

## CRUSH TURNED LOVE & LOVE TURNED?

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The school was decorated with color papers, festoons, placards, and banner. Suddenly there is silence. A little artist cult stunned. And he was standing with closed eyes and reddish rosy cheeks against her.

Her first tear drop rolled down from both eyes as indication of pain. The evening dusky sun hides itself behind a large sky and bantered.

FEW HOURS BACK.....

The happy morning started with former teacher's meet. Then alumni students started visiting. My friends Manumit, Anurag, and Akilesh came together for alumni meet. They are working in Chennai. Chennai is our home town and our alma mater happened there. I got a job in London and settled there. Akilesh called me

“Hey vaibhav where are you? Have you landed?” He asked with hurry and excitement.

"Yeah man! I'm in cab. Hope reach you in 15 minutes" I answered with same excitement tone.

"Waiting for you! Come soon let's rock!" He added.

“Okay catch you there!” I said and disconnected.

I was on cloud nine to meet my friends after a long time.

After disconnected the call Akilesh felt, someone over hearing from behind. The scent smell and

clanking sounds of bangles resembled that the person is a belle. Yeah! It is she. Janu. Who was the brightest student and beauty queen of our school era. Who had crush on the dusky slow learner boy named Vaibhav.

"Hi" from the beauty brought back Akilesh from his train of thoughts. He said back "hello!"

"Is that Vibhav?" she asked with shy filled eyes.

"Yeah he is on the way" he said with astonishment. Her beauty made him speechless.

She soaked herself in old memories. In her school days.....

She stole empty records and notes from my bag and wrote all the lessons and replaced it without anyone's knowledge. To be escape from teacher's hand writing check and friend's teasing, she used another style handwriting in my notes. Even I didn't know who had done it. But anyhow as a slow learner and lazy boy I enjoyed my life in playing.

Playing street cricket, jumping trees to trees to pluck mangoes, swimming with friends in summer time..... On the whole I beautifully framed and rejoiced my childhood life. But my parents had to answer my neighbors for cracking their windows; apologizing to farmers for stolen mangoes by me. I think those silly things caused crush for me in her.

My cab beeped horn while entering my school and I stepped out from cab. All my friends surrounded me, hugged me, and shouted.

"Hey vaibhav! How are you?" asked Akilesh.

"Hey man! How is London?" greeted Manumit.

But she blushed and stood aside. In the name sake of alumni meet arrangements she got my number and texted something and voice called too at sometimes. That gave enough hints to me to know her love for me. But I waited to hear those words from her first. If there is no emoji in chatting app she could have told me in letters and I may take this to next level.

As our eyes met, friends gave personal space to us and moved on with gossips and teasing. We together enjoyed programs, met other friends, exchanged numbers, and social media Ids. Meeting friends after a long gap, bagged many hours in conversation. That led lunch to supper. Climate is wonderful. The smell of mud indicted drizzling. Wind blowed chill. I walked alone towards staff room to meet some of my teachers.

Suddenly there came some well-dressed gentlemen with violin and a group of pair-dancers. Then a known face came towards me with extra blushing and lengthened shy curve on her face. She knelt-down in front of me. Yeah....! That is Janu. She proposed me with red rose and a cup of coffee. She knew that I'm procaffinator. I stared at her and somehow I brought back myself from brown dreaming. All of a sudden accepting her proposal I said

"I too love you sister....."

The blushed belle's eyes became red. She splashed coffee on my face and slapped toughly. My cheeks became reddish rosy. She departed from that place. Violinist stopped their melody love music and stood still. Dancing group missed their stunts and got little injured. The verbal statement buzzed in all minds. I lost my true love. She waited for me for 10 solid years with hope to get married with me. But all her hopes scattered.

I automatically recalled those painful slaps of my childhood days which caused the vocal sound unconsciously.....

My family is somewhat of an orthodox family. My parents are very keen about respecting elders. One day my mom asked me to see whether the milk man Arun is coming or not.

"No Ma, Arun is not coming" I said.

Suddenly I got a slap from my mom. She scolded for not giving respect to elder man.

Another day, my Father asked me to buy some vegetables from farmer girl Shasha. I went to shop but it was closed. So I returned and said

"Shasha hasn't opened the shop yet".

Again I got slapped for not respecting elders and got tons of advices and Indian moral teaching hours. So I started to call all belle elders as 'sister ' and male elders as ' brother '. If I meet middle aged people I'll call them as 'ma', and 'pa' respectively.

This childhood habit which was dumped in me with force and terrors of painful slaps imprinted in my mind and heart. Even foreign lifestyle failed to change that childhood lessons and learnings. This lessons became a tragic flaws of my love story.

Finally I licked the rolling drops of coffee from my cheeks and nose. I moved on. I couldn't convince her anymore because in INDIAN culture and tradition the word 'sister' and 'relationship' plays high role, especially, in South Indian culture.

Then I realized that, a thing which is forcefully in taken by us will burst out one day either in good or bad way.