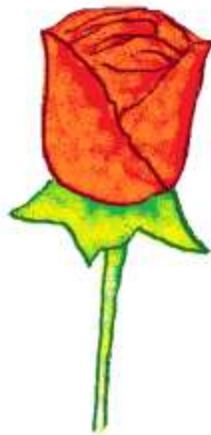


*Tales  
From My  
Heart*



*By Arghya Dey*

©Arghya Dey

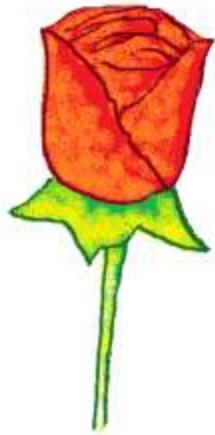
## CONTENTS

### *FLASH FICTIONS*

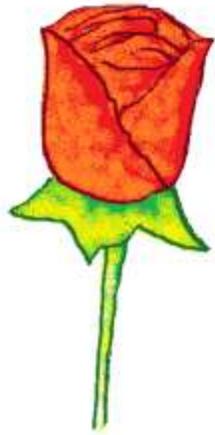
Loveless	7
Plagiarism	9
Missing	11
The Artist	13
True Love	15
TV Serial	17
Identity Crisis	19

### *SHORT STORIES*

Untimely Death	23
Detective	27
Ever Love	31
The Love Letter	37
Disturbance	41
Beware of Dog	45



# FLASH FICTIONS



## Loveless

Swapan boarded on the train and got an empty seat beside the window. There were more people pouring into this little compartment. A young couple was sitting opposite Swapan. The young man had his hand around the lady's shoulder. The lady had swollen eyes. It seemed that she had cried a lot some moments ago.

They were sitting very close. It was so close that the seat for three people could easily occupy five. The man was staring at the window pane, not blinking at all.

Swapan was thinking that watching only the young couple in the whole crowd was not decent. He looked at the other people with his peripheral vision. No one seemed to give him any special attention.

The man was wearing a half-sleeve white shirt, so was the lady. It seemed that it was some kind of uniform of an institution. It was possible that they were the students of the nearby engineering college. But surprisingly, the color of their trousers was not same. It was navy blue for the man and black for the lady. Swapan assumed that the institution they studied in was really not that strict in dress codes.

Now the lady was seen uttering something slowly in a low tone. Nothing could be heard due to the cacophony of the moving train and a loud cry by the nut-seller. But the man was listening to it with his whole attention. They both had their palms placed gently against each other. Although some people watched them a few times, nobody seemed to be much concerned.

Swapan also was not concerned at all. But still he was staring at them with a weird astonishment. The man had a touch of serene softness in

his eyes. It seemed that they were submerged in a different universe-known only to themselves- where nothing from the outside could enter without their permission or disturb them.

The train was approaching fast, leaving behind the stations one by one. There were many misty memories and sorrows of emptiness crowding in his mind slowly. His consciousness was intoxicated by a sudden mirth. He did not know what caused this amusement. Wasn't he feeling a little bit of jealous also?

Swapan did not wish to think about it more. He just kept his eyes on their love for the last time; he just tried to feel it once more in his heart. The train was preparing to halt at the station, which was his hometown. Swapan left the seat behind to get up.

Now Swapan remembered that he had a duty to perform. He had to rush home early and write a love poem. An editor of a little magazine had told Swapan that he would send a worker in his house to fetch it anytime soon.

## Plagiarism

Ratan wanted to be a writer. It was not his childhood wish, but a sudden desire. His two friends were established in Bengali literature. One of them was Bimal Bose, a whimsical poet. Another one was Sunil Bera, who was a novelist by profession.

He was encouraged a lot by these two young guns. Ratan sometimes penned poems. But he faced great difficulty when he was about to write stories. He always feared that his story might have some similarity with any of the stories he had read before.

One day Ratan was writing a story on the ghosts of Bengal. After reaching the midpoint, a feeling of suspicion began to irritate him. He stopped writing and read it from the beginning. His fear was justified. It had a subtle similarity with a Shirshendu Mukherjee novel whose name he could not remember.

Another time he started to write a fable with the following sentence 'Once upon a time, there lived a king.' He could not proceed anymore because he had heard these words somewhere.

Ratan was very anxious about this. He told his two friends about his problem but they did not seem to bother. They told him that it was nothing serious. Sunil advised him to think about these things only after completing a story. Bimal reasoned that many writers wrote about the same things. They would definitely help him to overcome it if Ratan showed them his stories.

That day Ratan was stunned to read a piece in a little magazine. The central character of the story also suffered from the same anxiety.

Ratan looked at the name of the writer. It read, 'Maharghya Tarkalankar.' He understood that it was the work of either Sunil or Bimal. This type of name was obsolete in Bengali. It must be the pseudo name of either one of them.

Ratan quarreled with his friends a lot. He was more exasperated to notice that none of them took its responsibility.

He was extremely hurt that his character was copied by the same person who had promised to help him in writing original stories.

Ratan wrote a letter to the editor of the magazine expressing his anger.

In reply, he got the following letter:

'Dear Ratan,

You have wasted my valuable time with baseless allegations. The story was an unpublished work of my grandfather Late Maharghya Tarkalankar, penned fifty years ago.

I request you to never irritate again.

The Editor, 'Kalarab' magazine'.

## Missing

Neera was very busy in that evening. Her house was filled with relatives and guests. There was a festive turbulence in the atmosphere. It was the day of her daughter's wedding.

Neera's daughter looked like Neera in her youthful days. She had the same beautiful eyes and silky hair.

Neera had a huge responsibility. She was performing a lot of duties. She had to rush here and there, looking after the guests and arranging the ceremony.

Suddenly she heard a jubilant cry in chorus, 'here comes the groom'. The ambience turned more exhilarating with noises of holy conches. She felt the presence of tears glittering in her eyes. She was sad that her child was moving out of her paternal house. But Neera was also very happy at her daughter's new life which was about to begin.

Neera's daughter was looking gorgeous in her wedding dress. The flamboyant Benarasee saree, sandal-paste painted on her round face, extremely well designed earrings and heavy golden ornaments- all added to her gracious beauty. She resembled an angel without the wings. Neera herself was captivated to see her own daughter in such a dashing avatar.

Neera's son-in-law was also very handsome. He was settled in a foreign country. He worked in a large multinational company. Her daughter would definitely be very happy with him.

The main wedding ceremony would begin a few moments later. She was busy again to take care of the guests. The priest was ready to begin the ceremony with Vedic hymns. Suddenly Neera saw her childhood

friend Sukhlata coming to her hurriedly. 'Your daughter has gone missing', she whispered in her ears.

Neera was shocked. But she did not reveal her inner tension in front of the guests. She started to search different places thoroughly. Gradually the news spread all over the house.

There was a lot of hue and cry in the air. Neera was calling her daughter loudly by her nickname. But all her attempts were in vain. Her whole body was quivering in a sudden fear of something unknown. She searched the balcony, rooftop, verandah and several corners. But there was no trace of her. She felt a horrible loneliness in presence of the crowd. Her dream was shattered.

Neera woke up in palpitation on her hospital bed. She touched her belly with utmost care. There was something missing. Her unborn daughter had been murdered successfully in the name of female feticide.

## The Artist

Swapan had almost 500 friends in facebook. Most of them were from school and college. But some of them were those whom he had befriended through facebook. Many unknown men and women used to send Swapan friend requests. He used to accept some of them just based on his intuition. There was no fixed rule in this matter.

One day he got a friend request from a Chinese. His name was 'Wang Chuk'. Swapan viewed his profile. There were many pencil-sketches. Some depicted human beings, others were of beasts and nature.

Swapan used to post his amateurish paintings on a facebook page named 'Drawing Pencils Art'. It was possible that Wang Chuk was also a member of that page. Swapan did not contemplate more before accepting his friend request.

Wang Chuk and Swapan used to chat sometimes via facebook. One day Swapan asked Wang Chuk, 'Why don't you post anything in 'Drawing Pencils Art'?'

'I will definitely post. I am drawing a picture with color pencils. I will post it tomorrow', informed Wang Chuk.

The picture was amazing. Swapan was captivated to see its beauty. The content was not anything great. It was a picture of some leaves that were trying to hide large guavas hanging from a branch. But it was so immaculate that it was hard to distinguish the picture from a photograph.

Within a few moments, comments started to flood the 'comment-section'. It was full of 'Please learn to draw before posting a fake photo', 'It's a fake', 'You can't befool me' etc.

The next day, more hate comments poured into the section. But Wang Chuk did not reply to any of them. His indifference angered Swapan more.

He sent a facebook message to Wang Chuk, 'Why are you silent in spite of these insulting comments? Don't you have anything called self-respect? If they said this kind of words to me, I would have proved my integrity by showing them the drawing copy which contained this picture.'

After a long time, Swapan got a reply from Wang Chuk. 'Next time I will post my art step by step so that no one can question my honesty. But I won't do anything about this picture. Let the things be the way they are.'

'Why?', Swapan was very curious.

'Those sarcastic hate comments are an honor to me. Some people think my creation to be a real photograph. I don't want to hurt their misconception.'

## True Love

Suman was waiting for Neela for a long time in the park. He was looking at his watch perpetually. Neela was never that late before. He was wondering if the rumour was true. A sudden fear began to startle his mind.

He could see Neela from a long distance. She was coming to him slowly. She was wearing the blue saree which was his favourite. But Neela's eyes were looking very anxious.

'Suman, I am really sorry. I did not inform you as I could not figure out how to tell you about this.'

'What does he do?'

'Software engineer. He has his own apartment in Dumdum. His salary is also sufficient.'

'Oh', Suman tried to bring an indifferent smile to his face.

'I still love you, Suman. But how can I go against my family? Please don't misunderstand me, dear.'

'There is nothing to misunderstand. I am jobless, he has a decent job. You have taken the right decision. You will be happy with him, Neela.'

'Take it. It's the invitation card. Our wedding is scheduled to take place after seven days. Please attend the ceremony. If you have ever loved me a bit, don't try to create any scene to interrupt our marriage.'

Neela's eyes turned teary. It was possible that she was struggling hard to suppress her emotions. She began to walk quickly towards the main road.

Suman kept staring at her footsteps. Neela took a turn and completely disappeared from his view. Suman realized that our lives are just like the roads. Only the bends are important. Some people find a better way to walk in those turns; others become prey to road-accidents.

It was the night of Neela's wedding. Suman decided that he won't visit her. He was not confident about himself. He might actually create a scene if he went there. He was feeling tired. He went to his bed early and closed his eyes.

Suman woke up from his slumber. He found several missed calls from Neela's number in his cell phone. But he had been unaware as the phone was in silent mode.

Again a call was coming from the same number. Suman faced a great difficulty in deciding whether he should respond to the call or not. Neela might still have a soft corner for him. It was possible that she was worried as he was not coming. What should a real lover do in this situation?

Suman vowed to himself that he would not respond. He did not want Neela to have a soft corner for him even after her marriage. It would ruin her life in future. But he was also not certain for how long he could be true to his vow.

Neela once again called Suman from her mobile. The groom was not present yet. According to the Hindu customs, she would have to remain unmarried for her entire life if the groom did not appear in a given time. There was a sombre atmosphere in her house. Only Suman could save her from this situation. Neela knew that Suman would respond to her call if his love was true.

## TV Serial

Eminent author Anindya Halder could not decide how to react after receiving the proposal. He looked directly into the eyes of the famous director sitting next to him.

‘Mr. Halder, please think about my offer in a broad mind. Your story will reach every household of Bengal. Even the people who don’t read literature will get to know about your story. There is a lot of speculation going on about this upcoming venture’, the director said politely.

‘I understand. But personally I don’t like to watch TV serials. They run so slow that I lose my interest. Some mega serials run endlessly over years irritating the viewers.’

‘Please don’t worry, Mr. Halder. You can have faith on my direction. I will present your story as perfectly as possible. But I need some artistic liberty to change some of its incidents for added drama.’

‘I don’t have any problem if the presentation is well’, said Anindya Halder.

The shooting for this serial began as scheduled. The director requested Mr. Halder to visit the shooting spot one day.

Mr. Halder was mesmerized to see the fantastic location chosen for shooting. The old palace of the landlord, transparent water of the large pond glistening in sun, the gigantic lanterns hanging from the ceiling, the mysterious temple- everything of the set made him awestruck.

He felt a bit comfortable to watch two children acting in a mischievous manner. He realized that the story had almost come to the climax. They must be the children of Jeet, the central character of his story. Mr.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

