

# A new story of Love

By : **Tuppa**

He came to me to share 'his and her' story. I decided to write it. My first attempt to write a short love story based on his love life. Obviously,I won't share his name as a writer.Please mark me for errors. I will give you a big thank you for your help! Cheers.



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It was a golden autumn here in New Delhi. Morning sunâs glow was passing through the blurred frosty window pane. I woke up with a hangover. My heart kept on getting mixed with my thoughts, turning these trapped into dreams and realities of life. It might seem about as likely as having a fight with my Dadâs expectation to become a civil servant and earning from the job, my third employer offered me. Money, I badly need it. I was no longer a son of a rich person as I made a mess up with money and time. Iâm Anthony, a common man, from the crowd of the city. And, I didnât know; why was my time changed? I jumped from my bed; only half an hour left in attending my class at the Star IAS academy. I joined this institution yesterday to let my Dadâs dreams keep alive.

After, I traveled 4 miles by a local bus, finally my destination came. My first two hours spent on introducing myself to others. I gazed on a face while listening to otherâs aspiration to be a Civil Servant. Within a few minutes, she became my dream companion. Sherry, she didnât look like a beautiful woman but I was not able to keep my eyes away looking at her. Love at first sight is known to us but not Fifth Laws of gravity. ***I thought,â Sir Newtonâ , you have never invented fifth laws of gravity as when time turns upside down for a common mass, something of an invisible mass comes to rescue it by itâs gravitational force, inspires an object to purify itâs dark energy.*** If, I was a common mass of my heart, she was the invisible mass of the gravitational force.

I couldnât keep myself away to fit her into the dream of my better half and yet I couldnât stop my mind from thinking about her, wondering if she was thinking of me while I was not known to her. She turned more beautiful in my brain than her eccentric factors as a beauty and my heart felt the love for her. I kept a hope she would come to care about me as much as I did. She was my love. I wouldnât give it away to anyone except her. Oh, Romeo, stop here. I took a deep breath to turn my thought down to my books from her face. I saw the coldness of her eyes but I wasnât neglected as she was looking to me carefully. I muttered if you could know emotion was stabbing my heart to tell you a word, â Hiâ . Maybe sheâd even known my feelings before I expressed it to her. When my class was over in the evening, I came back to my rented house, I sat down on an easy chair while looking at the sky; miracles happened-- a star had fallen from the sky and disappeared in the dark. I prayed to God. In the night, I was awry right on my bed, pillowing my palm beneath my head, dreaming for love--imagining her to be my side, always. Picturing how, if she was there with me--the way sheâd been every moment in my mind since I had fallen in love with her.

Tik..tikâ tik..Tik, boring sounds of Chinese clockâs alarm woke me up to go to the Star IAS academy. I was not able to stop thinking her, though. I opened my eyes, breathing the dusty air of the city, tried not let love stomp me when I was awake. Always, I wanted my Dad must be feeling proud of me; he always had a dream to see me as a Civil Servant. I failed three times to appear in the main exams. This time, I was overburdened with my love and Dadâs dream. Whom should I choose? I walked faster to inhale oxygen from the damp polluted air of New Delhi. It was caused by the changes in weather from drizzling this morning.

Today, I dragged myself to the institute with an unattended mind. I looked at her face, willingly to her brow and her eyes to say â Hiâ . She felt a wave of love begging now and again if it could get an entry to her heart through waves of emotion. Transformer was really there. Romeo got a new shape. Hey Juliet, â Why didnât you understand?â The waves were loaded from the tides of Mars. Her voice sounded low, soft with a â Hiâ , in replying to me; a shadow in my mind bellowing in my ear like she hadnât thought yet about me. She was not mine. Before, I lost control over my emotions; I walked away to the canteen. She came and sat down onto the chair facing me directly. She asked me, â Are you all right?â No. Absolutely, I wasn't. Without you--never, I wanted to dig the word deep into her heart and mind. My love was pure and

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fresh like the fragrance of Rose. She smiled. She said to me, "I have two movie tickets; I was planning to watch Mr. and Mrs. Smith. We will go after attending tomorrow's class." Here voice played a music in my ear "Pretty woman; you got a dream, I got a dream both are the same."

We had been entered into a good time of life together as dream lovers from last two years. I left my job as I got myself prepared for the Civil Services exam. She promised me 4000 bucks every month from her expenses to pay for my single room rent and a small part of my daily expenses. I closed my doors shut and kept busy with preparation to pass Indian Civil Services. At least this time I engaged myself with study only. My exams went quite well; I felt Venus blessed me to be with her for entire my life. I won't let her go. I am in need of a job to marry her and I got it within a few weeks. We got married in a hurry before someone could occupy her as her parents were forcing her to get married before anything else was important to her life.

It was interesting, some sort of as I didn't get fitted into the family of my wife when I met them. Her mom kept weeping day and night long for her as she was her only daughter--needless to say married to a man who was born on a dateless night with little fortune. Later on, they accepted me due to my submissive nature. One thing was for sure; my desire to be a civil servant was running through my veins irrespective of refusal from others, I faced as I hadn't been born for anything.

Results were out. I was thrilled to see my name on the list. Not everything remained same for me; I did it for my Dad and her. I was alive throughout the day, letting her know my feelings; she might see someone she loved and cared about that would make all of these worthwhile. I padded into the room like a Royal Bengal Tiger walked on dried leaves dumped on the ground. But it was her sensation; she knew me better than her. Her love paid me the finest dream; I had gone through; something instigated her to smile and told me, "Hello, Mr. Civil Servant, how were you feeling, now?"

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