

Foreword by Hon'ble
MR. JUSTICE ANIL DAVE

LOVE

OR

OBSESSION

(A Romantic Thriller)

A SCINTILLATING NARRATIVE ON
PAIN AND AGONY OF
ACID ATTACK VICTIMS

DR. ASHISH TANWAR

Love or Obsession

(A Romantic Thriller)

By
Dr. Ashish Tanwar



Anuradha Prakashan,
New Delhi

[Note : This is a work of pure fiction. Story, content, characters and names of places are fictitious and do not relate to any person living or dead. If anything seems related to any one, this may merely be a coincidence.]

All rights reserved.

© Dr. Ashish Tanwar

ISBN No.: **978-93-85083-99-0**

First Impression, 2017

Price = ₹ **199/-**

Published by :

Anuradha Prakashan

1193 Pankha Road, Nangal Raya,

Adj. D2A Janak Puri, New Delhi-110046

Mob.: 9213135921, 9873080170, 011-28520555

www.anuradhaprakashan.com

email : anuradhaprakashan@gmail.com

LOVE Or OBSESSION By DR. ASHISH TANWAR

The Gratitude

This honest and sincere effort of representing my conscience would not have been possible without the blessings of my parents (Mrs and Mr Sushil Tanwar , Mrs and Mr Ashok Chawla).

Special thanks to my inspiration Hon'ble Mr. Justice Anil Dave. The reverence for him comes from the humility he showers upon the hay like us.

Foreword

Most of the youngsters don't understand the difference between 'love' and 'lust'. Unfortunately, what they call 'love' in a loosely worded manner is in fact 'lust' or 'obsession'.

'Love' or 'obsession', the first effort of the author, a physician, who has also studied law and good deal of human psychology due to his experience in life, is a heart touching love story, which one would love to read at one sitting.

Infact, 'Love or obsession' is not today's only a Love story but it is a message to the society-Todays youth that what is normally believed as 'Love' is not 'real love' and one has to read the story to understand what 'love' is.

The author's knowledge of law and medicine and sociology is very well reflected in his writing, which also deals with social evils of use of acid by these who fail to satisfy their lust - for disfiguring someone, who had no love or affection for that lustful person.

I am sure that the author's effort to convey meaning of real 'love' would enlighten and help young readers in understanding what 'love' is and what is 'lust'.

I sincerely wish that the author would continue to render his help to the society by writing much more on such many more social evils.

Mr. Justice Anil Dave

Former Justice Supreme Court of India
Former Executive Chairman, NALSA

Preface

We are proud of our ancient culture, traditions and values. Ours is one of the oldest civilizations of the world. These values are the incessant stream of river we delve in. We are stepping into a new century of development in order to reshape our nation into an emerging super power. There is no doubt, we are marching into a new era of achievements.

But this very bubble of emerging superpower bursts at horrified cry of a helpless woman who is being stalked, groped, gang-raped, disfigured with acid and tortured physically, mentally and socially. Our Parliament have enacted several stringent Laws with harsher penalties to punish the wrong doers but nothing significant has been achieved. Nothing can be achieved unless mindset of the society changes. Every day we go through such media reports. Rate of crime against women is on the rise.

Hairline difference between Love and Obsession has to be understood. Love is not love if it strives for physical possession. Love stands for sacrifice. Happiness of love ought to be the centre.

My pen got eager to write against heinous crime committed by so called lovers against their beloved when they find their love interest not acceding to their lustful aspirations. Several incidents of acid attacks exposed the devilish face of man who does not want to give woman any right of saying 'No' to the unwarranted demands. An acid attack victim undergoes severe

physical, mental as well as social torture. She suffers a lot for none of her fault.

I decided to stand beside all those who bear endless pain, stigma and torments. They face questioning eyes of heartless society with their badly disfigured persona. A man turns into a brute and hurts his love object only because she has turned down his lustful approach.

This is my honest attempt to spread awareness among youth of my country to change their mindset. Being humane is more important than being a man. She is not a commodity...She is a human being. Adore her..Love her but never think of harming her.

Dr Ashish Tanwar

M.: 09210012250

Index

1.	Prologue	9
2.	Madhavi's House	11
3.	First Day at College	13
4.	A Night at Boy's Hostel	17
5.	Election Day	19
6.	An Evening at Kamla Nagar	22
7.	Call from Madhavi's Father	25
8.	Party at Amritsar	30
9.	Demise of Rahul's Father	36
10.	Examination Fever	42
11.	Devoted and Successful Rahul	48
12.	Dev - The Stalker	58
13.	New Semester.... Devilish Dev	61
14.	Madhavi Confronts Dev	66
15.	Madhavi... The President	71
16.	Final Semester... Time to Depart	78
17.	Mystical Taj	82
18.	Call from a Blackmailer	90
19.	Rahul Declares a War	97
20.	Judgement Day	100
21.	Rahul Breaks Shackles	106
22.	Epilogue	110

Prologue

Somewhere in the capital of India, a police station has been thronged like swarm of bees. This very behavior among them is consistent as blinking of eyes. Black strips on their forehead indicate that something untoward has taken place. Hue and cry is very poignant. They do not seem to be hooligans but college students who feel themselves bitterly hurt. A soul scratching incident has occurred. It is too difficult to check them from entering the police station. Special para-military force has been deployed and water cannons, tear gas and lathi-charge have been resorted to keep them at bay. Their eyes vehemently express their anguish. Their eyes are too wet for tears. It appears as if a havoc has landed upon this part of Capital.

A well-built guy in branded clothes is squatting on floor in the police station. Policemen are watching him as a predator watches its prey. Fury is visible on law keeper's face. Suddenly Mr. Dayal, Senior Inspector enters into the investigation room. His thumping voice fills up the vacuum caused due to silence. All of a sudden a slap lands on that guy's face. He remains seated in that position as if he is frozen. His body does not respond. There is no sign of fear in his eyes. He is staring at the ground as if he wants to get himself buried into it. Finding no reaction from that guy, Mr. Dayal slaps him with heavy hand. Even this

does not make any effect. Having noticed that corporal torture has got no response, Mr. Dayal changes his style.

This time a grim voice of Mr. Dayal echoes in the room. "Do you know what you have done? Do you realize the consequence of your misdeed?" Mr Dayal tries to make him realize, "Rahul, you have spoilt your career."

He is still motionless. His eyes do not show any sign of remorse. There is vengeance in them. Three slaps on innocent looking face does not make him utter a word.

A phone call to Mr. Dayal changes the atmosphere of the room. "What! Is she dying?" Exclaims Mr. Dayal. Listening to it Rahul starts crying but again his cries are not accompanied with any feeling of sympathy. It is a ruthless howl of a beast.

"I loved her, I loved her, I loved Madhavi the most."

Suddenly that silent beast starts sobbing and uttering inaudible words.

Mr. Dayal offers him a glass of water but he denies. His throat has gone dry. Inflamed mucosa is visible while he is crying. Mr. Dayal holds him by his collar and asks him to tell the truth and whole mystery. He says, "You can't keep mum. Whole nation is in pain. Every Citizen wants an answer from you. They want to know under what circumstances a brilliant student could turn into a devil."

"Tell me Rahul" This time there is some compassion in Mr. Dayal's voice. "For the sake of your love, tell us your ruthless story."

Rahul starts crying and tears start falling upon his cheeks. These tears help him get rid of the burden he had on his heart and mind. This depicts his innocence.

Madhavi's House

Some sort of celebrations are going on at Mr. Ram Kumar's residence. Located in a busy lane of Amritsar, this house is enjoying a party thrown by Mr. Kumar on the occasion of his daughter Madhavi's success in getting through an entrance test. She is the youngest among her four siblings. She has qualified the entrance test held for admission in the esteemed law college of Delhi University. She has made Kumar's proud of her.

"Tomorrow morning, you are to leave for Delhi. You have made us proud beta. From your childhood days you wanted to be an Advocate. God has offered you an opportunity to realize your dream. Work hard to be one of the top most lawyers of this country." Saying so Mr Kumar, the father of Madhavi, who is sitting in a chair, begins to sob.

Seeing tears in her father's eyes, Madhavi rushes towards him and wipes his tears with a handkerchief. She smiles with watery eyes. Suddenly she sits into his lap. They both hug each other and tears start flowing from eyes of both of them.

"Take care of yourself betaji." Mr. Kumar says wiping his tears. Rosy cheeks of Madhavi have turned red while crying.

Madhavi's mother, Mrs. Kumar is sympathetic to both of them. It appears as if she is happy at her daughter's departure from this city.

Pappi Bhaji, the eldest brother of Madhavi is standing in a corner of drawing room, sipping coffee and witnessing the melodrama. “She is going to study there, we are not sending her to her Sasural.” He blurts out and begins to laugh.

There is an outburst of laughter after this remark.

Next day at the platform a family drama begins once again. Lots of bye shye, lots of jhappi-shappi, lots of tears and some glistening eyes full of dreams. “I have kept dry fruit in a bag and Sohan Halwa in a tiffin. Eat dry fruit daily with milk.” Saying it Mrs. Kumar feels a bit troubled.

“How will you cope up with pressure of studies alone?” Asked Mr. Ram Kumar innocently.

Pappi Bhaji enters the scene again with his punch line, “Pressurize Delhi, I pity on Delhi.”

Madhavi punches the eighteen inch biceps of Pappi Bhaji and exclaims “Bhaji tusi vi na.!”

Train blows out final whistle and all the family members turn into a single unit and engulf Madhavi into their arms. This time Madhavi's eye lashes get drenched with tears. Some of them have already tickled down her cheeks. Train begins to gain momentum and all the members step out of the compartment, waving their hands to bade her goodbye.

“Wahe Guru Mehar Kare” says Mr. Ram Kumar. Madhavi, being the youngest member of the family, is the driving force of this well-knitted family. Mr. Ram Kumar has, through his good nature and soft spoken nature, earned a lot of regard and honor in the city. Madhavi is a beauty with brain. She is highly cultured, beautiful, studious and intelligent.

“Bye Bauji” Madhavi could utter only these words when train left the platform as her throat did not allow her speak any words due to emotions that were running high.

First Day at College

Delhi University is considered to be the Mecca of education in India. Every youth who dreams of higher education, intends to catch a train to Delhi. When he or she is walking through North Campus of Delhi University, his aura and attitude is bound to be special. When she was taking coaching classes at Amritsar, such sort of lesson was given to her.

Today, dressing up in front of a mirror, she reminds of all the hard work that she along with her parents have put in so that she could place herself in that position. In black kameez and Patiala salwar she is looking gorgeous like a beautiful princess.

“Move on princess, mirror is not going to teach you law, for it you will have to go to college” says her room-mate Geet in teasing manner.

Geet shares the room with Madhavi in a P.G. accommodation at Kamla Nagar.

Within no time, a special bond has developed between them. Although Geet is not as beautiful as Madhavi yet she knows how to carry herself. She is from Kanpur. Madhavi, like her father, is very soft-spoken and child-like at heart. She winces at the pain of others and gets joy in other's happiness.

Both of them take a battery rickshaw and leave for University in order to realize big and stupendous dreams. “Madamji here comes your law college.” They

enter the gate of college having been duly instructed by rickshaw driver. See the improvement in technology, rickshaw pullers have turned into rickshaw drivers.

“Are you freshers?” a voice welcomes them as soon as they enter college.

“Yes” responds Madhavi in a subdued voice.

“You know ragging has been banned in the college” Geet takes over charge.

“We are not ragging you” clarifies a young lanky boy, “I am contesting for the post of General Secretary and want your support”.

A number of support seekers greet them with the promises downloaded directly from sky by the time they reach their class room. Electioneering is a great exercise at Delhi University. Future leaders in the making rise through this process. This belief makes every candidate enthusiastic and supporters more jubilant.

They enter the class room and by the grace of God and computer's random roll selection, they get same section. They are late in the class owing to the time they spared for support seekers.

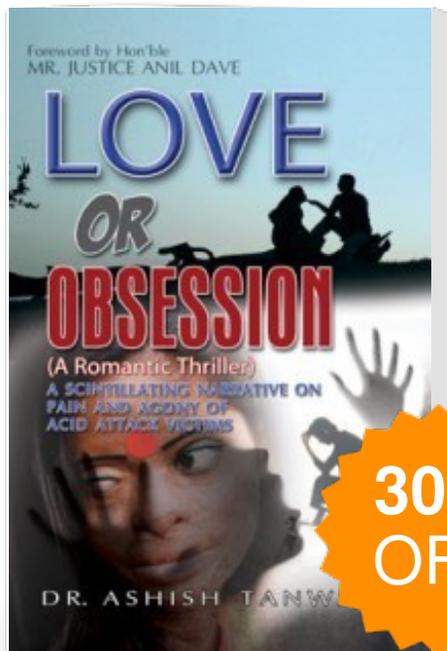
Lecture on Criminal Law is going on. Mr. Raghwan, Professor of Criminal Law allows the students on the condition that his lecture should not get disturbed and the student should be regular. These two conditions fulfill the criteria of entering mid-way in Raghwan Sir's class.

“It's first day, I am sparing you both and allowing you sit in my class” Mr. Raghawan makes his point.

After some mens rea and actus rea class disperses. It is time to get to the auditorium for a new class. In the auditorium both of them take their seats and wait for the Professor who has not turned up so far.

Meanwhile, sunlight passing through a window

Love Or Obsession



Publisher : **Anuradha Prakashan** ISBN : 9789385083990

Author : **Dr. Ashish Tanwar**

Type the URL : <http://www.kopykitab.com/product/11645>



Get this eBook