



The Soul Mate

When Love chooses you...



RESHMA MOHAN

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.....When love chooses you

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Dedicated to.....

Shabrukb Khan!!

An epitome of love, King of Romance!!

*It is his expression of love that built my idea of love and
Soul mate! I imagined him while writing those loving
conversations and gestures of love expressed in the book and
I truly hope to see him enact these sequences.*

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emotions alive in the cover page. Hope you all like it. And finally would like to thank you for choosing to read this book. I hope you enjoy reading it!

Preface

Maggie is a 32 year old woman living in Bangalore. She is vibrant, vivacious, good looking and career oriented woman. She is married and is blessed with a daughter. She lives life on her own terms and strongly believes in the concept of Love and the Soul mate. For her life is incomplete without love.....Love that is shared with the chosen Soul Mate. She believes that Love chooses us and gifts us with most essential element for our existence – The Soul Mate. She believes that a life is meant to be with the chosen Soul mate only, and if we choose to live without the Soul Mate, universe creates situations and circumstances to bring the Soul Mate back to you.

Despite these beliefs, she is often haunted by her past especially Shiva who means a world to her, she loves Shiva but she has chosen a life with Sam coz Shiva walked out of her life at his own will. Maggie was broken at this decision of Shiva for she believed that Shiva was her Chosen Soul Mate. However she could not refrain or resist Shiva's decision and therefore accepts what life has to offer to her. That is when Sam happens to her. Sam is tall, wheatish, charming and flattery in nature. He is also very witty and sarcastic, he is a kind of man who can get attention wherever he goes. He falls for Maggie and pursues her with all his heart. Maggie is moved and touched with his gestures yet is not able to get Shiva out of her, for her Shiva is the ultimate lover boy of her life. Despite Shiva moving out of her life and never returning, she feels he resides in her soul and is a part of her. She often feels a calling for him and ends up seeing his dream or vision.

Even after Jane (her daughter), things don't change much for her, she still feels a calling for Shiva and these days she has been seeing Shiva in her dreams almost every day. Therefore Maggie decides to call Shiva and speak to him against all odds. And what happens after that is the Journey in search of the True Soul Mate by Maggie.

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Eye Contact.....

*T*here was a huge hustle bustle in the corridor, groups of students coming in and going out. First day of college seemed so crowded; it wasn't even close to what I had anticipated in all these years. More and more students flocking in only increased my discomfort and made me aware to the phobia I had for the crowd. It was quite hot....month of June.....people were sweating, yet chirping endlessly; the corridor was filled with noises.

I was alone, as all my school friends had moved to different colleges, I was the only one to opt for this college and right now I was glooming at my choice. I picked up a small corner at the entrance and stood there watching this chaos.....

It had just been few hours, but I could see small groups being formed, tagging themselves by funny names. I was wondering where would I fall.....which group should I join.....never thought first day itself would drain me out like this. I hadn't settled, I was commuting from my town, while the others were staying in the campus, so was on my foot, waiting for the class to begin. I was quite exhausted, although hadn't done much but looking at the crowd and the movements had tired me out.

And then came the time for the class, after all it was the first one for our batch. I was amazed with the strength of the class; back in school it was just 30 of us and here, it was more than 100.....I wasn't sure if we would even remember each other's name. And each one of them was talking to someone or the other; wasn't sure if they already knew each other. Some were whispering in low voices, while the guys were laughing aloud and having fun. The class was filled with noises like you would experience in the local market.....

And then the Professor entered the class; there was complete silence, all of us got up to wish him. The class started with the most common thing, the Attendance. it was going so fast, we couldn't even get a glance of people whose names were being called, so I thought of a game.....I told

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myself...lets see how many people you spot maggie, when they confirm their attendance. While I was setting this game I heard my name and said aloud "Yes Sir".....as soon as I was done....I continued with my game. I liked this game, there was ample opportunity as the class had around 100 students and my eyes were moving really fast to keep pace with the calling of names and the voices confirming the attendance. I had spotted many people, I was good at it.....until this.....I had just spotted a guy who said "Yes Sir" and my eyes had stopped moving..... it felt as if I lost the game despite spotting him, he was quite a good looking guy with dark brown hair that formed waves on his face. He was using his hand to get the hair off his forehead....and he had a big forehead. He was fair in complexion and wore spectacles which suited his personality. His eyes were big and brown, he was tall and had a well built body, broad shoulders, thin waist and strong arms. He wore plain collared blue t-shirt and dark blue denims. His smile was mesmerizing with his pearly white teeth shining between his red lips. He definitely made a big impression on me. it seemed as if he had put a magical spell on me. My eyes didn't move from him, he hadn't noticed me yet, and I was still looking at him. Suddenly he turned upto me and we had an eye contact. I was still staring at him not knowing how to react, he smiled at me and the magical spell broke. I faintly smiled back and immediately put my head down. I guess I was diffident about the whole thing. I was asking myself....."what the hell was I upto????, it's just been a day and am I getting interested in somebody???? Naaa.....can't be.....how is it that one glance can make such a big impact? I told myself this was just a stupid game, my eyes might have tired out and so would have stopped at some guy, there wasn't anything special about this incident.

On my way back home, this incident was still haunting me. It was replaying in my head again and again; his face kept appearing in front of me and then a strange thought struck to me....."will I be able to recognize this face in the class tomorrow? If yes....this is a sign....if no.... then I should just forget it.....

It was strange, but gave peace to me temporarily and I parked further thoughts for tomorrow.

Eye Contact.....

Next day the college started with usual chaos, slowly everybody was settling down on their seats in the class, the noises had created clutter all around. I was scanning the class to recognize the face that was haunting me yesterday. There were so many faces all around, it was difficult. I was making every possible attempt to have a glance of him. Few girls approached me and were trying to make friends with me. They were asking my name and my whereabouts, but I wasn't interested in that. I just wanted to see the face that kept hovering on me yesterday. I was sure they found me strange as it appeared that I was lost in a world of my own. I didn't know what had taken over me, had I lost my senses? Why was I going crazy about this face....and the matter of fact was that I hadn't spotted that face yet!

This search was making me sad. I was trying to recall the number at which he had confirmed his attendance yesterday. My effort to recall gave dismal results. I was surprised at myself; I remember the face and not the number. After all I was playing a number game! How is it that I don't remember the number? I was angry at myself and was trying to figure out what is it that is upsetting me....is it the inability to recall the number or the inability to spot him today....Ahhhh!!! I was brain drained. I didn't want to think about that face or the fact that I couldn't see him today. Finally, the class broke for lunch and girls moved towards the hostel. I wasn't staying in the campus so I wasn't sure where to go and one girl approached me and asked me "what about your lunch" I said "I have my lunch with me....I haven't moved to campus yet" to which she said "Same here". That was such a big relief I had some company. She offered me to join her for the lunch and both of us strolled to the garden. Our campus was beautiful, we had a huge garden area, beautiful rock garden, a lovely fountain, and a small pond.....it was quite romantic.

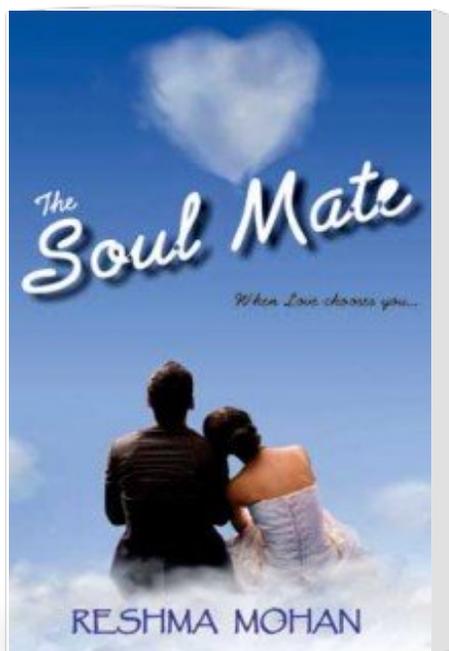
I introduced myself to her "Hi, I am Maggie" she smiled and said "Hi, I am Zoya". And we sat down on a bench to have our lunch, both of us had got some lovely homemade food and we were hungry too. So we just opened our boxes and started eating, while eating we realized that we were having our lunch in one of the most beautiful garden either of us came across ever. I told Zoya..."isn't this place beautiful

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and romantic? One of the reasons why I opted for this college was the campus. Look at it, isn't it amazing and mesmerizing? Have you seen so much green.....altogether at one place??? I took a deep breath and said...“I love this place” Zoya replied “yeah....you are right....this place is cool.....quite fundoo.....you can do sooo many things here and on one would know” saying this she winked and I sensed naughtiness in her voice and our conversation went on. We talked about how we got into this college and we also discussed boys. According to Zoya, none of the guys were good here, she was quite vibrant and vivacious, there was something about her...she was quite attractive, tall and had wheatish complexion. She had long curly hair that she tied with a clip in a perfect manner, letting a few hair fall on her lean shoulders. She had bright shining eyes that looked beautiful on that perfect round shape of her face. Her full lips complemented her profile and made her look desirable to any guy around. She had a thin waist on which she wore a beautiful reddish brown skirt with a golden belt that highlighted her curvy waist. The full sleeved white shirt looked perfect on her. She definitely had a very good sense of style and dressing. The best part of Zoya was that we hit it off instantly. She was nice and friendly to me. And I liked that, she made me get away from my loneliness. She was telling me about boys from her school and it seemed she liked boys who were sporty and macho. She asked my opinion about guys in our college and I was taken back to that face, which I had forgotten in her talks. I simply nodded, she laughed aloud and said “NOOOOO way...you can't like someone here?” and I was like “Who said I like someone....its just that I am not sure of the guys....haven't noticed many” ahhhh!! that saved me and I laughed aloud with her. I told her “Who knows tomorrow you might like someone here and any which ways; we got to spent 4 good years here, so no point discussing guys when we haven't known even one..isn't it?”. We winked at each other and strolled back to the class.

My eyes were still looking for that face. I Hadn't seen it since morning and I didn't want to go back home again with same thoughts. This time I had the opportunity as the class was full. I thought of repeating my game and trying my luck again. The class was as usual noisy and cluttery,

The Soul Mate By Reshma Mohan



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