

# ROLL No - 77

## A HALF LOVE



**SAHIL RAJPUT**

*ROLL No - 77*  
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## About The Author

He is a young author from Jammu and Kashmir. By education he is an engineer and by passion he is a writer. He belongs to an army background; from his great grandfather to his father all were in the army and have served the nation. He also wants to continue his family profession by joining the army. Apart from this he loves to write and in fact writing is his favorite time pass.

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## About The Book

Love has no religion, caste, language, or race but the Indian scenario is different. If you want to marry a girl then it's mandatory that you both have the same religion, caste or race. If both of them satisfy these qualities, only they will be allowed to love.

Welcome to a roller coaster, half love story of Rudra (The Rajput Munda) And Avni (The Khatri Princess) Rudra loves Avni like anything, but Avni was very orthodox regarding inter-caste marriage and she refused Rudra's proposal because she thought that Rudra belonged to some other caste and her parents will never accept him.

- Would Rudra get his love?
- Would Avni abandon her orthodox nature?
- Would they get married?

...Check it out...







# *Dedication*

***GNI MULLANA, my alma mater....***





## Acknowledgement

Finally my dream is going to be converted into reality. I started this story in my college and now after 2 years it is going to be published. Writing a novel is not an easy task, it requires loads of patience to put your ass on a single place for hours and days. I never thought that one day my story would be published. Firstly, I would like to thank my mother for holding me in her womb for 9 months; from where I got some of her qualities of storytelling. Fathers are important for us, both for financial as well as mental enhancement and without my father I am nothing. Friends also play an important role in our lives; they always support you in every situation and in every condition. I have a long list of friends who supported me throughout this book process. I can't resist myself from writing their names: Arun, Ajay, and Raman.

I would also thank my readers who spent their money to buy my book and at last I would like to thank Educreation Publishers, who helped me in transforming my dream into reality. I hope you will like this story. Thank you and happy reading.



## Prologue

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My forehead was bleeding and my shirt was torn off, my ears felt the cold breeze of the winds and my eyes were half open. It was difficult for me to see the area around me because it was very dark and secondly because of my swollen eyes. The sound of heavy vehicles was clearly heard. I was much aware of where I actually was. It was the “Haryana-Delhi Highway”.

My car was totally damaged because of the milestone which was placed at the corner of the highway and it was very astonishing that no one visited that place where my car was stuck. I saw my wrist watch which was semi broken; it was 2:10 in the night. ‘I have very little time to reach Delhi’, I recalled in my mind.

Every second, the headlight of vehicles was passing through my eyes. At that time I very much wanted a lift for Delhi. I started moving ahead from the place of accident in search of a lift. Now I was 4-5km ahead but didn’t get any lift, no one was willing to stop their vehicle. I again checked my watch; it was 3:40 a.m. I had only 3 hours to reach Delhi. At any cost I needed a lift now and raised my head towards the sky for some help from God and this time God was with me. I saw a vehicle from some distance and took a long breath and stood in middle of the highway, I knew this act was just like calling death but I had no other option.

“Are Bhai, keya chahiye? Marna hai keya?” One truck stopped just before me and a moustache man screamed from it.

“I need a lift at any cost, I have to reach Delhi before 7 in the morning”- I pleaded.

The moustache man came out from his truck and reviewed my condition from all angles.

“What happened to you?” - He asked.

“I will elaborate all the details, but please start your truck. I want to reach Delhi before 7 A.M.”

I elaborated on the entire incident which had occurred with me on the highway. He also gave me a bandage and a bottle of water. Water is the only thing that relaxes you; it doesn't matter from which situation you are suffering

I reached Kashmiri Gate and there was only 30 minutes left. What the hell had happened there! I was shocked to see that the whole metro station was closed and not even a single person was present at the Kashmiri Gate metro station except for the security guards.

“Sir, why have all these trains stopped?”-I asked anxiously to one of the security guards.

He looked at me and did the same as the truck driver i.e. took my review from all angles.

“What happened to your clothes?”- He asked.

“Sir, please leave it all, tell me what I asked about.”

“Some bastard raped a girl and threw her naked body from a moving bus, that's why people were agitated and the government declared a holiday for Delhi today”.

“What, who did this?”- I screamed. “Whatever was done in Delhi is wrong but at this time I want something else.”

“Where do you want to go?” - The guard asked.

I sat next to the guard and said - “IGI” (Indira Gandhi International Airport).

The guard looked at me and shook his head which indicated that he was saying “no”. I wanted to reach there before 7 and there were only 20 minutes left. Some tears broke out from my eyes but I covered them with my hands.

“I can’t help you but I have a suggestion. Go to the road and hire some auto or van, but I don’t think that those commercial vehicles will be available today”- the guard showed me some sympathy.

As I reached the road from the metro station, I saw Delhi was all quiet. Not a single vehicle was on the road. My anxiety incremented every minute but suddenly I saw a silver car coming from the front direction. I put my hand out for lift and fortunately the car stopped.

“What happened, need some help?” - One lady from the driver’s seat asked me.

“Mam, I need an urgent lift to IGI!”

“It is okay, get into the car”.

That lady was continuously staring at my condition.

“What happened to you?”- The lady asked.

“Nothing, some sort of a minor car accident” - I replied. “Mam, can you please accelerate the car. I have only 15 minutes left” - she gave me an intense look, but also accelerated the car. In few seconds the car gained its



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