

AVNI - MY EARTH

Angels Exist Though Mistreated



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About The Author

Ashish Ojha, an 18 year old student, spent his last two years in Bansal Classes Kota, and is yet to join an engineering college. Not because he is interested but because of what they call is, following the Indian PCM student rules, regulations and guidelines. He loves writing since 9th standard. His role models are writers like Sumrit Shahi and Durjoy Dutta. He also writes blogs on different unethical yet admiring crispy topics.

You can read his blogs

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About The Book

A sixteen year old boy, fell in love twice in his small yet crispy life! The problem was that he loved love but hated himself. And then came an angel, who altered him, mended him and then amended him! Though in the end, she left him nowhere! It was not her mistake, all because of something called time and fate.



Dedication

Dedicated to my angel, all I want you is to exist.



Acknowledgements

Ok, so whom should I thank first? Who has played the most important role? Who is the back bone of this (master) piece? Of course it's me! So, first of all thanks to myself, thank you for not giving up and coming up with the most ridiculous ideas ever.

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Last but not the least, thanks to my angel, Avni. It all because of you, that people still find me a good person. I hope where ever you are, when you will read this book, you will be able to solve the mysteries I created for you!



Prologue P1



1st January, 2014

Anger, frustration, tension, fear, anxiety and a mixture of some of the other negative emotions were hideously trying to snatch my breath away when he locked himself in his room. He had his specific ways of *shockingly surprising* people around him. This was the best of them. I would better say, this was the best of worst from him.

‘Aadvik please. I beg you. Open the door. What the hell is wrong with you? Come out right now.’ I was repeatedly knocking his door on intervals since morning. And he had shown no respect for that. This was quite a haphazard panorama, and I had no idea of how to handle the state of affairs. Sometimes I shouted as loud enough as I could. Sometimes I tried the soft therapy. Nothing worked.

We were alone in the house since 2 days. Our family, which consists of his mom, dad, his little brother and his twin sister (though they appear different, as they are.) and my mom and dad. My mom was his in law sister. They went for a tour this New Year to their native place together. I had my exams. He was not in a mood to go. He never is. So we stayed.

Everything was so normal. Most of the time, I was unaccompanied. He used to stay out of the house which was perfectly fine for me. Living with him is same as living with a graceful monkey who could outburst whenever he wants and whatever he wants. We used to have long chats in the night about our school life and different aspects like love and all. I must admit he was a good debater. And yes how can I forget, his cooking was lovely. He was too slow though.

We had met after quite a long time. In fact, after 8 long years because of some family drama of my mama. It was all excellent, until this morning when he received his phone, talked for a while and then all of a sudden the mobile phone was in pieces.

I never thought he could do that. He loved his mobile phone. Since then, he had locked himself in the room. And now I had no idea how to deal with it. Actually you never know how to deal with this boy. He is as unpredictable as anyone could ever be.

‘Aadvik, enough is enough. I want you to open the door right now or I am gonna call your mother. It is as exhausting at it ever gets.’ I tried once more. It was useless. Not even a small squeak was coming out from the room. That was scary. What if he had done something to himself? No he can’t, he loves himself more than anyone else in this world. Then? What if he is just sleeping and ignoring me since morning? Yes he can do that, you never know what this guy can come up with. But being his elder sister, I could not leave him like this. I was given responsibility to take care of everything. I was clueless what to do next.

The best idea that came up in my small but useful mind was to break the door. That was the only option left. Putting the whole strength I was left with, I banged the door several times. The door was too strong, or I should say, I was too weak. Now what, what should I do? Should I call his mom and dad? No, I don't want to spoil their vacation, but this was imperative. And then I heard a knock on the main door.

I ran towards it. Mishra Uncle. Oh what a relief. Before he could say anything, I announced my state of concern, 'Oh uncle it's so so good to see you. I am badly in need of some help. Aadvik has locked himself in his room since morning. I haven't heard a single noise from in there.'

'Why? What? Come let's see.' We both came in. He looked tensed. Well, anybody would be. This boy is seriously crazy. And when I use the word serious, I genuinely mean it.

'Have you informed your parents?' He asked still knocking, to be precise, banging the door as loudly as possible.

'No.' I replied. I don't want to disturb them. You know this boy and his silly pathetic jokes. I am still confused that if is he still playing or what!' Oh yes. He might have plugged in his earphones, watching movies, listening songs. He might have dozed off and ignored everything. A kind of natural psycho.

'They would be more disturbed when they would come back and see this. Call them right now. There is no option left. For now, let's break the door.' Yes he was right, but I was still not in a mood of informing anyone.

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The tale starts when he was just eleven years old for this hypnotic world. He hates everyone, everyone including himself. Not his mistake though! It's all because of some of the cheap filthy innings played by the critical fate, time and circumstances.

Then comes an angel, a girl, who just knew how to handle this livid monkey. The one who knew how to solve mysteries. Not because she was some kind of miss helper, but it was all because of that selfish selfless emotion. Though in the end, time proved to be the king of all dynasties of life and took away his only hope! Let's see how he dealt with the groceries, plasters, kisses, bangs, whams, slaps and most important of all - LOVE!



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