

## LOVE –ONCE HAPPEN IN LIFE

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Love... Heaven on the Earth... Daydreaming... Lovers... Eating together... Living together... Doing everything together... Being together... These things happen only in stories not in real life.

Hello, Myself Dr. Ishita Desai--- A successful Surgery specialist in a multispecialty hospital. Everyone thought my life is only about busy schedules, patients, hospital and that smell which makes them puke. But for me, my life is most happening life for me. I like consulting people, treating them, curing them and the thing which takes me feel on cloud nine is the smile on their faces. It is most precious thing for me. If there is heaven in existence then for me this is the heaven.

I have got best parental support in world. My father was a farmer yet he never let any of my words fall down. Everything I asked for or everything I needed he gave me no matter what condition he was being through. My mother was a simple woman with higher thoughts. She is the one who has always inspired me to study further even after my marriage. She was the one who took me to school when I was 3year old. She was totally illiterate yet she had knowledge of the real world. I have two brothers. Both are well educated and have higher authority posts in well known institutes.

I got married at the age of 18. That was not a love marriage but typical arranged marriage. My husband Salil Nagarkar was a businessman. He was industrialist- the owner of tyre industry. I had completed my 12<sup>th</sup> standard or SYJC in Maharashtra.

I wanted to study further but when I told my father about this when he came to meet me after my marriage for the first time, the most shocking thing happened to me; he did not utter a single word but left silently. I was upset. I was sad. And the biggest pain was that I had to smile even when I did not want to. I had to smile as I was the newly married bride. Till then board's results were about to release but as I was not excited I decided not to look at it.

But on the day of result, I got a letter. When I was reading it, tears were flowing from my eyes. I was so shocked that I did not even see who were around me. That letter was sent by boards telling that I had topped merit list of Maharashtra state and was being awarded. I was so happy and glad but suddenly realized that even after I had topped I could not continue my education as I was now a married woman and no one would allow me to study further. My husband suddenly guessed that but said nothing about it.

After few days, on a simple morning, at 11 o' clock, my mother-in-law informed me that there was a call for me. I was wondering going towards the telephone, who would have called me. I picked up and again got shocking news that almost fell down. That was from a well known

institute. I was selected in their top 10 list of scholars and not only selected but had topped it with higher marks applied in their college. It was an International institute situated in Bombay. I had seen their advertisement in newspaper but I did not think I would get a chance to get to study there. I was very happy but also amazed; I had not even registered in their college. How did I get selected? I asked the informer the question and I was told that it was my husband. I felt very gratitude towards him as well as I was very proud to have such a husband. When in the evening he came home, I expressed my gratitude, but the simple man told me that I should express it to my father because he was the person who told my husband about my dream. I immediately wrote a letter and sent it with a worker of our house.

But this was not the end. I was a newly married woman. Nobody did allow me to go out of the town for five years of my married life. But even after opposition of my family members, my husband sent me for further education to Bombay. Finally, it was decided that I would go to Bombay and my husband will get shifted after a year or two.

Bombay.. or today's Mumbai.. The city of dreams... I will never forget my first day in Bombay. The traffic, the crowd passing by you but nobody has that much time to even look at you. There was excitement, nervousness and upset mood as well. I had never lived away from my house and that too alone. First few days were very hard for me. New people, new world; everything was new. But I decided not to let it bother me. I finally got out of my room and decided to go outside with no destiny in mind. I knew address of my hostel so I could easily get back. And after a while I was wandering on Bombay roads. The book stalls, the street fares in affordable fares, the trains and buses, the Big town and most beautiful- the beach. The roaring ocean in the rainy days is the most mesmerizing thing on the Earth. I loved the city.

My college life was also going great. The lectures, the canteen, the friends and the most loved session of mine were dissection session. I loved dissections. It might sound clichéd but it was my passion. I used study by heart from the first day of college. I had mixed up and had become confident about everything.

Life went on. After a year, my husband got shifted to Bombay and started his own industry in town. This thing did not affect me. Soon I was used to handle my house and studies simultaneously.

Five years passed like hours and I got degree of graduation. I was now a graduate doctor but I wanted to study further in Surgery. My husband did not ban me rather motivated me towards it. Till then God had blessed me a lovely daughter. We named her Nidhi. She was most beautiful girl for me. She had brown eyes and dark black hair. Being a mother was a new and happening feeling for me. I was much protective about her.

I was managing everything very easily. I was trying to become a good wife, a good mother, a good daughter, a good daughter-in-law, a good doctor and a good student as well. I completed my Post graduation and got joining in a multispecialty hospital. After two years of my joining, I again gave birth to a baby. It was a girl A mesmerizing baby with big black shiny eyes, black hair and cute smile. We named her Alia.

Now I am a well known 40 years old doctor. My husband is one of the richest industrialists. My both daughters are on the right path of their career. Older daughter, Nidhi is doing MBA at Pune and younger Alia is doing Her Engineering in IIT-P. I love my both daughters and am very proud of them. We are a happy family.

My husband is my best and closest friend. I respect him a lot. I love him a lot as a wife but I could not love him as love of my life. But I did not realize it this till I fell in love. For me this was only love. I always felt like love between Laila-Majnu, Heer-Ranjha, Romio-Juliet

happens only in stories or movies. It was not like I never got proposals of male in my college life or my career. I got proposed by one my patient Randhir Shah who was professor in engineering college. Like Randhir many of my friends and colleagues informed about their love for me. It all was silly thing for me. Randhir was tall and fair young man but I did not feel the attraction towards him. He was my good friend but I did not fell in love. For me, the breeze, the slow motion walks, the blushing after thinking about your love, daydreaming were all fictional things. They happened in movies not in real life till I met him. I was having a proud on myself not to such feelings for any male in my mind or heart.

On a normal day, I was consulting my patients. Suddenly, there was very much crowding in front of my consulting room. This mostly happened when an actor or celebrity or any famous personality. I ignored it, consulted a patient, gave him appropriate medicines and rang the bell to inform my secretary to send next patient. Aditya, Aditya Kulkarni- the most successful leading industrialist. At his age of 34, he was on higher position. He was owner of multinational cell phone industry. His brand was the best brand in India and in foreign countries. Time, hard work and luck had given him all of wealth but had taken away his health. He had a major heart disease. I was appointed as his consultant doctor by my senior authorities.

When he entered the room and I looked at him, my heart beats stopped. For me, whole world seemed like stopped. The beautiful Sitar music was playing in background and only movement taking place was him walking towards me. Tall, fair colour, brown hair and deadly black eyes shining with pride. Taking eyes away from was impossible. He was no less than any actor. I had heard my daughters speaking of him but I never paid attention to it because love meant nothing to me. I did not know what was happening but I liked it. It was mesmerizing.

I consulted him for one and half hour. I was nervous and he was tensed. I felt sensitive about him. I gave him faith that he would be all fine and will not suffer for long. He seemed to have felt relieved. He left my room with a smile. The next appointment was after a week. I was feeling like I was in a seventh heaven.

I consulted my other patients with a new spirit. I left office with a smile on my face. I was driving myself home and I suddenly found out I was singing a song. I was not song addict but listened to it hardly twice a day but I never sung any song. But, today I was feeling like singing. I saw a stall of flower on roadside. I stopped and bought flowers.

We met not more than six to seven times but we had communication through phone calls. In starting, they were all official. After a month of our meet, we used to talk for hours and then day and night. We used texted each other almost every minute. He had sent me bouquets, sarees, chocolates and teddies. Our relationship had grown much more than of between a doctor and patient. We used to share every small detail, every small trouble with each other. We used to talk for hours and never tired up.

I was confused. Heart said it was Love but my brain was not allowing me to accept it. Also I was not confirmed about his feelings for me. Might be he was thinking me as his friend, mentor or anything else. He was younger to me. But all I knew was that all I could think of was nothing else but him.

On our last meeting, he gifted me a beautiful saree and expressed his love for me. I can't express my happiness at that time. He asked me to come for a dinner on beachside restaurant. I took three hour to decide what to wear. I finally ended up wearing a beautiful white saree and diamond ear ring as well as a single diamond nose ring and golden bangles. Actually, I don't like jewelry, but he likes it. So naturally, for his pleasure I have started to use it for his sake.

The time fixed for dinner was nine. I was there before five minutes. He was already waiting for me. We smiled at each other and sat down on chair facing each other. We usually talked a lot but today we could not speak anything to each other. Finally, after few minute's silence, he started speaking, "Ishitaji, I can't give any speech or say anything nice. But let me show some gratitude and gift you this." And handed over me a gift beautifully wrapped and added, "Would you please open it? I want to see your expressions when you unwrap it". I unwrapped it and Oh My God! It was a beautiful Pink saree with matching set of ear rings and hand watch with a letter written by him. I started reading it. I almost got shocked. It was written:

To My Loving Doctor and Best Friend and Woman I love,  
Yes Ishitaji. You read it right. I don't know how but I have fallen hard for you. I am not able to think of anything else than you.  
I know there is possibility that you will not accept this but I just wanted to express it as I spent many sleepless nights thinking that I could not tell you till now.  
I Love You, Ishitaji.  
Yours,  
Aditya

I read it with no expression on my face. I read it and looked at him. I could not speak anything. WE could not speak anything. We ended up with dinner and left from the place. I left from that place but did not go home. I went on a silent beach. Sat for a while looking at the ocean. When I recovered, I found myself crying. But those tears were not of sadness. That was happiness. I had never fallen in love but now I was in love.

Suddenly, I felt like there was someone standing behind me. I looked back and it was Adi. He was there with me. I smiled at him but he seemed serious. He came at me and stared at me. I asked him not to look like that. But he was angry. He had called me a hundred and twenty two times after leaving and when I did not respond, he searched for me in whole city and finally found me on beach. I calmed him down. And when he was still angry, I confessed my love for him.

We sat there till five in morning. That was a normal thing for everyone else but for me it was something else, something different. There was madness in air, that madness was love. Time went on. We came closer and closer. Not physically but mentally we were closest to each other. We talked, chat, texted each other whenever we got time. We were a happy couple.

But this happiness did not last for long. Suddenly, he started avoiding me. He did not reply any of my calls and messages for a month and more. I was sad. I was upset, unhappy. I missed him. I checked my cell phone, emails, face-book messages every five minutes. But there was no reply.

Suddenly on one day, he came in when I was done consulting my patients and was leaving for home. He came in, locked the door and started crying very hard. It happened so suddenly took time to recover. He was sobbing like a five year old baby who has lost his most loved toy.

After sometime, he started speaking. He told me that he was afraid of news being leaked of our relationship. He did not want this to be announced publically as he was leading industrialist and I was a married woman. He did not want himself become reason for people talking bad about me. He didn't want people to take it otherwise. He cared for me so much.

After some time, he asked me if we could go to beach for the last time. I wanted to cry hard but yet nodded and went on beach with him. We sat next to each other talking nothing. There was so

much noise i.e. noise of traffic, cars, children, *chatwalas* but silence between us. Finally, we ended up deciding we could us great friends and share every trouble like normal friends. And trust me, he was, is and will be my closest friend ever.

It's my daughter Nidhi's Marriage today. It is a love-cum-arranged marriage. The Groom Nilesh is a MBA scholar from her college. They were in relationship for more than two year and finally decided to get married. The atmosphere in the house is like typical Indian weddings.

Aditya is also here but not as my lover but simply my best friend. Our families know about our friendship and they are not at all against this. After all being friend is not ruining our married lives. We text each other once a day, call each other each day and talk for least five minutes.

I don't regret for falling in love. After all falling in love is not a crime. But, yet question is there in mind-- Does a female have no rights to love and expect her lover to be a part of his life? Why to compromise with feelings and accept a lover as a good friend? If Aditya was knowing that he would not be of mine only once in life, then why played game with my feelings? Why always female suffers it? What could I call it a Love or game of feelings played by a male showing as a love? Yet, I am not able to find the answers of a single question of this one. But, my true heart and true love will always pray for his wellbeing and happiness.