

Shades of Love

Common Love Stories in An Uncommon Way..!



Jhanvi Charkhawala

Shades of Love

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iii

CONTENT

Sr. No	INDEX	Page No
1	The Different Journey.	1
2	The Dancings.	7
3	You.	12
4	Lost Lover.	16
5	First love-Brother.	21
6	Those Days.	25
7	Somewhere.	29
8	Prom Night.	33
9	My wrong sown seeds.	37
10	Our Friendship	42
11	No More Left with Life.	47
12	She v/s He.	52
13	Their wayward love.	57
14	Yet, he loved her.	62
15	Speechless love- Me and dad.	66
16	Something has happened.	71
17	My feeling.	76
18	How one can love.	80
19	Me in my today.	85
20	The 'Together Forever' love.	89
21	One of her dreams.	95

1

The Different Journey..!





-The love of a mother for her unborn child..!

The Different Journey..!



We all are familiar with our journey in this world from womb to tomb. But the totally different journey is from womb of our mother to this world.

We all start giving pain to our mothers from the very first day we are implanted into her as ball of cells. Gradually we grow up and with that she starts feeling uneasy and pukes now and then yet she never complains.

She carries our weight in hers and takes us wherever she goes for nine months. And the rituals of baby shower; these are those which take place to show a woman our respect, to carry a weight as if of nine bricks over her stomach for nine months.

We don't even care as we all are busy sleeping in that water filled room, scientifically called womb and with each twist or turn we make, she from her sleep awakes. Even our kicks make her happy and with the thought of the coming days, she feels peppy.

Our beginnings are marked by her cry, where each and every bone of her give their best try. Their best try makes a sleeping creature awake, and with that cry of ours, all her pain fades away..!

The love she gives us even without knowing 'how do we look?' 'How we would be?' and most importantly, 'who we would be?' is priceless. All that we can say is:

*'We all talk about that life is a rail journey;
But all we need to know is that, our lives are
marked by an amazingly different journey.'*



Poem



*A room with red walls, no air but only water,
Where she did grew, but everyday very meagre.
She was the plant her parents had sown,
And that red pipe was the only
source whereby this much she had grown.
Every day she was nourished,
And the smile on her mother's face flourished.
Each one taking her care,
But who all she was unaware.
Because she was sleeping in leisure,
In that room like a treasure.
While nine months of that
slumber she learned a lot,
And a time came when,
she kicked that walls a lot.
That kick made her hear
a giggling sound,
And that sleeping beauty thought,
'What was it to laugh out loud?'
She thought of taking a revenge,
And to the walls of that room,
she caused pain.
Those walls were even more strange,
And now wanted her to reside
Nowhere in its space.
Finally the time arrived for parturition,
She had to leave this sleeping
room and face isolation.
Her mother cried the tears of throes,
Through which each and every girl goes.
It was the result of their stoicism,*

*As their reward was in the form of feminism.
Finally the seed had germinated,
And her parents' lives were elated.
The first cry of her made everyone smile,
Because through a different journey, it was the first time
she was in their life.*



2

The Dancings..!



Shades of Love



-Love for your passion..!

The Dancings..!



When you are so much passionate towards something, you see it everywhere. You can feel it in everything, whether happy or sad, and same is my passion towards dance.

When I dance, it is only me and my dance, no one else around, no one even if they are physically present I can't feel them as I love my dance like a lover does. While dancing, the dance and nothing else is my identity. And because of this passion of mine towards dance, I love finding dance in every form of life.

All the dancings of everyone and everything in this world is what makes this earth worth living, worth enjoying!!!

For me everything and everyone on this heavenly earth have a kind of dancing in it. It all starts from the words written in the book of a small boy, then the feelings of a young girl to the anxieties of a broken heart. All words, feelings and anxieties dance; and these dances within us make us do what we do.

We see different people in this world. A person who is sad today is the same person who was happy yesterday... Here, today the tears of that person are dancing where the day before, happiness was dancing...

When you are able to sense your passion everywhere; when you feel your passion in everything; when you start understanding your passion; it is the day you realize that your first love or the love at first sight is your passion and no other. You love your own passion more than anyone in this world.

*'Love your passion, to the greatest extent you can;
And like I see the dancings, you will see it
everywhere you can.'*



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Shades of Love

“Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind”- William Shakespeare. And same love is the thing found almost all around you. Everywhere you see, everything you feel, everyone you meet has a love vibe. What you need to do is just take the good one and let the bad out. It is always your family that is first to give you the best love vibe; then, your best friend; then, your lover and after all these people, your society, your neighborhood, your nation. Just make the best use of it and be the best.

A love is tender,

A love is pure,

A love is a feeling,

A thing above all.

Just spread love to the infinity,

Love to the darkest side of moon.

Love all the genre of this world,

From morning to evening and noon.

Love... Love... Love...

And all the love you will find in 'Shades of love'.



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