

IT'S ALL ABOUT

LOVING A SOLDIER....!!!

BY – NICKY BaBa

Nick.birthare@gmail.com

Dedicated

To

“The Soldier Of My Life”

&

All those beautiful souls who

Love and Respect the spirit of a soldier.

Special Thanks

To

*A lovely friend, **Ezekiel Brown** (Bruno); the buddy who inspires many writing hearts*

And

a few special soldiers who shared their valuable experiences.

The fiction is an author's genuine attempt to express the warmth of true love with the readers. There is no need to say anything extra about the story and waste reader's time because the title reveals everything. The aim is to come closer to the reader's mind and develop a shared meaning. Since, communication is a two-way process, your feedbacks and evaluation will be appreciated and really have great relevance. We would love to hear from you, e-mail -@ nick.birhare@gmail.com .

Happy reading 😊

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-Nicky BaBa

May be I was too much inspired by William Shakespeare's writings and it became the sole reason for me to believe in two things.

a) - True love is "marriage of minds".

b) - Love is not love, if it changes with time.

But my real life story was never as romantic as my beliefs. Instead it was a tragic piece of work which made me as dramatic and exaggerating as a Hollywood hero who would say it very staunchly that "life is all about pain and tears". The story could have remained monotonous and mournful, had I denied meeting this guy. Everything changed with a mere facebook friend request.

Hi...I am Priya, a simple sweet ordinary girl, born and brought up in Indian culture, a culture of love, respect and collectivism, nurturing the roots of unity and sacrifice. Though my grooming was done in a very organized and sophisticated manner but in spite of every right step I was wrong. I was wrong for I was a black sheep. I was a bit unique, I was distinct for I was rational and the greatest flaw in my personality was, I was highly individualistic, extreme contrast of my basic culture.

Thanks to my parents who gave me the liberty to make choices and freedom with responsibility that I developed a rarely observable personality type in Indian context.

Good in studies, having a loving friend circle and a cool social image, I had a weird personal life when it comes to making intimate relationship with opposite gender. For it is always challenging to adjust with the norms and values of another individual, compromise and develop coordination. For a single child like me who rarely compromised in terms of personal values; relationship was like that titanic ship which is to be designed for devastation.

My ideology of living was very clear since beginning, “my life, my rules, and my ways.” I always tried to justify my relationship failures by studying Interesting psychological facts which are available for free on the internet, for example _

Women who remain single are likely to be achievers of above average Intelligence. This can make them difficult to find an unattached man of equal status, because men mostly prefer to marry down.

Something as soothing as this is often available on the social networks. When you are a fox you find grapes sour even before you could taste them. Trust me.....!!!! It is the only oxygen available to single people like us in a much suffocated world of committed living where people are in a relationship even before they have their wisdom tooth.

Anyways, love is beyond age, race and boundaries so let's not bring the intelligence in between emotions and expression of feelings.

My problem was Love never made me Happy; it just made me Cry for I was a very ordinary girl, not addicted to special treatments. We never had enough to satiate our wants but in spite of all those deficiencies we were content with our not so special life. In India we usually call such people as "Mango People"- The common ordinary man, who is very famous in Bollywood , thanks to my personal favorite Salman Khan (a bollywood hero) for he cares to include those highly decorated dialogues that makes a mango man feel special.....!!!

As an Indian ordinary man we can never deny to give thanks to Shahrukh khan (another bollywood hero) whose world famous dialogue says- "Don't underestimate the power of a common man", it seems like it's a thanks-giving speech so let's not forget to thank aam-aadmi party (common-man party) a political party newly entered in the market of democracy, which made a trivial civilian feel special at least by its name.

By now you must have understood me and my so very complicated thinking process full of ordinary and casual dilemmas yet extra-ordinary, reason being it is associated with my life. We people take our life so seriously, even a pencil becomes special if you own it.

Though I smile a lot, seem friendly, supportive, and sweet but I am not so happy; as my life is too much inspired by a fictional

character Mr. Sydney carton, the tragic hero of Charles Dickens's novel – A Tale of two Cities. Those who have read the novel might be well aware about the characteristics of Mr. Carton and for those who don't; I shall just mention a memorable dialogue and describe him in his own words.

“I am a disappointed drudge sir, I care for no man on earth and no man on earth, cares for me.” – Sydney Carton.

Those who know me well, they call me a female version of Sydney Carton. I relate myself a lot with Carton, the only difference apart from gender is he was a drunkard and I can't afford even a bottle of beer.

It's not so that I don't feel like drinking but it's just that my upbringing doesn't allow me to go for drinking. Being an Indian Brahmin girl child drinking is next to Satan. Besides the best part of being a Homo sapiens female is you are born with the boon of voice, language, friends and tears that helps a lot to ventilate loads of emotions. Usually when you are too sentimental you are nothing less than a drunkard, so technically who needs a beer when you have all the potential to behave like a drunkard without being drunk ;)

I was 23, I was frustrated for I could not find the reason behind all those accusation made by my ex-dates. Am I really Insane as briefed by the Christian lawyer, my first date? Am I really so mean and selfish? Am I really so strange that I deserve no guy on earth?

Am I really as childish and immature as described by my last ex, who used to cry on phone amidst all those telephonic conversations for almost every night. The 28 year old man used to discuss all his distress with me, how life has been loutish and unfair to him and he even gave me the honor of being the most understanding lady of his life. Suddenly one day his rich father fixed his marriage with a richer daughter of another rich father and since that day I became an immature, ill-mannered, selfish, gruff Bella who rarely bothers about the world and other's problem. I just wonder why I should bother about worldly issues when I have my own problems to deal with. Well.....the guy taught me a lesson that a man is not kind to you, even when you have the patience to bear his cacophonous voice and tolerated his singing at that point when the world denied to accept his existence as a man.

Burning the bridges behind, I just learnt to move ahead and I attended the wedding ceremony of the same frog and gifted him a book, "how to become a tolerable singer" on his reception.

I just kept wondering, it's a strange world where the frog gets a nightingale for himself but a sensible, simple human cannot find another human who is a bit humane like her. So, after all such stupid, nonsense break-up stories, it was quite natural for me to behave like Sydney Carton. Another reason why I couldn't afford a beer was my unemployment as I was still dependent on my parents pursuing my masters in psychology.

Chapter 2- Meeting the Real Man.....!!!

After the first semester exams I was getting bored, soporific during my winter vacations, I didn't have the caliber to bear those melodramatic television soaps which my mom relished with great enthusiasm as if she is watching an Oscar awarded movie. So my only savior was social networking.

This particular friend request was in my list from past two months, I didn't pay any attention because I usually don't have a tendency to date two men simultaneously. After all typical Indian women believe in remaining as a one-man-woman for life long.

Thanks to my latest break-up and mom's daily soaps that I dared to accept this special request. The profile picture was ordinary but the guy was definitely different. He was a part of "The Indian Army". This thing was nowhere mentioned on his profile but I knew it by applying my intelligence mechanism – nothing but common sense, he was a friend of my friend, technically a mutual friend and the guys were batch mates- so naturally after seeing his haircut, body- built and of course the A-class level of personal description in the "about-me" section of his profile; made me conclude he is not a civilian. Hence friend request accepted.....!!!

You might wonder that what's so special about army guys that girls usually accept their request without a second thought.

Okay....!!!! So here comes the report _

A man in uniform is often the first kind of crush for most of the women. He is desirable for those special qualities known as officer like qualities. He is quite sophisticated, well-mannered, cultured when it comes to dating a woman. He is obviously a superior hunk as he is even more precious than a reel-life hero because he is the man who has a motto of 'service before self'. Integrity, honesty, loyalty, initiative, cooperative, confidence selflessness, discipline, Courage, social adaptability, determination, liveliness, stamina_

-In simple words he is a real-life hero.

Every person desires for a better life partner, someone who makes you feel complete, and someone who can understand your pains and heal you by his or her presence. Human are born to live together and being with a complete man is a fantasy. The guy in a uniform is often perceived as a prince of a fairy-tale who has the charm that can turn you on and get enchanted. Being too much fascinated by the bollywood movies of Akshay kumar and Hollywood actions of Arnold, I just accepted his request with a mere desire to know him more. It was the inquisitive mind within me who initiated the conversation with ahi.....!!!

Chapter 3- **Friendship with the friendliest heart.....!!!!**

I waited for the next two hours and I didn't get any reply, my woman ego was hurt just within those 120 minutes. After all, how dare a guy not respond to a lady whom he himself sends a friend request?

Suddenly, I got a ping saying - hi....!!

I controlled my excitement and maintained silence for a while until I received another text.

Hellos...how are you?

Me- Hi...I am fine. Thank you....!!

Arrogance is a furious sentiment easily visible even in your texting style, after a few hours of silence we began to communicate again.

Me- So... are you from Indore?

HE- yup.....!!! I am from your city.

Me – your name, Rishab Singh Rathore.....sounds so filmy :P

Rishab- LOL.... Well how about lieutenant Rishab Singh Rathore. Does it sound realistic now? :D

Me- Dude...! Are you kidding me:D: D look at your face, you look like a 12th pass out kiddoo...lieutenant...LOL...Nice joke.

Rishab- hey...! If you don't trust me then let's not talk.

Me- why should I trust you ...? I just said what I felt; you look too young to be a lieutenant Mr.

Rishab- okay ...lady... my fault. I am not an officer. Happy...!! So where do you stay?

Me – aaaaaahmm....first u tell.

Rishab – I am from Sudama Nagar, Annapurna Street... heard about this area?

A bubble of excitement rushed in my entire tummy; perhaps I was shocked to find him so close.

Me- I feel you are kidding with me again. I live in the same area. Sector A.

Rishab- ohh...! It's sector-B. So you are my neighbor geek....!

Me- just because I wear spectacles you can't call me a Geek.

Rishab- o.k. geek... I am sorry....LOL..!!

Me- Bang....!!! Mind your tongue Rishab.

Rishab- you can call me Riii.....or Rishi...or lieutenant sir ...LOL

Annoyed of his egoistic teasing, I retorted angrily- my foot...!!!

Rishab- we will see your foot tomorrow geek. Don't worry...and we will also find out the reason behind your red thin nose, my cute skeleton....! He was texting nonsense to goad me.

Me- Just because I am thin you are calling me skeleton....so rude.... Churlish.... How dare you. Good night.

Riii- LOL

Riii- aaare baba....!!! I was just teasing you.

Me- Shut up.

Good night.....huh....!!!!

With all my arrogance and frustration I actually abused him thrice in my head and went to sleep almost after burning 250ml of my blood, just because he pestered me so abruptly. The only words which I uttered 110 times the entire night were –“How dare he”??? and the same questioned ruined my night for no matter how hard I tried to make myself sleep- I failed, asking How dare he.....!!!!

Chapter 4 – **A sweeter Morning**

It's the most common ailment found in youngsters, Insomniac in night and sleeping so long in the morning light. Being a nocturnal white witch by heart when I woke up; it was 10:45 am and the first thing I looked in was my phone. In our generation a smart phone means a best friend, worst enemy, alarm clock, lifeblood, entertainment and for a music lover like me; the best musician who will heal all your emotional burns.

Before even rubbing my eyes, yawning like a freak and yelling like a monkey I played my most favorite romantic number from my playlist. “Ishq bullava aaye...jab...aave” {cupid's call of love}

.....as soon as I opened my blinking puffy eyes properly I read a blur message- Good morning sweeta....!!!!

Being a geek means the world is all blur and faded without your specs; your glasses are your life partner, they help the poor, innocent almost blind you to survive in this blur nasty world. I found my life partner kept next to my pillow and read the message again....Good morning Sweeta....!!! This time far more clear. It was from an unknown no.....9827730577.....

The Sherlock Holmes inside me started his inquisitive inquiry with a very prevailing question- who the hell on earth will call a bitter gourd like me ; sweeta ?????

Though the detective within was lost and engrossed in analyzing who, what, when, where, why, how, blaah, bla....bla. The pumping palpitating machine in the centre of my sleek figure was pouncing out of happiness. Wrong numbers always leads to tit-bit of curious romantic imagination and mostly end up with a disappointment of zenith level. The last time I had a message from a wrong no. it was a moron-like guy from my own college whom I have to block 9th time.

Ending all silly mind-games I texted back- who's this?

I got my reply- It's yours handsome hunk ...Riiii.....!!!

Bewildered me; interrogated again- and from where you got my number?

A very strange reply wobbled my mind and stroked my heart-
“It’s very easy to find the no of pretty girls. Angels are famous & rare beauties in our world at least.”

The guy is a very smart flirt indeed. Impressive.....aahhuuuhh...!! He just made me ponder for a while; the way he communicated now seemed as if he had a kind-heart transplanted into his teasing, quarrelsome body. Drastic change....!!!

With all my grace, I maintained my bitterness and asked- What do you want?

Oh.....! I just wanted to remind you that you are meeting me today; evening at 7pm....okay? He countered so authoritatively as if I was all at his service.

Feeling assaulted I actually wanted to kick his ass. Firstly he calls me a skeleton, than he annoyed me and now he is commanding; giving me Orders..... I am not a junior officer, I am a civilian girl whom he hardly knows, and how could he dare to be so dominating.

It was my final decision.....!!!!

I will not meet this guy; he is too egoistic and brutish to be accepted as a friend. I was firm about my choice but my eyes were looking at the blue-tick tock clock hanging on the pink girlish wall of my room as if they were waiting for something special to happen.

‘May be you are being too judgmental’.

My best friend advised me, Reenu is a mature cool girl; she doesn't blast on small things like me, she is calmer, sensible and a lot more adjusting than me. Being an English literature student, she is far more generous and courteous than a lot of other girls I have seen. She is a master at judging emotions and understanding people.

He must be teasing you, just to earn your attention. Friendship is a highly honored relationship where you feel privileged to insult your buddies and take it as your birth right. At least meet him.

After hearing all those worldly wisdom coming from my best friend, I decided to meet this moron guy .Not with an intention to be his friend but with the earnest urge to rebel and blast at him.

My favorite rule is- "If you slap me Once, I slap you Thrice."

Chapter 5 – The first Date

It was a chilled winter evening, I reached the Mahakali Temple where we planned to meet, the bells and the chanting prayers coming from the temple gave a relaxing feel to the booming-blasting head of mine. I settled myself on the staircase of the temple; the kids were playing, smirking and giggling on the playground, the florist selling a bunch of beautiful white lilies to a devotee. An amazing fragrance of holy divinity coming from the core praying area transformed all my anger into peace, I wanted to thank the stranger; it was because of him that I came to the lovely place after a long time.

My phone vibrated.... I heard a heavy & sophisticated voice from the other side....

Hey, are you the girl sitting on the temple staircase wearing a green jacket, black top, blue jeans, red-framed glasses, fair and 5'4 inch tall almost 48kg weight, gazing around in amazement?

Once again he made me wonder- who is he? A James bond or what? How could he guess my exact weight and height?

A cute looking guy wearing a black jacket and a black trouser begin to move towards me from the crowd, his jacket had printed golden words "UNICORN"

As soon as he stood next to me, we exchanged greetings; he was saying something but I didn't listen. I was simply staring him, my mind was questioning me- Is he really fairer than you Priya mishra?

For the first time I have seen a guy having a complexion better than mine. His countenance made me feel inferior because it was flawless, no moles, no blemishes as if he is not a soldier but a top class model from the fancy fascinating fashion world.

I am sorry... May I have your attention....!!!! Oh....! He just broke the consistent flow of my jealous thoughts. Yes of course he is an officer; my heart accepted but I was amazed to see the naughty innocence of his brown eyes.

So, a friendly conversation began and I realized he is a very talkative guy. He is 8 months younger than me yet far more responsible, sensible and has a great sense of humor. Our

conversation was hailed to rest for a while when an old cynical, guard like man scolded us and asked us to move out of the temple premises, they don't entertain couples in their holy place.

Embarrassed equally but with no sign of shame we moved out of the Mahakali temple premises, we then decided to have a walk in the nearby fruit market street.

He was talking, sharing a lot of interesting things from his past memories and childhood. All about his schooling from Army school, his college life, his favorite sport, his cousin sister whom he loves a lot and share his love via fighting, his first crush, and the girl who fell in love with him.

Amidst all these conversation, I was listening sincerely and I literally didn't feel like stopping him or avoiding him. He and his stories were too cute to be disturbed by any kind of distraction. Every experience associated with him had flair of proud, honor and esteem. He was just so happy to be himself. Rishab Singh Rathore.....no..... I made a mistake....lieutenant Rishab Singh Rathore....!!!

He amused me by his dissertation on India, philosophy, human behavior, food, and music. He was the kind of guy who could negotiate on any topic about everything. Now we were friends, I asked him- you are not the first army guy I ever met, I met many army personnel. Undoubtedly you are a very amiable guy but one thing which is common about all you guys is your attitude, proud, you people behave in a bit bitter egoistic ways

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