

*Introducing*

**Poorvi**

*from*

*A*

*Thing*

*Called Destiny*

Love story with a *Dharmic* Twist

## A Thing Called Destiny

‘It’s true indeed,’ Vidushi remarked.

‘What’s true?’

‘That happiness could be felt. I could feel the joyous mood of celebration drifting in the air.’

Seeing Vinay’s blank expression, she explained what Poorni told her about happiness being contagious and all life forms feeling it.

‘*Waise*, where’s she?’ Vidushi asked, looking around, as she hadn’t seen Poorni since the afternoon.

Suddenly Vidushi saw her walking towards the amphitheater dressed elegantly in a white sari with a golden border: the traditional Kerala sari. The jasmine flowers she wore offered a striking contrast to her glossy black hair.

Admiring Poorni’s stunning attire, Vidushi turned to Vinay. ‘That’s Poorni, under whom I work,’ she mentioned, as she doubted if Vinay knew her.

‘Great,’ Vinay acknowledged.

‘She doesn’t appear like a HOD of a lab and over thirty-five *na*,’ Vidushi commented. ‘It appears she stopped aging after twenty-one.’

Poorni took center stage and thanked everyone for gracing the occasion with their esteemed presence.

She announced the grand event of the night—that “the lighting of the Bhogi Fire” would commence shortly and asked if everyone was ready to get rid of at least one vice they had and looked forward to a new beginning.

‘A new beginning?’ asked Vidushi, quite confused. ‘I thought we dispose of old unwanted things.’

‘It could mean getting rid of unwanted feelings, emotions, or habits too,’ Vinay explained. ‘Getting rid of the unwanted baggage is a step towards a new beginning.’

‘Really?’ Vidushi asked, wondering why she never thought along such metaphorical lines so far, even though she had attended such events in her past.

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'*Toh yeh baat hai,*' said Vidushi thinking of making a new beginning by setting a few things right straight away.

The holy fire was lit in accordance with the "*Rudra Gita Jnana Yajna*", and there was a loud roar from the people gathered around it.

There was a lot of happiness around, and people were drenched in the festive mood with the celebrations going strong.

Amidst all the celebrations, Vidushi looked straight into Vinay's deep obsidian eyes and said, 'Sorry.'

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Hey, Poorni again,

I am pretty sure you would have been slightly upset with me as instead of enlightening you about *Operation Sambhav*, I have extracted those portions where I am being complimented.

Hey, however, it means that you got to know another reason why I like Vidushi.

Come on, who doesn't like to get complimented and how can I not like someone who compliments me so wholeheartedly.

However, you eventually will get to know about *Operation Sambhav*. Just hang around a bit.

**In the meantime, is there any unwanted feeling, emotion or habits that you want to get rid of? What is it?**

OR

**Was there any teacher or professor in your college who has been a fantastic guide to you and helped you be the best version of yourself?**

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You can either **tweet** about it using **#ATCD** and tag me **@iBharatiyaRiter**

Or you can share your answer on **Instagram** using **#ATCD** through a reel or a post and tag me **@iBharatiyaWriter**

Or you can write to me at

**author\_108@ibharatiyawriter.com**

Also, I too, would really love to get to know some of your other friends and family too. Please, spread the love.

Also, in case, you are curious to know about others who will be aiding Vinay during his *Operation Sambhav*, you can connect with them here:

[www.ibharatiyawriter.com/characters/](http://www.ibharatiyawriter.com/characters/)



And needless to say, please do stay connected at:

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