







of his enchanted eyes was fixed on my face. Draped in a pink saree, I blushed red, with an unknown hypnotic attraction. A strange sensation carried me away. I forgot that I was five years older and much more qualified than him... In the pavilion, adorned with mango leaves and marigold flowers, all the difficult circumstances and the surreptitious way the marriage was getting solemnized were obliterated and I shivered with an intoxicating warmth as the panditji placed my soft hand in the grip of Neeraj's firm hand. Only thrill and excitement were there in the air, in

every cell of my body... \*\*\*\*\* Pankhuri was daydreaming all the time with the image of her tall and handsome fiancé floating in her eyes. The season of spring, the affluence of bright colorful flowers, all had become pale and faded before that silhouette. And suddenly, there came a bolt from the blue. Destiny had made a cruel joke... Pankhuri burst into tears, like the lava suppressed for so many days had found its way... No Chachiji! How does it matter, even if we have not been bound by way of seven circumambulations before the deity of fire? Our hearts are interwoven ever since the day of our engagement. I can never,

ever forget him... \*\*\*\*\* 'Tumhari Kahani' comprises stories of three generations, covering various aspects of female life in the Indian context. Spanning roughly over a century, the stories represent characters ranging from the traditional grandmother of the early twentieth century to the present-day homemaker, all the way to the financially independent modern woman of the twenty-first century with liberal thoughts.

**Ek Mast Fakhir Neeraj** Atmaram & Sons  
Dictionary of Hindi language.