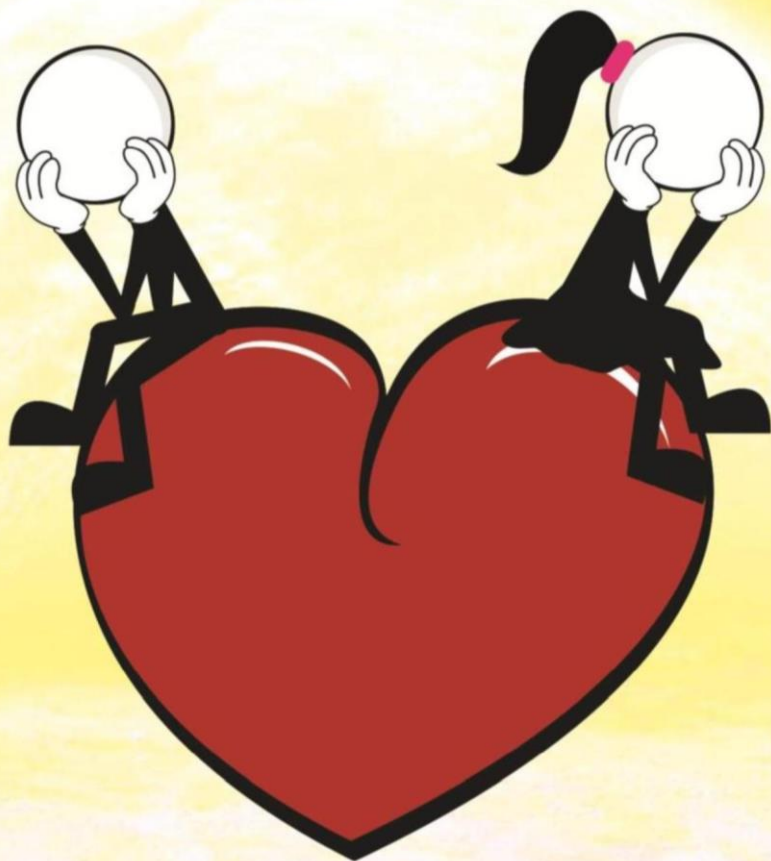


When Life Takes An Un-Expected...

U Turn



Vaibhav Gohel

U - Turn

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Acknowledgement

Here, I take an opportunity to humbly express my gratitude to all those who are concerned with my first novel. I would like to share the success of my novel with the persons who have directly and indirectly helped me out to complete my first fiction romance novel.

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Dedicated to...

Divyesh Sidpara

Simple Thank you would not be enough for my friend and brother from another mother. He always stood for me like a big brother. I would not be able to write the book without his motivation and support.



Prologue



It was 5:00 in the morning. My phone alarm was ringing like a fiery boss. I already snoozed it five times. Now I had to wake up as I need to catch the bus at 6:00 A.M. for Ahmedabad. It was a very awkward feeling to wake up at 5:00 in the morning. After a long time, I felt happy as I was going back to my college once again for the alumni re-union.

Two years have been passed since I had seen my college. The moment when I received mail from my professor about our alumni meet, I felt charged thinking that I would meet all my old buddies again with whom I used to bunk the boring Medicinal Chemistry lectures, with whom I used to play never-ending antakashari and dumb-shards during long and stale lab time. I was full of enthusiasm. Finally, I reached the bus stop. The bus accelerated to its highest speed immediately when it took the highway. I just plugged my earphone and started listening to AKON. I opened gallery in my phone; every snap had its own story of college time.

To be a pharmacy professional is the third most honoured course after medical and engineering. However, there are some exciting and less common facts about a pharmacy student as follows.

A pharmacy student is a doctor because he studies pharmacology.

A pharmacy student is an engineer because he learns engineering drawing.

A pharmacy student is a mathematician because he learns trigonometry.

A pharmacy student can be an entrepreneur because he learns management.

In short, a pharmacy student is good in all. But the tragedy is that the person who is good in all is never the best in one. Jokes apart, finally, I reached my college – NIRMA!!

It's one of the most reputed universities in Gujarat. As the name sounds like washing powder 'NIRMA', it indeed washes the brains of many students, and the IIT-like education system just develops one of the most talented students in the pharmacy stream. (Hope so...!)

As I entered through the main gate, the road towards pharmacy still remained the same; nothing had changed at all. The same bright green grass on the cricket ground; the same dome set for various functions on the ground; the same fountain on the way towards pharmacy carrying the same feeling of happiness as had been two years ago. Lala's tea stall can be seen through barbed-wired steel railing. As I was moving towards the pharmacy, I could remember every corner in the university campus, having its own memories. Finally, I reached the pharmacy building. I was very happy to see all my idiotic friends. A lot of things changed in attitude as we all were professionals then, but we still were the same idiotic friends for each other.

But amongst all, I was quite surprised to see one face. He was Sunny. He was my junior and the most mysterious personality in his batch. He was hilarious at times but highly sarcastic, filled with attitude, and he had never been serious in his entire life. But main thing was that he had the most enigmatic personality. He was a diploma-to-degree student. He was of my age but much more intelligent and knowledgeable.

He was the one and only junior with whom I have spent some of my golden time in college. The only common thing between us was our roll number. It forced me to sit beside him during the university exams. Our casual intro then turned into a quite unorthodox friendship. I just approached him and hugged him. He apologised me for not wishing me on my birthday this year. I would have killed him for that, but believe it or not, he was the only person who used to wish me first during the college days. He also gave gifts on my every birthday.

As the time passed, he just became like my brother from another mother. I abused him for his behaviour because he had stopped contacting me. He had changed his cell number. He had also deleted his Facebook account and mail id too. After a casual meet with all other friends, I decided that I should talk to him personally, so we both went to the canteen. There were three canteens in the university, but we went to the law and MCA department canteen which was the most peaceful place in college.

“So, brother, where the hell are you? I heard that you have got a job too,” I asked while I gulped the samosa. He said, “Nothing special dude, sometimes in life, you need some time for your own counselling.”

As I said earlier, the sarcastic Sunny started showing his original colour. The person, who doesn't know Sunny, surely would start to feel arid within 5 minutes in his company. But I was quite used to with his sarcasm. I concentrated more on samosa. I also borrowed his chutney while he was speaking. I made sure that he was not aware of my act. I asked, “Where is my gift for this year?”

He said, “Whatever you want.”

I was quite happy because I was sure that he would give me whatever I want. He was a Rajput, the typical

Kshatriya, who still believes that like the old days, words committed should be fulfilled in the modern era even. This quality of him made him different from others.

He just stood up and went to bring cold drink for me as he knew that I love samosa more when it's with coke. As he went away, his bag fell down from the table. Probably, he hadn't noticed that. I forgot to tell that he was also the most casual person in maintaining his college bag. A film star magazine and some pamphlet-like materials came out of it, but there was one thing that drew my attention. It was a diary. I thought it would be his daily planner. But as I opened it, I got surprised. It was his personal diary. Cover page was well decorated with sketch pens and markers. It was his hand-written autobiography.

Well, as I was going to turn the second page, suddenly Sunny came and snatched it from me and yelled at me. I didn't understand why he was yelling? Very soon he realised his mistake and apologised for that. He said, "Dude, it's my life story. The book contains the deepest secrets of my life. I am going to burn it the next month on July 2."

"Why dude? Are you mad? It seems that your life diary is very close to your heart, and it's very precious to you. Why would you ever want to destroy it?" I asked him.

"Because it contains chapters which break my heart from inside and I regret for it every day." he said.

"Dude, you are not going to destroy it. I want to read it," I said.

He denied strongly but as I remembered his promise about my birthday gift, so I told that I want his diary as my birthday gift. His expression just changed drastically as I had borrowed his 490 acre of land in a flash.

He still denied but I said, “Remember dude, it was you who seeded a plant of respect for Rajput in me because you do exactly what you say.”

He then calmed down, and he handed over his diary to me. While doing this, he just said, “Dude, it’s my life and only two persons before you had read this diary. One is my sister and the other is Lara. I trust you, and after all you are one of my good friends.”

As he was saying this, his voice turned quite serious, and I realised that things he had written would be much more serious than I was expecting. I hugged him as I thought the situation was demanding it.

He said, “If you haven’t taken it from me, I was going to burn it. I had gathered a lot of courage to destroy it.”

I said, “Look bro, don’t burn your life. It’s your life and whatever it would be, it’s precious that I can guess.”

Then we both departed as there was an announcement stating, “2009 and 2010 batch students, please come together in the seminar hall.” Mr. Karsanbhai Patel was honoured as the Chief Guest who was also the founder of the institute. He wanted to interact with us. We both met him finally after the alumni meet was over. I got his new cell number and I rushed back to the bus stop as I had the bus scheduled at 8 P.M.

Probably, it might be his love life as he said only two people read his diary before me. One was his sister and other was Lara. Now who the hell on this earth is Lara? I thought it would be quite interesting because Sunny was one of the most famous but a least personally known guy in the institute. So I started to read his diary in the bus instead of hearing music, I opened his diary, I thought it would interesting....



1

Roll No. 13

Whoever is reading this book, please don't read it as it is my personal asset so please return it to me. I am Sunny Rajput. A quite simple idiotic fellow, who loves his attitude and respects more than anything else on the earth. I am a prince for my mom, but reality is neither I have good looks like a prince nor I have the prince material quality. But I am everything to my mom and papa.

The most interesting thing about me is my "3D" theory.

Before you start to predict anything, I should tell you my theory's principles:

"There are three things in the world which are inversely proportional and opposite in nature with me:

- 1. Drawing**
- 2. Dance and last but the most important one is...**
- 3. Discipline...."**

So, these three things can never exist in my presence.

I am a quite ordinary looking average boy with average IQ. But who cares? Once upon a time in my childhood, when my mom was busy with her cooking, I went to our storeroom where our Primus was covered. I

don't know what came in my mind at that time, I lifted that Primus with both my hands above my head and shouted like SHAKTIMAAN – The very popular India's first ever super hero. Kerosene from the Primus was poured on me. It was a new concept of kerosene bath. My mom arrived and quickly took Primus away from me. (I had told you previously that I was my mom's super hero.)

My childhood passed like an average boy's childhood would suppose to be. When I was a kid, I had never forced to take medicines due to illness because I loved to eat them. In fact my mom was quite happy that she never faced trouble while feeding medicine to me because I used to chew the entire tablet irrespective of any taste. I didn't have any noxious or vomiting sensations (just like mice).

It made me a suitable person for having drug trials (my hidden super quality which I came to know after entering pharmacy). This is the problem of a professional course student like engineering and pharmacy; there is always a kind of paranormal activity running in their minds after getting admission in engineering or pharmacy. It destroys the normal thinking capacity by replacing it with its own profession thoughts. I am not a superhuman. If you find it difficult, then it's your problem not mine because I am also the same as all other boys of my age.

I think my love for medicines and illnesses was a sign that I could become a doctor in future. Believe it or not, I always aspired to become a gynaecologist in my childhood. I love food, and the yellow colour is my favourite. [Err ... Yellow is his favourite colour? Was he writing seriously or just wasting paper, ink and time.]

[I must say that he might have been suffered from jaundice in childhood, as he said that most of his childhood was passed in illness. I tried to find out if he

U Turn

What happens when the person you are running from, becomes the person you are running to?

Sunny is a boy of own attitude & rules. He is very sarcastic. A girl named Lara; is Sunny's friend. Initially they were "Just friends". But as time passes, they become "BEST FRIENDS" for each other. Sunny and Lara were just an ideal example of "BEST FRIENDS" until the judgment day. It was the decision time for Lara. But she took one wrong decision and it ruined their friendship. As a result, Sunny hates Lara more than anyone else in the world. Sunny constantly runs away from Lara. Sunny doesn't want to see Lara again in his life.

But, destiny had some other plans for them. When Sunny tried to run away from Lara, destiny landed him in front of Lara.

What was the wrong decision made by Lara?

What was the fate of their relationship?

Was their relationship meant to be ended in love? Or they will become enemy for each other for the rest of their life?

Find out in the story of friendship and love...



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