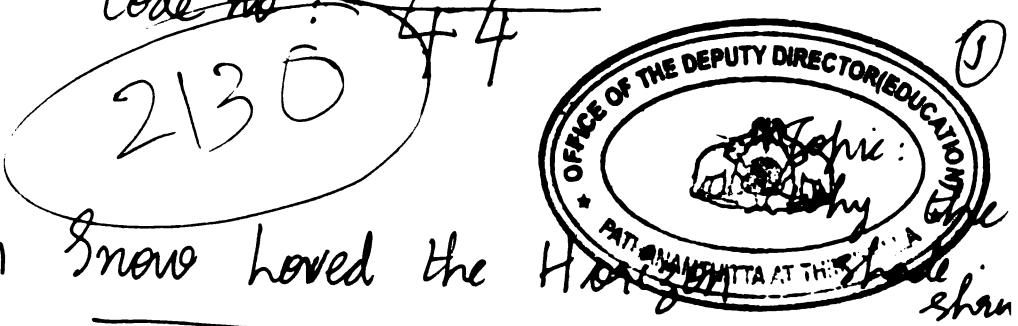


Loan no. : 2130



When Snow loved the Himalayan

Himadri

Himadri got heaven from the hell of slumber when sun kissed the soil of Jammu. Till the day of that dream, sleep had always been a heaven to her. But now, even the slightest idea of dreaming wounds her.

She got up from her bed that absorbed her tears since the time immemorial. The sun rays, that often deviated due to the obstruction of snow, crept through her windows. Himadri walked towards the window keeping the cruel knowledge that nobody is going to kiss her other than these rays.

A walk to Baari Nambal lake had become her daily routine. The air of carrying the breath of Himalaya, the birds singing the saga of forgotten love, the river that so proved her she is still alive, embalmed her pains. She used to keep a book during this lake walk. Not to read or feel, just to ensure herself that something still holds stay close to her.

Himadri gave a random look to her unkempt bookshelf. With great effort she took the book

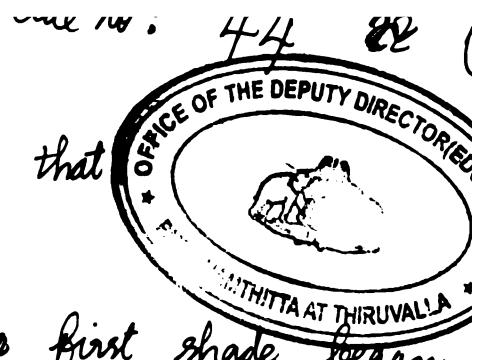
titled 'Love at the Time of Cholera'.

Keeping book on one hand, she walked along the road leading to Baarl Nambal. On the way, she happened to meet ~~a~~ the well-known lunatic of Jammu, Mr Kashyap. He was somewhere in London until his wife passed away. Kashyap still keeps the whistle close to his lips that was once used to call his ~~by~~ blind wife. He holds one hand to the ~~his~~ living love his dead ~~life~~ ^{love} and calls loudly:

"Mariam, hold my hand honey, otherwise we'll just part away in this perfect moon". The straightened hand made the tiny crystals clinging ~~on~~ in the corner of her eyes to fall down.

Himadri found herself seated in the near the isolated corner of river bank. The music of rustling leaves gave her a special kind of comfort. Tenderly, she opened the book that had its first sentence: "The scent of bitter almonds always reminded him the fate of unrequited love." An air from the torments of memory closed her eyes. and ~~~

All of a sudden, an air from the torments of memory closed her eyes. She began to realise that, once again destiny made her 'the prisoner of past'.



The incessant sound of bullets that muffled the agonies of the helpless emerged in her heart. The day her first shade began to shrink. Her mother, who had been the joy of her heart, vanished away in the clouds of terrorism. Himadri's own heart forced her even more to search the multitude of lifestories 'Aayi' (Mother) had given her.

Amid Together they counted the pieces of chalk strewn in the sky and smelled the smoke saw the looming vultures. She used to sleep on in her shoulders holding her half-broken or wedding bracelet. One mother told her, "Darling, there's nothing stronger adamant in the world. Never curse the purity of your heart on facing severe betrayal. Just believe that persistence is the mother of personal change". Then you can face any crucial circumstances with an unbeaten smile". With the same unbeaten smile, mother fled away from her.

It was on that day, she witnessed her shade shrink for the first time. The world to her, the world was sterile until his arrival.

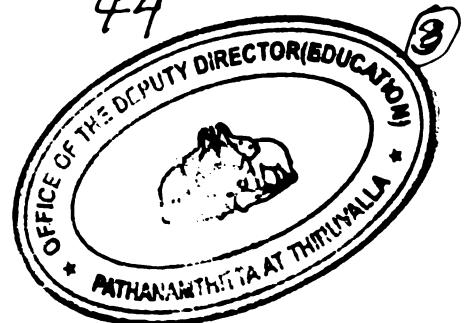
Krithij stepped into Himadri's life with hands full of vibrant colours. The colours of abundant love.

They met in a blustering winter. He came all sudden into her life at ~~near~~ St Martin Garden. She searched for the flowers he kept for herself and soon found it in his heart. His .

His mannerisms were almost congruent with her. The blissful smile, eyes full of passion, words that soothed her sorrows caught hold of her wandering soul. Soon she found all her agonies being ebbed away.

They met near Johann's oak park and made their own private space. And they ensured nobody would ever creep into it. Lying sitting on his lap, she heard the rhythm of love for which she was longing for.

Kshathij Kshathij was not privy to her innermost thoughts. Within a span of second he made stories that would amuse her. Once ~~she~~ he asked ~~and~~ naturally : " Himadri, have you ever thought about the mystery lingering in our names ? " ^{" No "} By saying no she searched for the answer in his ocean of blue eyes. * He smiled enigmatically and started to speak like water the flow resembling the flow of Baari Nambal.



"Yes, there's something. Your name literally means "the abode of snow" and mine "horizon".

Snow to melt down when sun holds his head straight and low in the horizon. Likewise, snow will cease to exist without sun. Likewise, Himadri will cease to exist without Khsithij. Himadri, lulled by his words said: "True. How can a shade exist without light? I find my past, present and future blooming under your light." Khsithij made her sit even close to himself.

But, the little bittern that sung their everlasting love hummed a tragic melody later. Himadri found nowhere near the bank on her wedding day. He passed away went somewhere hidden taking the key of her destiny with him. Himadri didn't cry but she looked the horizon and found her shade diminishing slowly.

A maple leaf from the ancient branch

The call of Siddartha made her.

The icy claws of winter began to hold her tightly that she opened her wet eyes.

The sight of Indians with reminded her well

half-roasted coffee beans. Their misery more aggravated accelerated her anguish. The creative juices in her began to flow down with no viscosity : "In the dormants of my dreams, I found him smiling, with two hands full of red red roses." She silently remembered the dream that began to haunt her since diwali night. Kshithij with hand full of roses in the middle lighted candles. . .

She who bathed in the necta of boundless love found the twilight undappled and exceptionally peaceful. It quested for her sorrow, but digested her memories. Drows rejuvinated her once more. And a soft honey-smooth, raspy sound emerged from her, " Hold the hope of candle, you will find the shade of love." Nature, the finest motivator smiled at her. Slowly she heard nature trying to enrapture her with the words : " Love is like an embryo, it starts off small but grows and grows. Soon it takes a life of its own".⁵ Himadri found her life in it and searched for the solace it give her.

Soon, she forged resilience in the breath of those profoundly influential words. The twelve pound mass beating between her shoulders started a

-rhythm. Tenderly, she kept
the book near the bank and
walked away. Instantly, a maple
leaf from the ancient branches of love fell on
the book titled "Love at the Time of Cholera".
Snow began to melt under horizon and the
leaves murmured to birds : "Why her shade shrinks?"

