

## **THAT FRIEND AND ME**

Here was a story of a girl buffeted by winds of history. A very close friend of mine, with beautiful scintillating speaking eyes, inclusive not exclusive in the perspective of life and a great, great writer.

That was what had exactly made me drawn towards her. I would wonder why she never published her writings. Once when asked, she replied that her writings was never destined to mesmerize the world but only, to discipline her disheveled thoughts within a frame of few words. I was the only one to access her creation and I could never strictly ration my compliments for her. Oh! Yes, somewhat bias definitely. Though we once promised of greater enduring bonds, I felt for the expression of a desperate need to be included in a greater world where I could define myself, define my career and move on leaving her behind with compatible solitude in her books, may be I found her somewhat foolish.

Years past I found a real life and was joyously alive, and one early morning in numb terror the news came, death was whispering in her ears and she had wished to see me. God! How could she be such grid to a selfish friend like me?

I rushed at her last moments and the eloquence of silence in her eyes still causes a wrenching pain somewhere deep inside me, epitomizing the best and worst of friendship.

Within hours, she had gone up in that one last ultimate puff of smoke leaving behind just a drop of tear on my cheek in the name of friendship.