The Last Confession

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This story was written in 40 minutes for my +2 board english language exam! It deals with 2 star crossed lovers.. please read on!

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The Last Confession

Everyone in the room was crying.Except me.Not that i didn't have reason enough to cry.I did.But still i didn't cry.It is said those who can't cry are internally weak.Perhaps it applied to my case.

Few mins ago,me,my parents and Ananya's parents were staring with disbelief at the tv screen.A gawky reporter was reporting about a bomb blast in Kolkata airport that had killed several people.He looked hardly the person who could have any emotion as he rattled the numbers of the deceased like he was in the midst of an auction.

But it made a difference to us.Huge difference.It wasn't one of those normal blasts in which you and I shake our heads with sympathy and wonder aloud of our country's impending doom.The reason being Ananya,evryone's darling was at the airport.And a phone call from her uncle who had gone to see her off cnfirmed the worst.Her fault was,she had gone to the food plaza to buy some snacks asking him to wait at a distance.He survived,she didn't.

We were in Ananya's parents' flat.They had been our neighbours for ten years.Nobody noticed as I stood up & went to Ananya's room.I looked around.Suddenly her thoughts made me so dizzy that I sat on her bed & closed my eyes.It was one of the few moments when old memories floated like pictures in my mind's kaleidoscope.....

I and Ananya had been dear friends for ten long years.Except for the last five years I had hopelessly loved her.I never told her that.It was simple.As a studnet,she was extraordinary.I was simple.She was beautiful.I was plain.She had got a chance at the London School of Economics for her stupendous board result.I had barely managed JU.But she had liked me as a friend all along.We had numerous fights and tears.Thn reconcillations.Her past mischiefs made me smile even nw.But still no tears.I wondered whether I possessd any heart.My right hand pressed my chest.Then my eyes opened suddenly because my hand made contact with a letter-Ananya's letter-that she had given me while going.There had been tears in her eyes while she had hugged me-her last hug-but I had been quiet.Quiet because there had been a fierce struggle within me to tell or not to tell her of my feelings-because I knew that the friendship would neevr be the same again.And then she had handed me that paper with her ethereal smile.When I had tried to open it,she had rebuked me,"Uff!not now.Open it when I have gone".True.So true.She had really gone.Isn't it?Gone.But still I didn't cry.Don't know why.I extrapolated she must have written something mischievous in her ever sweet way.I opened it...

Dear Monkey,

Don't know what to say.Will miss you.Really.will miss the pranksyou played.Will miss those moments you cnsoled me when I cried.Will miss those times I ate your head off.Will miss the hours we studied & played together.Uff!Don't you get it?Will miss you like hell. Just one thing more.I never realised when I fell in love with this monkey of mine.For five years I loved you.And you never realised that,stupid you are.So thought I should let youknow by now.Don't reject me,will you?

Love,

Ananya

:-*

I stared at the extremely neat handwriting with palsied hands.No.Something was wrong.This wasn't possible.I couldn't breathe.I searched.For what I don't know.My eyes rested on Ananya's sweatshirt which was lying in the bed.I took it in my hands.I buried my face in it and took in her scent.No sound came out of my mouth....but still....I silently wept on.....grandfather's words came to my mind,"If you lose someone who occupies your heart,can life be the same again?" Realisation dawned..... It was exactly as he had said it would be.....

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