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*(Short-Story)*

**DEAR DIARY**

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23<sup>rd</sup> March 2014, Sunday

Dear Diary

It's been a while sharing my thoughts with you. Trust me, I missed you a lot...I tried several times, but... You know that you are my best friend and I tell you everything. Unlike others you have a strange tendency for keeping secrets...just like me.

You know Rohit, right? Come onnn.. last time I told you about him. How we met on B.H.U campus during our departmental fresher, how we strolled on nights at Assi ghat, the long sms's we exchanged during our vacations and my nocturnal visits to his hostel room is all known to you. People often say that first impression is the last impression, but incidentally this was wrong in my case. I hated him since our first meeting. In fact I hate those who do not talk while looking straight in my eyes. They are hideous. But as time passed, I found him different.

As we were promoted to second semester with flying colors, our friendship bloomed slowly over the months. We were regular visitors of The Central Library, B.B.C (not British Broadcasting Corporation but Banaras Burger Corner), Godowlia bazaar and of the several ghats and galiyan of the ancient living city Banaras. He told me about his big family of three sisters and their husbands with some nephew and niece. His parents are from a district town of West Bengal. Rohit completed his graduation from C.U and wanted to be an author. The early traces of an aspiring author were evident in the departmental magazines and local newspapers.

Dev Deepawali is considered sacred for the Hindus of Banaras as it is believed that on every Kartik Poonima the gods and goddesses descend to earth to bathe in the Ganges. We invited our families to have a glimpse of the lighted ghats and enjoy the auspicious Ganga aarti of Rajendra Prasad ghat. My parents liked him and treated him with love and affection whereas I became an instant favourite among his sisters for my jovial nature and for helping them tour across the city and its surroundings. To them I was their Rohit's best friend, but truth is stranger than fiction.



You know diary, I was really very excited, at the same time..nervous. The situation was not as easy as it seemed. I was madly in love with him but was still unaware of his feelings for me. Our common friends tried to intervene but I refused taking any help from them. Rohit was my first love and I wanted to live every moment with him. He treated me kind of special everytime we met, but still..I wanted to hear those three magical words from him. He came like fresh monsoon rains to my barren thirsty life promising to make it green forever. But I got carried away and forgot that rains don't make land evergreen, it just makes temporary difference.

Our exams were drawing near and we were pissed off. It was a time of sleepless nights and long hours of study. The ever noisy hostels had come to a standstill with all inmates locked inside their respective rooms for the maximum period of the day. On a beautiful December morning, just before our exam day, I went to Sankatmochan to bribe Hanumanji for my exams. As I was coming out of the mandir I saw Rohit standing beside the gate. 6ft tall, slim, fair, bright black eyes and a nicely trimmed stubble made him look hot as ever. I could easily forget my exam with a tight hug from him. My mind raced across several possibilities of his presence beside the mandir gate. I moved towards him slowly with a smile on my face. But his nervous look could easily tell that something was wrong. He approached me and looked straight in my eyes, my heart stopped beating. He gathered himself calmly, touched my hand softly and said:

“Look...you are my best friend and I had been trying to tell you something for quite some time, but I couldn't because of our exam pressure. But I think this is the right time..You know our batchmate Anita, right? I'm in love with her and today I'm going to propose her. It's her birthday and I want to gift her my love. Please wish me luck...”

I couldn't speak. My whole world turned upside down. Tears rolled down my face as I tried to smile. Rohit was very happy, to him it was his best friends consent and he hugged me tight. After releasing he thanked for supporting him and ran towards Anita's house waving me goodbye. I stood there alone in tears waving back at him until his blue shirt faded amongst the morning crowd of the temple premises.

Oopss..I didn't notice the time Diary, it's been really late. I have to get up early tomorrow for our convocation. Rohit wants his best friend by his side when he'll introduce Anita to his family after the ceremony. I'm happy for him..my best friend and my first love.

Good night Diary!

**Glossary:**

1. Bazaar – Market place
2. Ghat – A series of steps leading down to a water body
3. Galiyan – Alleys
4. Dev Deepawali - Festival of lights of Gods
5. Kartik Poornima – Fifteenth lunar day of the hindu kartik month, generally falls on October or November.
6. Sankatmochan – Lord Hanuman
7. Mandir – Temple