

*An Agreement  
between  
Two Hearts*

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PAVAN KUMAR GAJA

An Agreement  
Between Two Hearts

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*Pavan Kumar Gaja*



*To*

*Those who never give  
up on their love.....*



## *About Author*



Author Pavan Kumar Gaja, born in the year 1992 is a resident of Hyderabad, completed his graduation in Institute of Aeronautical Engineering. This Novel "An Agreement between two hearts" is his debut novel, inspired from a real life incident. You can get in touch with him via:

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# *Acknowledgements*



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I am grateful and thankful for the family that God gave me and the family I made.

Finally, I want to thank you all for picking this book. As a new author, I may not reach all your expectations but I'm sure you'll fine at least one paragraph from this beautiful story that will reflect a page in your life which might be a happiest moment or a sorrowful situation. If not yours, might be your friends'.







# 1

## *A Meeting In The Railway Station*

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Did I Win or Lose...?

Did I Win or Lose...?

At least one question remains unsolved in everyone's life – not in his/her entire lifetime. This very question haunted me throughout my life, from the very day I started understanding things. Like others, I too remained unanswered. To answer a question one should understand the exact meaning of it. Guess, I had never understood the dead on meaning of the words “Win” and “Lose”, though it was very important for me to find the answer as I considered it as the unit of measure of my life.

At times, there comes a situation when you have to face it, rather than escaping. Now, it was my turn. If I give up now, my question is going to remain unanswered and unattended.

Did I Win or Lose...?

Did I Win or Lose...?

These are the only words ringing in my ears – What have I been all these years? Who am I today? All these questions began to pop up in my mind, one after the

other, which I couldn't answer all these years. My mind was not less than a question paper which I never tried to attempt.

All of a sudden, I felt as if the time is being slowed down. This feeling wasn't new to me, because I always used to feel the slowing down of time from minutes to hours in Organic Chemistry lecture. But this time, seconds turned into hours. And in a single second, I was able to recall most of my memories.

The memories of some precious moments, some which I never wanted to forget, some which I never wanted to remember, some which made me smile, some which brought tears in my eyes and some from which I wanted to run away forever—all of them were flowing just like water in a river.

\*\*\*

It was March 2007, the thirteenth to be exact. How could I forget a date which is so special to me? I was fifteen, appearing for my first year intermediate exams.

My college mate Ram and I reached the examination centre two hours before the exam has started. Like everyone else, we were more into eyeing each and every girl entering the exam centre rather than preparing for our exams.

Vivekananda Junior College boys' hostel was my second destination after my home. Since it was a boys' hostel, we weren't exposed much to girls; this was the only time of the year when we had opportunity to come in contact with them.

It is one of the common acts of boys to judge and rate the girls who pass by. Even Ram and I, exercised the same antiquated technique on that day while standing at the entrance of the exam centre. I was dumbstruck looking at a girl, wearing a white chudidhar. I couldn't resist myself staring at her. A beauty, that too in a white

dress is a deadly combination. If you ask me why boys get easily attracted to ‘girls in white’, then neither me nor anyone on this planet could answer it. I had never seen such a beauty in my life before. I was completely lost by seeing the girl-in-white. As the bell rang, everyone rushed to their respective classrooms to give their exam. And the girl-in-white disappeared somewhere amidst the sea of students.

There was still twenty minutes for the exam to start. I couldn’t redirect my thoughts from her. The next moment I started to search for her in the corridor, running through, and scrutinising every classroom just to spot her seat. Anyone who might have been in my place would have done the same.

There rung the final bell, indicating the last five minutes for the exam to start. With my head hung low, I moved back towards my classroom. I entered the room, took my seat, and the invigilator handed me the exam paper. For the first time after entering the classroom, I raised my head and saw the girl in white chudidhar sitting in the front row diagonal to me. I was dumbstruck.

*Such a fool! A big fool! I am...*

How have I not noticed the girl in the same classroom from the past three days? I took time to go through the attendance sheet when it made its way to me. As per the seating arrangement, I came to know that her name was “Arshiya”.

I took an oath not to look at her until I finish my paper, but it barely took me forty-five minutes to finish, after which my eyes were fixated on her.

When I was busy in beholding with my fantasy, the invigilator walked over to me, breaking me out of my daze. “If you’re done with your exam,” she said, “you can hand over the paper and leave.”

“I wish to check my paper once again before I submit.” I reciprocated at once looking back in my paper for a moment. As the invigilator moved away, surveying the rest of the classroom, my eyes automatically got fixated on Arshiya again.

This became my routine until the last exam.

This is the last day, I told myself. If you don’t talk to her now, you will never get the chance again. You have to tell her how you feel about her.

I dressed neatly, which suited me the best, entered the exam hall and started waiting for her. She walked in, and the exam begun soon. Just like all other days, I completed my paper early and started waiting until she finished, and stood up at once when she was about to submit her paper. I followed her out. When both of us were outside the room, gathering all the courage, I stretched my hand gesturing her to stop, but she couldn’t figure out my gesture as she was standing there facing the other side, so I decided to call her.

“Arshiya!”

She turned, a bit confused and a bit surprised that I knew her name. The look on her face at once narrated me what she was about to ask but I didn’t give her a chance to speak.

“You disturbed me a lot.” These were the last words; I spoke with her.

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After a period of two years, I joined B. Tech. in JBIT college. Suddenly, I felt that I am grown-up; Then onwards, I could make my own decisions – no more rules, no more terms and conditions. A new energy gushed through my veins. After leaving my intermediate hostel life, I was like a free bird.

I was excited about college – the ragging, bunking classes, chatting with friends in the canteen, and about everything that my new life was going to be in the coming years.

In a few months' time, the seniors entered our class to make an announcement. And there she was, standing amidst the group – a moon among stars. Senior? My heart sighed. She was the definition of beauty, an example of wonder! Even though our seniors had visited the class several times in the pretence of ragging, I never saw her. This was her first visit in our class. They were saying something, but nothing reached my ears; my eyes were transfixed on her. Later, I learned that the announcement was about a fresher's party that was being held that weekend.

Luck was in my favour; we were instructed to give red roses to the seniors and also to our classmates. The rule also privileged me as a boy had to give a rose to a girl and vice versa. My turn came; everybody had their eyes on me. I was confident, yet nervous. I didn't even know her name.

I simply pulled my index finger out with my arm stretched directly at her direction.

“You.”

“Me?” She said, putting her finger amidst her collarbone.

“Yes, you!”

She moved out of the crowd and stood parallel to me.

I exclaimed, “If I am to give this rose to you, first I would like to know your name, Miss!”

“I am Sandhya”, she had a blank look on her pretty face which tried to smile. That was the last time, I saw her.

There won't be a boy who never liked his school teacher, a girl at the next door, a girl in the exam centre, a senior who is in the same college – this is really a never ending list, until and unless he finds his true love. At last, even I found one.

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Beep beep! My phone chirped indicating a new message. I always kept it beside me on my bed while sleeping. Last night, we had a late-night party as it was my friend's birthday. I reached out to grab the phone, patting the bed without opening my eyes until I found it.

My eyes burned as I tried to open it. I could hardly manage to keep them opened. The message was from her. I could barely read her name as my vision was blurry. I rubbed my eyes and opened it.

“I'm leaving now and I will reach Secunderabad station in an hour. I'm going home. The train is at 6:50 AM.”

I took a deep breath and checked the time. It was five. It would take me an hour and a half to reach the station; but for me, every first chance to see her was the last, and every last chance was the first, so I got ready in five minutes.

In no time, I was at the bus stop. The rule of thumb for buses is – they'll never come on time whenever you are dying to catch one. But a miracle had occurred that morning. As soon as I reached, the bus stopped right in front of me.

“Which train are you getting into?” After I got on the bus, I messaged her within a minute. She replied, “Bhagyanagar Express.”

I continuously messaged her, asking where she was exactly, but I didn't tell her that I was coming. When the bus arrived at the station, I got off from the running bus and rushed inside the station. As it was early in the

morning, there was no queue at the platform-ticket counter, so I got a platform ticket without much difficulty.

It was 6:30 AM. I had only twenty minutes left to meet her. If I would have to let her know that I was at the station, she would find some reason to convince me to go back without seeing her. So, I began searching for her without telling her about my whereabouts. Platform 1 was empty, So I directly went to the second, then third and then fourth, until I reached Platform 10, without having caught a glimpse of her. Disappointed, I sat down on a bench, wondering if I'd arrived before she did, when I received a message from her.

“Having coffee.”

She adored coffee. “Where are you? Did you reach the station?”

“Yeah, I just got here.”

I caught sight of a coolie there and asked him on which platform the Bhagyanagar Express would arrive.

*I cursed myself that why did my mind not ping me about it before. I would have met her earlier if I would have asked someone about the train details.*

He gave me a strange look, “It’s at three thirty in the afternoon on Platform 2.”

He stole a glance of a confused man in me and left.

I was shocked. Did she lied to me? No, there was no need for her to lie to me. As questions ran through my mind, my phone beeped again.

“Finished my coffee.”

I replied, “You said Bhagyanagar Express, right? I think that train is at around three in the afternoon” I nervously waited for her reply.

“Sorry, sorry, it’s Telangana Express,” she replied.



# An Agreement between *Two Hearts*

Have you ever loved anyone?

How can a heart never be loved!

May not be on an agreement basis...

A middle class boy and a rich girl get in touch with each other unexpectedly. Under unexpected circumstances, they make an agreement to love each other for a period of thirty days. The story is all about how did they end up? Why did they get in to the agreement and how far they can go to protect their love? Neither the world nor the life was easy on them; each played its own role.



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