

A BOY WHO
NEVER
LET HER GO

DHIRAJ KUMAR



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Dhíraj Kumar

About The Author

Dhiraj kumar (born on 18th May 1996) is a 3rd year Mechanical engineering student who is pursuing his B.tech degree from Graphic Era University, Dehradun. He did his schooling from D.A.V Kapildev public school, Ranchi

His passion for writing rose when he won a poem writing competition in his school life. Whenever he is sad or want to share his feelings, he do it by penning down his emotions.

This novel “A BOY WHO NEVER LET HER GO” is also his debut novel.

With the completion of this novel he is looking forward to publish his second novel soon.

Acknowledgement

I would like to express my gratitude to the readers for picking up this book “**A BOY WHO NEVER LET HER GO**”. I would also thank my family and friends for encouraging me throughout to write this novel.

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This could have never been possible without **EDUCREATION PUBLISHING**. Thank you guys for allowing me to publish this book from your publications.

At last I would apologize to many of my friends. I beg a forgiveness of all those who have been with me in my hard times and whose name I have failed to mention over this book.

Dedication

*Dedicated to those who loved someone
truly...*



Prologue

Present Day

*(EK AISI KITAB LIKHI MAINE TERE NAAM KI...
KI JISNE TUJHE DEKHA HI NAHI USNE BHI
TERE TARIF KI...)*

The college stadium was full of spectators. It was clear that the match was becoming more interesting with every passage time. It was the winter season so students in the crowd were enjoying both the sun as well as the match. The bright sunny day in place like Dehradun was like a blessing to the people. Like all past years, Dehradun was very cold and had experienced snowfall in mussoorie which had made the temperature colder but the bright sunny weather was like a blessing to all.

The match was between our college Graphic Era University (GEU), and other college of the same city. It was the second innings of the match and the students in the crowd were shouting only onename.

DHIRAJ...DHIRAJ...DHIRAJ...DHIRAJ....

The humour was that the student who don't even know who is Dhiraj were shouting out my name ., It made me felt like a celebrity. My name

Dhiraj Kumar

was on everyone's lips and especially the girls . I literally thought of giving an autograph to some of them after the match. After seeing my concentration being broken, the runner from the other end came and said me to be calm and concentrate on the match. He even said that “dude you don't even have an idea how many girls gonna be crazy for you if you made us win this match”. The whole team knew that scoring 16 runs in just 6 balls was not an easy task but being the captain, the whole team was dependent on me. I cleared my mind and concentrated on the game.

Bowler bowled in his maximum speed, it was just a single from my side. Now the strike was to the other batsman, he was so nervous that his legs were shaking. The other team noticed this and passed some comments on him.(sir fod de iska apne speed se) break his head with your speed. He became more nervous. He made a dot ball. No runs on 2nd ball. We still needed 15 runs in 4 balls. I ran to him and said “just give me strike and I will make the match our side”. He anyhow took a single on the 3rd ball. We still needed 14 runs in three balls, the strike was upon me.

The whole college students were looking at me with hope to make our college win. The bowler came running and threw the ball, I stepped out from the crease and hit the maximum towards the crowd. The ball was travelling in the air and went to the

spectators. Yes it was a six. The whole crowd cheered and shouted. We still needed 8 runs to win from two balls. After that six, people started looking at me with more hope. The second last ball of the match, I again stepped out and it was again the maximum on the long off side, the whole crowd started dancing, they started shouting my name more louder, it was like a festival on the college cricket ground. We only needed 2 runs in 1 ball. It was a cup of cake for me. Spectators were biting their nails. I pre planned to hit the ball towards the stump and take 2 runs.

Suddenly someone played the song “O JANNA”, from the movie “raaz the mystery continues” on the stadium’s music system and my legs froze, my hands stopped moving. I lost my concentration completely. It was like I lost my whole energy to win the match. My past is again killing me. I didn’t even noticed when the bowler bowled his last ball, I didn’t even moved an inch and clean bold. My middle stump was flying in the air and shouting enough that we lost the match. I disappointed the whole college and I sat on the ground thinking

Influence of that girl can again make me numb, I realised somewhere she is still in my heart, somewhere I still love her and somewhere she still don’t care for my love and how miserably I am spending my days without her . Till my whole life I

Dhiraj Kumar

have loved only one girl and perhaps I will love her forever, tears rolled down my cheeks and there was no one to understand , no one to support and wipe them .

While taking shower in the hostel, I kept on thinking the things which happened today, about that girl and the past memories. I was quite, was not talking to anyone in the hostel. All my friends thought it was because of the match. They cheered me up. Some of them cracked jokes to lighten my mood.

Nikhil my roommate, was knowing that what had happened to me as he was like my brother. We both shared our secrets and personal talks. He showed me some nude pictures of girls and said to forget the girl who was in past and concentrate on the curves of this girl showed on phone. He made some funny voice while watching the pictures. His way of convincing me always made my mood lighter. We all laughed. I hugged him. Then he demanded a kiss . I smiled and said my other friends to kick his ass.

In engineering colleges you are always ready to party whether its midnight in the winter or in the hot summer. There is no reason why someone is throwing party. All we need is alcohols to relax.

But there is an exception everywhere, Nikhil and I don't drink. We prefer soft drinks and our rest friends prefer alcohols (being punjabi).

We burnt fire on the top of the terrace, played soft musics , wines and soft drinks all over. It was 12 o clock at midnight. After drinking few pegs of the alcohol our friend started speaking ,the emotions said were true. The main gossip of that night was “girls”.

Some of them spoke about their breakups, some of them even started crying while narrating their stories, some started abusing their ex and few like Nikhil and I were neutral at that time, after the sad session we played rocking song “ aunty police bulalegi” and danced like animals.

No one noticed how time passed and clock struck 3:30 am. I requested to end the party and go to sleep. We all were tired and went to sleep. I was sure for those who drank today will not be able to go college because of the hangover.

In my room when Nikhil slept, I took out my phone, inside the blanket,opened the gallery and started starring at her pictures. It seemed that she is also starring at me with the same glaze and love as I was starring at her. It was like she is also trying to make some conversation with me but it was only my virtual thoughts because in reality ‘ our love has ended’

I kept on thinking about her and memories flashbaced:-

Poem 1

*I don't know why tears are not coming from my
eyes,
Your love was based on fake promises and lies.
Seems that my heart is blocked and throat is
choaked,
Our relation ended!!! Yes I am shocked...*



*You were an important part of my life,
I remember you promised to be my wife.
Thinking about you in my free times,
Then I realise you cannot be mine.*



*Trying to move on but not getting any reason to
do,
Always running on my mind!! Yes that is you.
I cherish those warm hug and lovely kisses of yours,
Still I cant hate you, and for that I am sure.*



*Ofcourse I am hurt and want to cry,
But now I am alone, who will make my tears dry?
Moments spend with you were my golden times,
But still I cannot call you mine..
I don't know why tears are not coming from my
eyes...*

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"Why don't you propose her?"

"What if she rejects?"

Meanwhile somewhere she was also having the same conversation with her friend.

What does it take for two persons to fall in love? Saying I love you? And listening the same from other side? I guess no...

Well here is a cute small town love story of Dhiraj and Ishika. At starting he was not ready to accept that he is in love but when he realized his love, life served few odds to his plate. A man trapped by circumstances and woman caught between ambition and family's expectation.

Will he overcome those odds for his love? How far will he go to save his entire relationship?



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