

O Mere Yaara..

The Trendsetter Agers

The Journey Of Two Friends..

S. DEVENDER DAH..

O Mere Yaara

Devender Dah



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Dedicated to,

My whole family, especially my

Alma maters, The Trenssetters (05-12).

*And to all those persons first love they are cherished
to remember for a life time.*

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This story is not entirely true or untrue. The characters can be real but there are some changes in sequence and in plot.

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Ex-Students Meet

It was all bright Tuesday morning, of second week of December. The sun had already in the sky showing up resplendently with both orange and red coloured streaking across it, the birds squawking, chirping and enjoying the fresh sun rays of the December winter morning. Air was filled with mist and left trees moist. It was redolent of the ambrosial fragrance that our earth and its inhabitants have. Just then the clock rang, indicating 10:00 am...

‘Oh.... its 10 my God’ Nishant is about to come to pick me up, I have to hurry up.

After taking shower, my mom brought me the coffee...I just sipped my morning coffee savoring, its rich aroma, that took me drowsiness. I looked up toward the sky through the home window with coffee in my hand. It was predominantly clear now, and admiring myself beauty of nature that surrounds me....

It was really pleasant, charming, adorable moment for me after along interval of time. I had just gone in my dreams.

Just then bell rang, I thought there must be Nishant, who was about to come to receive me. I put the coffee cup back on the table and moved towards my room to have my phone which was on charging mode.

My mom opened the door, she called me loudly, ‘there’s postman on the door, a courier for you’.

I was amazed, ‘courier for me.....nice’

I reached at the door, postman wished me ‘Hello sir’ and asked me to sign over there and collect my courier.

I replied ‘ok...’ and after signing, I took the courier in my hands and saw him off with ‘thanks....’ And as I was about to tear up that courier envelop, again the door bell rang. I was near to door so, I opened it. And that time it’s Nishant (one of my best friend from my school days...) ‘Hey buddy, r u ready let’s go....’ – Nishant said

Ex-Student Meet

‘Wait I am just coming’ I replied.

Actually we were going to watch a movie that day with some more friends, who would join us at theatre. I kept that half torn letter on a table in my room only....

As Nishant was shouting me to hurry up, otherwise we would miss the movie. We reached the DT Mall which was on MG Road and there we joined with our more friends.

As it was plan of all to catch up at DT mall for movie. We hugged each other tightly. As we all were meeting together after a longtime.

It was 11:23 am now, and the show would start at 11:30 am.

It was Znmd (Zindgi Na Milegi Dobar) starring: Hrithik Roshan (my fav.), Farahan Akhtar, Abhay Deol, Katrina kaif & Kalki Koichen....

The hoarding looked interesting. Three wild rebellious youngsters of lean bodies, aviator shades and fire-in-my-belly attitude “Zindagi Na Milegi Dobar”

Screamed the title..By looking at the hoardings our excitement for watching it, was increasing more and more....

We entered in the auditorium. It was 2nd Auditorium, we entered the Audi 5 min early than actual time to enjoy the upcoming movies trailers...

We entered, it was all dark inside the Audi ‘one among us who was watching movie for first time (actually that guy was with Pandey, might be his cousin or else)’ he shouted “oye light chilli gyi...yaar”

We all stared at him and burst out laughing... haaahahaha hahh ahahaahaahahah.

We all enjoyed that as joke for longtime.

And the movie was also amazing, we enjoyed it lot especially we alma friends gathering together.....

After that one among us asked us to stand near the porch of the Auditorium, as usual for bird watching actually he was sort of “laundiabaaz”haahahaha.

Then we moved from there and went to Domino’s to have pizza. “Today it’s your turn to pay the bill – Nishant said, ok - I agreed

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to pay (coz whenever we had movie, we all paid turn wise, and it was my turn that day) after having movie and treat, we took our motorbikes and decided to move towards Maruti Vihar (there we can find lots of birds). We wandered in the streets of Maruti Vihar and Chakarapur enjoying our bike ride and showing ‘Tashan... yeahhh’

It was very great time for me and Nishant because earlier during our school vacations time we used to wander here, in these streets as Nishant old residence was there too, then we moved toward phase 4, Galleria market. It was a very nice place to spend the time.

“And watching the birds..” – I added and then walked to phase 5, Yaahh... it was ‘Jd’s..Alfresco’, if I remembered where we again sat to have something.

I asked all to have snacks or something else. But all refused because our tummy was almost full as, they all had already enjoyed my Domino’s treat. So, we just roamed around the market enjoying fresh air of evening. “Its 5:00 pm now” Pandey added, “we both have to reach Delhi too”

I and Nishant planned first to drop Pandey and his cousin at Metro station and then we would see.

After dropping them to Metro station, we (Nishant & I) too decided to leave, and asked each other to meet some other day.

And as I entered into my home..

My Maa shouted, “Again you are late today”, “kahan tha” (where were you) “ghoom rha hoga dostoo k sath, aur kuch kaam nee h”

The same common line from mom’s side....

Without saying anything to my Maa, I just went to my room and then to washroom only to fresh up myself.

Suddenly my mobile rang, its Nishant’s Mom....

“Beta, is Nishant with you?”

“Oh hello aunty, and No, Nishant is not with me, he would about to reach there, you don’t worry” - I replied

“Oh aagya Nishant, thanks beta, take care” – his mother.

Now my Mom “whose phone was it?”

Ex-Student Meet

“Nishant’s Mom okey, aur kuch”

My Maa “Acha do one thing, go to market and bring my medicines please”

Hmmm, I will.

Almost after an hour, I returned from the market and again my Maa with her same dialogue “Itni daer kaha laga di, ghoom rha hoga dostoo k sath”

Again without saying anything, I moved towards my room, a voice came behind me “Dinner karley” O dinner... yeahhhh I will be there.....

This is the only time when we all family members sit together and enjoyed our dinner with those T.V. serials. I still remember, they were Balika Vadhu & Tarak Mehta Ka Ulta Chashma which we used to watch.

And suddenly, between dinner, I got up from my seat and moved toward the central table during that time a loud voice came

“What do you want, why can’t you finish up your meal first”- my Maa said.

“Where was that letter which I put here in the morning...”- I asked.

Maa- “vo maine tere room me rakh diya, ab pahle dinner khatm kr ley.... Chup chap”

And I remained with no option now, had to listen to mom first and finish up my meal.

And just after finishing up my dinner, I ran toward my room to collect the courier actually I was very glad because, after a long time, a courier/letter belongs to me and because that too, earlier whenever any post letter belonged to me, it would be either a phone bill or admit card. And today neither it was any phone bill nor any admit card, as envelop was looking different from those previous posts.

And as I opened it, my gladness was at the seventh stage OMG yeaahh hoooo....hur haahaha

And it was invitation card for Ex-students meet program from Sainik School, Nagrota (J&K).

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And as I was at seventh stage of sky, and now feeling proud to be a Sainiki guy, a Sainiki product.

My expressions were also at seventh stage, behaving as if India won the world cup.....

There were lot and lots of memories attached to my life with Sainik School and that Trend Setters class of what I belonged too

“kya din the vo, vo school k din yaad aa gye the”

My Maa shouted, “why were you jumping, what happened, kiska courier tha”

I replied –“Maa, it is from Sainik School, Nagrota invitation for Ex-students meet program” (with full of glad and expression full)

Hmmmmmm – Maa.

Now you all too excited to know what Ex-students meet actually is.

Ex-student meets: - It's the meeting program of old students of the institution (here i.e SSN), usually it is organized by Alumni Association of the institution, in which member's old students of the institution, who has passed out from the same institution.

It can be said “Poorva Vidhyarthe Sangathan” in Hindi or if we define more, I mean Wikipedia.

Ex-students meet program is a social event for a group of people, who have not seen each other for long time.

Just then I called up Nishant and before I would say something, he said “have you got the invitation courier for SSN Ex-students meet”

“Of course yaar, that's why I called you” I replied

I can imagine, he too was looking very excited for that, why would he not?

We both had reasons behind this excitement.

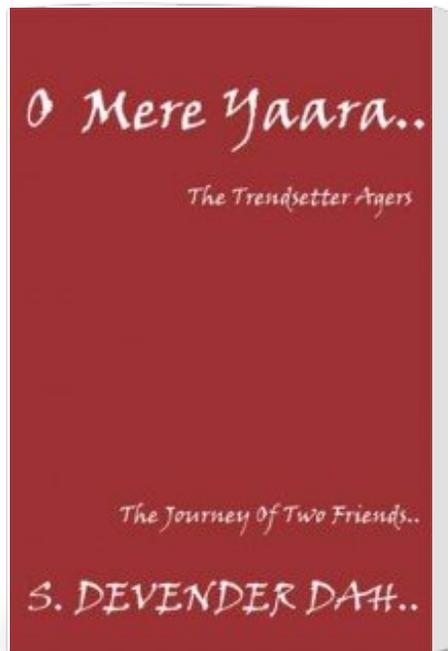
After all, it's the only event where we all friends get together and have fun all the day.

And that's off course, we had decided to attend it.

It was on 24th December, Saturday.....right!

I asked Nishant to book our tickets, and we would be leaving on

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