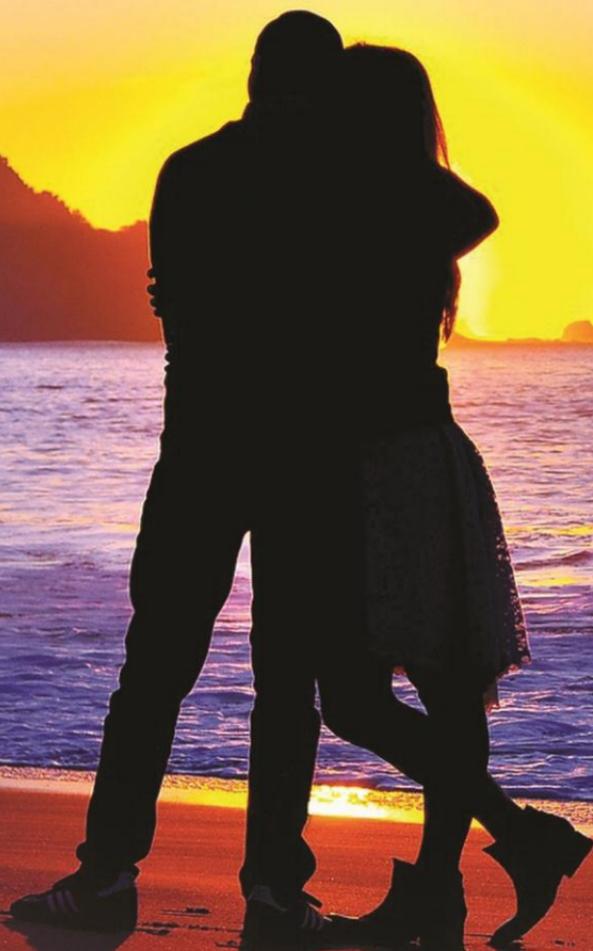


I MET YOU AGAIN...

The Written Destiny of Love



BIRISTER SHARMA

I Met You Again...

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By

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To my loving parents

Mr. Gojen Sharma and Mrs. Bibari Basumatary

My Heartfelt thanks to my loving sisters, Malvika
Sharma Mahanta, Jyotshna Sharma, Binita Sharma and
my younger brother, Nituraj Sharma.

I surrendered to you O my Lord.....

“Om Namaḥ Śhīvaya”

Chapter 01



The time was flying away from me. I woke up late in the morning. I splashed my face in hurry and bit farewell to father and mother, Hari dada and Mohan dada, and Savitri nabo and Tulsi nabo. I knew they were not happy with my decision of early return to my service.

“Vir, beta, have some breakfast,” mother said.

“No maa. I’m getting very late. I’ll have my breakfast on the way. Please don’t worry about me,” I said.

Mother wrapped the eating stuffs with the old newspaper and put in my hanging bag.

I hugged father and mother, and touched their feet.

Mother kissed me on my cheeks and forehead. Her eyes wetted with tears.

I left home hurriedly.

“Kalua, let’s go,” I said. Kalua was our servant boy.

“Okay, dada.” Kalua said.

I had to catch the bus from the town. It was situated at a distance of 12 kms from our village. The thin rainy shower was falling continued since the previous day morning.

Kalua dropped me in the bus stand on a bicycle.

“Kalua, you go,” I said.

“Okay, dada,” Kalua said.

“Kalua, take this. Buy something for yourself.” I gave a note of hundred rupees to Kalua.

“No, no, dada. I can’t take it,” Kalua declined.

“KALUA?” I showed him my black eye balls.

“Okay, thanks dada,” Kalua said.

Kalua left me in the bus stand.

I reached in the bus stand very early. Then I waited there.

I was wetted a bit. I seated on cement made bench. I knew the exact time of bus. Its timing was as usual late, always one hour or half hour late. It never reaches its correct time and destination until its seats were fully occupied by the passengers. It was one and only bus service available from our place. It covered both on and return journey from our place to the district town.

I was waiting for more than half hours, but I didn’t see any passengers coming there. Usually at that time the whole bus stand would fill with the clamors and commotions of passengers and flooded with their heavy trunks, beddings and luggage. But at that moment everything was empty; no one was there, only the silent chorus of crows and few house sparrows; flying to and fro; swinging their tiny feathers in the open sky.

The thin shower of rain was gone and in its place the bright Sun was shining overhead.

I looked at my wretch watch.

“What happened today? No passengers! No bus!”

I stood and loitering there to know the exact scene.

I saw a man coming over there. He was wearing blue stripe color longi.

He was brushing his teeth.

I approached to him.

“Dada, why there is no bus today?” I asked the man.

“O, you didn’t know! Today is all state bandh,” the man replied, spitting the white colgate foams on the road.

“Bandh?”

I felt like a sudden shock waves in my spine. I didn’t know what to do. I felt that somebody had snatched something from me.

“O, I see! I didn’t know that! Thanks!” I said.

He gazed me in surprised look.

“By the way dada, how many hours bandh?” I asked the man again.

The man spitting the colgate foams at the roadside again and cleared his mouth.

“It’s for an indefinite hours of state bandh,” the man replied.

“Indefinite hours of bandh?” My voiced rose a bit.

“Yes, it’s for indefinite hours of bandh....” the man said.

“By the way, what’s the reason dada?” I asked.

“Last night, there was an encountered between the newly formed extremist group of the region and the police force and the Army forces....” the man said.

Birister Sharma

He cleared his mouth.

“....And in that encounter seven comrades of the extremist group were killed. So in protest of these killings; they have declared an indefinite hours of state bandh,” the man concluded.

These bandhs were not new things in our place. I had seen these bandhs since my childhood days.

“So, do you want to go somewhere?” the man asked.

“O, dada,” I replied.

“Where?” the man asked.

“In the district town!” I said.

“O! I guessed you better go home, bhai. There is no chance of any relaxation of this indefinite bandh,” the man suggested.

The man was busy again in his brushing teeth. Then he chased the three street dogs with a bamboo stick. The poor souls were loitering there, disturbing nobody. The poor street dogs ran for their lives, barking aloud.

Within a minute the man lost in the midst of crowded colony houses in the town.

I felt bad while witnessing the ugly treatment with the poor street dogs.

I didn't want to return home. But I didn't know what to do next.

The next day I wanted to catch my train. Even I had no reservation of ticket.

“I've still full twenty-five days leave to report in my service.

“How could I get hell out of this place as soon as possible?”

I didn't get any idea.

I was waited there if I could get any vehicle to reach to my destination.

I kept my hanging bag on cement made bench in the bus stand. I stood up and walked there aimlessly; gazing the road ahead.

There was no bus or any kind of vehicle on the road, only the herds of cattle were grazing at the roadside far away distance. A few cyclists were riding on the road, but there were no co-passengers of mine and no bus for my journey.

I walked slowly and slowly, wondering there. I didn't know what to do.

I was waited there.

I had already decided that I wouldn't return home.

“I'll go with any vehicle that comes on my way.” I said to myself.

I walked for a while on the road and wondered in the deserted weekly market place. And I recalled my early days when I used to come with my parents; sometimes with my brothers and sister; and sometimes with my friends. Those days were my golden days.

“How many long years have been passed away just like a few days?” I was feeling nostalgia.

I came back in the bus stand. I lay down on cement made bench; putting my hanging bag beneath my head.

And I dozed off.

When I woke up I felt very hungry and thirsty. I looked at my watch to check how long I had dozed off there. I found that I had slept almost two and half hours.

It was 10'o clock in the morning. But I thought it would be 12 at noon.

I took out the stuff from my hanging bag that was packed with the old newspaper. I didn't know what mother had given me. I unpacked the stuffs to silence my burning appetite.

I saw it was my favorite stuffs. It was roti-pudi, pittha, nemki and some sweets. The glimpses of these stuffs watered my mouth; and increased my hunger. I ate one after another, relishing my hungry stomach.

“Aha, it relaxed me for the day without feeling hungry.

If mother couldn't give these stuffs then what would happen with me. I must be remained hungry for the whole day.”

I was delighted.

“Aa, Aa.....hmm...hmm....take this.....” I called the three street dogs; beckoning them.

They were gazing with their starving looked at me while I was relishing my stuffs.

I shared my stuffs with the three street dogs as well.

They were my companion in my solitude. Then I felt thirsty. I didn't carry any water bottle. Mother had insisted me to take one, but I declined her.

I felt very thirsty; my throat was dried up. I started coughing. I needed water desperately; otherwise I'd die of thirst. But I didn't have any option.

I looked here and there to get some water. All the hotels were remained closed. There was no any source to get water and quench my dried throat.

The villages were situated at far distance, only the silhouette of few houses was appeared and the hotels and the colony houses of town were completely shut down.

There was no human soul to ask for anything. There were only three street dogs, my newly made friends and I.

I swallowed my spits to keep my dried throat wet.

I roamed for a while and I seated on cement made bench in the bus stand. Just then my eyes caught the running three street dogs, my newly made friends.

They were running towards the running tape water at a distance, not far away from the bus stand. I too followed them.

When I reached there they gave me a way. They too shared the tape water with me. I quenched my thirst kneeling under the tape water, and splashed my face.

I returned to my place in the bus stand. I lay down there again and dozed off.

I woke up with a roaring sound of a motor bike all of a sudden. I got up and saw a fast accelerating black Enfield motor bike zooming on the road.

The biker was wearing black jacket, black jeans and wearing a black helmet. And the man in the rear seat was also wearing the same dress code like they were men in black chasing somebody. Their backs were laden with heavy dark and shaded color bags.

I stood up to get their clear views.

The motor bike was zooming like an aircraft before it takes off on the runway. Only the whirring sounds and the black smokes were oozing out from its two silencer pipes; polluting the silent ambience.

I got the smells of burning unburned carbon particles of petrol. I fanned off the dark smokes away from my mouth and nostril. I took out a handkerchief and covered my mouth and nostril immediately.

Within a fraction of second their views were disappeared in the thin air. I saw their disappearance.

“Who are these two men in black in this indefinite bandh!? They may be in some urgency or going for a war!”

I laughed making fun of them.

I got back in my seat on cement made bench in the bus stand. I tried to get some more sleep and complete my lost sleep. But I couldn't sleep.

I couldn't kill my time.

I took out my Nokia mobile handset to check some old messages in the message box. I checked every message, but I didn't find anything worthwhile.

Then I played mobile game of cricket match between India vs. Australia for a while. But it also failed to kill my time.

I checked the time once again. It was just 12:30 at noon.

I browsed the newly taken photos with my mobile handset and flipped one after another. It also didn't give me any good feelings or sweet memory. I deleted some photos from the album and closed it.

I opened music file and played my favorite songs. I put on the mobile headphone on my ears and listened to it.

I lay down, entangling my legs; closing my eyes, and trying to lose in the rhythms of music. The music played its pleasant lullaby in my ears and soon I dozed off.

When I woke up it was continued playing its songs. I put off and rubbed my eyes. I went to the tap water to splash my dried face. I splashed my face; cleaned my mouth and quenched some water.

When I returned to the bus stand; suddenly my eyes caught the glance of a couple on a bicycle.

They might be coming from a distant village, I could assume them clearly.

The man was carrying his pregnant wife on a bicycle carrier and carrying a girl child on his back.

The poor woman was moaning; touching her swelling belly.

I was confused why the man was not riding his bicycle. Then I saw the broken chain of his bicycle.

I felt very sorry for the couple.

The maternity civil hospital was situated at a distance of more than 16 kms from our place.

“Keep patience dear! Keep patience, dear! Only few hours! Only few hours! I’ll carry you in time in the hospital,” the man said.

“I can’t! I can’t!.....I can’t resist anymore!.....I’m dying.....” the woman said.

The man was sweating heavily. He kept pushing his bicycle in hurry and in desperation.

The girl child was crying aloud.

“Maa.....Maa.....Maa.....”

“Keep quiet, beta.....Keep quiet , beta....Look we’ll have to reach in the hospital in time.....Don’t you want to see your brother, huh?” The man said.

“Hmm...Hmm...” the girl child acknowledged. She nodded; back on her father.

She smiled; wiping her welling tears and running nose with her little hands.

“Good girl!” the man said, pushing his bicycle harder and harder.

I didn’t know how I could help them in their tough time. I lost in my speculations.

When I was struggling with the webs of my own thoughts, till then the man and his wailing wife and his daughter were lost from my eye sight. I could only view their disappearing silhouette.

For a while I walked on the road just like I tried to feel their ailing breaths left behind in the humid air.

I walked like I was lost in my own world.

I walked back to the bus stand. I checked the time again. It was almost 2 pm at noon.

The weather was very hot and humid. I waited there all alone for hours, speculating and anticipations one after another and lost in my own random thoughts.

How the entire day was ended I had no idea and it was almost the night fall.

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I MET YOU AGAIN...

'Destiny of life is always mystery... You don't know where your real destiny is... But your destiny always finds you..!'

Vir and Sunita are fallen in love at first sight. They are made for each other. If one is flower then the other one is its fragrance. If one is heart then the other one is its heartbeat. They couldn't exist without each other.

But their destiny has different plans for them. They are separated from each other.

One day Suman left Vir forever. Nobody knows whereabouts her.

Vir is dying to find her. But he couldn't find her anywhere. He became like a nomad in search of his love, Sunita. Even he couldn't aware that he is on the path of self-destruction.

Can Vir ever find his love, Sunita?

Can their destiny bring them together?

'I met you again... The written destiny of love,' is a real story depict of love, temptation, longing desire, separation and destiny.



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