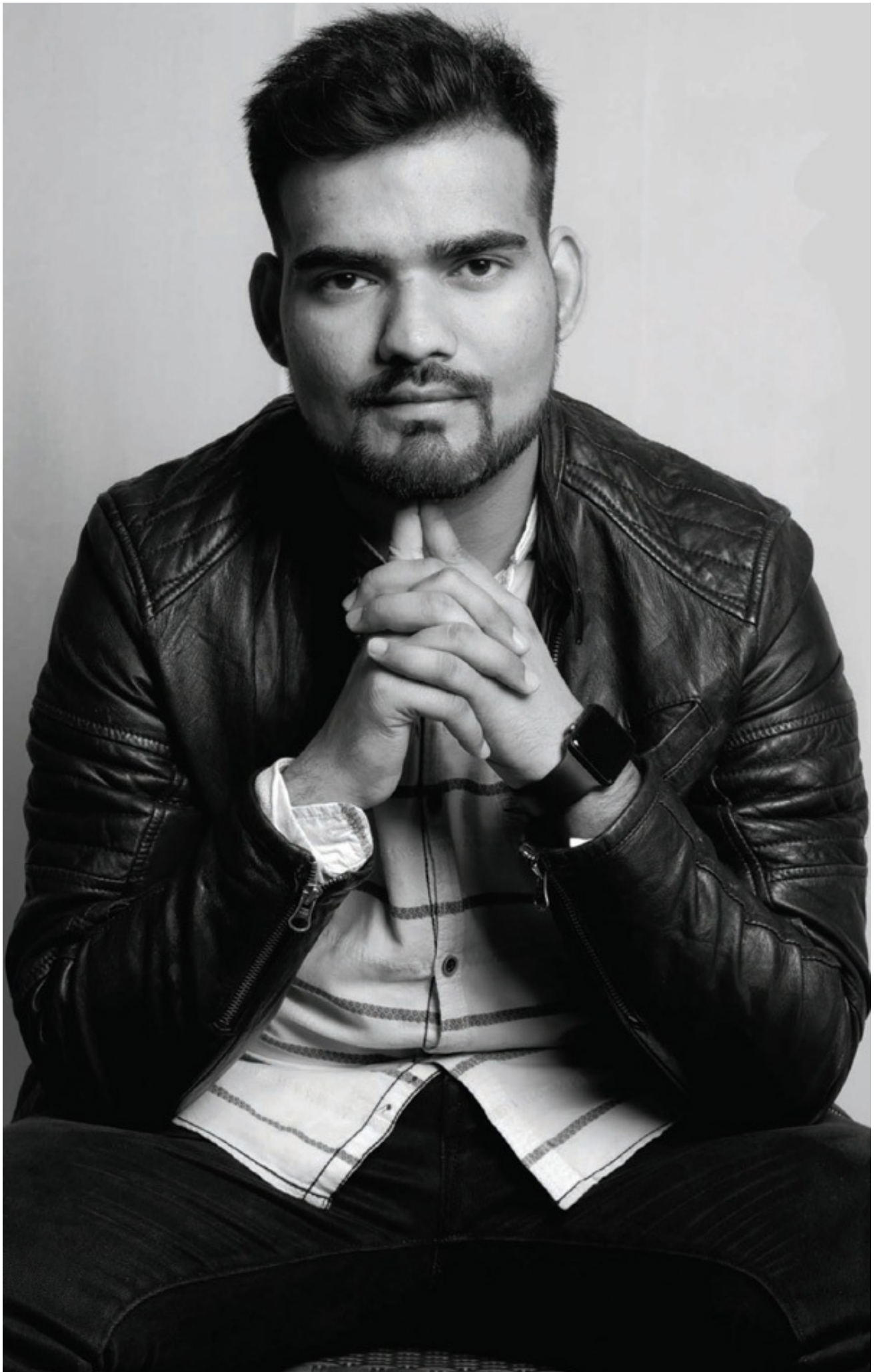


nakshatra sain

*i was in love
until i met you*



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How to read this book?

What is love?

Even after being in a serious relationship for years or being with someone for days we always keep on asking each other what is love & we never get a satisfactory answer.

I promise you as you read the book you will find all the questions which you have during the time you fell in love. But love has phases and similarly this book has phases, it starts with the confusion which we all have in the beginning of the intimate friendship where we are confused where that fine line between love & friendship.

We then move forward to the perfect relationship the kind of relationship which we dream, the kind of our partner which we could dream of only, the perfect kind.

And finally what is love?

So there is a process to read this book & if you read this book carefully I promise you, you will be a very happy person out of the emotional state which you are in right now.

So before you start the book remove all thoughts that you think might alter your thought process. Leave all the experience you have in love as of now, start reading it as a child & as the book will proceed you will too.

The Dream

Smiling, she was smiling with those cute little dimples working as an adorable add on to her beauty. Her eyes were so sparkling that even the soothing moonlight would be jealous and I whispered as I kissed that heart shaped birthmark on her neck “Noor, you look alluring as you smile”.

Suddenly, a little glimpse of sunrise fell on my eyes and it started to disturb the beautiful time which I was enjoying. And I woke up.

I woke up and stayed in bed for 10 minutes thinking about Noor and me together, with a childlike smile on my face. What a beginning to the day, when you're ex shows up in your dream after a long time. I kept smiling like an idiot until I realized I had to catch a flight for Bangalore. Yes, it was Nisha's wedding.

‘Nisha’ is the kind of girl who had a good bond with everyone so almost all batch mates were expected to attend her wedding. It was going to be a reunion for all of us. I got ready in few in a few minutes, tugged the wedding suit to my shoulder, put my headphones in and left for the airport.

It was still dawn when I stepped out of the cab and walked towards the entry gate of the Delhi airport. The early morning February air was pleasantly cold.

The first thing I did after reaching the airport was calling Hardik, my best friend from college and I started walking towards the check in gate.

‘Where are you asshole’?

‘I am not coming’. He declared

‘What’?

‘What will I do alone at this wedding’?

‘It's going to be boring with all old people there, I will be bored so I decided not to come’

‘But you said you will’

‘I called her last night and said I won't be able to make it quite formally. You go let's hope you find some hot granddaughter there’.

I hanged the call and I started to wait for my turn. As I was standing in queue I noticed someone standing two places ahead of me. I knew this smell, the hair, the height, I have seen it before and I was almost sure it was her. Same height! Same long hair! Same complexion! Curiosity had glued my

eyes and I was asking myself, is it possible? That small morning fluke can't be true?

And then about 60-odd seconds later, when she turned, she proved me right. My beautiful ex-girlfriend stood two places ahead of me in that queue. We had never met after the college farewell.

She passed the check in, off course who would stop a beautiful women while I stood 10 places in the back & waited for my turn. I was wearing a white shirt, with my headphones curled up to my ears quite firmly. I noticed she was sitting right there and I pretended as if I did not see her and started looking for my seat, turned out that was just four rows ahead of her, I looked straight, still in shock.

I made a casual look behind my seat just to confirm if it was her or I was having morning illusions and she saw me, it was over. I pretended to look straight while I heard her approaching me. She started walking, she was coming to me and my heart started beating faster than ever in my past. It was beating as if it was my last breath. It was pounding with a heartbeat of a newly married couple trying to have sex for the first time.

In this mess, I took Khaled Hosseini, "*The kite runner*" and pretended to read it.

'Vivan, how have you been'?

'Noor, ah Noor You, I must have walked right by you. I'm good. How are you'?

'Yeah'.

'Well, umm ...Where are you heading'?

'I am going to Nisha's wedding'.

'Me too. I forgot you knew her'.

'Yeah, we were good friends in college, she is the sweetest. How are you'?

'Good. I am good'

'Well, I called you a few times, wrote to you as well, never heard back'

'Yeah, yeah sorry about that, I just you know kind of got busy then holidays came up so' I increased my voice to justify my lie.

'I read your book about sales, it was good, recommended it to my colleagues at work as well. When is the next book coming?'

'Yeah! I hope you guys enjoyed it. Maybe soon, it's a long term pending

project’

Why don’t you exchange your seat and come sit beside me?

(She looked at what I was reading and how I was holding it and asked in a tone in which she always gets a positive response)

‘The Kite Runner, well that seems like a nice book,’

‘Yes, it is (gasping slowly).

‘Well, I don’t want to bother you.

{Bother me you were my ex-girlfriend, we were in a relationship for the entire college time. All the memories started to play in my mind while I sat back and in all this dilemma}

“No, umm... Let’s go”, I finally had the courage to talk to her and I moved right beside her.

(That’s how sweet guys are, ;)!

I exchanged seat with a guy who was sitting next to her, he gave me an unhappy look and we started talking while I deeply looked into her eyes. Same affection, that face, same charm and the clouds were doing their work to multiply the flow of hormones responsible for that feeling which people call love.

While she talked I listened, listened carefully to every bit of the story, every detail of the stories which didn’t even make sense in a way how we used to talk when were in college. She still had that power to grab every bit of my attention while she speaks. I loved it.

She was talking continuously, updating me about all her life instances as she used to do before, she was hard to describe. Those limpid constantly wet black eyes screamed for love and she told me about her schedule, work, everything about her in those instances plus the view outside the window of those perfectly sculptured clouds made it even better. I was happy & we reached Bangalore after this beautiful journey of living each other together.

In no time the wedding day came and I saw Isha who was this dude in college wrapped up in a beautiful white gown, with a crown on her head & Abhay who didn’t even use to wash her clothes in the suit. Time leaves quickly, I realised looking at both of them.

“I now pronounce you husband and wife, you may kiss the bride,”

said the priest and Abhay kissed Isha without any fear with this proud thought in his eyes after all that time spent in college together and those fights, rejections, drama and everything and he said, “**You are mine**”.

‘Okay, what else you have got’?

(I & Noor were all set to have the wedding dinner and we started discussing the flaws in our relationship.)

‘Well, you snore’, she said.

‘No, I don’t’

‘Your hair used to stick to your face when you woke up. It was ridiculous’

‘You were ridiculous’, I got a little hyper of her accusing me.

‘We were good together, no’?

‘Ha-ha, we were insane’ she said declining my words in the most casual way possible.

And just as we were doing all our funny things some of the college girls came, her friends, I never liked them, they always used to take her away from me.

‘Congratulations! Noor, such a big new’

I was surprised to see everyone wishing my ex congratulations, we have not been together yet, why would they wish her already.

I was intoxicated by our talks of flight that she might have told everyone about our intense conversation in flight until Reshma picked her hands and looking at her fingers said, ‘Wow! This is so beautiful’.

The moment stuck right there, I was traumatized, almost this close to skip a beat.

‘Congratulations! Noor for your engagement’.

I didn’t speak for two minutes until Noor finally broke the silence & told me that she was engaged.

I was not able to hear, see or think about anything after that moment. I stood straight up and came back just like that’

That’s how we met last I completed my answer when the panel of my readers asked me about my last meeting with Noor.

The entire hall stood silent for some time & everyone was in shock, they were supposed to be because even I was in shock when it actually happened.

‘Was there any other girl in your life or it was just about Noor always. What is love according to you? How to decide if a particular person is ours’? Someone broke the silence and enquired about something deep.

‘That’s a big question my friend & yes there was someone before Noor in my life but for that we have to go back in the time. Kavya Verma, it all started in Kota’

The City of Opportunities

Hi! This is Vivan, born in a typical Indian family where success for elder people meant IIT, even though some really didn't know what was IIT? Rahul Uncle's son was the most prestigious in family as he passed out IIT, while I didn't even know what college was and is now well settled in the U.S.

Noor is the women I loved, she was love for me, and she was my definition of love

It all started in Kota

(6 years back)

There was lot of hustle and bustle at our home and lots of packing as I was leaving for Kota. Of course because I was going to be away from home for the first time and I was kind of scared and happy as well to explore things out. I can see my mom in tears and my dad proud and scared as he was investing lot of money on me with no guaranteed returns. But that's how parents are, amazing right?

Like everyone even I was told that 'Life is all set after you are done with Class tenth so work hard this year, make it count, get a merit and make yourself proud. I did the same, worked hard & got a merit in my high school which was a big deal at that time and all this work of mine made my parents really proud and they decided to send me Kota, a place where all great IIT people have taken coaching.

It's like a pre event before the main event, you have to attend a coaching if you want to be anywhere close to IIT and I was excited not because I will be studying in one of the finest institutes but because finally I will be free, I was happy, excited & scared all at once.

My first Journey to Kota was quite fearful, there were students, infinite number of students who had no clue about life or anything, they just wanted to be there or maybe there parents wanted them to be there, the entire train was filled with students who were confused & parents who were concerned. I was excited more than I was concerned because I had to live in that new city, the train finally reached Kota in 4 hours and I noticed the city for the first time I knew this city will add a chapter to my life which will stay for a long time.

After reaching Kota the first thing I did was calling Utkarsh & met him. He was in the influence of coaching before me, even though we were in the same class, he was my senior, my spiritual senior.

Utkarsh was an asshole kid, he was that friend who used to do all bad things and was never caught just because of the result

While he was in Kota & I was studying in my hometown, he used to tell me about all about Kota, the freedom which he was enjoying, girls in coaching, cyber cafes & the famous food of Kota.

It was like a fantasy going at the same place with the dream of IIT in mind's front lobe and all those bad fantasies in the back lobe.

You have to give an entrance test before you can officially be a student of coaching and on the basis of test results you get your batch. Top batch means top teachers. Considering I had scored merit in my high school, I hoped these kind of tests would be a piece of cake for me and if not the top batch, I would definitely get second or third top batch.

Now hope is a dangerous thing at times, I realised this when Utkarsh handed over me a test sheet from his coaching and all I could think while watching that alkyne ring was some weird images from that chapter in biology which my teacher skipped. I had bad thoughts in mind regarding my entrance test.

Now entrance test was the first negative marking test I gave in my entire life, I was always told attempt all the questions that are visible to you, don't miss even a single question and I followed the same thing and damn I got the sixth batch from the bottom.

All my confidence was shattered down watching my result in front of that computer screen but I was happy at least I made it until I called Utkarsh and he told me got the second top batch, you know that line about friends & results in all those movies, that's real, it was the same feeling, I was questioning my existence.

You have a lot of options to stay in Kota, Hostel, P.G, and Flat. My mom dad were kind enough they didn't put me in a hostel, they put me in a P.G which was like the safest option in that time.

Ravi's dad had friends in Kota and fortunately we got a P.G there. Ravi was my batch mate and I was pretty happy that I would be living with him, I could only think of all the mischief's we will be doing, night out's and all the fun I had already planned.

I was enquiring Ravi about all the things that we are going to do, what food we will have, where we will hang out, where we will go for breakfast, lunch & haircut suddenly I heard a voice.

'What's up'? Said a voice which was annoying and as if I knew the voice

it was the most annoying guy of our class.

‘Hey! Ankit’ I exchanged a few lines with him almost arrogantly.

‘What’s up Vivan’?

‘Good. We have been good’.

I didn’t want an annoying soul to be there but could hardly do anything about it. It was confirmed he was also living with us.

All I was waiting for now is April 28th to come so I could visit my coaching and could see that beautiful building from inside and could finally dive in that sea of all those big fishes.

In no time, the time arrived when mom and dad had to leave, finally I was alone. I had started making plans the things which I will be doing, I started making my schedule with 12 hours of studies & immense amount of fun.

It was a beautiful morning, the sun just came outside the lane and started brightening the city of education. Low breeze, smell of Flattened rice (Poha) at 4 o’clock and a bunch of human race going to their destination for achieving the one way to success. All of them had goals in their life, different goals, someone wanted to be an engineer, someone wanted to be a doctor, and someone wanted to be a C.A or at least they believed they had to do all this to finally do what they want to do.

I didn’t know if that race was happy chasing those dreams or not but that guy selling ‘Kachori’ at 4 a.m. was very happy and those small vendors who provides the city with ample amount of Cigarette were happy as well.

Many of them were firm of doing what they were doing, some were confused, some were in love and some just wanted to stay in bed at least for ten more minutes. I was among the last category of people, I liked sleeping. It’s not like I did not want to wake up but I was so much in love with this natural phenomenon that it had caught me from within.

‘Dude its H.O. D’s class today. Wash Your Face and Wake up?’ Ravi screamed in my ears, I hated him more than my white alarm clock which never buzzed when needed.

And I woke up, realizing it’s just 5 minutes left for the class and got ready 1 minute before the time. That’s some sort of talent every other student is born with.

I was studying in a coaching which was class apart in its own terms. The coaching which started trend of IIT among people, which gave lakhs of people a complete new sense of occupation, which created world class

teachers, which created thousands of IIT Alumni.

It was all new for me these beautiful people around me in this much quantity, amazing teachers, small patis vendors, hot girls. I was surrounded by at least five thousand people when I was attending a class & I was fascinated by the fact the freedom that I was about to get.

Though I had my very own super-fast vehicle My Atlas cycle which can take me to my destination within ten minutes in normal and if I am in a hurry, five minutes.

Classes were going on good, being a merit holder in class tenth I always had confidence that I will surely one day be living the dream which my relatives have decided for me IIT- Bombay. I was sure that I will be selected if I follow this piece of paper which said Time Table and which was very much sorted, those guys divided time for everything. By everything I mean everything and according to them you just had to study fourteen hours a day to crack IIT.

The Coaching was a Dream, the canteen was larger than my school size. Total amount of people that were in my coaching barely lived near my area at home.

‘Is this some Vivan?’ I still remember the first words Kavya uttered to me.

The journey from “Is this some Vivan”? To ‘Has doctor given you prescription to talk to me ‘? Why do you have to talk to me daily? Of me and Kavya has been fascinating, childlike, sad and very interesting.

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