



fried eye

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LOVE'S LABOUR LOST

Wise Bachelor meets Layla Majnu

ANOTHER LOVE STORY

A fiction by Mani Padma

THE PURSUIT OF GOOD MONEY

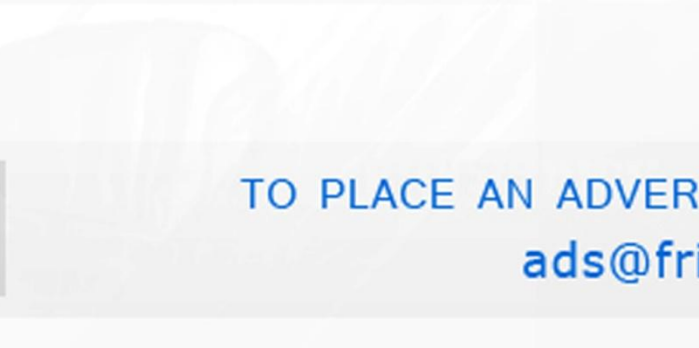
Economy Talk by
Parashar Borkotoky

THE ROMANCE
THAT GAVE YOU
GOOSEBUMPS

Noyon brings you
the tales of celluloid

Hashan brings you a touching love story

TULIP

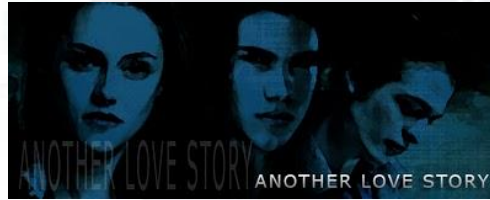


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Editorial

In the name of His Majesty Sirajuddin Muhammad Bahadur Shah Zafar, the Emperor of Hind, the Light of the World, the Pride of the Faith.

Tasleem! Nacheez ko Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib kehtay hai. You all have always known me as an indulgent and whimsical poet. But trust me

when I say this that I have experienced a lot of changes in my outlook, my lifestyle, my overall personality. My indulgences are quite well known in Sahib-e-Alam's realm. I have stopped buying expensive *Angrezi sharaab* from the British cantonment at Meerut and instead make mocktails at home. I'm also following a healthy diet and have almost given up on non-vegetarian food.

Also, I regularly go for morning and evening walks with Begum or Kalloo Miyaan to Yamuna ghat. The regular drinking parties at the Fort have been taken over by the daily lawn-tennis matches. In fact, spectators are of the view that Sahib-e-Alam and I make a rocking doubles pair. Thanks to modern information that I'm more aware about this world now.

The other day, Kalloo Miyaan, my attendant, found a young man asking for my address at Mir Sahib's book store in Ballimaran. Kalloo Miyaan showed him into my haveli at Gulli Qasim Jaan. The gentleman introduced himself as Pramathesh—Executive Editor of an English ezine, Fried Eye.

I have been struggling to make both ends meet for a long time, without much avail. People here are always biased against me. No one complains about Ustad Ibrahim Zauq. Or Ustad Bedil? Why? Is my shayari inferior to theirs? I even thought about leaving Delhi for good and seek employment in the court of Nawab Nasiruddin Haidar in Lucknow. But there is a lot of enmity between Delhi and Lucknow, and the Lucknavi people don't allow Delhiwallas to practice verse in their city. But Pramathesh reposed his faith in me and asked me to handle editorial responsibilities for the February 15 edition. It was an honour I couldn't refuse. So here I'm, your guest editor for this edition.

Ishq par zor nahin hai yeh woh aatish Ghalib, ki lagaye na lage aur bujhaye na bane. In this issue, FE offers love on your platter. Our star writer Mani Padma talks about love in a different way in 'Another love story', while Wise Bachelor has a chance encounter with Layla and Majnu in a Delhi restaurant and uncovers some startling facts about iconic relationships. Get to know why TV viewing is harmful for children from Srajan, a schoolboy himself. Pavithra Selvam will tell you how not to transform into a 'momster' on Facebook, while Hashan will make you fall in love with the tulip with his story. Noyon's compilation of 14 most loved romantic tales on celluloid will surely give you goosebumps, while Misscellany this time will literally make you feel a lot with your 'eyes wide shut'. And Wise Bachelor this time answers your love-related queries in his own unique way.

FE introduces a new section from this edition—**The Pursuit of Good Money** by Parashar Borkotoky. With this column, you will learn about investments and returns and good financial planning, and hopefully, your spending habits will change for the better.

I have been reading the past issues of this magazine voraciously, and have developed an immense liking for it. The articles are quite interesting and I especially like the 'poetry' section. It has given a platform to many up-coming shuwar who have the talent but not enough exposure. I know how difficult it is to publish your work; it took me almost a lifetime to publish my first diwan. After reading Just Once Again, you would agree with me when I say rekhtay ke tum hi ustad nahin ho Ghalib, kehtay hai naye zamane mein koi Jumi B bhi hai.

But there are certain things that I miss in this ezine. I feel there should be a section on music, too. I have always been an aashiq of good music, and Nawab Jaan's kotha is the only place where I get to hear quality music. I would love to read about music in the pages of FE. Also, my begum complains that she wants to read cooking recipes here.

*Hazaaron khwahishein aisi ki har khwahish pe dum nikle...bahut nikle mere armaan lekin phir bhi kam nikle...*I wish FE had more pages! It would be fun to read more of it. But for that, we will need more writers. I have heard that FE is looking for new writers. So, if anyone is interested, kindly contact the editors.

I wish FE all luck. I hope someday it will have a national presence.

Hain aur bhi duniya mein magazines bahut acchay

Kehtay hai FE ka hai andaz-e-bayaan aur...

Mohabbat,

Mirza Ghalib

Guest Editor,

Fried Eye



Blind Date

Dear Diary,

Now that I'm legally blind, I have decided to buy a cane. You see, the traffic is driving me mad. I just cannot walk on the roads without being hit! Bloody cows. And buffaloes. Add a bunch of mysteriously thinking motorists at the helm. Idiots. They never understand. We could get each other killed.



But the bigger issue here is not the safety, but the society. I have to admit, I AM a pretty babe, one of the most checked out in the office. A cane would totally undermine my sex appeal. Right?

Wrong. Rather, who cares? Sex appeal or safety? In fact, neither. Sanity should be the option. And I

choose that. Plus, sex appeal comes with the way one handles self. Just being who you are. You know what, I might just make being blind cool! And the Polaroids look absolutely awesome. On me, of course.

I'm happy with who I am. And its upto me to show the world that "Yes, I do the same things. Just differently." So differently, yet as efficiently, that the world is amazed. See, I finish my work too... Just seconds before the deadline ends. (**Note:** Procrastination may or may not have played a role.) And that always sets things in order leaving no doubts whatsoever in anybody's mind about what I can or cannot do.

Nods

Hey, I even saved Pramod from the traffic police! That reminds me. He owes me 200 bucks. Anyway, thanks to the outstanding accessibility features, the fact that I can access my browser three times faster is only cause of jealousy around the workplace. Huh.

Was made organizer for Valentine's day party games. Came up with games "Red Heart meets Red Rose", "Cupid's arrow strikes!", "Do Eye see what you see?" and some more I shall not mention here. It was only Shruthi who understood the more profoundly sinister reason behind the choice of games. Yup. I won't be taking part in any of these.. And like always, the show began with the immortal words - "Let the suffering begin!" 😊

O! And I also joined the Retinitis Pigmentosa Awareness Programme on Facebook. Awareness is such a critical thing I tell you. Now that I've told the world I can't see, especially the what I can't see, things are much easier. Feels good. For a change. 😊

Signing off.

Me.

Get in touch with Miss Cellany : miss.cellany@friedeye.com

Old Flame

-Mani Padma

His rheumy eyes searched her out among the morning crowd . She was still seated on that bench. Looking ethereal. Ageless. She looked at him and smiled shyly. A first. After months of pursuit she finally acknowledged him today.

Life was beautiful.

For widower Mr Garg, life began at sixty again.



Love's Labour Lost

-Wise Bachelor

As I walked into a quiet, dimly lit Tibetan restaurant in North Delhi's Majnu ka Tilla area, I found the man— after whom the place has been named— sipping Coke and enjoying tingmo (a Tibetan delicacy). "As-Salaam o alaykum, Majnu sahib. All well?"

"Wa 'Alaykum as-Salaam, Wise Bachelor sahib. Jab life ho out of control, honthon ko kar ke gol. Honthon ko kar ke gol, seeti baja ke bol. All izz well!" Majnu suddenly broke into a jig, startling everyone else around.

"Allah tauba, yeh aap kya kar rahe hai?" a lady rushed in to control Majnu. It was Layla.

"Come on, jaan-e-man, I'm happy today. Wise Bachelor is here. I remembered my bachelor days," a visibly pleased Majnu said.

"Honey, you died a bachelor," Layla quipped.

"I died a virgin! I died a virgin!" Majnu cried out.

"Quiet, my love, this is not the Arabian Desert that you would shout aloud like a deewana," Layla tried to calm him down.

"You witch! You charmed me and then you left me for a rich man. You had all the fun in life, but what did I get? Eternal virginity! Youngsters today lose their virginity first when they fall in love, but look at me: I'm still carrying it like a beast of burden," Majnu shot back. All this while, I was a mute spectator. I thought I should say something.

"Relax, guys, calm down. You are the icons of true love; our readers look up to you. Should you behave like this, our readers will be disillusioned," I said.

"Disillusioned? I'm already that. I died for nothing and got nothing in this world. And it was all for this woman. She killed me. She is my murderer!"

"What? She murdered you? But we thought she loved you a lot. She had sung koi patthar se na mare mere deewane ko to defend you. What about that?" I asked.

"Paah! That song was a farce. You know, she threw a shoe at me the other day when I was talking to Juliet, Romeo's love, in the Heaven's Cafe."

"A shoe?" I was scandalised.



"He deserved much worse. You know, WB, he was openly flirting with Juliet behind my back. A casual chit chat is always fine, but he was doing liptam chipti chipkam chipki with her. No woman can tolerate that,"

Layla's face had turned crimson with anger.

"Majnu sahib, is this true? It certainly doesn't speak great about the eternal love you professed for Layla," I was peeved.

"That's not true, WB sahib. I admit it was a weak moment, but I'm still a virgin. She doesn't let me touch her. So, I was just trying to make her jealous," Majnu was on the defensive. "Layla? Is that true?"

"It's his fault. Look at his dressing sense. He is still dressed in tattered rags, while others have switched to trendier gear. How can a sophisticated woman like me, be with him for long?"

"Juliet sees it differently. She is classier than thou yet understands what true love is," Majnu retorted.

"Did you see that? Did you see that audacity? He talks about Juliet like that in front of his love. Didn't I tell you something is cooking between him and that home-breaker Juliet?"

"Tauba tere jalwa, tauba tera pyaar, tera emotional atyachaar," Majnu said with a sigh.

"Emotional atyachaar? Oh yeah, do you know, WB, what happened to Heer and Ranjha recently? Ranjha wasn't behaving nicely with Heer, so she doubted him. She contacted UTV Bindass' Emotional Atyachaar team to run a fidelity test on Ranjha. He failed!"

"What? Ranjha failed it? How is that possible? Tell me more about it," I was aghast.

"Yes, he failed it. He was found coochi-cooing with Mahiwal's girlfriend, Soni."

"And now, Heer is coochi-cooing with Mahiwal. They are both nursing their bruised egos," Majnu quipped.

"That's only a rebound effect. She will return to Ranjha again," Layla said. I couldn't help my curiosity: "What's the point in having a fidelity test if you intend to go back to your significant other? Was it not a waste of time and emotions?"

"That's all bloody crap! It was just a pretext to swap partners and make the other person feel guilty. Both Heer and Mahiwal will have some fun for a while and then return to their spouses. All of this is bloody naatak," Majnu said.

"Nice, Majnu, very nice. You call it naatak, huh? Maybe that's why Shirin and Farhad are fighting a child custody battle in court. They just want to entertain the public, right?" Layla said.

"Shirin and Farhad too?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "Ya. You know na how they used to be 'together together' types before. They married and had a child. Trouble started after that," Layla continued.

"At the sets of reality show Sach Bol Baliye, Shirin made friends with Romeo. They became real good buddies in a short while, which was seen by Farhad with suspicion. Later, when they had the child, Farhad

alleged that it was Romeo's child. They would often quarrel and throw things at each other. Finally, Shirin took the child for a paternity test, which proved that it was Farhad's child. That shameless man forgot all the ill-treatment he had meted out to his wife and started behaving as if nothing had happened. He didn't even apologise. This was too much for Shirin. She refused to stay with him. Today, they are fighting a custody battle in court," Layla was exhausted. She had spoken without even pausing. I gave her some water. All this while, Majnu was surprisingly quiet. When I looked at him, I found him checking out a firangi woman sitting two tables ahead of us.

"Majnu sahib, all of this is very disturbing. What will our readers say when they come to know of all these scandals? People still die in love citing your example. They will be so disillusioned if they come to know how complicated and bizarre relations have become in your next life. Are you not worried about your reputation?" I had to ask him that.

"Saari umar hum mar mar ke ji liye, ek pal to ab hume jeene do...give me some sunshine give me some rain give me another chance I wanna grow up again. Have you ever tried to understand the travails of my life, WB sahib? I lived my life in the vain hope that Layla would be mine someday. I lived like a lunatic; gave up all comforts, slept out in the rain, yet Layla put me down. No woman warmed my bed, neither did I warm up to anyone else in this mad frenzy. I wasted my life, WB, I wasted it," Majnu broke down. I didn't know how to console him. But he sobered down and continued: "Now, I want to have some fun. Meet new people, see new places. That's why I have come here."

"But what about your image, Majnu sahib? What about the society?" I asked again. "Who cares about the society? The society had no problem in accepting Lord Krishna's dalliance with over 16,000 women. Why will it be so biased against me? The society has no problem in accepting infamous wife-basher Rahul Mahajan as a naya navela dulha making a mockery of the traditional Indian system of marriage or swayamvar. Why would the society then have a problem with me?"

I had no logic to counter.

"I will give you more instances. The Mughal Emperor Akbar had a taste for women. He had so many wives in his harem, yet the society never questioned him. But the hapless Aurangzeb, who didn't share his great grandsire's fondness for women, is seen as a demon. You see, my friend, in India, which will soon become the world's most populated country, what matters is how much prowess you can show off. We have produced more than one-sixth of humanity. No one is more capable than an Indian in bed. But look at me. What I have produced is a name that has come to be associated with madness. Anyone who goes mad in love is referred to as a Majnu. Is it something to be proud of? It's disgusting!" "See, Majnu sahib, I get your point. Whatever you have said is mostly right. However, we still believe in love. The world believes in it. Look at Layla. No matter what she says, she still gets jealous when you talk to another woman. Relationships bring with them a lot of complications and issues. However, we are supposed to resolve them if we love the people we are involved in. Am I right, both of you?" Layla and Majnu nodded. "How will you react if your Layla coils up in Romeo's arms?"

"I will snap that son of a gun's neck! I will kill him. I will..."

"Control yourself, jaan. It's ok. I'm not going anywhere," Layla held his hand and tried to relax his nerve. That was my cue to continue.

"Having 'fun' is a different issue, Majnu sahib, but being there for someone is the most important thing in this world. Look around you. There's love everywhere. You too don't want to be with anybody else. So why

pretend? It is these pretences that kill relationships. Why can't you guys accept each other's flaws and try to improve on them? Is it so hard to be in love? Is it so hard to keep those promises and vows that you exchange with your love?" I knew I was sounding preachy, but I couldn't keep the Agony Uncle in me under wraps. I solve relationship problems, don't I?

"So, what do you suggest, WB sahib?" Layla and Majnu asked in unison. "I would suggest you go on a long vacation together. That way you could know each other all over again. You can go to the Northeast and there you will get your sunshine and rain and everything else that can act as a band-aid in your relationship. Are you game for that?"

"I think I am," Majnu said.

"Layla?"

"I think I can't resist such an opportunity, too," she said. "All right then. I will try to fix up an itinerary for you guys. See if the cooler climes of the Northeast can enliven your spirits once again. My best wishes are for you," I prepared to leave. "Tell us one thing, WB, why are you yourself single? This is the month of love." "All is well, folks. Wish you a very Happy Valentine's Day!" I threw a smile at them and left. There are some questions that cannot be answered. For everything else, of course, there's Wise Bachelor.



The Pursuit of Good Money

-Parashar Borkotoky

If you are a believer in the broader idea of a global recession that enveloped the world in 2009, it can probably now be argued that we are near the end of the downturn and possibly at the cusp of a recovery, even if it is a supposedly mute one that is characterized by continuous joblessness in many countries. Technically a recession is a period, when the economy contracts and is judged by the lack of growth, the easiest barometer of which is a declining Gross Domestic product (GDP) compared with an equivalent prior period i.e negative GDP year over year or quarter of over quarter. Considering this, it is worthwhile to note that though economies like United States of America and Great Britain experienced recession in the last year, emerging economies like China and India while experiencing subdued growth were technically not in a recession. This also led to the emerging economies to be better equipped to take advantage of the recovery. This position of strength that the emerging economies seem to enjoy at the moment, has brought out very interesting reactions from the western world, particularly the US.

During the mid of January, Google, the epitome of American innovation and new world capitalism announced its intention of pulling out of China, considered by many the most important market in the world citing a sophisticated cyber attack enabled from within the communist government. At the heart of the matter was also the blatant censorship of the internet. At first instance, it would seem the right thing to do ethically. After all, is it not the idea of freedom of expression that made the internet what it is today? However, digging deeper, one may find the relationship between governments and the internet is best an uneasy one, even in the most democratic of countries. Issues of censorship, access, security and control have surfaced time and again in many countries. So, it begs the question, why now? Why is Google making a fuss about these issues when a few years ago, they seemed to be perfectly happy subjecting themselves to these very same policies when they started their China operations.

Cut towards the end of January. The US President, Barrack Obama in his first state of the Union address announced his intentions to slash tax breaks to American firms moving jobs abroad, considering many to wonder its impact on the forty odd billion dollar Indian Outsourcing industry. The President also mentioned, in no uncertain terms, the need for America to pull up its socks to compete against emerging countries, explicitly referring to India multiple times. It's a time of crisis and some opine that the address was as much to appease the political constituency as much as treading towards a new economic direction.

If we leave aside the politicking in both the cases above, there is also a strong underlying economic message coming out of them. Economies like China and India are seen to be in a period of transformation and from being just new exciting markets in the globalization blitzkrieg unleashed by developing countries to real competition, one vying for the same piece of the global pie. Though the transformation is in no means even near a desired end state, it is entirely possible that the emerging economies will be as much about innovation and leadership as about cost arbitrage, in the years to come. Coming back to the case of Google,

will China really miss Google? For one, it is not its most popular search engine, not even the second. We, normal Google charmed fellows, will have to admit, that beating Google is indeed a feat, be it any country in the world and that does speak about the competitive innovation that is seeping into China. The same may happen sometime in India, where out of the all the service oriented outsourcers, we may be finally find an innovative company, that will transform our world, much like the Apple's of the developed world routinely do.

There is still a lot of catch up to do. Without the innovation in the west and specifically in the US, we will have no airplanes to fly, no computers and smart phones to take for granted or maybe not even credits card to swipe in fancy malls. Most inventions of any significance in the last century have happened in the west, with the exception of Japan and the world has benefited immensely from ideas generated in the west. While the west innovated, we were more than happy to play a peripheral role, provide manufacturing support and human services that helped grow our economy and lifted millions out of poverty. However, now with the west in a position of macroeconomic weakness looking at the not so previously attractive periphery with renewed interest, it is upon countries like ours to step up to the challenge and play a more central role and imbibe the very economic values that propelled the west to where it is today – innovation, entrepreneurship and meritocracy. Being a working democracy, India is in a unique position to leverage this opportunity and transform from being a low cost services powerhouse to a truly global economic power.



Wise BACHELOR

Q. I am about to get married to a guy, but before marrying him, I want to know more about him. But it is really difficult to arrange a date with him, as his mother doesn't allow him to take his cellphone out. So, whenever I want to go out with him, I have to call up his mother and seek her permission. It is really killing our relationship even before its growth. Please help, WB. Pehenna chaahu suhaag ka joda par saasu maa pehnaye ghunghroo, Bangalore

Ans: My dear, your condition is exactly like Prajakta Deshmukh's (later Virani) before she married Chirag Virani in *Kyunki Saas Bhi Kabhi Bahu Thi*. Dakshaben Virani, Chirag's mother, never liked her and always intercepted her phone calls to her lover. Ultimately, it was the sensible Tulsi Virani who hatched a brilliant plan to get the two of them married by guile. Dakshaben never approved of the action and disappeared from the picture for 40 long years, only to resurface as someone who looked younger than her daughter-in-law. From the above example, you can be sure that you are in a better place to decide things. If would-be mother-in-law ji is so protective about her son, she might want to remain in power forever and assign you only a minor role in the real-life drama that she will direct. And if you throw tantrums, she can be as blunt as Ektaa ji herself, by replacing your character with somebody else's.

Try to know what kind of a man is your would-be hubby. If he is like Deven Verma in *Khatta Meetha*, who keeps on asking his mother, mummy o mummy, tu kab saas banegi, then he might not be the right guy for you. You should look for someone like Shammi Kapoor in *Junglee*, who vehemently opposes Lalita Pawar (his mother) when she asks him not to marry Saira Bano. But the decision is yours. After all, you might also want to team up with your saas and drive your hubby crazy, as in the old *Britannia 50-50* shayad mummy-shayad biwi commercial where the hapless guy is traumatised by his nagging mom and pugnacious wife.

Q. WB, I am going around with a girl for five years, and I have been very committed to her. But recently, she told me that she has slept with someone while I was out of station. I am shattered. Please help. *Betrayed in love*, Guwahati

Ans: Bhai, I must say that you are lucky to find out the infidelity of your girl before making the final commitment. Imagine a conjugal life with her, when you would wonder from where she got that cologne smell on her saree. And just imagine what would happen if your kids look like and talk like your driver. If you don't want a future like that, then take some tough decisions. You might want to go Kawas Nanavati's way (by killing your girl's paramour), or you might want to play Naseeruddin Shah in *Ek Pal* where he not only accepts his wife's infidelity but also her illegitimate child. However, my advice to you in three words would be—BHAGA DO USKO!

Q. WB, I am a Hindu in love with a Muslim girl. We both want to marry each other, but fear that our families might thwart it. How do we tackle it? *In good faith, New Delhi*

Ans: When will the young generation learn to appreciate Mughal-e-Azam's landmark song, Pyar Kiya To Darna Kya? Brother, you need to learn from Anarkali's example that if you love someone, you should not fear anything. If Salim and Anarkali could stand up against an empire, both you and your love can stand up against your families. But make it sure that this is your last option. I would like to advise you to consult your respective families first. Try to show them reason that they could make an example of aapsi bhaichara by allowing you to marry each other. Mazhab nehi sikhaata, aapas mein bair rakhna (faith doesn't teach us to bear ill-will among us)—Iqbal sahib wrote that a long time back. We reiterate this point every day when we sing Saare Jahan Se Accha. If you fail to convince your families, then law will help you. However, you both have to be sure if you would be happy without your families. Decide wisely, my friend.

If you also have questions to ask WB then please mail to wise.bachelor@friedeye.com

I need you...!

-Rakib Ahmed



All the pictured moments are scattered all around me.
 All the perfect moments are lost in the darkness.
 Memories of you are hunting me like my shadow.
 I can't take this no more, I need you now.
 What went so wrong, why don't you love me no more?
 Everything was so perfect, together you and me.
 I wonder if my thoughts ever come to your mind.
 But you are in my mind every passing time.
 I miss you every time I open the door!
 But I don't see you standing in the corridor. I need you now.
 I spent my day looking at the telephone and I don't see your call any more.
 I don't know if I ever get to see you again, maybe not now maybe never again!
 I wish nothing more but one chance to start over again!
 I can't take this no more, I need you now.
 We could have played a perfect melody of love, with all songs in the same node.
 If only I ever get to say "I Love You" one more time.
 I will make the moment worth a life time.
 Memories of you are hunting me like my shadow.
 I can't take this no more, I need you now.

Just Once Again....

-Jumi B

Gone away are you, away from me,
In search of an inexplicable something;
Dispersed are those moments, dispersed with time-
Moments we created, moments we shared,
Moments specially meant for us.
Steep is this path, steep indeed-
Yet with feet so bare, I walk ahead,
Dry are my lips, wet are my eyes;
But I shall smile, smile for you.
Though far away, you are still there:
There somewhere, somewhere in me,
With a whisper so low, you speak to me,
Speak to me in the stillness of the moon.
Through tears you flow, with the wind you blow-
And make me live, live life again,
Listen to me, if you can;
Turn back to me once, just once again!



ASSA

Another Love Story

- Mani Padma



Part – 1

Air, water, earth -three elements of nature- How naturally they coexist. Each in perfect harmony with the other. If only it would have been this easy among us humans...to coexist... without complications...without threatening the essence of each other...

Why am I saying these... Simply for the reason that it has just struck my mind following a predicament I am in... Why ? Thats quite a story... No ! I won't give you the cliched reply of – Another day Another story. Maybe sitting here at the dead of the night I do want to let out my heart. Unburden myself.. I am Maya...an only child. Spoiled ? No! Pampered? Yes. I was brought up with lots of love and happy thoughts...so much that like the Happy Prince of Oscar Wilde I knew no sorrow in the real sense. Being an only child I never knew the meaning of choices. Being protected and sheltered throughout.. I never Knew.... Wait a minute. Let me cut the crap. Sorry. This is going all wrong. I got carried away..I love weaving fantasy yarns and the night air makes me a bit loony...The truth is I was a perfectly ordinary kid from a perfectly ordinary family, who now have strangely found myself in an extraordinary situation or is it????

I was a very ordinary kid with extraordinary dreams about love and life. Growing up in the make believe world of fantasy and fiction in the beautiful surroundings of Sundernagar, HP , I used to think myself as no less a princess waiting for her prince charming. Prince charming did come but not in a manner that I dreamt of. He simply slipped in unnoticed , unannounced and made himself comfortable in my heart. Shubham-He was the gawky boy that I had seen quite a number of times and who stayed across the other hill. My father used to know his father and thats the reason I remembered him, otherwise he had a very ordinary normal persona, a face that blended in the background. My board exam was just around the corner and my father to do something about the stunted progress of my session marks had requested him to help me with my lessons.Playful and fun loving that I was, I was irritated with the additional burden of studies and was barely civil to him. He tried his best in his shy demeanor to try to drum into me some numerical sense but it was hopeless! Even after three months he failed to make an impression in my life and I failed to make a passing impression in maths in my board exam..It was such an irony . His grad results were just out too and he had come out in flying colors and here his illustrious student- was languishing away with shame and condemnation. I remember I was moping around when he came to visit. Ma was all over him as if her own child had done the honors and was clucking away like a mother hen, but thankfully she left us alone in the study room when I came out reluctantly to meet him. We sat down in that small room for quite a while in silence . Finally I snapped at him, "So lecture me like the others. Why are you wasting your time saying nothing."He still said nothing.

I started weeping in frustration.

"Hey! Pease don't cry! Please. This isn't the end. ... You know. With little practice and concentration you can do better next time. It happens"

"Well it didn't happen to you", I said nastily.

" No ,...ya ,.. I mean no it didn't happen but it could have happened "

"As if, How? I asked "You are the golden guy of Sundernagar.. You can't go wrong" I continued bitterly wiping my tears. "You are not me. Duffer and..."

"No! of course I can go wrong. I am not infallible. And you are not duffer. In fact I used to envy you.."

"me?" I asked the weeping completely stopping. "You are kidding"

"No I am not. I use to think – Look at her so carefree, so oblivious of everything. So innocent. So spontaneous. so radiant with an inner joy as if you are anticipating something nice. As if you have no complains against life. ... "I was still waiting for him to spell out something substantial to be envied.. "And you sing well.... "Thats all??"

He smiled at that and I noticed for the first time that he had a dimpled smile. "See! I have still one more month before I go off to Delhi for post graduation. Your exams are not until six months but we can still practise for a month. Even after that I will visit home once in a month so we can go over again too. And now that net connecton has arrived we can still communicate.."

I was surprised at his enthusiasm.. "You really need the money badly don't you?" I blurted out and realised a little too late of my folly. We both were red with shame. "No no !" He laughed to diffuse the situation. "This is for free." I just murmured my apologies and said, "Thanks. Papa will appreciate it."

"And you?" he asked softly. For the first time I had no answer to his non mathematical question. After that things just fell into place like a jigsaw puzzle. In one month I fell in love with him, his brilliance, his dedication...everything. (He didn't fall, obviously because he was already in love with me) We kept in touch regularly. Our conversations shy, guarded, not overtly romantic which added to the thrill of anticipation. And after I completed my twelfth and into my first year of grad, we got married. No drama there. Everything went smoothly. After marriage we shifted to Delhi. He got the job as an Lecturer in a private upcoming institute. Though he was quite sought after, he was totally grounded. I began to enjoy the fast life in Delhi on. Everything went smoothly and was smooth even after marriage except ...sometimes I used to feel a strange tug in my heart. Being fed on Mills and boon and hindi movies, I used to fantasise a lot about romance- like candle night dinner, valentines day, movie date. Love letters. But, he was a complete academic. Trustworthy, loyal caring, loving but he was not into demonstration. In other words he was unromantic and dry. We had very little conversation because I was so awed with his intelligence, I hardly could converse intelligibly with him. The evenings used to pass in contentment and companionable silence No sweet nothings, no flowers no gifts. The only time he brought me a gift was on my birthday. The first time, he brought me a hideously designed saree. Second time, he decided to play safe and gave me cash neatly packed in an envelope.. Anniversary? We went to the temple to pray for a baby. But well he was, I admit he was one of the nicest person that my life could gift me. And I was thankful to God for that.

My birthday was fast approaching and I was restless with growing frustration as I wanted something special on my birthday this time. Something different. He was busy with the coming exams and greatly preoccupied with it and oblivious to other things. I was so concerned with my birthday preparation that I was totally oblivious to other things. In a hope to hint him and motivate him I used to pester him to plan something everyday.. There was just 4 days left when I decided to take matters in my hand at breakfast table.

"So what are we doing that day? Any plans?"

"Which day,?" he asked Toast in one hand and a file in another.

"You forgot? You deliberately keep on forgetting!"...

"Its not like that. Things are a bit busy these days. Try to understand... We will think of something".

"When? After it is over? Do I have to compromise on these too?"

"For Gods Sake don't make an issue of this.."

"So I make issues now Huh! From day one I am just compromising. Have you ever given any thought of what I might want?" Tears were streaming down my face.

"Listen things are going very busy in my work place. I am already in stress. Dont make it difficult for me please!" I had lost myself to anger and frustration by then, "So I make things difficult for you. And you? Do you realise how difficult you are making my life? How you are making me suffer?" I dont know why I uttered such harsh words. I could see his face contort with pain and anger with utmost patience he hissed – "Then why don't you leave me?" And left abruptly for his office, his face dark and ominous. Well that was that, the most commonly uttered quarrel statement

between a couple. I knew it was just that, - a statement, but at that time I had no control over my mind. I rushed to my room wiping my tears I managed to pack my case and then left with a note saying. "I am going. Never coming back". I did n't know what had come over me that day, but I suddenly felt a deep urge to just get away, maybe just for days, but I felt I had to get away. Going to my parents place was out of question. That was the first place he would come looking for and I had no need for another long lecture from my parents on how to maintain a relationship. There was only one place I could go. To Vinita's Place in Shimla. My friend and my distant cousin sister in law. Her hubby , that is my cousin brother was posted in Udaipur about she had stayed back home in Shimla for the Kids schooling and also because she had a job too. I knew she was dependable and as she was my close confidante I promptly took the next bus to Shimla informing her halfway en route. When I reached the bus stop, she was there waiting for me... along with someone. A tall handsome boy . A smiling boy with such a radiant smile, a radiant soothing smile ..It just could gladden your heart.....A face without any pretense a face which was smiling me a welcome, a face – smiling at me with admiration... For a fraction of a moment I was captivated by such transparency.

"Oh My God Maya! How are you?" , she hugged me and my reality closed in on me. Suddenly, inexplicably I missed Shubham so much, I started weeping in her arms. As if I felt that I was close to losing him forever. As if somehow my heart could sense a crisis looming in the future...

Part – 2

"There, there ! everything will be fine. Just let' s go home. Rana go and get the car. "

So this was Rana her first cousin. How he has grown! I felt ashamed and calmed myself. We reached home in silence.Her kids were already asleep. Thankfully none asked me what the matter was. I freshened up .It was already 10pm and so dinner was served. I was tired after the long journey but not sleepy. Sitting beside her in the thick rug of her drawing room, I let my heart out to her. Every that I had held in my heart , I bared out to her- my insecurities, my dreams , my fears, my hopes...many things. It was 2am when she gently suggested that , I sleep. We rose from our seats , when I was suddenly aware of someone else in the far dark corner. I stiffened. Rana rose from his place and with easy steps he came over to us and asked casually," Ladies would you like some tea? I could make. it for you" ?

I was shocked and felt like slapping him but one look at his expectant face, i noted there was no hint of malice or slyness on his face.

" What were you doing staying awake till now?" My friend asked equally shocked and also embarrassed.

" You both were chatting so I came down to sit too." He replied smiling with an easy nonchalant air, no hint of remorse nor embarrassment neither curiosity.

"No we are retiring for the night. You sleep too."

"Ok Good night" and he left for his room humming a tune but not before giving me a thoughtful glance. "I am sorry. Please don't mind Rana. He is a bit strange for normal standard. If I wasn't his sister I would have declared him retarded. He has his own rules, his own ideas...but he means well"

I just nodded perplexed.

Next morning by the time I woke up Vinita had left for work but Rana was at home. The kids weren't home too. Gone to school. I felt a bit awkward. I was just thinking what next to do sitting on the drawing room sofa, when suddenly he appeared grinning with a tray in hand.

"Hi! The rest of the lot have gone to do something worthwhile for the country and since I am the only one with nothing worthwhile to do, so thought let me serve you instead.... Breakfast !"

"What?"

"Never mind" he said waving a hand. "I hope you eat eggs because omelette's is the only thing I know how to make properly...There ! Your toasts are ready too. ...you may start.... I will take only tea... Already had our breakfast... Do you want to go out somewhere. ..Of course this isn't your first trip here... Did you use to remember us after we moved from sundernagar....I hope you remember me from those days...You are as beautiful as earlier... I am still as pesky as before." I laughed. It was so easy to listen to him going on continuously. He seemed totally unaffected, absorbed in his own happy world so oblivious yet so sensitive cautiously steering the conversation away from dangerous water. I couldn't help but feel cheerful with his sunny disposition. It was easy to spend time with him. We shared some common interests too. I thought with a sudden pang in my heart, When was the last time Shubham and I had a long meaningless chat?Rana sensed the slight change. Suddenly he exclaimed," Oh my god the kids are about to arrive. Macaroni.! They love it. Want to help me?"I smiled. "What do you do other than cooking, entertaining guests and babysitting." I teased. "Well I am not that worthless, you see." Feigning hurt." I am a freelancing photographer here on an assignment but as cheap help is hard to get over here, I stand in as the cook , maid driver and etc etc. for my dear sister"

"I am going on Friday to Mashobra for a shoot. Care to come along? Could use some help". I looked aside. It was my birthday that day. The realisation brought a stab of pain in my heart. I mumbled something incoherent and without giving him a glance excused myself from there before I could burst into tears. I came to the guest room and took out cellphone- 33 missed calls 25 his and eight mom's. I was tempted to ring him up when I realised there was an sms too. I clicked on the sms. It was short and dry – whr r u? Sorry. Worried- made me all the more furious. I switched off the phone and went to take a bath.

Vinita came home early that day. The evening passed off cheerfully It eased my heart to see him playing with her kids and their friends. I have never had such and cheerfu and lnoisy evenings after my marriage. Having to tolerate Rana's constant nonsense brought my stress levels down. I felt relaxed like never before. The next two days brought us closer still. I could tell him about Shubham without the pain tearing my heart out. What I liked about Rana wsa he was not judgemental. Nor preaching, Not even patronising. He simply listened, concentrating trying to understand and that was what I wanted most -Somene to listen to me with no questions , no demands...

It was my birthday eve. I was debating on whether to switch on my cell pone or not. How long could I continue this way I had already overstayed Vinitas hospitality..sooner or later I had to come to a decision. I had to discuss this with Rana..... Now why did I think that? Why Rana? Suddenly there was a knock on the door.I opened the door to find Vinita standing with a grim expression

"we need to talk. Come with me".I followed her timidly. "Was she about to throw me out?"

The drawing room was dark and silent. She paused by the door to switch on the light and then "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU"

The kids, Rana were grining from ear to ear. Everything happened in a blur after that. Vinita hugging me. The kids pumping my hand uttering happy birthday. There was the most beautiful cake on the centre table. Her kids handed me a hand made card. A Present. A bouquet. And then suddenly Rana did something totally unexpected . He put on a song on the player." Always a woman " by Billy Joel and pulled me to him to do a short waltz amidst my protests and others cheers. I was speechless. I was touched by everything. After cutting the cake I suddenly started crying "Dont worry Aunty has a dental problem , so when she is happy she starts crying instead of laughing," Rana explained with a serious look to his bewildered nephews.

"I am sorry ... but bu.. I a m so oerwhelmed." "Its ok" Vinita assured me with a hug. "The day is going to be fine for you"

"Of course she will be happy today after all she is going with me to Mashobra, today..

"Wait I never.."

"Great. Be ready by 8am sleepyhead"

"Rana I ..."

"I hate being late on my assignment" and with that he disappeared into his room. Vinita just nodded at me and smiled. The part of Mashobra he took me to was amazing, We chatted easily as he clicked on. He took my photographs too amidst my protests. He was amazing. Concentrating one moment and joking the next.. It was such fun to be with him. I never felt so light and peaceful ... We hiked on to higher secluded ground , chatting carelessly. As I was out of practise, i started to pant. and then I slipped. He caught my hand in a firm grip and steadied me but that made me fall against me. I was aware of him closevery close... dangerously close, my face buried against his jacket front and i could hear his heartbeat racing Suddenly I was scared to look up at him. Afraid of what I may see there. I gently detached myself from him and sat down. Fearfully I looked up at him and was perplexed. His face betrayed nothing only a puzzled smile "Tired?" he asked plopping down beside me. I scrutinised his face again. There was no sign of any emotion of sort. It was smooth, handsome and happy. I debated for a moment and then with a deep breath I asked, "Tell me, why are you doing all these?"

"I need the money. And I don't like a nine to..."

"No no! I mean these?"

"What?"

"Those that you are doing for ...me? He was silent. "Tell me!" I repeated

He turned towards me and asked with a serious expression, "What do you want to hear?" "The truth" i replied after a pause.

"The truth is I don't know. ... I never thought until now that I was doing something for you. I didn't even realise. Look, I never analyse my actions nor do I preplan. I have always been impulsive. I have always gone by my heart... I just did it. Now that you ask I can't pinpoint it. What I did? Why did I do? What I will do .The general questions. It was all instinctive. I just felt that if I did what I did, it would make you smile and that was what mattered. I don't even know if any of this makes sense.. Now that you ask me. Yes! why do I want to see you happy?" And there was a flash of pain in his face but it was gone the moment I realised. "Leave it". He chuckled. "We both have gone mad. It's getting late. Let's go."

All the way, I sat silent, my mind in turmoil. His words running on my mind, remembering his racing heartbeat, the song- . It was already seven when we reached home. I was planning on taking them to dinner that night. My treat. Vinita opened the door with a lushed face. Her eyes breaking into wide smile- genuinely happy but for what... and the I saw him. Shubham- he stood there looking thin and haggard, tired. Dark circles around his eyes. My birthday gift to you, Vinita whispered.

I was shocked and more so when I saw the wind completely being knocked out of him when he saw me coming in with Rana. I realized what he was feeling. I realized his vulnerability, his insecurity and in his insecurity, I realised his love for me.

Oh my God! Oh my Darling! Without a thought, I rushed towards him and threw myself against him, his arms encircling me , all the while he whispered "I am sorry Jaan, I am sorry." I wept emptying my soul of all the unhappiness , all the bitterness, washing it away with my tears.... and then my heart went numb.. Rana! Where was he? What was he doing? I wanted to turn back and see..but I was afraid to see. What if I saw pain? Or was he smiling? Indifferent? What if it hurt me to see him smile ? Did I want him to be indifferent? I was afraid to turn around for what it could do to Shubham, for the hurt it would cause him. What if I lost Shubham forever? But if I don't turn around, will I never see Rana?



How not to be a facebook mo(m)ster

-Pratibha Selvam

This piece is for Noyon – he asked me to write about love. But asking a woman who is experiencing quarter-life crisis to write anything on those lines is a little more than a serious crime. With the way pesticide sales are rising and the US is exporting genetically modified corn, I am already wondering if I will soon begin displaying menopausal symptoms. Considering the natural process of procreation seems to be a bleak prospect for me in the foreseeable future, I am seriously thinking of adoption as a means to extend my 'family-name'. Even though I am South Indian and don't technically have a family name, I've watched way too many Bollywood films to not want to keep the khandaan going on. With the ever-growing fierce competition and bitchery in the dating market and my non-belief in the arranged mockery system, finding a man to procreate with seems like an utopian dream. Hence, I shall adopt. Maybe I'll be famous like Jolie and Madge. I even share my birthday with the latter.

But seeing the girls I grew up with turning facebook monsters with the advent of the mommy syndrome, makes me really worry. I've already given myself some rules. So here goes...

10 things facebook moms should never do

- 1.) Never put up six million pictures of every waking hour of the baby. And when I say never...
- 2.) DO NOT make the baby's first cut fingernail your profile picture
- 3.) We don't want to know about your baby's bowel movements
- 4.) Your baby is definitely intelligent for being able to carry out a perfectly normal conversation with the Shrek DVD. Don't post the video.
- 5.) Also in the video category, DO NOT post extremely long videos of your baby sleeping.
- 6.) Status updates detailing your baby's puking and crayon swallowing habits are not of interest to anyone except yourself.
- 7.) If there are two or more categories that speak about your baby other than the Children category on your Info page, you should know you that you are a facebook mo(m)ster.
- 8.) Just like you wouldn't want your mom to post a nude photo of you, your baby will very much appreciate it if you didn't.
- 9.) If you are a facebooker, the community would very much appreciate YOUR name and photo on your profile. If you cannot resist, create a fan-page for your baby.
- 10.) Nobody else really believes Cerelac vegetable is yummy. Stop writing notes about how Cerelac vegetable can be made yummiier by adding milk that has 4.5% fat. Even if you do – DO NOT TAG ME. I have enough fat to fight.

Good News



Manas sanctuary set to get 6 rhino guests

Manas Sanctuary is all set to get 6 more rhinos afresh. Courtesy US Fish & Wild Life services(FWL), International Rhino Foundation(IRF), and World Wild Fund (WWF). These agencies are implementing the Indian Rhino Vision 2020 aiming at increasing 3000 Rhino population in all the seven sanctuaries in the state. The scheme saw its implementing in 2008 when 3 rhinos were released in this sanctuary on April 13, 2008. This is fort the first time in this sanctuary, rhinos were released to boost its population. As the number of rhinos decreased, the organizers of Indian Rhino Vision came to the rescue. Manas National park's project Director Of Manas Tiger project, Anindya Swargiary has been helping the WWF implement the scheme. The senior project officer of WWF Deba Kumar Dutta and his co-workers help this scheme get properly implemented. Notably, in 2008 two rhinos were freed in Manas Sanctuary and at present there were five rhinos in it. The Indian Rhino Vision has six other rhinos for Pabitora National Park in March. – FENS

Get Ginger & Garlic against waste plastic and glass

In association with Guwahati Municipal Corporation, ENVIRON has undertaken a project where they collect your segregated plastic waste like polythene carry bags, Edible Oil Pouch Packets, Salt Packets, all kinds of plastic bottles and containers at the rate of Rs. 10/kg and glass bottles at the rate of Re. 1/kg in exchange of ginger and garlic. Amarjyoti Kashyap, President Guwahati has appealed the citizens to kindly cooperate in their mission for a clean and green Guwahati City. He can be contacted for further details at 0361-22355959 and 98640-17436 respectively. – FENS

TV viewing is harmful for children

-Srajan Bhatnagar



Hello I am Srajan ! I study in the ninth standard and just as it happens in every school, we too were given an assignment in the form of preparing a debate.

As it again happens I took the help of my chachi to prepare my speech or rather points and thanks to her I had the most boring speech among the lot and I will not go into details to bore you all but instead I will share with you what I wrote initially which was rejected instantly by my Pyaari Chachi.

TV Viewing is Harmful to Children

TV has a very important place in our home. All of us have preferences. Like I love watching Johnny Depp movies. That day I wanted to watch Johnny Depp but Papa wanted to watch Tennis. I tried to snatch the remote but papa was fast. He snatched the remote. Then he snatched my hair. And then locked me up in the bathroom for an hour so as to not to be disturbed. Oh did I mention that when I tried to snatch the remote I broke the costly vase. Well so there I was sitting in the commode and waiting for the match to finish and papa to cool off! Finally after an hour I was let out.

As papa had come back to his cheery mood, I decided to watch Johnny Depp again, but My sister wanted to watch Shinchang . Again a huge noisy fight started. My sister though younger was stronger and faster and she beat the hell out of me. In no time I was decorated with one black eye and 8 scratches. There was scope for more but momma rushed in .mothers are so blind....no no not with love but with their sense of justice. She thought I was the culprit and I was again marched off to the bathroom with full honours. She reminded me as always that I will become a peanut seller when I grow up. I don't know what that had to do with Johny Depp. Again me and the commode for another hour. . At this rate I was going to become its best friend next only to the hands free machine.

One hour later I tried to enter the TV room but I backed off after seeing momma crying away with Iccha of Uttaran. I waited for Iccha to give another speech to her spoiled friend about life, patiently. Finally momma left the room all red eyed but only after Iccha had left. I rushed in finally to meet Johnny depp. But alas! he had died of excessive drug dose in the movie. So I decided to drown my sorrows with a coke and sleepbut suddenly at 2 am, my youngest sister of two years woke up and waking me up said. "Bheeya! Stunart Little(she meant Stuart Little in the DVD player) laga do!".In the morning I looked like a Panda. Dark circles in a pale white face. Totally tired and disgusted.....with TV convinced that TV viewing is harmful to children.





The Romance that Gave you Goosebumps

-Noyon Jyoti Parasara

Love is in the air. Okay, we can overlook the love lost between Shah Rukh Khan and Shiv Sena because this is supposed to be the Valentine's week after all. And I am sure it would be terrible to not celebrate it in style... and with movies. Movies have always been a great way to celebrate. No secrets that movies are for the love birds when it comes to spending some time with each other. Sitting cozy by each other, one hand into popcorn and the other in the partner's hand and a lovely movie taking us into a world we would fancy...

And even though My Name is Khan could possibly be your choice of movie for the week for its lovely message or for the love story, we dug into the history of Hindi cinema to find some movies which we believe are some of the best told love stories in the industry – movies we are sure could leave you feverishly wanting to fall in love all over again and to be one of those characters. Read and hopefully you lay your hands on some of the DVDs and watch them till we come up with our next issue. That one solves two purposes – first you are entertained, second think about us (We love the second reason better).

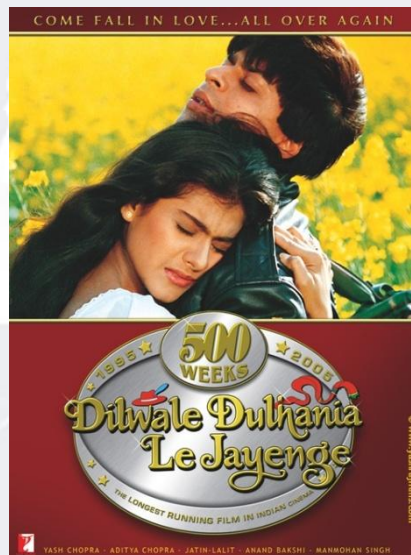
So here we go... and kindly note that this isn't a certified list of best movies, nor is it in any particular order.

1.) Kagaaz Ke Phool



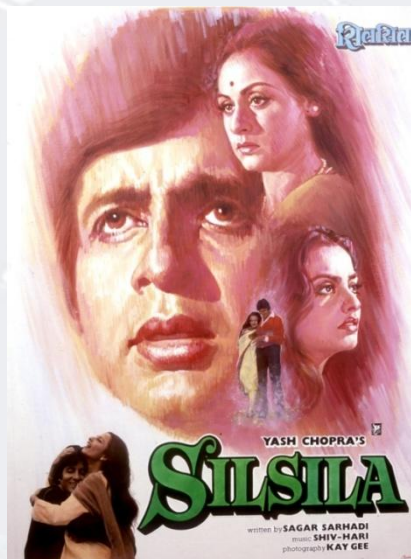
There are films and there are legends. Kagaaz Ke Phool is one film that is more than a legend. Many would rate it as one of the best movies made in India. In its time (1959), however, not many thought so. But then when it was re-released in 1984 in France and Japan, it attained a cult status. A tragedy, Kagaaz Ke Phool was said to be semi-autobiographical and strangely stands as the start of downfall in Guru Dutt's career. There are many other trivia associated with this Guru Dutt and Waheeda Rehman starrer, but nothing is as compelling as the movie itself.

2.) DDLJ



Now this is one movie we don't even need to de-abbreviate. Dilwale Dulhania Le Jayenge, better known as DDLJ, is easily one film that is almost on everyone's list of favourites. No wonder the film has gone on to become the longest running film in India and the second longest running film in the world. It recently completed 15 years of screening at the Maratha Mandir theatre in Mumbai. And even today the film draws audience. The film made Shah Rukh and Kajol superstars, made Aditya Chopra a huge name and gave a new trend to the way love stories were after the obscure 80s!

3.) Silsila



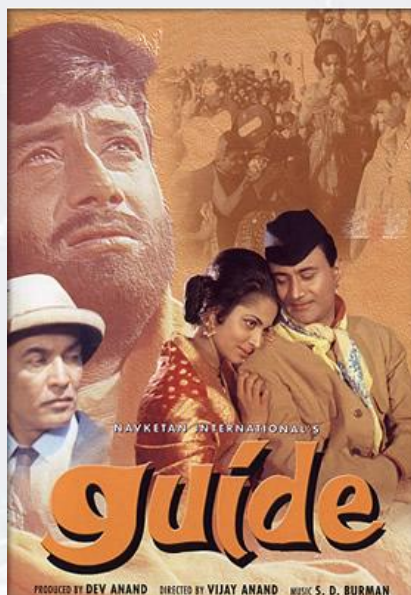
Though it was not the first movie that dealt with extramarital relationships, the way it was done was nothing but remarkable. The film didn't do too well at the box office, but still remains fresh collective memory. It also happens to be the last movie where Amitabh Bachchan and Rekha acted together. Interestingly, like their characters in the film, an extramarital relationship between Rekha and Big B was also the talk of the town back then. The relationship unlike the one in the film was of course never confirmed, nor did it reach any conclusion.

4.) Mughal-e-Azam



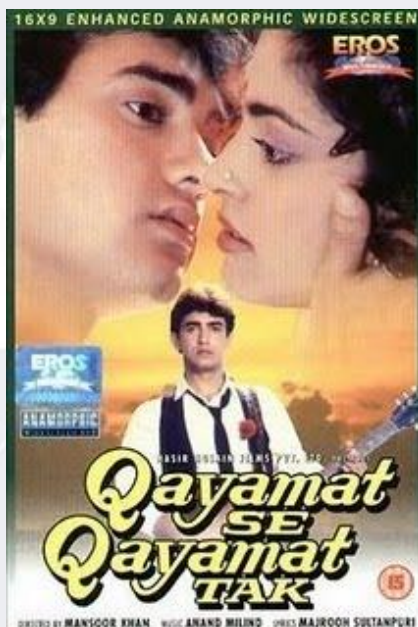
Mughal-e-Azam was the most expensive movie of its time. And it was also the first time Hindi cinema went colour, though it was just for one song. Extravagant and elaborate sets, and mind blowing dialogues – Mughal-e-Azam went to make history in the box office. It was the story of prince Salim and his lady love Anarkali from the Mughal era. The two characters were played by Dilip Kumar and Madhubala. Mughal-e-Azam gave us the immortal song, pyaar kiya toh dar na kya.

5.) Guide



A book by RK Narayan, Guide inspired Dev Anand so much that he decided to make it into a movie that would be his entry into Hollywood. As a producer, Dev Anand made two versions of the film – in English and Hindi. While the English flopped, the Hindi version made history and Dev Anand an even bigger star. Guide happens to be a love story involving a married woman and tourist guide and how life takes them on a ride of fame to dust! This one is remembered as one of Dev Anand's finest performances.

6.) Qayamat Se Qayamat Tak

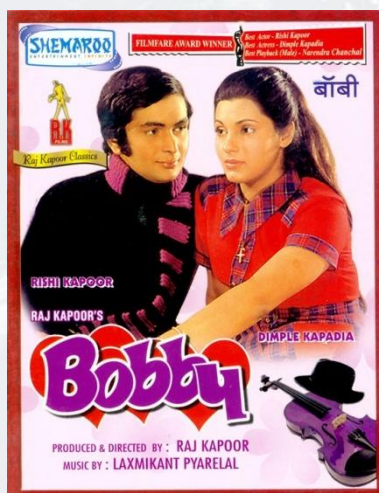


Though this is not Amir Khan's first film like always believed, but then this was his first as a hero. And he made sure he made everyone laugh and then cry with this film. Amir Khan and Juhi Chawla leave their warring families behind to live a life alone, in a world they create for themselves. With loads of 'aww' moments this one is often rated by many as one of the best Valentine day watches.

7.) Devdas

Devdas is one book that has inspired filmmakers so often that they have went on to make not one or two but almost ten movies based on the book, in many languages. While the first one was made in 1927 by Naresh Mitra, P C Barua made the first Hindi version in 1936 starring KL Saigal as Devdas. The latest one, which is actually was quite a deviation, is DevD which was released last year. With a story as compelling as Devdas, each film has been loved. We of course have softer corners for Bimal Roy's 1955 classic starring Dilip Kumar and Sanjay Leela Bhansali's 2002 epic starring Shah Rukh Khan. Both these movies have been equally successful at the box office and award functions. We really can't overlook P C Barua who was so smitten by the story that he actually made the film thrice: in Assamese, Bengali and Hindi!

8.) Bobby



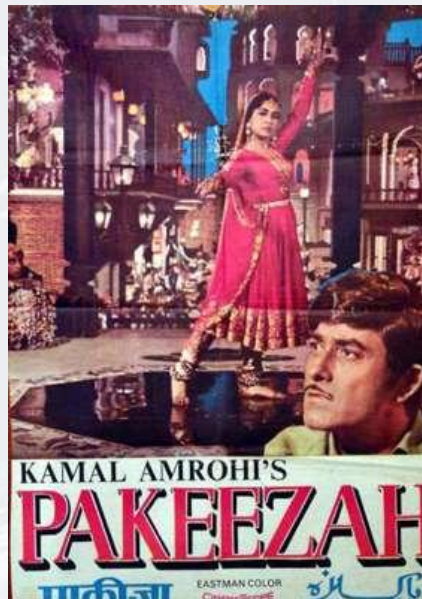
Post the disaster of Mera Naam Joker, Raj Kapoor needed something to reinstate his financial standings. Especially since that film took ages to make. And he introduced his son Rishi Kapoor opposite another newcomer—the stunning Dimple Kapadia. Bobby gave love stories a new found josh, which so many directors went to try in their own way, some successfully. Young rebellious love is not restricted to an era. Bobby was a hit and remains a hit with the youth! It is needless to say that not only did Raj Kapoor's banner fly again, he also gave Bollywood two new stars.

9.) Salaam Namaste



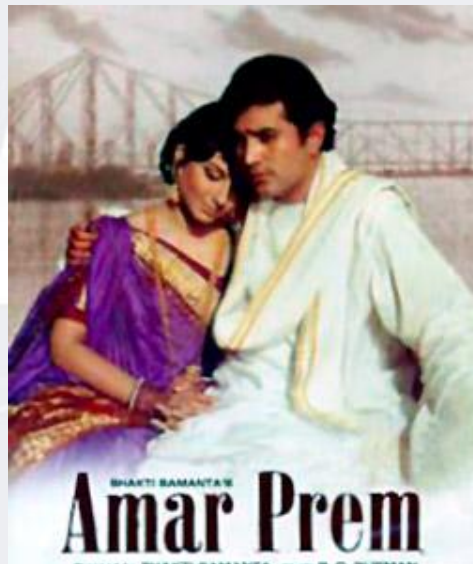
Commitment phobia was probably dealt with in Bollywood, at least not in this way. Salaam Namaste hit the nail right on it's head when it comes to the way modern relationships work out. It not only dealt with the phobia, but also showed living in as a preferred way of life among the youth. Clearly this film as path breaking as any other and the audience loved every bit of it. Saif Ali Khan plays a person who hates hospitals and doctors and is ever reluctant to get in to institution of marriage. And Preity Zinta played his partner who decides she would give birth to her babies with or without marriage.

10.) Pakeezah



Aapke Pao Dekhen. Bohot haseen hai. Inhe Zameen par mat utariyega maile ho jayenge. You can't help falling in love with these lines. The whole film is nothing less. One of the most adventurous love stories of it's time Raj Kumar and Meena Kumari breathe life and romance to make this a must watch. The story is about a forest ranger falling in love with a courtesan and how they took on the world to stay together. To think of it, this movie almost never got made after a couple of people signed for it died and some walked out. Kamal Amrohi deserves a salute for giving as Pakeezah.

11.) Amar Prem



Love does not always have a happy ending. And also you could find love in the strangest of places. If you don't believe in this, watch Amar Prem and you might just start believing in that. Amar Prem stands amar in the mind of anyone who has seen in. A love story between a rich married man and a prostitute, Amar Prem was no less revolutionary than any other movie. Yeh Aansu Poch Daalo Pushpa... I hate tears. Rajesh Khanna and Sharmila Tagore play parts in a love story, which was never expressed and a love story where the lovers lived but never together! This one is a masterpiece by Shakti Samanta.

12.) Hum Dil De Chuke Sanam



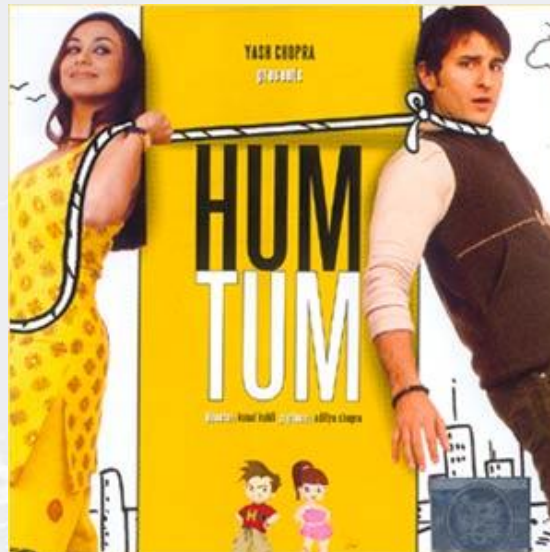
Just when you thought love stories could be so rebellious than it makes you go against the whole world, Sanjay Leela Bhansali made Hum Dil De Chuke Sanam. HDDCS had a completely new story where the husband tries helping his wife return to her lover though he loves her a lot. And by the end of the journey the wife falls for her husband! Salman Khan loses his girl yet again as Ajay Devgun proves that giving is a more significant way of expressing love.

13.) Ek Duuje Ke Liye



While movies are still being made on how love knows no barrier, K Balachandar showed us just that in 1981 with Ek Duuje Ke Liye. The story was about a Tamil guy falling in love with a Hindi girl, both incapable of communicating to each other through their respective languages. Add to that their parents despise each other and the whole universe seems to conspire to separate them. But they unite in death. Ek Duuje Ke Liye is almost a sure shot way of getting yourself some tears. Kamal Haasan and Rati Agnihotri are just brilliant.

14.) Hum Tum



After ages of love stories where the protagonists were sure about their love, Hum Tum brought on to the big screen the sensibilities of the Generation Y. While love remains as strong, there is also a strong sense of confusion. Kunal Kohli's Hum Tum not only gave Saif Ali Khan a National Award, it gave young girls and boys a chilled out love story that they could identify with.

There are many other films we are sure you would love to watch. So many other names right from classics like Pyaasa to trendsetters like Jab we Met, Love Aaj Kal and Kuch Kuch Hota Hai... and of course Lamhe and Baghban. We mean no disrespect to any of these great works. Just be entertained and show more love!

Picture courtesy: Internet

Tulip

-Hashan Hazarika



"Are you giving TV free with this?"

"aap bhi kyaaa bolte sirjee"

"1kg mutton 350 rupees...You will not take much time to become a rich dude" -He paid for the mutton. Then he went to the florist at the corner.

"Hello ma'am, can I have some yellow tulips"

"Oh sure my son" – the 70 plus old lady gave him a bunch of yellow tulips.

"This is for my wife Tulip, she is very upset with me.. Hope she will forgive me"

"She will son"

It was again started raining outside; he hid the flowers inside the umbrella hoping they would not get soaked.

"Am I forgetting something? Hope not.. Duhh... that's why always Tulip says to make a chit". He cursed himself and tried to recall if he missed something..

He rushed through the broad footpath leads to his home. Making absolutely no sound he opened the door with the duplicate key and started preparing steak with the muttons he got, he knows she loves it..

Then he arranged a tray with a glass of wine, steak and the tulips he got for her.

"Honey I am home. I got mutton steak...a bottle of wine and it's your favorite one"

"Tulip..Tulip, where are you? I already said 'sorry' many times to you...I will not drink too much again for what I was such a drunk that I could not wish you when the clock rings at 12 on your birthday, I know you always want me to wish you before anyone..

"Ahh! I wish I could have!" It went to the past... Since 7 years, He has been trying to wish her before anyone thus. He just wish he has impressed her with that he tries.

He entered into the bed room with the tray and placed that near to the huge photo of Tulip who expired 7 years back.

Stared at her photo he couldn't utter anything else "I am sorry"

He felt she is not upset with him anymore, she cried in bliss.

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