



It's
Love
Beyond Eternity

Someday They Will Meet Again

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Acknowledgment



In the loving memory of my father Late Barin Chakraborty who passed away few months ago.

My mother, Seema Chakraborty, my brother, Kaushik Chakraborty, and my husband, Abhijit Chatterjee, who are my strength and my support system, without whom I could not have been what I am today.

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Prologue



I am a very good story teller, my friends always used to tell me. I had written many stories and poems while I was in college but never did I think that one day I would be writing a novel that to a story of a woman who is still waiting for her love. An encounter with a woman made me write this story. It was 2012, when my husband was working in Hong Kong. We were staying in Tin Hau at Hong Kong Island. As usual, I fought with him and went out in the park nearby and sat on the bench murmuring all sorts of things. Full of anger, I didn't notice that I was actually speaking quite loudly. "Why did I ever get married? This boy never understands me. I have been cooking since morning, and now, he is saying he had his dinner with his friends. Why the hell do I ever cook for him? He used to say, I will always love you and be with you, and now see, his office and his friends have become his priority. We are in Hong Kong for past one month, and he did not get any time to take me out! I hate him".

"Never say I hate you," a lady sitting beside me interrupted. "I am sorry if I disturbed you," I said. "No beta, you did not disturb me, but unintentionally, I heard whatever you said." An Indian woman most probably in her mid-50s, wearing a typical Punjabi suit, with half-

rimmed glasses having puffy eyes with some parts of the face being wrinkle-prone, fair like refined flour with a crutch in hand spoke to me. “You had a fight with your husband?”, “Yes,” I stammered. “Going by your looks and the bangles you are wearing, I assume it’s not long you both are married”. “Yes, it’s just a year. But why do you ask all this?”, “Just seeing that does love really change after marriage? Beta, you are lucky you have the person whom you love with you. You can fight, you can get angry and you can also love him back. Some people are deprived of their love. They fight but don’t get an opportunity to say a sorry. And ‘hate you’ is a very strong word. Never use it for any one”. “I am sorry aunty, but I feel you have undergone something which makes you say so.” She smiled at me and got up from the bench and started walking. “Aunty, I suppose you have something to tell me.” Her deep-brown eyes looked straight into mine. “Do you really want to know my story?” She sat down and started.



Chapter 1

The Intro



“Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder” - this beautiful line seems beautiful only in books because in real life, if a person is ugly, no one will even look at him or her. I was not ugly but also had no such features that would attract anybody or even turn eyes. I wore glasses and had a cut mark from my toddler days. Being on a plump side, I could only fit in few selected dresses. Yes, in simple words, you can say non-attractive, and maybe, that’s why, I was unpopular and less in demand. I enjoyed maintaining a low profile, but of course, I did have friends, we were the best buddies and were proud to call ourselves “Pristine pals” - Joy, Ritu, Alan and I, Sonal. My friends fondly called me Sona.

I came from an army background as my father was a colonel, and my mother was a doctor in the army camps. Although she had given up her job after my sister’s, Sia, birth, but papa had made a small chamber in our outhouse, and Ma used to see

local patients there. I was born and brought up in Kanpur but had to shift to Delhi for my higher studies.

From a small town to a metro, life changed drastically, from one oily pig tail to all-time shampoo from big glasses to Titan specs, I too tried to matchup with the pace of Delhi lifestyle. Long skirts were replaced with high-quality flares. Everything changed but what didn't change was the girl inside me. Although my appearance changed and I too did manage to get enrolled in the hi-fi Delhi Society, but the small-town girl could never come out of her shell. I was reserve and could hardly make few friends. Nobody ever proposed to me, hence love and date was not my cup of tea. I was contended with my four friends and never extended out of it. I was the one who danced in my own tune and never bothered about anything else.

Coming back to my college, one thing that I wanted to make sure that you know was apart from my looks, I was one of the best students of the Delhi University. Usually at DU, students hog off to get admission with an unexpected cut off marks, and after they get enrolled, they become a proud member of the Delhi society. You will find beautiful girls and smart boys all around the campus but not in their classes; they open their books only on the eleventh hour and to their credit, also pass out with flying colors. But I studied the whole year

without attending any parties, outdoors, nightclubs etc. My ambition was very clear, and I focused only on how to become a successful aeronautical engineer. I never partied or went to the clubs not because I wasn't allowed to but because I did not get a single time to look around me except my books; my fat physics and math's books were the only thing that surrounded me the entire day, and as the famous proverb goes "birds of a feather flock together," my group, Pristine Pals, also saw nothing except their thick books. We mostly spent our time in the library, and the evenings were occupied by the various tuitions that we were a part of. In the weekends, if there were no exams around, then Ritu and I would go for some shopping and then would watch some movie; but that was a very rare occasion, may be once in three months. On some occasions, Ma and Sia used to come and visit me as I could hardly miss any class or even tuition, so could not go to Kanpur frequently. Christmas and New Year was the time when I made a point to be at home enjoying winter with mom-made foods like hot stuffed parathas, samosa, fries etc.

Being a Punjabi, I love food. Every Punjabi is a foodie, they would be lying if they said they are health conscious and hate oily foods. Nothing can be better than sitting under the quilt with ma massaging your hair, watching Dharmendra in your television and having hot pakoras with spinach

Manoshi Chatterjee

chutney. On the New Year's Eve, papa used to drive us to Pammi aunty's house which was in Lucknow. We used to be awake the whole night watching fire crackers illuminating the sky and dancing around a bonfire. Pammi aunty stayed alone as uncle had passed away and Gourav, her only son, was pursuing his studies in London. So, we made it a point to visit her every year. She loved us, and we loved her too. We usually stayed there for two days and would return on the 3rd; this was a custom we followed since uncle's death.



Chapter 2

Gourav



After studying for three consecutive years in the United Kingdom, this year Gourav had returned. He had got a job as a marketing analyst in one of the leading banks in Delhi. Gourav was four years elder to me, and I fondly called him Babloo bhaiya. More than an elder brother, he was a friend to me. He was my guide, philosopher and above all someone who always stood by me. For him, I was his partner in crime; we did lots of pranks together, from harassing our neighbors to trekking in all the adventurous parts of North India. I was the one to whom he confessed all his secrets; his first crush, his first kiss, his successes, his failures; he shared everything with me. I was very excited after getting the news that Babloo bhaiya was coming to Delhi. Before he could arrive, I managed to arrange an apartment for him just next to mine and do all the necessary arrangements which are required for a

basic day-to-day life. Gourav was quite a good-looking guy, and in a place like Delhi, a good-looking single guy with a good bank balance is quite a rare combination to find; so within a month, he became quite famous in our locality and because of him, even I started getting some attention by the other girls of my campus. It was a Saturday afternoon, and Bablu bhaiya had promised Pristine Pals to give a treat for his new job.

I was in my room when bhaiya came to me and said, “Sonal, today I have also invited two of my school friends who are working in Delhi and with whom I will be meeting after seven years”, “But bhaiya, this was supposed to be my treat,” “Of course sweetheart, but yesterday I suddenly bumped with them. You know how it feels to meet your childhood friends; I could not resist having a chat with them and hence invited them too. It will be fun, believe me, they are just like me fun-loving people, and you all will defiantly love their company, I promise you.” Actually, the problem with me is that I do not like meeting new people as no one seems to find any interest in me, and I hate to get ignored.



Chapter 3

Piyush



We all reached the restaurant by 8:30 and were waiting for the duo to appear. Around quarter to 9, they finally arrived. “Meet my childhood friends Piyush Bhatia and Ravi Kumar, and this is my cousin Sonal, and her friends,” Bablu bhaiya introduced us. A formal hello came from their side and even I nodded formally. Both the boys were dressed smartly and had a professional look. As we (Pristine Pals) were enjoying least of the treat due of their school stories, so we decided to leave the three lost and found people and enjoy ourselves. “Let’s dance,” Joy said and as we hardly get time to go out and party, so we did not want to lose a single opportunity of enjoying ourselves. We all went to the dance floor and started tip-toeing. Suddenly, I felt a hand around me, it was Joy who was trying to hold my waist, “Joy, is that you, or has the J.D. been down in your nerves”, “Oh! I am sorry Sona, it

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She was a simple next-door girl, unattractive and studious, who believed that no one would ever love her.

He was charming, dignified and impressive, who believed only in love.

This novel is inspired from a true story of love, friendship, confrontation and destiny. Will Piyush finally come out of his past? Will he fall for Sonal, and will they meet again someday?

What destiny has planned for them ...?



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