



# CASUAL COLORS

**SHILPA SHAHDEO**

CASUAL COLORS...

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# *CASUAL COLORS*

*Shilpa Shahdeo*



## *About The Author*

Shilpa Shahdeo hails from the small town of Ranchi. She completed her schooling and engineering from her hometown and went on to join the tech industry. She used to love reading short stories and anecdotes and was often inspired to pen down her own creative thoughts. She relished writing since childhood and had collected her own writings into a diary of amateur poetry. Although a person of diversified enthusiasm, her interest has always been towards critical analysis of articles, movie reviews and writing. Following constant coaxing from family, she finally decided to compile multiple hues from her crayons to give her first book.



## *About The Book*



There have been honest attempts to write books, but I have never been able to hold on; and all the papers or files have either gone to the dustbin or recycle bin.

Casual Colors is hence an anthology with each story woven upon observations and plain imagination to come out with a knitted storyline. There have been names and places, but that is simply to gain a reader connect. Nothing else is implied. These are casual strokes from my pen and I must underline is purely a work of fiction and any resemblance at all, must be taken as purely co-incidental.

Hope to usher in a colorful experience!

*For  
My Family*





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## 1

*ACCIDENTALLY YOURS*

**S**he walked through the dim mess hall in her coconut-oiled plaits ornate by two bright red ribbon strips. The ragging at the girls' hostel was not even near in competition to that at the boys'.

‘Hi! You are Shraddha! Aren’t you?’

As her brows rose in question, ‘C’mon, we were at the same interview booth. Didn’t you notice my name and serial no.? It was exactly after yours.’

‘You have good observation power!’ responded Shraddha, unconcerned about the enthusiasm depicted from her side.

‘Hi, I’m Anjali. Come! Let us chat in our room!’

Shraddha followed Anjali into her room disinterestedly. Denying would be rude. Anjali obviously started the conversation, from introducing herself completely to her admission to the college.

‘So what are your hobbies? I like dancing. However, my family does not like it. They are all very strict. They plan to marry me off as soon as I complete the course. So I have decided to have all the fun before I complete these years, even though it means some dirty fun!’ she winked.

‘ON!’ went the speaker, as Shraddha dozed off in the middle of it. The next morning, she found herself neatly covered in a blanket. She smiled. Maybe, she had found a friend for herself.

Anjali was a complete contradiction to her personality nevertheless they got along well and ended up chatting daily and eating together at the hostel mess hall. They gradually made a common group of friends in the college campus, which comprised only of guys. Shraddha and Anjali were the only two girls in it. They could not decipher the reason for this co-incidence but they guessed it was due to one common factor which connected both of them: at heart they were adventurous and fearless. They were what the world calls: tomboys! They could jump over walls with ease, play pranks

sleekly on anyone, participate in every rebellious gesture; they were just one amongst the group.

Monotonous classes, exciting canteen trips, strenuous exams, depressing results; the semester just flew past. Each one realized the essence of their friendship which went beyond semester grades or financial status or even a friend's character for that matter. They would stand by each other under any circumstance. Or to be precise, they were partners-in-crime!

Shraddha was on her way to class as usual, when she bumped into someone she already knew.

‘Varun? Hi, what are you doing here?’

‘Uh...Hi...Getting a transfer done to your college!’

‘Oh...Long time! How have you been? And you didn't tell me about this?’

‘You never check your mails.’

‘Oh God, I'm lazy at that I admit.’

‘Neither did I know that you had joined here. It's nice that you still remember me!’ he taunted.

‘Now, at least I know someone in this college.’

Wow!! She had met with an old friend or so to say a little more than an acquaintance, purely by accident. But, a pleasant one! Pleasant enough to skip the class she was heading to.

Varun was her school friend who had moved out of the country following his father's relocation. Shraddha had kept in touch with him through occasional mails and chats; very random and irregular.

She dragged him to the canteen, all enthusiastic to introduce him to everyone she knew. His discomfort was very much obvious and she could comprehend that. It would be very difficult to join the college mid-session and then easily settle, as part of the rest of the crowd. There would obviously be a gap in connecting with the rest.

Shraddha went all out of her way to help him with notes of the unattended classes, pending project submissions and relevant books. Mundane lectures, moving as slowly as the rotating fans above, occupied the maximum part of the days. This was however concluded with assignment assistance, peppered with interesting talks in the evenings with her long-lost friend. This made the order of the day for many days.

On one such day, she was yelled at by Anjali when she returned back to the hostel.

‘Hello madam...can I have an appointment with you?’

‘What?’ responded a baffled Shraddha.

‘We all are planning for an outing to the town tomorrow. Better be a part of it!’

‘Of course! Where would I go?’

‘Who knows, you could go anywhere with that newly found friend of yours!’

Shraddha smiled in contradiction and was very much in the college bus with her group the next day. Chattering, playing and pulling each other’s leg; Shraddha realized that there was a good amount of time she had lost on their group-fun. They shopped and went impromptu for a movie and then it was a scrumptious meal. It was late evening and they missed upon the last bus to the college campus. They however managed to hire a local ‘Trekker’ to ferry them, though at an exorbitant rate by their standards. With jokes and laughter and some toasting their cola cans, it was dark already. While others sang in full volume, the trekker suddenly gave up on its way. This was enough to



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