

Silent Love

A TALE OF 2 HEARTS



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The Silent Love

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A tale of two heart

*Subhansh Sahai,
Rakesh Singh*

Special thanks

The first few people who come in my mind when I think of thanking for the completion of this novel are:- Kuldeep, Zoya and Priyanka.

No, they were not my best friends till a few months back, but now I can't even imagine what the status of this novel would have been if it was not for them. They are the staff of Chicago pizza, crown interiorz mall Mathura road Faridabad.

I want to thank Kuldeep for not throwing me out of the shop, as all that I ordered in the 8 hours that I spent there was an espresso. Many days I won't even order that.

I would like to thank Priyanka for keeping my favorite table vacant on the days when I used to get late, as she knew that I will write only when I am sitting there.

And a special thanks to Zoya, as she gave me two things that were most important for me during those days. The first one is the out of the world espresso that she used to make personally and the second one is her smile. While typing non-stop for 8 hours and that to many days in a stretch, I used to get frustrated and one look at her ever smiling face was all it took to through away that negativity.

At last I want to thank the franchise-owner of Chicago pizza as he has lost a lot of business because I had occupied one of his tables for 50

days non-stop and not even ones did he ask me to vacate the seat.

About The Author

Subhansh as he describes himself is an accidental engineer and an artist by choice. He says that he does not know how to imagine a story; he just sees stories around himself and writes them down in his laptop.



About The Book

What happens when you wake up one fine day and realise that you are all grown up, like 7-8 years older than what you think you should be. You don't remember what has happened in the past few years and you come across a diary in your handwriting. It tells you about the only person that you remember. You think that one might be happy, but what if the series of events that follow, reveal that you are not who you think you are??? Confused?? Read on to clear your confusion.



31st May 2012

Lying on my roof, I stared at the vast black canvas, stars sprayed randomly all over it. I could easily relate to the sky, as my life in itself, was in no way different from it. Entirely filled with darkness, with few happy moments with Vani that motivated me to live on and a moon like glow of a hope, that one day she would walk into my life and end the loneliness spread over my heart and then would never leave it. The following lines written by my younger brother clearly implied my state of mind:

dil k suro k kuch saaz likh raha hu,
Baitha hu tanha kuch aaj likh raha hu,
Soch m hu jivan kis or ja raha h,
Na soch h yaha, na kuch samajh aa raha h,
Parehaniyo k bhawar m fir aaj fas raha hu,
baitha hu tanha kuch aaj likh raha hu...

It was 31st may 2013. That day I was alone at my house. My family was out of station, off to a relative's place and I was free to do anything that I wished to do. I was lying on my roof enjoying the night.

The breeze brought with it, the sweet smell of the Madhumalti flowers planted in front of my house. The same smell, the same weather that had forced me into another, not so good state of mind (Wait for 'just love is not enough') and would have led me to such a state that I would not have been able to share with you, the story

which was about to unfold in front of me in the next few hours.

I laid there looking into nowhere, a cigarette between my fingers, the smoke making rings as it vanished in the oblivion, the tobacco casting its spell, feebly aware of my surroundings, my heart wondering into the past bringing along with it a familiar and unbearable pain. It was funny though, that I had started to enjoy this pain. The flood of memories brought with it the following lines into existence:

Baitha rahu teri yadon m,
teri yaden he dil ko jalaye,
yaad teri aaye
jab yaad teri aaye...

m usko hardum hasata raha,
mujko tanha koi jo mil jaye,
par raton m tanha he roya karu,
mujhe yaad teri jo sataye,
yad teri aaye
dil ko tanha kar jaaye...
yaad teri aaye...
jab yaad teri aaye...

aankho k aansu bhi sookh gaye,
khushiya bhi raas na aaye,
tu jo ho sang to ye gum bhi hasin,
bin tere khushiya bhi na bhaye,
tu jo mil jaaye...
khushiyan jivan m aaye...
yaad teri aaye...

jab yaad teri aaye...'

Deeply engrossed in my past I was dragged into the reality by the sound of a song:

'ulajhta rahu, jhulasta rahu, teri chahat m jiyu, m jine ki khwahish m jalta raha, ye kaisi khalish, ye m karta hu kyu, ishq tere jalwe, har pahar dil m palwe' from the movie 'Ye Saali Zindagi'.

This was my phone ringing.

Who could call me this late in the night' I thought.

I took my Huawei accent in my hand and looked at the caller id, which showed 'DEVNAS'.

Why am I not surprised at all?' I smiled.

DEVNAS is the nickname I had given to Rishi, a friend of mine.

He had this habit of calling me at such odd hours for useless reasons. For instance, the last time that he had called me it was 2'O clock in the morning. He had called just to ask what pneumatic meant, which of course I did not know.

When I asked him why he wanted to know about it? He said because there is some company in Noida that manufactured pneumatic machinery. He had called me despite the fact that he had a computer and an internet connection in the very room in which he slept.

My experience with him told me that he was calling me for some such silly reason. But as always, Mr. Fate had decided to prove me wrong one more time.

'Hello...' I said as soon as I picked up the call waiting to hear some stupid question from his side.

'Hello... Akki' he said in a shaky voice.

'Oh My God! Rishi are you drunk?' I asked hardly able to believe my ears.

Of all the guys that I knew, Rishi was the last person whom I could imagine being drunk, but yet, here he was talking to me on phone, totally wasted, at least he sounded like it.

'What's up man? What happened?' I asked as my mind raced up to think of any valid reason as to why he was drunk, in which of course it failed.

'Can you pick me up?' he asked again in the same shaky voice.

'What? Like now?' I stammered.

'Yes, is there a problem?' he asked.

'No, not at all'

'But where are you?' I asked as I was sure that he was somewhere outdoors as I was able to hear the sound of the crickets and that of crying dogs every now and then.

'I am outside Meethapur shamshanghat' he replied in such a casual way as if it was absolutely normal for someone to sit outside the cemetery after midnight.

'What! What the hell are you doing outside a cemetery?' I asked horrified by the mere thought of the thought of being there. Being outdoors at such hours is another thing but outside the cemetery, Rishi was pushing me beyond what I could ever have imagined.

It is worth mentioning that Rishi is a very adventurous guy but he too had his limits.

Mountain climbing and bungee jumping in themselves were enough to give him the jitters and here the guy was calling me sitting outside a cemetery at such an odd hour.

'Nothing...by the way I hope uncle and aunty won't mind?' he said not wanting to upset them.

'Actually they are out of station and I am alone at my house' I said feeling relieved about the absence of my

parents, as explaining them where I was going at such odd hour was difficult in itself but bringing a drunk friend back with me was more like walking on red hot coal.

Though they knew Rishi, but they too would never have imagined that he is into liquor. And even if he is then too why he wanted to crash at my place instead of going home that late.

'Good, then come as quickly as possible' he requested.

'Ok, I'm on my way' I tried to assure him while preparing myself to go to the cemetery at night. Just the thought of going to the cemetery was giving me the chills, I could hardly imagine how Rishi would have been feeling had he not been high.



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