

Let **Love**

Paint You...

**Let It Happen**



**Vastvik Amera**

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## *Dedicated to*

This is just for you, my sweet daughter "Anshika".  
I know its a bit illogical to dedicate something to someone who is preparing herself in the lap of god to enlighten my life after few years, but as you know dear, this is the way I am.  
Kiddo, I know there are some people whose childs are born famous but here you see my cutiepie, I made you famous even before your arrival. And don't worry sweety, I will search a boy for you better than your father , you know why I say so.  
Love you so much daughtiee.....



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# Hell Or Heaven.....

## It's Never Pretty Without Friends

WHOOOP.....Packing is a really tough job at least for me. I am not someone lazy but it's very boring to pack something you don't want. I had to pack all my stuffs which would be needed at so called college, I never dream of private college, being a genius (as per me) I deserved an IIT.

I know very well that after studying just 4 hours a day, IIT is just a dream but after all I am a genius yaar. Main problem is not private college but it is the bundle of advices and worthless freaking stuffs as a gift by my family (I think a zoo).

So I have 3 trolley bags 2 bags 3 briefcases and 1 bedding. My mom believes that Bhopal is like Mount Everest. I know a mother cares for her child but it's weird when your full family visits your college campus to drop you.

Everyone was thinking I was still an infant, they were checking everything, even they checked toilets too. At such times every eye stares you as if you are an alien invader. In this shit two eyes were continuously staring me, their yellow dirty teeth were shining proudly and rascally like they are diamonds.

They were such rascals that one was sharing his cigarette with watchman in just front of the dean's office, other was chatting with a girl whose clothes reminded me why people named them shorts. My mom was worst then this scene, she was staring me as if I was doing all these bullshits.

The college was not so backward as I thought that it will be a low class college where only studies are main business but it seemed that studies are just done to pass 8 semesters. So after visiting every spot, every canteen, after meeting my every teacher they left me alone.

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Their visit was just a waste because all formalities were left, they just checked probability that I will get spoiled.

All I have to do was sit in front of a room of boy's hostel and wait for my name to be called. It's not right to call it an office since it was an old room with 4 chairs where hostel rooms were being allotted. I was sitting with 5 more boys. Those 2 rascals were also there, they were still staring at me. One boy was looking stupidity package, he seemed like a donkey who can never come in first division, other were busy in discussing some sort of stuff very seriously, they were looking like in born talented persons. They called those 2 rascals and me too and that meant I have to share room with them.

Inside that so called office our hostel warden, a man with 52 inches breast and over 60 inch tummy, was seated. He looked exactly like a sumo wrestler. His voice was telling that it will be very hard to bear him for 4 years but it was necessary so I have to.

Finally I got my room and rushed to shift there, but my 2 rascals were again busy in discussing hot chicks. My bed was at window side, from where I could clearly have a look of girl's hostel means the bed was not completely allotted to me but the rascals too. Finally when I unpacked my full luggage after 4 hours of my first step in that room, first time door was knocked. So I was expecting those so called roomies to be there but I was absolutely wrong. There were more than 25 seniors waiting for me to entertain them, means it was the ragging time and I was alone in front of those 25 dinosaurs. They acted like uneducated villagers, none of them even asked for permission to enter in my room. Their leader was Mr. Vijay Solanki, a 6 ft. tall man with most bulky biceps I have ever seen. I never understood why he opted to graduate from an engineering college, he can surely be a shining star in glam world. He went straight to my bed and threw my bag like a crushed tissue paper, and started performing a boy's moral duty, to stare at girls. Finally he turned at me.

"So what's your name buddy" his tone reminded me of Gabbar Singh from Sholay saying 'suar ke bachhon'.

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“Sameer Singh Chauhan... Sir” I don’t understand why I called him Sir.

He was staring at me from top to bottom like an old Hindi movie villain, and I was just like a rape victim who faces her accused again at a lonely place. But what happened next was totally unexpected, he patted my shoulder and said “so you are a Rajput, welcome to this college brother, if you have any problem then directly tell me, after all we both are Rajputs.” I don’t understand in the age of robots people still believe in castism.

Whatever I was extremely happy by this castism now. Now I have a so called brother in this college who will not let my ass fucked. After 5 more hours my roomies came back, but now they were not looking like rascals, they were just like a road side beggar who had been given a third degree by police.

“Hi guys, myself Sameer, I am here to share this room with you”, I said.

“He is Raj and I am Vicky, nice to meet you dude,” one of them told me. His voice was unlike what I thought about him. I never expected that rude and dull tone from a rascal. All I could do at that time was to look at those bogus faces.

What happened man, why are you staring at us, didn’t they drilled your ass, did you know they ordered to clean toilets of girls hostel, can you imagine what would be our impression over girls after acting as sweepers. “Mr. Vicky Sharma was behaving quite friendly but speaking with the speed of Rajdhani Express.”

“No, they left me with a promise to help whenever I need.” I replied in a genius kind of tone.

“Whaaaattttt..... that 6 ft. bull dog left you.” Now this time it was Mr. Raj Agrawal speaking, like a blonde have dropped him from top floor of burj khalifa after seducing for intimacy.

“Yes we both are Rajputs so he made me brother and left me with a promise to help whenever I need it” I said looking outside from my heavenly window.

“Whaaaattt, you know we went to mall so that we can avoid

being ragged but they dragged us from there to my Mona Lisa's hostel." This time raj was really acting funny. He was about to weep bitterly because his upcoming Mona Lisa may not chat with him now.

"Dude what happened, you are about to cry. Tell me whether I can help you." I told him as if I am a Ph.D. in girl science.

"Actually Sameer, he loves a girl from that hostel, 'Abhilasha' a typical Punjabi girl, he felt in love at first sight and somehow managed to chat with her but he thinks after all this ragging shit, she would never chat with him. This time it was Vicky who was still busy with my window staring at girl's hostel.

"Okay, so what's the matter bro you will get another girl there are plenty of them in our college" I replied.

My statement enlightened our Romeo's eyes, "yup, bro you are right, I can get a better girl than Mona Lisa, you are great dude, you are a real buddy, thank you so much, thanks a ton" he gave me a tight hug.

I didn't understand why he acted like an infant. He was behaving as if I have nominated him for The Nobel Prize. I was still not ready to believe that someone will behave like this in first meeting. I didn't understand when I became his buddy.

Vicky gave me a smiley glance, and turned towards Raj and said in an announcing manner. "So, Mr. Romeo from where will you get a girl. Every girl was laughing at us that time, so Mr. lover boy what will you do now." Now this time he was like an American drone operator who dropped a bomb on terrorist commander Raj.

I haven't seen any chameleon changing his color so quickly. Raj was again like a lost warrior. His eyes were again going to cry, he looked at me as if he is asking "now what."

I got his feelings and replied to Vicky "my dear, ragging is a common mishap faced by all the freshers, so she must be ragged by miss bosses!!! Just chill dude. Our Raj is quite safe."

This time chameleon Raj again changed his color and hugged me as if I am his lost brother. And this time the great Vicky also joined

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us in this fake celebration. At approximately 9 pm, they managed their bullshit stuffs in their respective cupboards and after such an unusual but a good day for me, we left for a place called 'Mess' to fill our empty stomachs.

What I thought of these two men was wrong, they were not that bad as I thought. Actually they were not that big rascals too.

We left for our mess which is at a 10 minutes walking distance. Road was quite busy as compared to my home town, girls and boys were hugging and kissing each other at road sides as if road is their bedroom. And my two newly formed buddies were just enjoying these scenes, they forget that they are not walking alone.

"So, you came here with full family package, why dude, are you afraid of anything here or you are still a baby." First time I heard something sensible from Raj. But I hated the way they burst in laughter at this 18<sup>th</sup> century joke, but actually I too joined them later.

"So Sameer, which branch you selected to suffer here for 4 years," Vicky asked in a James Bond manner.

"Chemical Engineering" I replied.

"Ohh great we three are from same branch, don't you think it will be fun bunking lectures all together", Raj asked.

Vicky nodded on this question but I totally refused. "I am here to make my career dudes, not for bunking classes." They both gave me a bizarre look. I also know that it was worst than a joke to say that you will never bunk a class in college life, but I have to do it as I want to be a successful personality, successful like a king.

Finally we reached the mess and grabbed a table near entry gate so that we can enjoy outside sceneries. This mess was better than any other mess I have seen till that time. They have a glass door so that anyone can see their well furnished chairs and tables, they have 4 ACs which were making this mess like a five star hotel.

I was still confused that why people blame mess facilities. I was just waiting for a delicious dinner which I never had at my home. My mom always made something I don't like. It was like a dream

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come true for me to enjoy this freedom. But Raj and Vicky were like a prisoner waiting for his turn to be hanged.

“What happened guys, today we can eat whatever we want, we can enjoy our meal without free advices, but you guys seem unhappy.” They looked me as if I am the judge who sentenced them to death.

“Sameer, just wait brother. I will wait till tomorrow for this dialogue of yours.” Vicky gave me a bizarre look and Raj just smiled at me.

After waiting for half an hour a 12 year old boy served us, dinner contained 3 chapatis, a bowl of daal in ratio of 1:100 with water, and dry potato veggie. That’s all we had at first so called good day.

“Now what happened mumma’s boy how is your first advice free dinner”, Raj said eating that so called dinner happily.

Finally after staring that food for a few minutes I tore first piece of chapati but it was just like rubber. I dipped it in daal unwillingly and ate it as if its poison. Raj and Vicky were laughing continuously at this scene. I had no option so my laughter burst too.

After half hour of my fight with 3 chapatis, we left for the hostel. Vicky and I were discussing our families but our lover boy was searching something or I may call someone in that crowd. But his Mona Lisa seemed not so hungry to come out of her hostel.

Vicky told me Abhilasha is a typical Punjabi, she wears shorts but believes in God, she readily chats with boys but she didn’t have a boyfriend. Our lover boy first met her in train, they were in same coach at adjacent seats. They started chatting and Romeo sir started feeling for his adjacent seat passenger.

Suddenly Mr. Romeo’s eyes sparkled, his Mona Lisa was roaming near a garden bench as if she didn’t want to go in her hostel. This time she was really dressed like a Punjabi, fair complexion becoming more fair due to face powder, red salwar, red sandals, red lipstick everything was matching. I always wonder why girls do makeup everytime even at 10 pm, no doubt she was just like any other girl who thinks she is a beauty queen.

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