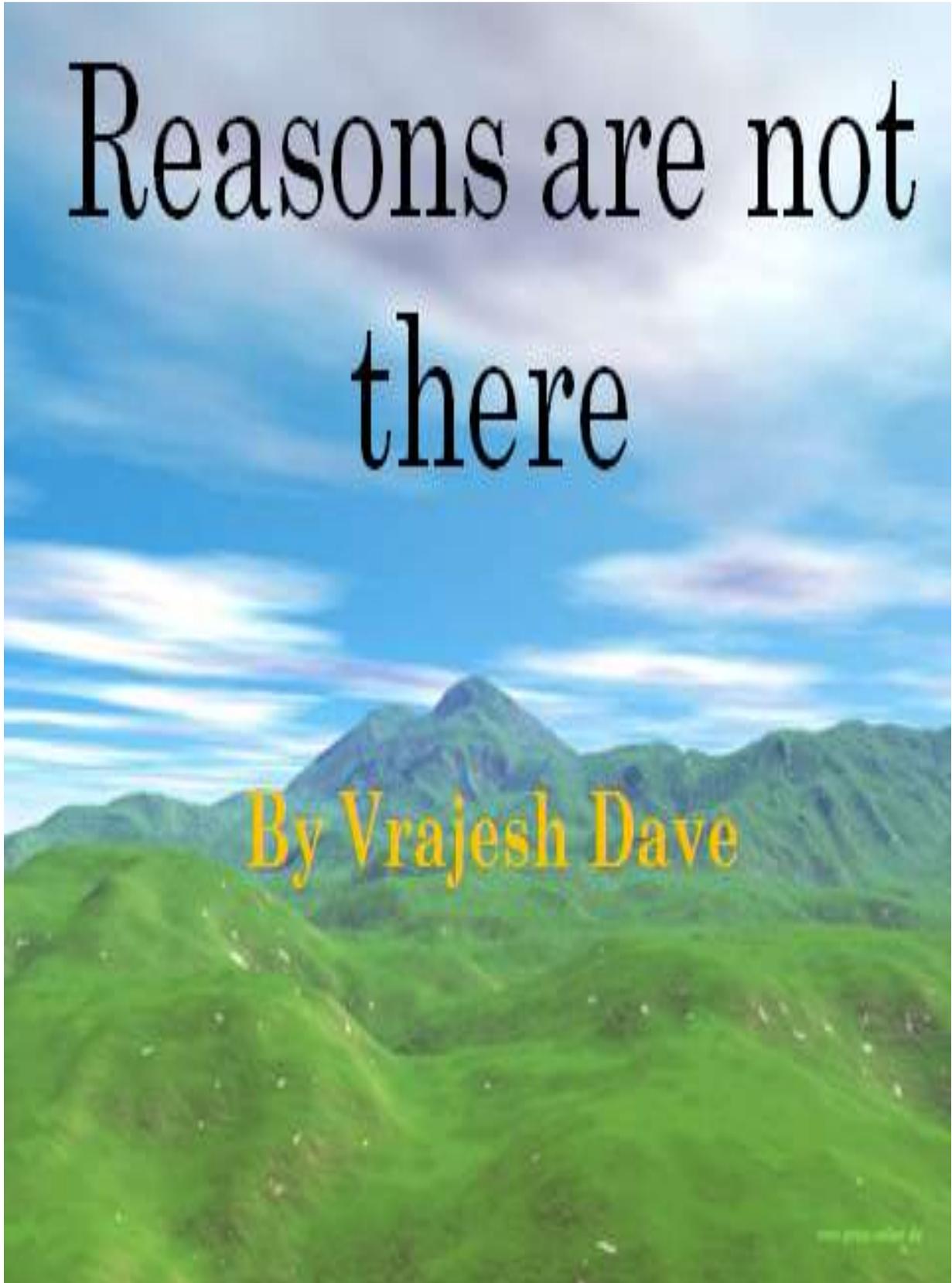


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Short story by Vrajesh Dave

This story is in three languages, namely English, Hindi and Guajarti.

**This is the first experiment to publish the same story in three different
languages simultaneously.**

Please share your experience and feedback on email and whatsapp.

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“I think, perhaps, we are in love.” Dipti said. She was on the café table at the sea shore, late evening. Nish heard her words, who was absorbed in her eyes which were deeper than the deep sea. He surprised. Her words disturbed him.

‘I feel’

What’s the meaning of such words? There is no existence of the love in such feel, never. The existence and the feel, both are totally opposite conditions. Both are enemy of each other. If you feel, you crave for it, and if it exists, it is in front of you.

But, why Dipti thinks so? Why she said that perhaps we are in love? She feels; feels that she is in love, perhaps. Why she have a doubt about it? Why can’t she experience the love? And, how uncertain is her ‘feel’?

PERHAPS!

A hanging word, an uncertain word, perhaps!

This word! How many stories remained uncompleted due to this word, perhaps? Perhaps, the hanging word!

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A hanging word creates numerous intentions, exhausts many possibilities, and defeats many hopes. In such uncertain hopes, many lives get dragged to bad ends.

PERHAPS! It is not a word, but a wave, big dangerous wave; perhaps!

And lives dragged by such waves always get drown in the deep sea of time, into fathomless depth.

Is Dipti inviting some stormy and wild waves of the sea, with the word perhaps, in the life? PERHAPS!

A big wave knocked the door of the sea shore, in front of Nish's eyes. He felt those strokes on his heart too. He trembled with such strokes. He gazed the waves reabsorbed by the sea.

The waves! These were the same waves in which he and Dipti were showered by the sea and melted in each other.

Like reabsorbing waves, are her feelings absorbing after rising? What's in her mind and heart?

He tried to gaze in her eyes, which was focused on the sky outside small window of the café. He failed to enter in those eyes. He did not disturb her. He turned silent. The words by Dipti were echoed in his ears, "I feel, perhaps, we are in love."

He was showered with waves of silent, indulged in Dipti's eyes which were watching outside the window.

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There was a sky outside the window. Under the sky, there was a sea. The sea had a shore. At the shore, the waves were jumping and dancing. And, under the same waves, the beautiful evening was playing with Dipti and Nish, just while ago.

A beautiful evening! An evening was full of colors. It poured all the colors in the sky, which was holding the Blue color in it. It was the first evening of love, for Nish and Dipti.

Dipti and Nish were pen friends. Some Vibrations were still exist in the age of internet and social media.

VIBRATIONS!

Vibrations, was a magazine for pen pals. Pen friendship born and developed between them through the magazine. They wrote the letters, read the letters, replied the letters. The horizons expanded. A good splash of time elapsed. Their friendship turned like a mountain, firm and entire and whole.

Dipti, 19/20 years old college girl, while Nish, 23/24 years old boy who just got the job in the city and was struggling to settle down the life. He was like a sailor in the sea of life.

Dipti was studying in the town at sea shore. She was settled in the hostel.

Dipti used to write letters to Nish, regularly.

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Nish always waited for her letter, and he was receiving it, too, regularly.

He was in love of the fragrance of the words written by her. He could feel the image of Dipti in her words. He used to dream about her face, just dream.

There were some rules of pen friendships. No one had to send their photos to the pen friends, was one of the rules. They followed it religiously. That was the reason that till date they guessed about the personalities of each other.

The personalities of pen friends were reflecting in their words written to each other. So it was not a tradition, amongst pen friends, to judge the personalities through the faces. They followed and respected the tradition strictly.

On that evening, Nish got a letter from Dipti. He opened it in hurry and read it at once. He always did like that, whenever he got the letter from Dipti. He rushed to the window and read the letter from Dipti.

‘You may be busy with your works. But, within the tight work schedules, if you can spare some time, then there is an invitation to you. College is moving to tour for eight days. During those days, college would remain on holiday mode. Many of us would join the tour, except me. If you wish, do come here. Together, we would enjoy the roaring of the sea. Since some

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days, I feel that the sea speaks your name while roaring. It's fine if you spare even a day. One good evening together is...'

A sea roared and leavened in Nish's heart. He promised to his own sea, "I am coming, my friend."

Dipti's eyes smiled on reading those words, to the mirror. She noticed in that mirror that her lips were holding some moisture.

The meeting was fixed at 4 pm at sea shore. Nish reached there before five minutes and searched for Dipti.

Dipti, who was she? Where was she? How was she? All doubts were in his mind. The answers were silent, like silent sand of the sea.

He looked into every girl, to find out Dipti. He wandered on the shore in search of Dipti. But, he failed to find Dipti. He reached to the shore, near waves. A wave came and touched her shoes. His shoes got wet. Some water showered on his cloths, too.

He stared and smiled at that wave. The wave ashamed and dissolved itself in the sea like a teen age girl.

One more wave came. It repeated the same as the first wave did. Then third, fourth... waves came one by one. They repeated the same things.

Nish gave up the counting the waves.

He indulged himself with the mischievous waves. He played with them.

Nish liked it. He slipped into the world of waves.

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Suddenly, someone stroked Nish on his back. He tumbled to front side.

Waves attacked from the front side and he turned wet, totally. He got angered. He looked back. His eyes saw a beautiful girl, who was laughing freely, without any fear. She was laughing, continuously. On her laugh, his anger started melting.

“Hi, I am Dipti, your pen friend.” She offered her right hand to Nish while her eyes offered a smile. Nish remained indecisive, for a while; what to accept first, extended hand or a attacking and killing smile?

After a blink, he accepted the smile, firstly. Her smile blossomed more.

Dipti was still offering her hand. Nish looked at her hand. He found her palm, and some lines playing in it. He wanted to check that was there any line in the name of Nish in her palm?

He felt that some lines are familiar to him. He starred at those lines. He was mesmerized with such lines. He,too, extended his hand to Dipti's extended hand, blindly. He got up with the support from Dipti.

He, again, looked at her palm to watch those lines, but they were not there. He left the lines in her palm and looked at her face. That smile, a beautiful smile, was still there; on her lips. It was not escaped like the lines in her palm cheated him.

Lines in the palm of girls are cheaters; he concluded.

He smiled at her smile.

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“You are Nish, Right?” finally her lips allowed some words in place of smile. Nish nodded with blinking eyes.

But his eyes flashed some unknown expressions. Dipti read it,” Nish, your eyes are asking something.”

“Oh, you can read eyes very well. Then tell me what it asks?”

“We are pen friends and as per protocol we had never seen each others, even though my eyes recognized you. How? I can read just this in your eyes.” Dipti read his eyes.

“Then, you only, know the answer. Give it, please.” Nish pushed her holding hand, with more warmth. Her hand was good conductor of compassion. The compassion flew through the hand and spread over her total existence.

“The answer is just simple.” Dipti laughed again.

“An easy looking answer for you, may be tough for me. I don’t know that answer. You tell me, please.” Nish bent his eyelash in front of her eyes; and his tone, too.

“OK. You know, what is in the back pocket of your jeans?” Nish’s hands reached to his back pocket, effortlessly. An envelope touched to his hands. He grabbed that envelope in his palm. He presented his palm with envelope to her.

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Both looked at that envelope. It was a last letter from Dipti to Nish. All four eyes smiled, together. A big wave arrived and make them wet.

Nothing remained unleavened.

That evening arrived with many colors. Both enjoyed all colors, fully. Many designed were drawn, many rainbows created.

The sea, the sand, the sun, the twilight, the sky, the waves, the foam, the wind, the breeze, the rocks, the ships, the clouds.....

The sun set on the horizons. All colors dissolved in each other. The black color leavened all over horizons.

The thirst and hunger of mind and heart was still unaccomplished. They were not accomplishing at all.

Both were tempted to stay close to each other, for some more time. But, the waves of time were flowing continuously.

They felt hunger in stomach, too. They settled on the cafe table.

Nish was gazing at Dipti. In her eyes, still there was a remote sky.

Her words were echoing in the sky of Nish, 'I think, perhaps, we are in love.'

Dipti quit her sights from the window. The sky left outside the café. She looked into the eyes of Nish, but still the expressions on her face were stable, expressionless, and motionless.

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A waiter came and noted the order. An endless waiting settled on the table.

“Dipti, how awesome this evening is?” Nish broke the silence.

“Do you want such beautiful evening, for a life time?” Dipti smiled.

“Oh, how nice...? But, how is it possible?”

“That’s possible, absolutely.”

“Would you explain your possibilities, please?” Nish urged.

“Sure. Do you remember my words? I just told you that; I think, perhaps, we are in love. Do you feel like that?”

“Dipti, you still just think, but I am sure that we are in love. I have no doubt about it, at all.”

“Oh. Really! So you fall in my love, finally.”

“Why, was it not allowed? You must warn me that, in spite of enjoying the lovely evening together you are not allowed to fall in love. The evening is over and everything is over.” Nish was naughty.

“Oh, is that the case? If I would have denied then what you would have done? Could you prevent yourself from falling in love?”

“I don’t know. I love you, just love you. Simply, I know that I love you.”

Nish’s eyes smiled.

“Why you love me?”

“Why, means? I love you...”

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“I mean that why do you love me? What’s the reason for love?”

“Do you ask the reason for love? Dipti, love is beyond reasons.”

“In this world, there is nothing without reason. Love, too, have the reason. And you have to tell me that reason.” Dipti clarified.

“I love you...you...because of...”Nish searched for reason, gazing in the sky at distance; like that the reason was standing at the horizons waiting for him. But, he could not find any reason. He couldn’t say any more.

“Because... why you stopped? Tell me that reason, please. I want to know that reason.” Dipti insisted.

“I can’t find any reason. I think there is no reason to love you.”

“No one do anything, without reason; not even the love. You just find out that reason, dear.”

“I don’t like to love with the reason. I love without reason.”

“Why without reason? If you don’t want to tell me the reason then... it...is... your choice. But...” Dipti looked in his eyes, sharply.

“In fact, there is no reason for that. And if does it exist, I have no idea. If you know it, then you tell it.” Nish diverted it to her.

“Nish, a boy loves a girl, with many reasons. You too have one of them.”

“Would you tell me those many reasons?”

“My eyes, my lips, my cheeks, my smile, my hair, my style and poses, my body, my existence, my personality, my letters, my feelings, my words, my

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beauty, my blooming youth....” The list by Dipti was stretching long. Nish stopped her.

“Oh, too much reasons. But, none of them is applied to me.”

“These much reasons are there, and you are not accepting it? Why?”

“Because, the all reasons noted by you are not permanent. They are changing, rather, vanishing rapidly. It exists today and vanishing tomorrow. And if they would exist tomorrow, it would be in different forms. And when we see it in different forms, then we....”

“What would happen at that time?”

“If the love is linked to those reasons, then the love would ruin with that reasons. I don’t follow such perishable reasons.”

“Do you have the eternal, the permanent reason, which never changes, never destroys?”

“No idea, at all. But, I have no such delicate reasons. And that’s the truth.”

Nish said firmly.

“You are very smart. You can change the directions of discussion, very smartly. But, today I won’t leave you. I would get the reason from you, at any cost.”

“You are obstinate, Dipti. But, in certain cases, it is not...”

“Nish, love itself is obstinacy. Love is also known as obstinacy. I would like to be obstinate in love.

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“But, it’s your wrong obstinate. If you are displeased with me and I persuade you, but...”

“But, you won’t tell me the reason for the love, right?” Dipti got angry.

“But, which have no existence, how can i...” Nish replied with cool head.

“I do not agree with you. Either you are lying or not interested to share it with me.” Her voice was harsh.

“Dipti, love is based on the honesty, the truth, the trust and the loyalty.

Trust me, if you can. I am not lying.” Nish urged her.

“For the last time, I ask you, would you share the reason with me or not?”

She gazed Nish with the eyes wide opened. It had many meanings in it.

Nish read them all, silently. Waiter served two bowls of soup. Both started sipping the soups.

They finished the soups. But, the talk was not yet finished, there. It was swinging in Dipti’s thoughts like whirlpool in the deep sea. Those whirlpools reached to her lips, “So you are going to tell me the reason. Aren’t you?”

“Again the same question? I already told you that I haven’t any of such reason. I love you, just without any reason.” Nish’s tongue was burned with the hot soups.

The tongue of Dipti was more burned, she turned fierce.

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“If you not want to share it, then it’s OK. I not want to stay with you.” She left her seat.

Waiter came with the items ordered. He started serving it.

“Let’s finish the dinner, first. Please sit down.” Nish grabbed her hand.

Dipti jerked her hand and set it free from Nish.

“I not want any dinner. I don’t want to sit, either. I am leaving.” Dipti rushed out of the café. Nish looked her moving out.

Dipti reached at hostel, lately. Guard handed over an envelope to her. She read the name on that envelope.

“NISH” That letter was from Nish. Dipti rushed to her room and read it in hurry.

“After you left the café, a common man, a waiter was talking to another that the love birds could not found a single reason to love, but they could find the reason to fight. I think he was right.”

Words written by Nish disturbed her. She was ashamed on her own behavior. She watched her watch. She rushed out from her hostel and ran away straight to bus stand, reached there.

One bus was moving out from another gate. He read the board. It was last bus reaching to the city of Nish.

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She missed the bus and Nish too. A black cloud covered the moon. Some drops of rain travelled from eyelash and settled at the cheeks. The letter slipped away from her palm, flew away, far away.

The sea was still roaring, in the silent night with more intensity.

END

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