

TEARS

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It was the mid summer day. The wonderful day of childhood! No tension of home work, no tension of study. Go outside, play in the garden, and wander with the friends near riverside. Wow! The happiest movement of life which no one wants to forget, no one wants to miss it. I am also not an exception for it. Moreover, I enjoyed life full of happiness of childhood tremendously without knowing that here was truth of the life hidden.

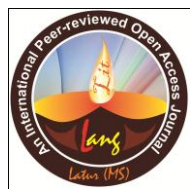
When I came to know about it, and now when I think about my past, one thought comes in mind..... really! nothing is in our hand, some supernatural power is controlling us and defining our destiny. In what way we can meet the God, Angel of God or man like God..... can't say, can't imagine.

It was an afternoon of May. I was playing in the Garden of Municipal Corporation. It was our regular place of summer holidays as that was only place where we could enjoy in the little town place. Where I enjoyed my childhood days, just for fun, I would get knowledge of life, spirituality and real meaning of life was completely unknown to me.

One day while, I was drinking water from the tap of Municipal Corporation, one lady called me who was living in the government quarter which was a part of garden itself. She was the wife of COE of Municipal Corporation. She gave us water at her home, gave us sweets and asked to bring our mother on the next day.

This was the starting of true friendship which we generally only see in the movie. Rabindranath Tagore wanted the India which would be free from all domestic walls. I have seen this concept without these all narrow domestic walls i.e. cast, education, economical level... Nothing can bind or tie to true relationship or true concept of friendship.

Next day my mother came with me in the garden to meet Mrs. Kamble... the lady belongs to scheduled cast as per Indian society, but by nature, she was real High society's lady who



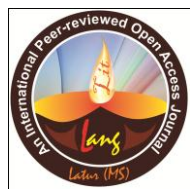
followed the rules and principals of life. Her father used to come in the summer and Diwali vacation to meet her. He was senior and aged but interested to read the spiritual books, which his son-in-law used to bring from the library of Municipal Corporation. When my mother and she became close friend, grandfather asked me to read loudly these spiritual books when I was in the standard 5th. ShivPuran, Vishnupuran, Kuran in Hindi, books on Lord Buddha etc. I used to read for him just like reading the stories. But now when I think of all these activities which I have read in the past, I feel that was the time when God had given time to me to learn about the religious truth and spirituality.

Habit of reading books, I adopted from this grandpa. He used to ask me read books for him. And the meaning of real friendship, I came to know from my Mother, Mrs. Kamble and Mrs. Deshmukh(wife of PSI). Except my mother these two ladies were well educated, well settled and well-cultured and on the other side my mother--- illiterate, struggling with family problems and financial problems. But when these three came together, no wall was there to bind them. My mother had no real sister but we never felt that we haven't real aunty.

Both aunties were the wives of Government servant. Hence, Transfer was the compulsory part of their routine life. We—me, my two brothers always enjoyed Diwali holidays, summer vacations at the home of these two aunts with their children.

Marriage is the compulsory part of individual's life. Though it's the happiest movement of every one's life, I too was not exception for it. Though it is the happiest movement of individual's life, now when I think about it, I feel bad for parents who have to suffer too much for their daughter's marriage. I have born in such community that we don't have anything like dowry. Even no matter of giving anything to daughter. I don't know I am fortunate or unfortunate to be a single daughter of our family and got a birth of girl child after four generations. So my father spent so much money on my marriage.

It was the day when my father and mother decided to purchase gold for me, my Aunty Mrs. Kambale also went with them at jewelry shop. She came for my marriage at my own state which is not the part of her state. Uncle gave her rupees to give my father as a help to marriage, more over she brought the gold nose ring for me as well as one silver lamp for my home temple. Aunty helped me more than what was expected to.



They three went on the shop of town place where my parents did not have any credit. Hence all the jewelry items which we needed for me in my marriage we had to pay cash. Sudden, the rate of gold was increased from Rs. 3000 to Rs. 6500. My parents had decided previously to give me bangles, necklace, finger ring and one finger ring for my husband. They were in tension what to do and which jewelry should be cancelled. My mother suggested my father rather than cancelling anything better to minimize the gold of bangles. Both had discussed on it and decided to go for it. When they declared their list to the owner of the shop, my aunty Mrs. Kamble just suddenly ordered the shopkeeper, “Stop! Don’t cancel or minimize the gold of any jewelry item.”

Shock! It was really an amazing Shock to my parents. They were just looking towards each other, just like a statue. Because the next activity was much more shocking. She just took out her own gold ring from her finger and put it on the table of shop and ordered, “convert this ring into gents and gave with other jewelry items.” My parents had no words were there to speak. They were just looking towards my aunty. She just gave posture of relax to my parents and said, “Just do one favour for all of us, don’t tell this to anyone. Even to my husband. Keep it secret and when you will be capable then return it to me.” There was not a single word that my parents could utter at that time.

There were number of questions in their mind. Relation! What is real relation? What is blood relation? What it matters? Is it necessary to take birth from the same mother’s womb and you will be called as a sister? If my mother had a real sister whether she would do it? If answer is ‘No’, then to whom will you call as a real sister? My mother found the real sister on this earth though she didn’t have a real blood sister. My aunty did more than what she had to do for me even risking her relationships.

When my parents returned back to home, they were having tears in the eyes. Yet couldn’t explain tears, they were of sadness, misery because of fewer amounts they couldn’t pay for my jewelry or the true happiness of getting great sister or the combination of both. Whenever I think on it, I just remember the faces of both and the tears of their eyes but can’t express what kind of emotions and feelings they were having at that time in words.

God is great! We don’t know in which way, he comes and proves his existence.



I got married. Time went on. The friendship of these three friends remained same as it was. We have to believe on horoscopes or not---- again is the question in mind. My Kamble Aunty was having a single child and she had visited to a person who had knowledge of horoscope. At that time Kamble uncle was transferred to Amravati---the name starts with the alphabet 'A.' and Mr. Pandit had said, "If possible to change the transfer order, don't go to the place which starts with alphabet A. You will lose some important thing of your life. And even he said they will have the son in their life." But, they couldn't transfer or we can say there was not 100% trust on that Panditji.

They shifted to Amravati. Life was going in routine of these three friends. Children were growing and taking their education. In one summer vacation my parents were on tour and they had a call. It was the call from by elder brother, "Papa.....Papa." My father was having fears about exactly what happened. He was calling and uttering only 'papa' that too with slow and paused voice. Finally after collecting courage he called, "Papa, come as early as possible, Kamble Aunty is having cancer." He hanged up. My father remained stunned. Mother was asking again and again what happened; with heavy tears he gave the details of phone call to my mother. Immediately, they packed their bags and went directly to Bombay Tata cancer hospital.

The pretty lady was lying on the dying bed. My mother was not able to see her. She became very pale, weak, and dull and even no hair on her head. It happened within only three months. Tears! Only tears! Life is only full of tears! Continues tears! "Do good things...get good things." But it was not true for my aunty. She always did good thing for everyone; she had devoted her life for the welfare of each and every person on the earth who comes in her contact. And she is lying on the dying bed with unbearable pain with tears but as soon as she saw my parents she smiled like always.

God wants cute child back to him but yet God didn't give her justice. He didn't fulfill her wish. She had arranged the marriage of her only daughter and wanted to see the marriage before her life end. But.....unfortunately she left the world without attending the marriage of her own child. Uncle had arranged his own second marriage before her death anniversary. After two years, the second wife of Kamble uncle the Gift of a Son. But my dear Aunty left

this world without any pleasure... without any happiness..... without enjoying the life on the earth.....

Tragedy didn't end here. She left this world with Tears.....only tears.... nothing was there with her.... There were only tears...she left the world with full of tears in her own eyes looking towards her only child..... only daughter..... the daughter with tearful eyes.

Whenever I think on it, I think of my Past.....I can see only tearful eyes of my aunty. And remember the words of Panditji... "You will lose important thing of life..." But my aunty lost her own life. Uncle had a second child... a son... but my aunty left the world....world with tears in eyes of self and ours with her memories.

e-Love

'You have successfully blocked Ajit Chandak. He won't anymore be able to read your account.' Social media.. One of the biggest addiction of today's youth. Updates-likes-comments have become like most basic needs as food-cloth-shelter.

I, Ishita Shekhawat, a 15 year old school-going-girl was a happy-go-girl in whole school. Ajit and my story had started from a single typo three years ago. My cousin brother Sarish had uploaded a photo of some superstar who resembled him. As usual I commented on his picture 'Same like Sarih' instead of Sarish.

'Did you mean Sarish?' a comment from his friend, *Ajit Chandak* who was totally unknown to me.

'Who the hell are you to point out my typo?'

'Why get angry? It's okay.. U don't need to apologize to me *winks*'

I got irritated. I hated his attitude. I just switched off my laptop and got back to studies. But my anger was on so higher level that I couldn't concentrate on that too. So I decided to take a little nap.

Beep Beep. My Facebook notifications woke me up after a half an hour. I ignored first three notifications and finally took the phone on fourth notification. It was message from the same guy Ajit I had fight with.

"Sorry little princess. I was totally kidding. But I guess you got angry. I am sorry. I hope I can resolve your anger being Friends?"

He also had sent friend request. I didn't know the guy but he seemed polite and friendly so I accepted friend request.

“Thank you Pretty lady. *wink*”

“You're welcome.”

“Hi girl.”

“Hey”

“How are you?”

“Good. How are you?”

“I am amazed. How can YOU look so pretty in your display picture?” *sarcasm*

“Thank You. I will take it as a compliment.” *wink*

We were getting friendly day-by-day. He was funny and I loved teasing and being teased by him. Our friendship grew in so much quantity that a post without each other teasing and sarcastic comment wasn't considered as a post.

After that due examination, I deactivated my account for a while so that I could concentrate on studies. And after four months of gap I finally activated my account with uneasiness because I had not informed anyone about me getting disappeared except a few friends because they were my best friends and we would be together day and night.

“Hello ma'am. Where were you? Have you had blocked me? Or something else is reason behind you getting disappeared? I was worried you know!”

“I am so sorry but I had my examinations you know!”

“Are you alright? You and Studies?”

“Shut up Ajit. I am studious than you.”

“Laugh out lot”

I got irritated but I had to admit that I missed this and he was all the same like before.

Ajit Chandak posted a photo. "When and how you will get married" 31 likes 82 comment.

Comment first: “Brother, who is the girl?”

His Reply: “Wait buddy will tell you soon, why so much in hurry?”

I was too curious to comment so decided to message him.

“Won’t you tell me who is it?”

“Curious, eh?”

“Yes. A lot. Now tell me quickly.”

“You.”

“Pardon?”

“Yes. Ms. Ishita Shekhawat It’s you.”

“You must be joking as always I know!”

“I am giving one complete hour to answer me back. See you in an hour.”

“But.....”

offline

After a complete hour,

“Hey.” He Said.

“Hey.”

“So, what should I call you Ms. Shekhawat or Mrs. Chandak?”

“Mrs. Chandak sounds nicer, isn’t it?”

“I love you, Girl! Thank You for being with me!”

I accepted his proposal. Not because I liked him but because I didn’t want to lose him. At that time I didn’t know this ‘Yes’ was going to change my life forever.

He was nice guy and an understanding partner even I had seen. I wasn’t too much in love but I liked him a lot. I liked his company. But I could not give him much time as I was on holidays with my family out of state and so was unable to contact but a formal message would make him feel better and so I was happy.



“Hey, How are you?”

“I am a bit sick”

Silence.

“What happened?” , Me.

“I Love you.”

“I Love you too but where are you going?”

“I am coming to see you right now”

He was nice, friendly until possessiveness took over. I took my higher secondary school admissions and it all over started.

“Whom are you talking to?” he asked.

“Oh! he is my classmate Tarun.”

“And why is he talking to you?”

“He wants my class notes.”

“Ask him to get from another girl and I don’t want you to talk to him anymore.”

“But Ajit...”

“No arguments Ish”

“Okay. As you wish!”

I was not a coward but I loved him so I agreed everything he wanted me to do. Till then I was so much in love that I would prefer listening to him than not being able to talk to him. We fought, cried but patched up in less than a day! It became a routine to love, to fight and again to love. Life seemed perfect! Until.....

“What?! What are you saying? I mean are you sure?”

“Yes Didi! Why would I lie to you?”

“I am coming there right now.”



I was sleeping in peace when my cousin called me up and said he was Ajit with some unknown girl in a hotel.

He followed him and found that they were going on his apartment where nobody was present. He immediately called me and I ran to the place.

And as soon as I reached to his flat and he opened the door, I am not sure what did I see but it was not really nice! I fell unconscious!

I have blocked him from every account of social media, have changed my number twice. But I am not sure if I can block him from my heart! He will always remain my love and now I have learnt living with it! My brain understands I must forget him like a passing cloud but my heart does not agree with that.

May be someday I will find someone better than him but I can't forget him. Rather I don't want to forget him. Whatever he has done was not right but I have spent most beautiful time with him and I want that to remain always with me. Not every love story is meant to complete right?