

Till The End of Time

Abhinanda Pandit

EPILOGUE

*“Dreams fight with machines
Inside my head like adversaries
Come wrestle me free
Clean from the war
Your heart fits like a key
Into the lock on the wall
I turn it over, I turn it over
But I can't escape
I turn it over, I turn it over*

*I loved and I loved and I lost you” –
Hurts like hell By fleurie*

Chapter 1

Eva24 <neptune19@smaill.com>

Sunday, 20 August, 1982
3:10am

To Peterpan

“Life is a reflection of intent”

Hello Peterpan,

How are you? Are you still taking coffee at 1 am? This is a weird habit I am telling you- not sleeping at night, writing songs till 4 am and having at least 10 cups of coffee- do not do it Peterpan. You will get addicted to it. Is coffee addiction a bad thing? I don't know, some wise people say any addiction is bad, no matter what kind of strain it is. But when did wise people's word stop us, you say? You know, today I visited that vicinity, our place. No, not exactly our, there was no such thing as "ours" in this dimension. But can we call it our “adolescence's cavorting vicinity”? You know, Tay River is still delightful. I have found our park analogously same as before, green grasses, crystal clear water, young couples, some old lady and their ghostly dog, all are still the same. Only we have evolved, don't you think so? Hey!

Do you remember that time when I was 7 and you were 8, our mom had brought us together to have some kindred time? And what did I do? Yes, I did something, I pushed you from swings and you almost fractured your left leg thumbnail. My mother was so ashamed of me that day. Puja aunty was really such a stupendous woman, she didn't say me much, and she just said me to be careful from next time. I was such a trouble child. Maybe this was the reason for my father's inattentive behavior towards me. So yes, apart from aunty, what was your reaction? Nothing, when I pushed you and you fell down from that swing; you just looked at me impassively. You didn't scream. Not even cried. How could a 8 years old have such a control over their emotion? This was the thing I loathed about you, not showing a single bit of emotion. Even that day your behavior was same; you were quiet, you were not talking and all you were concentrating on in that park was that stupid comic book your father had given you on your 8th birthday. You weren't talking to me,

not playing, not even fighting. And your indifferent behavior was the cause of my unseasonable action. Later I have found out, I pushed you from that swings because I wanted your little attention. I wanted you to talk to me.

Bothersome creature Neptune.

Chapter 2

Eva24 <neptune19@smail.com>
1982

Tuesday, 25 August,

1.10am

To Peterpan

“And even if you are not here to stay I am happy
Universe allowed your soul to stop by”

Hi Peterpan,

Welcome back. Had this idea ever ensued in your precious brain that might be humans are the most intelligent yet most threatening creature in this multidimensional universe? Had you ever thought why medical science could not understand human brain adequately? Different personalities, thousand emotions, millions of thoughts and billions of dreams; how everything is happening in a sequence and why no matter how developed our modern commonality become we could not unravel the entire mystery about this universe? But you know, I always had some theory, about us, about everything. No matter how eccentric it seemed. I believed we all had just only one origin and we all had come from that one ancestor, science also believed it you see. Remember Stephen Hawking’s “The Big Bang Theory”? But still, no matter how many scientists of all over this blue planet try and no matter how transfixed theory I had about this infinite universe, we could never perceive this mysterious universe entirely precisely, just like I could not fully distinguish the mystery that you were.

*See you,
Neptune.*

Chapter 3

Eva24 <neptune19@smail.com>

Thursday, 28 August, 1982
1.00am

To Peterpan

“To avoid pain, they avoid pleasure. To avoid death, they avoid life”

Hi again!

Today I went to our university to receive my transfer certificate. You know what Rosalie said to me today? Why was I running? Leaving Scotland was not a wise decision. Why did I leave violin class? She thought violin was what I wanted to learn. She was questioning again! Those same questions she always asks whenever we discuss something serious. I despised that look on her face when she rebuked at me, I think she was really concerned about my passion. Apart from you, she only knew about my inner devotion. I detested it when rose became serious, because of her articulation, her authority over me; her pure love forced me to recollect my late mother’s memory. This was one susceptible moment when I realized how much I crave my mother. Apart from her monologue towards my passion, you know what did she say? She said I am becoming exactly like you. At first, I could not grasp what she was implying, then like one electric bolt in my head the realization stroked. I remembered you were not there with us and you too had left your passion. Sometimes it looked like we were mirroring each other you know. But the only difference was, my love was Violin and yours was Art. Wait, was she talking about our ability to take risk too?

*I think I miss you,
Neptune.*



Chapter 4

Eva24 <neptune19@smail.com> Monday, 31 August, 1982
5.00am

To Peterpan

“It is okay to want to save people and not know why”

Hey Peter,

What’s up? I am very happy today! Reason? Don’t ask! I have my reasons (wink emoji). Hey, do you remember Durga Puja in Kolkata? That vacation which our family had decided to spent together. Of course, it was normal for them to plan it. After all, they were neighbor from last 10 years, and a good neighbor is a blessing. I think we both have enjoyed our Durga puja vacation that year. You know there is a specialty exit in India. No matter how crowded it is, I find India one of the most spiritual countries. I know if I would have said this to your face you would have rolled your eyes. Ethan, no matter what you pretend from superficial level, you cannot hide from me. And I believe you enjoy this universal discussion with me, you always had.

Eva (Your Neptune).

Chapter 5

Eva24 <neptune19@smail.com> Wednesday, 9 September, 1982
4.00am

To Peterpan

“You don’t give up on people you love”

17 years ago when I was 14, I have learned one vital lesson from the universe, that sometimes what it looks from outside is not what it is really inside. And you were the master of creating illusions. Do you remember that Durga Puja holiday I was talking about? Something happened during this phase. That remarkable phase made me realize what you meant to me in all of these years. We had lived our whole childhood in Scotland but the fact is, our mother

loved India and so do I. You, on the other hand, were denying any adoration for that place. But I knew better, that you too loved India and especially this special festival of Goddess Durga. Do you remember India was the turning point of our friendship? All our childhood, from age 4 to 13, we were like Tom & Jerry; sometimes friends and sometimes we used to act like enemy. But it was that holiday which had changed the dynamic, or I thought so. That time I had discovered how much similar we were. Maybe you had noticed too and that was the reason you pulled away.

Eva

Chapter 6

Eva24 <neptune19@smail.com> Thursday, 10 September, 1982
4.30am

To Peterpan

“You look at me, I look at you and something happens”

Ethan,

Do you know what goddess Durga symbolizes? Goddess Durga symbolizes the divine forces, Durga symbolizes power. And I was exactly feeling this on that trip. I promised myself I would not talk to you in flight, our mother seemed happy though. Why would not they? After all, India was their home and they were going back to their home. So I was confidently and nonchalantly sitting and watching free clouds below our plane, they were quiet and inattentively floating around. Then suddenly your voice rang from beside, “Don’t be so happy, they are fooling around”. I was not sure if I heard it right? Were you even talking to me? But your next sentence made me believe you were, indeed. You said, “They look happy now but they will start crying very soon, they change their mood much faster than you”. “Huh!” I replied. “Yeah, can you trust weather, Eva?”,



I remember my words, and you laughed. It was the time when I noticed you were becoming quite charismatic. You explained how my mood and weather were like twins, how I become sweet to cold and friend to stranger abruptly. But weren't you the same? The complaining you were doing that day, I was doing the same oppose towards you from last 5 year, either you were projecting my thoughts or my concept about "you and me mirroring each other" was so correct. Which one? You tell.

Eva.

Chapter 7

Eva24 <neptune19@smail.com>

Monday, 19 September, 1982
4.30am

To Peterpan

"Be the love you never received"

Dear Ethan

So you gave my nickname Neptune on that plane ride. Why? Because after 6 hours of flight and our discussion since last 3 hours about the universe and science, I have discovered your attachment towards one fictional character PeterPan and my dislike towards this blue planet Earth and how much I love the cold planet Neptune. I don't know why we like some things sometimes; there is no logic behind it. Neptune in science has described as the third most massive planet and the densest giant planet. Neptune is 17 times the mass of Earth and is slightly more massive than its near-twin, Uranus, which is 15 times the mass of Earth and slightly larger than Neptune; still I was captivated by this particular planet. Neptune emanates mystery and maybe this was the reason for my liking towards this giant planet.

Durga Puja in Kolkata was mesmerizing. The

lights, sounds, people, and colors- everything was so vibrant. Our family was happy and so was I. And you were one of the reasons of my happiness at that time. Cause? Simple! We were finally talking like friends. Almost like best friends. I realized how similar our choices were, and how similar we were in some form. But in the frivolous level, we were polar opposites. It's almost like our core was the same but the universe has designed our outer cell in a different way.

The first day of Durga Puja when everyone went to see the Goddess, remember you showed me your secret sketchbook. I told you I want to be a singer; well later in my life, my choices have changed. On that trip we were inseparable. But the twist happened on the last day. The Vijaya dashami day. Remember Lisa? She was my cousin, uncle Raahithya's daughter? She used to spend time with us that autumn. She had even become my good friend along with you. Even your too I believed. But you want to know something? At Vijayadashami, one action of yours shattered my entire wish that we could become close friends someday. Dashera marked as the end of Ramlila; where everyone celebrates God Ram's Victory over the demon Ravan. But where was my victory? Can I mark that day as our teenage friendship resolution? When all day you were with me, we were discussing a story I want to write. You promised that you, I and Lisa will go somewhere. I was ready at around 4 pm, waiting for you two to come to ground floor. All were already out that day. It was Dashami after all; they were immersing goddess Durga's statue into water for dissolution and a goodbye. All went there. Only my aunt, grandmother, and your sister-in-law were at home. I waited 30 minutes at the gate,

watching over the road. Your mother's home wasn't far from ours. But you didn't come, nor did Lisa. I had last seen her 3 hours ago in the house; I could not remember when she went away. Later I found out from your sister-in-law that you already went out with Lisa but you didn't inform me. Lisa also hid the truth from me. Was she a better friend than me? Were you two bonded more strongly than we ever had? Later that night my 14 years old heart was completely defeated, maybe this is why people say not to be open with anyone. Maybe that's why emotions are crazy and you also despise this drive. I wanted to cry but I didn't. I should have, because sometimes crying is better. Sometimes it is better to accept openly what you are feeling at a moment; see, like you I was stubborn too. My 14-year-old self was determined not to shed a single tear for you but inside that girl was feeling someone had choked her throat and she could not breathe. Instead of having a glass of water or crying, that little girl stood up. Opened her bedside drawer, found her favorite envelope, ripped open the tip and tore all the pictures which were inside. Want to know which picture that 14-year-old Eva had torn? She had split up yours and mine picture from that vacation.

Eva...

Chapter 8

Eva24 <neptune19@gmail.com>

Sunday, 11 June, 1988
5:00am

To Peterpan

"You can try to burn her at the stake but the flames won't silence her voice, she is the fierce fire of truth and she will burn your outdated world to the ground and that is why you fear her"

To Ethan,
So I was right about the end of our friendship deal. While returning home I ignored you

completely and you did the same. Where I thought our dynamic might change after this, we came back to the worse place than we were previously at. Though my stupid heart was longing for our conversation, but I acted otherwise. You tried to talk to me once in the flight when you needed water, I ignored you that time but my heart didn't want to. It wanted to scream at you for doing what you did, but see one good thing I have learned from you and that was pretending. You too never brought this topic again and I never asked or accused. Because after that trip we didn't talk at all, we went from best friend to stranger in one quick motion. You were right about that weather thing you know, but only your comparison was wrong. It was not my mood which shifts quickly; it was our relation which was never stable. Next, in my sophomore year, I heard you were dating Elisa, that beautiful face from France; everyone got a thing for her. She was school's desire at that time. And you got her. So yeah, I wasn't even far from you, you see! I pretended to date Alan. Well, not pretended, we had really dated for two years, we were foremost, we were the prom pair, and everyone loved us. Where you two were completely private, I and Alan were a big shot. I still wonder what you used to discuss with her when I used to see you two at the forest behind our school. Well, I think it was secluded. Did you connect with her at all? Do want to know my secret? I said 'I had pretended dating Alan' because all I did in these two years was clicking pictures, going out on dates at some expensive restaurant and watching his soccer games; I didn't connect with him even for once. It was not like he was not attractive or a bad person, it just never happened, I could not connect but I tried to though. Instead of ending our relation all

I did was pretended to be happy, fed some lie to my dense heart and shut her up. Later I realized I never connected with Alan because I never wanted to, or my heart string was always connected with that one boy? That brown eyed PeterPan? You tell!

Eva.

Chapter 9

Eva24 <neptune19@smail.com>

Sunday, 17 July, 1988

5:55am

To Peterpan

“There is still time for you to be who you want to be, to feel what you want to feel and to spend your time with those who matter most”

To Ethan,

Life is indeed unpredictable. Whenever we think we have figured out the lesson life is hiding, life changes the situation altogether. I thought we would never talk again and I was happy with this closer. But no, see I told you that life just loves to twist things up. It was our school farewell party when I had decided it was okay to finally end the suffering of “me and Alan were perfect together” drama and so I did end it. I left Alan and left the party. I couldn’t face him, I wrote a letter addressing him telling we weren’t compatible enough and I wanted the freedom. We were done and I never looked back. My inner conflict was clearly comparable with the dark cloud above that night. It was raining heavily; I started to walk on that lonely street alone. Frustration crept into me. Rain poured through my body distractedly. After 30 minutes I found our park. I entered silently and sat on the nearest bench. I can’t tell why I was crying. Was it because I missed my mother whom I lost previous year, or was it because no matter how popular I was, I still felt lonely inside, or was it because I couldn’t forget India and that astounding vacation. That day sitting on that

bench I understood after coming back from Kolkata everything changed remarkably. It was almost 3 years. I was an adult now. But instead of feeling robust, which I should, I was seemingly feeling weak inside. It was cold outside; rain had completely changed the weather. Suddenly I heard a voice, “I heard this garden is a resident of wolf, you shouldn’t be sitting here”. “What the!”. I looked up, my eyes were bloodshot red for crying since 30 minutes, hair disheveled, I was looking like a crap, and there you were standing under a willow tree, looking at your shoes and lord knows where else. A half-lit cigarette was dangling from your hand; you were wearing a white shirt with a black leather jacket, with a beanie which had pushed your ruffled curly hair back. Then you looked at me, still I could not see your vigorous eyes. They were hidden. I didn't know why, because of the low lights or you avoided looking at me or I was. But I remember what you said to me afterward. You had said, “seriously Eva, what are you doing here?”

Eva...

Chapter 10

Eva24 <neptune19@smail.com>

Sunday, 23 July, 1988

7:23am

To Peterpan

“I wish I was kissing you instead of missing you”

Ethan,

Some wishes are scrambling into my heart these days. I was thinking; how it would turn out if I suddenly stand in front of you? How would you react? I wish I could do that. I wish I could go back to where you are today but I know I can’t. But still I am wishing if I could see you. Hey, what would we do after all these years? Maybe we would visit our favorite park, watch favorite

movie and discuss about any promiscuous subject. I wish I could go back to time; I wish I could hold your hand and go for a walk beside the lake. Do you remember our summer camp at Skye? I know you remember. You seriously helped me to clear up the mess I have created with Alan. I don't know why you took me to that ice cream parlor and brought me my favorite flavored ice cream. I had told you that we broke up, and you started to laugh. May I know why? Well, now I know the reason. You said you knew that we were never even a pair, but I defended. I said no, everyone loved us. And you again laughed it off. What was wrong with you that day? You were smiling a lot lately. I never thought that you would talk to me after that night. But surprisingly you did. You called me the other day and asked my biology book for your project, which was weird as you could take it from one of your genius friends. Oh! I forgot to mention, even from your famous girlfriend. Even after this, the whole week you talked to me at school, random blabbering, sometimes greeting at the hall or sometimes at lunch break. One day you even invited me to ride back home with you and your pretty girlfriend. Shocking enough! Like seriously you thought I would ride back home with you two? But why? Why were we even talking again, and most specifically, why were you even talking to me again? Hadn't that vacation we witnessed enough challenges? Putting my heart on sleeves again wasn't the best idea, right? Well the biggest shock wasn't even your sweltering friendship. I almost fall from my morning bed when on Sunday evening you called me intoxicated, I was little worried about your whereabouts; I had asked where you were and you said not to worry, you were fine. You were out with your friends, and then you dropped the

bomb. You asked me to go out with you, no, not a date, you wanted me to go out with you in Skye for hiking? Were you kidding me? Were you serious? With a strained heart I had asked you, "what about Elisa?" and you replied, "we broke up one year ago".

Eva...

To be continued in the next issue ...