

Why I am in this world?
Why I am not able to forget her?
What is the truth of life?
Is Zindagi ka kahan Aashan safar hota hai?

LAST QUESTION UNANSWERED...

Sar se nikli shiv ke Ganga,
Duniya pavitr banane ko !
Kalyug mein papin ban baithi,
Kuch nahin raha samjhane ko !!

बीमार न होने की दवायें रखता हूँ
मैं अपने साथ में माँ की दुआयें रखता हूँ

You left me or I left you
But what you got and what I gained !!

मैं खुद से छूटता था, तो गहव चला जाता था
मगर इसान ये मर के किवर जाते हैं!!
Meri Aankhon se Behte hue Ashk Hain !
Tu Bata de ki kaise Sambhale Jayein !!
Itna Behte hain ki mujhko dar kar Karin,
Ye Samundar na Saara Baha le Jayein !!

Which work is incomplete without me

ARUN KUMAR GAUTAM

Dil ki har dhadkan mein tu samaya hua hai !
Tu bata, Tu kab mujhse Paraya hua hai !!

Last Question
Unanswered...

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Last Question Unanswered...

By

Arun Kumar Gautam

About The Author

Arun Kumar Gautam is a bilingual poet, an actor, an anchor, a manager and an entrepreneur. His acting talent has been appreciated at IIT Kharagpur by the likes of film actor Makrand Deshpande and has received a Roll Of Honour by Club Mahindra for his managerial skills. He has recited his poems in many Kavi Sammelans along with his team members. This book is his first honest attempt to be an author.

But he is known for his Poetry from his School time. He has kept on addressing present issues in his poetry which brings laughter and seriousness together. His few Gazals are very famous among the people and they repeat it time to time.

Mana ki teri Jeetti Paari hogi !
Saari Zindgi Nakshe mein Gujari hogi !!
Naalon se keh do ki umadna seekh lein,
Kyunki is baar samundar ki baari hogi !!

Being a youth, He is not behind in addressing the Gazals, which touches the heart of Young People as well.

Sharab se rishta hamara ho gaya hai !
Jabse Koi Gair Tumhara ho gaya hai !!

Or the Gazal which may make you laugh

Dil ki sadak pe na jaane kitne Gacche ho gaye !
Jis Jis ko bhi chaha hamne sabke bacche ho gaye !!

Love has a different name in his dictionary which can be understood in a better way from following lines

Tu Kab mujhse paraya hua hai !
Main jism raha hun to tu meri Chaya hua hai !!
Jis jameen pe tu pair roj rakhta hai,
Usi jameen pe maine ghar bhi banaya hua hai !!
Tu Kab mujhse paraya hua hai !

Whenever it is asked about his inspiration he replies with smile and recites

Beemar na hone ki dawayein rakhta hun !
Main apne sath mein maa ki duaayein rakhta hun !!
Kahin kamjor na ho jaun main is dharmayudh mein,
Teri tasveer ko seene se lagaye rakhta hun !!

Many times he has also used the art of poetry on politicians and politics in very sarcastic manner

Rajneeti se saare kabootar nikale jayein !
Isse accha hai ki khargosh pale jayein !!
Bahut bigade hain haal jisne basti ke,
Kaise usse desh ke haalaat sambhale jayein !!
Baanta hai hamko bharat Pakistan ke naam par,
ab ye dekho hindu muslim kahan le jayein !!

Or the other one which may bring some changes in current situation of our country

Patangon ka safar tay koi maajha nahin karte !
Mukkaddar khud banate hain, kabhi saajha nahin karte !!
Bahut karte ho baatein tum Duniya jahan ki,
Wo ishvar kya guru nanak jo khuwaja nahin karte !!
Gareebi hai to rehne do tum in bacchon ke haanthon tak,
Fikr ham kyun karein jab desh ke raja nahin karte !!

To read more about him or for his event bookings, he may be reached by typing his full name on Facebook in reverse direction



www.facebook.com/gautamkumararun



About The Book

It is a story of the college life of six students and raises important questions regarding education, fake advertisement, student life, and relationships. It has drama, love, suspense, and mistakes which most of the people make in their youth.

The story starts when the lead character of the book Dev hands over his personal diary to Sadhana and suddenly disappears. Sadhana starts reading his diary and falls in love with him many times. But sometimes she starts hating him as well. The story reaches to an end when Sadhana closes the diary, but there is one question which still remains Unanswered and specifies the title of the book Last Question Unanswered...



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My friends on Facebook, twitter and google Plus. The entire team of Educreation publishing. I want to acknowledge that this would have never been possible without everyone’s support and love.

I still remember the day when I used to write few Gazals and poems from my childhood and everyone used to tease me except you. Please be with me always

with same love and support. I want to keep that corner
always reserved in your heart for me.



Prologue

Oh No Man, Not again. It is 3:00 am Now, My friend shouted from inside the room. This is the last time I am disturbing you this night, Please open the door and listen to it; I requested my friend from the lobby and looked here and there. There was not a single student in the hostel's lobby. One dog was sleeping nearby and it too was getting disturbed due to the ghost of poetry which I had in me those days.

My friend opened the door which got choked on its way towards the wall; he took out his neck from his room and said to me, come on, I am tired of you. Tomorrow I have a placement, dude and you are still working on your Book? Let me sleep. It is enough. At least for a week, I am done with you.

I didn't say anything to him and looked at him silently with a sad face. My friend took a pause and said to me after few seconds, 'Ok, come inside' and he tried to open the door once again. 'You know, if you will work so hard for your placement, you will get a good job with a good package. People don't have time to read books man', my friend said again with an irritated voice I didn't say anything, just looked at his room which was not cleaned same like a rotten dustbin from last four years. I tried to find a place where I could settle down and kept my notebook on his table which was overbooked with his personal belongings instead of books. The table was overloaded same like a metro train

in Delhi with so many people. You don't have space even though you keep on adjusting as much as you can.

“What is this Rubbish, at least you can keep your brush and soap out of this study table?” I said to my friend.

“Don't give me a lecture like my father dude and tell me what you have written”, my friend asked me.

I opened my notebook which had a lecture written on it from beginning, turned it behind and started reading it.

Tere intjaar mein darkht(tree) bana raha !
Tu Bebafa rahi to main behaya raha !!
Is Pyar mein faasle kuch is kadar badhe,
Tu jamee rahi to main aashma raha !!
Apni Mohbbat ka rista kada raha !
Tu dard ban gaya to main uski dava raha !!
Is kadar tere pyar ki chahat mili mujhe,
Tu meri aarju rahi main teri baddua raha !!
Patange or sama ka rista Ghana raha !
Tu mujhse juda rahi,main tujhse juda raha !!
Mohbbat ki nadi mein ham saahil bane rahe,
Tu is taraf rahi to main us taraf raha !!
Meri zindagi ka sooraj dhala raha !
Raat to juda rahi din bhi juda raha !!
Amabas bhari wo raat mujhe is kadar lagi,
Na tu Chandni rahi na tera chandma raha !!

After reading it, I looked at my friend. He has squeezed pillow in his arms. His legs were on the Ground and eyes were closed. I thought that he was trying to understand my Gazal in very deep manner. But when my friend didn't respond even after more than five minutes, I shook his body and came to know that by this time, he

slept. Instead of appreciation, I could only hear his snoring. I thought for some time and understood that at least my poem can be helpful to those people who cannot sleep at night properly. I laughed on myself, closed my notebook and lifted it from the table. I saw that his two pages resume was touching the toothbrush which he had used one hour before, I guess. Resume got wet from a corner. I kept it aside, switched off the light and came out from his room. When I opened the room, the dog which was sleeping outside the room got disturbed once again. It looked at me with a single eye and closed it without barking because it knew that I was a daily visitor to my friend's room at night after 2:00 am for almost last four years.

“Dev ? Where are you heading towards so early? It is 3:30 am dude”, I asked dev when I saw he was locking his room with two briefcases.

“I will miss you man, it was a nice time with you. Especially, Your poems, they touched my heart. Keep on posting them on Facebook,” Dev said to me with tears in his eyes.

What do you mean? Are you finally leaving the college? I asked him. Dev nodded his head, handed over his room's key to me and said I have settled everything. Nothing is left in this college now. Please, hand over this key to hostel warden. I had requested him for the last night stay since I have a train this morning.

“Oh, But you didn't tell me in advance. We would have gone for the last party,” I asked Dev.

Last Question Unanswered...

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