mercedes benz arrived. First of all, the rear door opened and like entry of heroin in bollywood movies a girl stepped out of the car. Followed by two more girls from other doors and the in the last Arjun from the Driving door. I was surprised to see Arjun there; I was not expecting the foreign dreamer in India.

Three girls were in reach, fancy, party clothes; I took time but could recognize Kruti. Then I noticed that Ishan, Shankar and Arjun were also in party wear; only I was with casual wear. It seemed all were pre planned; I had much less contact with the friends after I had moved to Delhi.

Arjun introduced me to all the beautiful ladies, who were fiancées of my three

innocent friends. Those three guys won the beautiful trophy.

He also introduced Kruti, Archana and Trupti to me. Archana and Trupti were Fiancee of Ishan and Shankar respectively. Arjun explained how everything went on when he had decided to go abroad, but because of his relationship with Kruti he decided to continue management course in Ahmedabad. He had also won the seat in IIM- A with Ishan and Kruti was receiving professional training of singing.

Ishan had selected Archana by traditional method; same thing was applied for Shankar. All three couples got their confirmation from parents in last 7 days only. Neither of three informed me when I called them 3 days back, because they wanted to give me surprise.

I was happy by the news but it was my right to be annoyed. So I show false anger; three ladies looked worried but my friends did not give any importance to my acting.

“Did not anybody in Delhi tell you about your bad acting?” Arjun punched his line.

After the arrival of those ladies we need to act in sophisticated and formal manner, never had acted before.

“What is the date of engagement?” I queried.

“Very next day you choose the girl for you.” Ishan answered while sipping orange juice.

“Then you all will remain bachelor for full life.”

“Forget her now. She was not your luck.” Arjun started to open past.

As I expected girls jumped in conversations. ***‘Girls are always interested in slander of others’*** rule was applied there also. Arjun had spoken something that was interesting for the girls, so girls took command of conversation. My three dear friends had started to enjoy my helpless condition.

I had to describe everything about Adhya to her and the sad demise of her. I could not prove that I did not have crush or love to Adhya.

I was on remand for 15 minutes; but at last I received lots of sympathy, condolence and special care from my three Future Bhabhi.

The plan was to go movies, disco and then dinner. I borrowed time to change clothes and meet them at cinema hall. I wished Yogita to be with me and had idea to call her to join the party but dropped the idea and just message her a casual message.

She replied and asked me to meet her somewhere to pass time. I really love the god who had written my luck in such a wonderful manner; whatever I wished to get received with bonus.

I informed her about plan and she was convinced to join. A half hour was enough for her to get permission from her parents. I called Arjun to manage for one more ticket and that I will get little bit late. I chose one of the best party wear, informed Papa about our plan also that Yogita was to join us. I was excited and nervous on the way to address Yogita messaged me. Yogita had already informed her grandparents, her parents were in their busy schedule. Her grandparents permitted her because of my first descent impression to them.

Yogita possessed home in posh area. Her home was two storied built in almost 200 square meter plot with beautiful garden. I called her standing outside the home; phone

was picked by her grandpa who told me to come inside.

I entered in the large royal hall bejeweled by costly sofas and furniture. Floor was covered by royal blue colored carpet. He welcomed me and offered me seat, I asked him about his health and did some formal talk.

“Yogita is getting ready in her room. What will you take?” he asked me.

I denied but he forced me to have some chilled juice.

While the conversation was going on between me and him, Yogita’s father entered in the hall from outside.

He was stock broker and had knowledge of me from Yogita. Although he looked tired of his work he sat with me and shared talks with me. I was feeling quite uncomfortable in the situation and wished Yogita to come out.

To my luck, Yogita was ready after 20 minutes of my arrival. We were offered car by her father but chose to ride on my dear Pulsar. I had purchased the new model of

pulsar for Delhi but this pulsar was my first bike; so it was very special for me.

Arjun was successful to manage one extra movie ticket and luckily it was in our row. Movie had been started when we reached there.

I had informed them a friend would accompany me without clarifying the gender of the friend.

In the break I introduced Yogita as my colleague and good friend. I lost all sympathy; I had received just few hours before from the girls.

We enjoyed a romantic movie, fired the dance floor by indo-western style and delicious dinner party. Four girls behaved like good friends; some show up; taunts were also there. I was ready to hear lots of complains for my friends from Yogita; and received complaining messages from Yogita. Most of the messages were instructions for me how to behave in presence of other girls. Few messages smelled jealousy; and hidden complaint was that I flirted the fiancées of my friends. I was strictly instructed not to do so again.

I had to praise her look and clothes to calm down her. As you know she was successful to make me to accompany her hangout with her friends Saturday. Arjun, Ishan and Shankar also received complaints from respective authorities! They also had to promise something to their new mistresses.

From that evening I had sympathy for the men in relationship.

Take any random sample group of girls and random sample group of boys; you will find statistically significant very high level of jealous, possessiveness, demanding and dominating personalities in girls in comparison to boys.

I offered Yogita to pick her up at evening 4 pm and asked her to be ready at the time for my promise to her meet her friends. She had already reminded me my promise more than 10 times in 24 hours.

She had decided to introduce me to her friends and asked me to be ready in best presentable way.

She asked me what I was going to wear when I answered her that I had decided nothing. I had taken expert advice of Arjun to choose the clothes, and put on blue colored striped polo neck t shirt, blue denim trouser.

To decrease waiting time to her home I called her and informed that I was leaving for her home. She asked again about my dressing what I sensed weird but answered. She insisted me to change clothes and wear some casual black color t- shirt with light beige color Pant. I really hated to change clothes repeatedly but till followed her advice.

I had informed Mummy not to prepare dinner for me as I was going outside with Yogita. Mummy had never met Yogita and I had prepared myself to answer many questions of Mummy that night.

I reached to her home and chose to wait outside her home; I did not want again to communicate formal talks with her parents. She again took 15 minutes to be ready and to come out. She was wearing black skin tight t shirt stuck to her perfect body figure, and beige color trouser showing her wide pelvis. High heel sandal made her legs sexy

and spectacular. She had chosen to give her hair freedom with little bit make up on her face. Beige colored lip gloss and black stoned studded dangling earring show its presence through her open silky hairs. She had not worn spectacles to show her beautiful eyes adorned by Black eye linear and mascara.

She came near to me and asked me to park my bike.

“We are going in car, park your bike.”

“It is ok, I like my bike riding.”

“I don’t want my hair to fly in the air, and it is already sunny day. Please Prabuddh.” I agreed on one condition that I would drive the car.

A red colored Nissan Micra X-shift with automatic petrol engine car came out of the door; she asked driver to come off and hand over key to me. I always enjoyed my first love pulsar but this car was not also bed on drive way. Roads were almost empty at early evening so could reach a destination in just 20 minutes. We both had put on same colored clothes black t shirt and beige color pants on her demand. She admired my three days grown beard in return I had to praise

her dressing sense, her earrings and also her bracelet that I had never noticed before she showed to me.

The destination was as I expected alpha mall near Vastrapur. My brain counted time to cover up the whole shopping complex, and the result was minimum three hours.

Two girls were waiting outside the parking wearing fancy western clothes. I was expecting a one or two boys in her friends, but her friends congratulated her for her first boy among her friends.

I got confused what they mentioned adjective for me, exactly I did not understand whether they told me her boyfriend or just friend. I decided to get real interpretation from Yogita later on. From inner side I was excited with the idea of being her boyfriend also fantasized kiss on her juicy lips.

Yogita read my mind and clarified her friends, “He is just good friend and colleague.”

“But he is your first boyfriend means has a chance to be.” Her friend started to pull leg. Both were her best friends from school time;

I avoided stressing my brain to remember their names.

We decided to reach to cafeteria of the top floor. Their choice to use staircase instead of lift did not surprise me, when they started window shopping on each floor. Girls chose the longest route to reach the next floor so that they could approach maximum shops.

I had doubts whether girls share everything with their best friends before I met her friends. But my doubts were cleared when one of her friends praised my modeling photos wearing Chaniya-choli had been shown to them by Yogita. That embarrassing situation was handled by Yogita by frowning to her friends. They tried to involve me in their shopping and girl talks but Yogita sensed that I was getting bored. My boredom might be boring the girls. I recalled the golden advice of Arjun, 'Girls like man with good sense of humor'.

Although my nature was not jolly till I tried few tricks and jokes learnt from Arjun in fast track course of one hour. That worked and environment was full of laughter of girls. Although Yogita was amazed by my trials of artificial jolly nature and got look from each time I tried jolly talks.

During their shopping I praised their choice; I emphasized their beautiful appearance in my ornamental words. Flattery person was coming out my inner side by the borrowed words. I tried to keep maximum ornamental words for Yogita.

Girls did shopping of things most of useless things or things they already owned, luckily I did not require to spend single buck for the things of their reach girls. They shopped two to three types of new arrived kurtis, denims, leggings and dresses; then they completed their look by matching nail polish, lipsticks, eye liners, lip linear, earrings, bracelets and also clutches. They tried minimum 20 varieties of each thing and if the shopkeeper had luck they purchased a thing from the shop.

At the end of four hours long route we could reach the cafeteria for breakfast; then I realized Yogita could maintain her eye catching figure by hard work done during shopping.

Real horror started when they all decided to have Thai food and I agreed to them. Not a single dish name I had ever heard from the menu before; so I show gentleman move and handed the menu to Yogita to order

dish also for me. That must have really impressed her friends but not Yogita because she always ordered dish on behalf of me in restaurants. I did not remember the name of all Thai dishes ordered but could mug up the name 'Tom Yam Gong' ordered by Yogita for herself and 'vegetable Thai red curry' ordered for me. Its aroma increased my appetite. I finished my dish and as I am habitual I tried to take a piece from her dish but she denied me and told that her dish was non vegetarian. Again her friends got impressed by me knowing that I was pure vegetarian.

At around 10 pm with mango dolly candy in hand the meeting was called off. Girls giggled again and thanked me for good company; I also returned thank for and pleasure. They again reminded me to see me my beautiful modeling photos. I could see a satisfactory smile on the face of Yogita with some jealous expressions and prepared myself to answer some unexpected weird questions.

"How was it?" She asked on way to her home.

"Great, I knew why Indian economy is growing day by day."

"And from where you borrowed those funny tricks Mr. Joker."

"I owned myself; they come out only in right incidences."

"Which incidences are defined as right incidences?"

"When an angel wants me to wear matching color clothes she wanted to wear and I failed to find sign; a lovely lady takes care for my food and knows my every taste of food; an innocent girl introduces me to her friends as a boyfriend. That time to show the honor to the lady princess Miss. Yogita, my inner joker and model express myself." That was my own original internal words those I did not mug up or prepared but however my tongue articulated by the command of my heart.

"And from where did you learn this poetry?"

We already had reached to her home; I stopped the car just in front of her home and looked at her.

She was staring me without blinking, her white chicks had already turned red and I could feel her nervousness.

I was also much nervous but could not stop the words in my throat emerged from my heart and proposed her, “A pure hearted lovely girl with childish innocence in her eyes seating beside me; who cannot decide just now where to keep her hand and so clenching her mobile phone tightly had converted this emotionless engineer in poet. Yogita I did not believe in the love. But I do not know when I started to like you. Just to keep you happy I can become joker, poet and even model for your clothes. I love you and want to leave whole life with you.”

I could not decide whether she closed her eyes or was staring in the earth. Anybody from 10-meter distance could have heard my heart beats at that time. For a moment I thought I did a large mistake and almost lost a good friend.

She closed her lips tightly and then again looked at me with wet eyes, and murmured in her moist feminine voice, “Do you still require word from me? My little teddy baby I also like you but wanted you to propose me...”

I sucked juice from her pitch colored rose lips by my lips and kissed her. She melted

herself in my arms and allowed me to kiss her.

Security guard opened the door and she freed herself from love bondage. I could feel her consent in the kiss and body language. I parked car in the garage, before coming out of the car she told me she would inform me the next day meeting time and meeting point.

My Pulsar flied that day, my body cells were dancing and secreting love hormone.

Mummy was reading a Gujarati novel when I entered the home. She asked me whether I wanted to eat something I kissed her on her chicks, denied for food and went to my room singing a song. She must have noticed change in me because I did not remember when I kissed Mummy before.

I wanted to inform whole incidence to Arjun. Generally, after coming outside I was used to spend some time in the dining hall to read novels or to watch television. I changed to my night dress and decided to downstairs but as I picked my mobile a

message flickered from Yogita ‘Hi, baby reached home?’

‘Yes honey, but I don’t find my heart; I think it is lost or stolen somewhere. Did you find anything looking like my heart there?’ I replied.

And then I chatted meaningless with her for 3 hours. The next day plan was to go in book fair started in GMDC football ground. I thought it was weird idea but nothing to loss in trial.

I decided to find best top up plan with maximum data and talk time first of all next day.

Regularly I used to wake up very early in morning and to do workout and meditation. But that day I could not break my sleep even after 8 o’clock. So Mummy came to my room and put hand on my forehead to check whether I had fever. After she assured that I was well she wake me up lovingly. I opened my eyes and told her that I come down after having bath.

As Mummy left home I checked my mobile there were ten messages and three miscalls from Yogita, and five messages from Arjun.

She had wished me two times good morning early in morning. Then other messages were to threaten me. I replied her instantly ‘Gm Yogu, just wake up. Going for bath and tea’

I did natural rituals and started to read newspaper while brushing my teeth.

Got bath and changed clothes because I wanted to meet Arjun; I hurried to go for breakfast and picked mobile.

‘I am not talking to you.’ A message was received.

New poet and author emerged in my heart was finally successful to change her mood. But in the effort I had forgotten the surrounding environment and continued play with mobile during breakfast; literally I was caught in hands of my parents.

“Within few months we will need to update our monthly budget.” Papa told Mummy while enjoying crispy reddish Bhakhari with homemade butter.

“Why? Is government going to raise prices again?” Mummy asked.

“Your son is going to bring someone to our home.”

I had no choice; I put my mobile aside and with my maximum effort I tried to be looking innocent to show them I did not understand anything.

“I also noticed yesterday he did not come to watch television; and...” Mummy stopped her own speech

“And your Mummy had noticed some lipstick stain on your lips yesterday night when you gave her love mark on cheeks my son.” Both had stopped to eating and were staring to me.

Before I could answer them a message vibrated my mobile lying on the dining table. In that silence my priority was to disclose the truth, so I ignored the message even though it had received attention from all three persons present there.

“I proposed her yesterday night and she accepted the proposal.”

“Who is she? And since how much time all these are going on?” Mummy took me on remand.

“She is my colleague, Yogita. Papa had met her already.”

“So both father and son had hidden everything me; I do all work of home and you both are screwing me up?” Mummy was not happy because she was not the first to see Yogita.

“I had met her in the train while escorting your prince to Delhi. Her grandparents are wise people and the girl also seemed ok to me. But your decision will be last; you are the in charge of home.” Papa defended himself but silently gave consent to my choice; now everything was in the hand of Mummy.

“Should we talk to her parents?” Mummy asked me.

“No, first you approve her then and then only I will move ahead. And I doubt her parents will give consent. They are quite reach people.” I interpreted my observation.

“So what is next? Where are you going to meet her?” Papa asked me.

A call vibrated my mobile again and I rejected the call of Arjun. Arjun tried again and mobile started to vibrate again.

“You can pick the call.”

I picked call and told him, "Hello Arjun, I just call you after sometime." I consciously spoke his name to show my parents that the call was from Arjun.

"I can see his name on your mobile phone from this distance, you did not require to mention his name." and Papa caught my trick.

"We are meeting in book fair today evening."

"When will you make her to meet me?" Mummy asked. She could not hide her eagerness to meet Yogita.

"At the time you want."

"Today, evening?"

"Sure, I will bring her home before going to book fair. After your give permission me I will go with her." I was not more confident on my choice but knew my Mummy better; she would never reject my choice.

Papa then shuffled on my study and freed from the remand. I called Arjun and asked for emergency meeting to our hangout place.

I replied few more messages of Yogita and reached to meeting place. Arjun had arrived already; he had informed others also. We ordered two cuttings; before I start Ishan and Shankar made their appearance.

I briefed everything deducting not important facts in just three minutes. Everyone was happy knowing that Yogita had accepted my proposal. But I was nervous as well confused for next consequences.

"I proud of you my lion; you have trapped the girl in no time." Arjun patted my back.

Till the time we completed our tea.

"What should I do now? How should I convince Yogita to meet my parents?"

"Just tell her straightforward." Shankar put his empty cup aside and advised me.

"Is not It to early?" I argued

"Did you promise your mother?" Shankar continued.

"Yes"

"Then what make you nervous? You must tell Yogita that your mother wants to see her" Ishan added.

“Ok” I stood up and paid the bill.

Meeting was called off and they wanted me to give them update that night. I called Yogita and told her about the situation; to my surprise Yogita was also caught by her mother and her mother also wanted to see me. She had also promised her mother to make me meet her. The deal was easy I will meet her mother when I will go to her home; then bring her to my home to meet Mummy. Theoretically it was easy but was difficult to act.

I had no any special instruction for her because I wanted that she would meet Mummy as she was. For me special instruction was that, ‘Do not wear special clothes’ and she also wanted me to meet her Mummy casually.

It was difficult to pass lunch hours and mind was clouded with nervousness as time was going away. I was never such nervous before. I confessed to Yogita on call and she was more nervous than me. We were assured that it was not very early; we did have hidden feelings for each other from the day first of we met. Gradually we liked company of each other, knew likes and dislikes, and understood the mood, needs,

requirements. We had acted possessive instinctively on many incidences.

Once at evening an undergraduate girl wanted to learn some difficult topics from me and came to me, I had to spend half hour to explain the fact. Yogita was dissident when she had shown me with the girl. Although I did not notice the change but she reminded me how possessive she was. I could also recall when she had chosen to ride with Sanjay instead me I got angry to her.

I carefully trimmed my beard and got grown but neat look, used face wash to wash face and rubbed it well, applied fairness cream and some lip balm to hide chopped lips. Boys do not have much choice in their clothes color especially in trouser. So put on little washed dark blue color Levis jeans with denim blue double single pocket mandarin neck color half full sleeve shirt of Roadster brand. Usually I did not like to fold the sleeves when I wore full sleeve shirt, but Yogita had told me many times folded sleeve looks good on me. So I double folded sleeve that was showing then my cuts of forearm muscles. I admired myself for a minute when I saw my hidden biceps, triceps, pectoralis and forearm muscles

were giving me sexy look from inside of the shirt. That slim fit shirt was like a second skin on my muscular trunk. Trapezius muscles near neck were giving the spectacular look; I covered my deep dark colored large eyes with rimless blue colored glass. And at last I wore brown leather belt on my waist, brown colored leather watch and brown colored casual shoes. Opened the 'Acqua Di Gio by Giorgio Armani' perfume gifted by Yogita on my last birthday and sprayed on my clothes; its masculine not so light not so spicy fragrance had added confidence in me. I used to keep hair little longer than others so had to do extra effort to manage them and give them descent look. I took almost 30 minutes to be ready the maximum time ever.

Mummy offered me breakfast and tea; she kissed me on my forehead and praised her prince. Papa wished best of luck, he knew that I had to pass two acid tests in single evening. I had to make happy three women on that evening which was the toughest tasks in the world.

Exactly at the time 4:00 pm I was seating in the dining hall of Yogita, her Grandparents were there to support me. Her mother was founder of little firm and social worker, she

had worn cotton silk purple colored saree and matching blouse with costly watch and bracelet. Even though she was wearing reach clothes she had natural politeness in her words without any shallowness. She offered me tea and breakfast due the time Yogita also accompanied me. She asked me about my study family background and future plans. I cleared her that I was interested in engineering and so will stick to the field. May be will spare time for research in the field. But she could smell my bright future and my potentiality to make money. Although nobody can read minds of woman but it seemed she would not reject me. I completed my first test and did not know the result. I borrowed Yogita for Book fair and also told her that I would take her first to my home because my Mummy also wanted to see Yogita; she happily allowed me. When I was leaving, grandpa of Yogita thumbed up with delighted face and signed I was passed in the interview.

Now it was turn of Yogita, I could not notice what she was wearing in my nervousness. Only when I reached my home I noticed she had put on baby pink colored Salawar suit with green colored bottom legging and green colored ear stud. A thought passed to

kiss her but then I controlled myself. She entered in the hall, I introduced her to Mummy. I noticed shyness in eyes of Yogita and gladness on Mummy's face. I took seat with two females; Papa came in the hall and called me upside for some work. I left two lionesses alone to talk and taste each other's blood.

Papa had nothing a special work just his mobile had hung; I fixed it in 10 minutes and handed it over to Papa. He came near to me with disturbed face and asked me about the meeting; I briefed the facts. He wished me everything would go right. His face was telling me that he wanted to share a serious fact with me. He staggered and told me to meet him after come back from book fair.

When we came downstairs; the dining hall was empty and both women were in kitchen. Both females were sharing some recipes with each other; Yogita was quite good to pass in cooking test and other household work that had increased her chances to pass.

Papa freed Yogita from Mummy; before leaving home Mummy gave 51 rupees to her kissed her forehead. In return Yogita touched feet of mother and then father; I had never touched feet of my parents except

on special incidence like my birthday. But both parties looked happy.

On coming out of home Yogita took sigh of relief and praised my mother's nature; she wanted to meet her again and again. Situation had told us that we were almost passed all tests and were ready to mingle.

I was enjoying her company and book fair; there were lots of stalls and lakes of various books. We were not purely bookworm but reading was our hobby. We purchased many books on good deals including novels, biographies, history and electronics books. We were hungry after three hours' book shopping and decide to have some breakfast, found a food stall and ordered two cheese sandwiches with tea.

"Did you tell Mummy you are non-vegetarian?"

"Yes, I told her but assured her that I will leave non vegetarian food"

Our ordered had arrived and as we started to engulf those poor breads, my cell phone rang. Papa was calling, he asked me to come home if possible nothing was urgent. So we finished our breakfast and rushed to home.

A large surprise had been waiting at my home when we reached home. Families of both love birds had been seating in the dining room, enjoying breakfast happily. On our entry Yogita's Grandmother told her to touch feet of my parents; she followed order.

Then they declared they all are agreed to our relations and would decide the engagement date. Yogita's parents invited my Mummy and Papa to go their home with near relative to finalize the engagement date and marriage date. My parents accepted the invitation; sweat was distributed to sweeten mouth of each other's.

This relation got approval but finalized recognition was to be derived after two or three meetings and of other elder relatives. Official announcement would be done after confidential reports from known persons and elder relatives. But that time it smelled I was going to enter in different world, people says it golden era of life, but for the golden era I need to leave my platinum freedom.

Everything took place in less than 24 hours, just few hours before I kissed Yogita and proposed to her. She accepted my proposal, and her family contacted my parents in the morning. Later that evening, they were invited to come to the home and both families agreed in no time. In just a day, both families which did not know each other properly before, were sudden relatives.

And at that night Papa disclosed a secret that I was not their biological son; even Mummy was unaware of the fact. He included that I was a son of international terrorist, who had left me to him 25 years back. That was the secret between me and papa only, even my mother did not about the fact.

I could not sleep or enjoy my golden time on the night; words of Papa were veiling my brain. I could not decide whether I should tell Yogita the truth or not.

Glossary:

1: Aady: Sanskrit word, used for goddess Durga. It is the origin of energy and all five elements of the world.

2: *Yuga in Hinduism is an epoch or era. A single cycle of four yugs is known as Mahayug. Four yugs in order are Satyug, Treta Yug, Dwapara Yug and Kalyug.*

3: *Roti: An item made from the wheat.*

4: *Bhindi: ladyfinger, type of vegetable.*

5: *Kadhi: Edible made from buttermilk.*

6: *Vedas: Books originating in ancient Bharat. They are four in number and believed authorless/ written by the supernatural power.*

7: *Ramayan: A mythical book of Hinduism.*

8: *Padmasan: A Yogasan position, feet crossed and put above the thigh on the opposite side.*

9: *Garaba: Gujarati festival dance where people dance in a rhythmic manner on divine music around a goddess Durga idol/photo.*

10: *Chaniya Chori: A type of traditional clothes worn by ladies during playing Garabas. It is decorated by traditional hand work.*

11: *Navaratri: A very popular Gujarati festival, which runs for nine days and nights. Each night of the festival is celebrated by a Gujarati folk dance known as Garaba. It is celebrated for nine nights, so known as Navaratri. Myths say Goddess Durga had fought with Devil Mahishasur for 9 days long and killed him on the last day, so this festival is celebrated to worship the goddess and women's power in Bharat since centuries.*

12: *Aarati: To wave small lamps before an idol by way of worship.*

13: *Diwali: A Hindu Festival which is known as Festival of Lamp. Mythical story is that God Ram had killed the devil Ravan and returned to Ayodhya, his maternal place. To welcome him, the people lit lamps throughout the whole night, which is celebrated still and called the Diwali festival. The next day of Diwali is the New Year of Gujarati people.*

14: *Laxami: The goddess of prosperity and wife of God Vishnu.*

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