

**FEW MOMENTS OF
LETTING GO**

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About the author

Kavita is the author of *Few Moments of letting Go*. Besides giving her time to this book she had to put her best spin to parenting her daughter, handling her boss at a demanding marketing job, dropping down dead with her close friends while random adventures, fixing household stuff and of course her addiction to reading. She has been writing Poems and Articles since last ten years and have submitted more than one articles in various formats. She believes in spreading love and light around her by touching all the lives that she encounters in a positive way. She loves to interact with children and is also practice psychotherapy in the same direction.

She believes in what she writes. She has firm faith in the fact that all human beings are interconnected at a larger level and our feelings affect each other immensely. The book is an attempt to connect with people and speak with them through a story.

DEDICATED TO

My Father and Mother

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Few Moment of letting go is about a journey. Any journey leads to meeting lot of people. Some leave good memories and others maybe a little not so good. My book would have never seen the light of the day without being motivated by my friends. I always told them I would never put any word of thanks to them and they all know why. However I must mention PPS, Ekta Sagar (my Reiki partner and consultant), Rohit Bhole, Shweta Thakur, Urvashi Rai, HA, Pooja Raha, Charu Tripathi, BD, Charu Bhutani, Abhinav Sethi, Sachit Bhatiaand Anisha Sethi and many more who have been reminding me to finish the book.

And ofcourse two most important people Late Nimesh Tanna and Kapil Digani. Thanks for your support always. However any name or resemblance in my book to anyone is fictitious and has nothing to do with any real event. It just means that I was too much in love with the name.

PREFACE

A few hours before I finished my book I was tired myself. I kept everything aside and without knowing a reason I shed couple of tears. As I sat feeling drained I asked my maid to fix me a cup of hot coffee. I noticed the picture frame that hung on my walls. My daughter smiled at me through the brown canvass frame. Giving in to an urge I took out an old album from the closet. Looking at old pictures was like watching a rainbow disappear. In one of the pictures my father was playing with me in snow clad mountains. My mother held me and my sister in her younger times. I realised they were old and tired now. Yet when they met me I found them full of life.

Suddenly I knew why I felt tired. We all are travelling through this life. Our souls constantly carrying the weights of our physical bodies. A constant journey and various encounters. Imagine the stories that the entire universe would have had a compilation of, given that each soul has its own individual tale to offer. Our pleasure, our pain, the heart breaks, the adventures, the disappointments so much and so more. Our hearts made of glass with unique glass paintings carved on them.

Any journey gets us tired and so was my book. A journey I made with a woman who realised that life best lived is that of spontaneity. 'Few

moments of letting go' is a collection of random life experiences of Maya Dewan who figures out that people end up carrying too much baggage with them in life.

It is easy to accept death because we close the chapter. It is more difficult to accept a simple betrayal because we carry it with ourselves. We don't give closures to the chapters in our life. Like dead bodies we drag them. We forgive but don't forget. Spontaneous life will also bring pain and heartbreaks but it also brings courage to accept mistakes. The maturity to stand up for our own decisions. The strength to start all over again. The integrity to be able to enjoy to the fullest. Above all the child like simplicity to live in the moment.

A journey is all about varied experiences. It is bound to get us tired. All we need to do is relax, sit back but not give up. I went back to my desk and just about as I thought of Maya Dewan, I knew exactly what we both learnt through this together. Getting sad and worn out is normal. We need few moments of letting go in our lives to shed off the layers of dirt. We need to give closures to old chapters and move on in now. There is no one else to lean on but ourselves. Maya Dewan's journey is any girl's journey through life. There's no end to it for there's no end to life. Its only message is to move on.

ONE

At half past midnight, the telephone rang. Why would that goddamn thing ring at this hour? Maya picked up her phone. She could barely open her permanently tired eyes.

It was Esha, her friend. Her name blinks on her phone after a long time. Why today? Why now? She answered the call with a whispering hello.

There was a pause for a second.

"Maya," answered another whisper, "Were you sleeping?" her voice was stressed, deeply stressed.

"What happened?" Maya felt her heart sinking with a weird anticipation.

"Nemo's dead, Maya. He killed himself a couple of hours ago."

Struggling to comprehend what she heard, Maya put the lights on and sat down on a chair. She was bewildered, not sure if she was awake or asleep.

"What the hell are you saying? He can never kill himself! It can't be true."

Of all the people she knew in the world, he was the one she would never have expected to take his own life.

"He jumped into the sea from a bridge."

"I don't know what to say... Why?"

"No one knows yet! I wondered if you would know about it

and I thought I must tell you.”

“Yeah, yes ofcourse,” Maya's voice failed her.

Strangely, but instinctively she opened Facebook. Once in a while she would check his page to read his work.

Yes, there it was.

R.I.P. Nimesh Tanna.

Someone had gone ahead and liked it.

Oddly there is nothing you could dislike on Facebook. How similar it is to an already destined life, where we can't dislike what God gives. Whatever happens we have to accept it wholeheartedly.

Dead! He could not do so. Maya felt a sense of guilt. She remembered their last meeting a few months ago, the day before he left for Australia. How she had told him that she was too old for him. That there was someone else, besides...

She had hoped that he would soon get over it and realised it was no more than an infatuation. Obviously, he hadn't.

Maya Dewan, senior editor, Republic Publishing House, did not know what to think. The news hit her hard because Nimesh was synonymous for his cheerful smile. Her hazel brown eyes looked past the belt of universe at that moment. She herself was a lost cause trying to figure her life out. Why did this happen to her? What role did she play in Nimesh's death? Did she even have any?

Dead, he can't be. For God's sake, he should not have killed himself. What could have gone wrong in his lively and lovely life? This jigsaw puzzle of life, confused Maya. She had no idea of what to expect from it.

Too many things go unexplained, anyway. And now this, unless Nimesh comes alive again, the reason for his death will be a mystery.

She still remembered the misty evenings she spent with him. Though she wasn't in love with Nemo she sure loved the moments together. Besides, then she didn't believe in love. Not anymore.. She did believe in those moments as they distracted her from the turmoil that twirled inside her.

Nemo's face was sketching up on the wall. It changed colour every second. She wanted to cry, but she couldn't. Maybe the flood marks of her soul had reached a different high level.

Floodmarks

Life has a unique method of passing lessons to generations. She learnt that it gives the most painful stab by cutting deep inside and makes us more human. A broken heart is always a kinder heart. She recalled how close friends turned bitter in a second. More than once she had been hurt by the people she met in her journey of life. She was struck by the kind of lives they were going through. Her own life too was no better. Life was a series of mistakes, she thought, her's at least was. She was loved and abandoned. She had been honest, but she had lied too. She had always been fearless, but at the same time she felt fear too. She loved passionately to the extent of being desperate. She believed in herself so much so that she felt was the master of her own life. Yet she was insecure and weak. She wanted to be held while she dealt with her own complexes and flaws. She was everything black and white. Not even for a moment she was a fake or a coward. Never, she was genuine, always. She had her own set of pale, honey drenched episodes that seemed like some misplaced dreams.

TWO

“Why are we so desperate to be loved?” Nemo had asked her while looking at the sea one day. Why is it that the whole world is in search of that one blissful moment where everything ends? Yet we are so scared of new beginnings. Then and there Maya had thought he nailed it. We are so desperate. Allofus. Aren't we? That's what makes us so needy and vulnerable to pain.

Maybe she should not have pleaded Kartik to marry her. That was her first mistake. She should have waited, should have been emotionally self-dependent.

It was while she was married to Kartik and trying to figure her life without him, did she meet Nimesh. He was infectiously cheerful and that made her fond of him.

Maya never imagined that the intensity would grow by leaps and bounds? In a daze, she kept looking at the Facebook page. *Come back and surprise me, you kid. What did you prove by killing yourself?*

As if from a projector, images of Nimesh flashed matching up to her big, rainbow coloured eyes. The assortment of images flashed on for a while, and then a feeling of blankness conquered her mind.

She collapsed on the bed. Nimesh was gone and so was her sleep. The hours limped slowly, very slowly into the morning.

THREE

She remembered when she fell in love for the first time. How eager she had been, how dazzled she was. There were butterflies all around, even inside her stomach. Everything made her smile, even her Stepmom. She woke up with his thoughts and the last thought before sleep was him. Life felt colourful and beautiful. She met Abhay at Chemistry tuitions, a subject she just couldn't comprehend.

It was a batch of five and the students tried their best to outdo one another. The equations confounded Maya, but Abhay seemed to have no trouble at all. More than the chemistry classes, his thoughts troubled her. She felt happy about the fact that he noticed her as well. She felt elated that she was not losing out to Pallavi. Deep inside she used to think Pallavi was far better looking than her. She found her own eyes too big for her face. She hated her curls that were so difficult to comb through. Pallavi had long smooth hair all the way down to her waist. And Maya could never get over the gap in her front teeth, though her mom used to say that it would get her big money someday. "Maya, did you understand the equations?" the chemistry teacher asked.

"Yes, I did," she lied, in fear of appearing dumb.

"Can you solve the second equation for us then?"

"Ah, well ... I can try." She knew she would never be able to solve it.

She wondered whether studying chemistry was meant for

her. May be she should have chosen humanities. She wondered whether she had committed a mistake by choosing to study sciences. Yet mistakes made her what she was today. She would not have been Maya Dewan had she not made the mistakes in her life. She was good with literature, but like so many others, she thought science was the most intelligent thing to pursue. That's when she learnt that it's not always great to be part of the herd.

"Where are you lost, Maya?" the teacher asked in an irritated tone.

"I'm thinking about the solution."

"Pallavi, may be you can help her find one? I don't think she has understood the concept."

She thought the tutor, Mr. Shankar, should be a bit more understanding. What if a student took time to understand? Surely he could wait with some patience. She felt humiliated in front of Abhay. It irritated her more for Pallavi was one of his best students.

"Sure, Sir," Pallavi answered, as usual.

Once the class was over, they packed their books and got ready to move on. As she walked home along the narrow lane lined by bushes, she wondered how Pallavi managed to understand stuff so well.

"Hey Maya, wait!" she heard Abhay calling. Her blood froze. She looked around to see if it was really Abhay. She bit her lower lip and stopped to wait for him, her heart started racing.

The hot guy is running behind you, she thought. Her heart skipped a beat.

"Maya, would you care for an ice cream?" he asked.

Say yes, say yes, say yes. The teenager inside her was yelling.

"No, I don't think I can. My mother will be waiting for me."

"Well... Okay. Let me know if you have any problem with today's lessons. I'll be happy to help you."

"Of course, I will."

My problem is you. Her heart whispered.

She cursed herself for being such a fool. This was what she yearned for and would have given an arm and a leg for. Yet, when he asked her out, she had politely declined. How smart was that?

"Let me walk with you till your house. That is, if you don't

mind?” Abhay pursued.

Yippee, her heart did a somersault.

Why did you say no to the ice cream? Her heart ached.

They walked home chatting about weather in general.. It was hardly five minutes' walk. Once home she placed her bag on the study shelf, still excited from the walk. She sat there thinking about it for some time.

Home was no home for her. She never felt at ease there, especially after her mother's death. She wanted to be nice to her stepmother but deep inside she knew they weren't meant to get on well together.

As a child, Maya had been very sensitive. Maya was above average when it came to her grades. She was popular among her teachers as well as with the other children. She was short, but her lean structure and defined jawline made it up for her. The constant brooding look in her brown mysterious eyes spoke coded volumes.

Her father was a simple, hardworking man who had a small factory that manufactured mixers and grinders. Money was adequate enough to make both ends meet, and for him, his life was divided between work and family. He really did not have anything else. It was as if nothing else mattered.

When his wife committed suicide, he was shaken to the core. It was his love for his daughter that helped him pull through the ordeal.

After her mother's suicide her father remarried, more for Maya's sake than anything else. Her stepmother, Neetu, was a pleasant natured, good looking woman, but she had preconceived ideas of how children should be brought up. Children were meant to obey, she thought. She took good care of her husband, cooked decently. She did have a liking for Maya, but their ideas about discipline clashed. Maya could never relate to her. She was a bird who wanted to fly across the sky. Stepmom was a tree. It was like they both sat on the banks of same river yet on opposite sides. Perhaps they both wished they could understand each other better. If only Neetu wasn't keen on Maya being an example for others, both in her studies and otherwise, everything would have been fine.

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