AS I SAW
The beginning of rendezvous
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The Beginning of Rendezvous

My life has been filled with encounters with the beings of another world. Apart from being a Behavioral Trainer I thought over the past years, I have also become an expert of the elements of the other world.

My first encounter as far as I remember was in 1994, When we shifted from our ancestral house to our own mansion at Preet Nagar, Patna. My Father, elder brother and myself reached to our new big house. My mother and eldest brother were supposed to join us the next day. We had a lot of stuff that needed to be transported.

I was sleeping in our new bedroom along with my brother suddenly, I felt that there was someone outside the door. Since I had never seen anything of the outer world, I went slowly towards the door.

As I approached the door, I became certain that there was someone. At first, I thought it's my father and he was just checking on us whether we had slept and were comfortable in our new room.

But when I reached the door, it slightly open and I smelt something pungent, as if it's coming from a rotten flesh.

Then I decided that it was not the right thing to open the door. So, I came back to my bed and recited all the religious verses that I could in that frightened state, with my eyes still at the door.

After almost half an hour, I vaguely saw a tall figure passing by. Next morning, I narrated the incident to my elder brother. Trying to comfort me, he said that as we had moved to a new place I would have imagined it. But I knew there was something.

A few days passed with no sightings. I got admitted to a new school and so did my elder brother. The new school was a complete cultural shock for me compared to my previous school. My mother used to teach History to higher classes in that school. I knew most of the teachers there and they knew me because of my mother. The school was more of an extension of my house.

It was not as easy for me in the new school as it could have been because I did not know anyone and felt all alone, among strangers. I realized that there were majorly two student groups. One group of students perform well because they are people's person and that skill helped as they could easily interact with other students. There was another group of students who were introverts, did not talk much and kept to themselves as they were shy by nature. I realized that I need to get into either of the group soon, and knew that being in the socially active group is the way forward.

My new school was a two-hour drive away from the house. The school was in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by mango trees around and with no houses nearby. There were no actual roads near my school, the land took the look of a road due to constant movement of school buses. During rainy season those roads look like a slimy swamp.

One day three of my friends and I decided to go to school by our bicycles. We wanted to check for a week and see if we are

able continue or not. Accordingly, we would decide to continue with the school transport or opt out of it. Actually, our parents agreed to increase our pocket money if we opted out of the school transport.

Our school had an old peon who use to say that the he has seen ghostly spirits in the school. He said that he has seen a ghost waiting along with other students after school when parents comes to pick their kids confusing the teachers on the actual number of students.

So, one day my friends and I decided to stay back after school and witness the ghost ourselves. It must have been an hour after the school got over. I saw a student dressed in casuals and not in the uniform, standing near the Cycle parking under the shade of a tree. He is about 5-years of age.

First I thought it must have been the son of one of our schools dai (cleaning staff). He looked scared so I went near him and asked, who is he waiting for. He first stepped back. I told him that there is nothing to worry, I am just trying to help him find his mother.

Then he said that he was waiting for his Nani (grandmother). I then asked, where is she. He said she works here. I asked the kid to wait there till I find his Nani. I gave him a piece of the fruit cake that was left in my lunch box. I then went to search for the old peon, as I thought he would know.

I found the peon outside the Vice Principal's room. I told him about the kid. We went together to the place, where I left the kid. By the time we reached the kid, he was gone. I found the piece of cake that I had given to that boy, slightly nibbled and flies hovering over it.

Just to ensure that the kid had safely gone with his grandmother we went to check the footage in CCTV. The peon rewinds the recording of a camera which partially covered the area where I met the kid.

In the recording, I could be seen with my back towards the camera, but the kid was not visible. Then the peon zoomed

in the footage and saw me and the shadow of a kid. Which was there for 2 minutes after I went to call the peon, then disappeared into thin air.

I told what had happened to my friends and then immediately left for home. The next day my friend inquired with some other staff and told me that an old lady used to work where the school building was being constructed. She worked on daily wages and died in the school campus with heart attack.

Then my friends and I decided that it is ok if our pocket money did not increase, but we surely do not want to be faced with another shadow.

It was the last year of my school and we scheduled a football match with the other section boys. Since there is enough ground around the school, we planned to play the match on the last day of the school before winter vacation. After finishing school and the game, me and my friends decided to go home on our own.

We had been practicing really hard. It was a matter of pride of any teenage boy as the girls of our classes will eventually get to know the result. To maintain the image of cool boys, we left with no option but to win the game.

We practiced for almost 15 days in the school ground. Finally, the day came. All the players gathered, the captains of each team came close to tossing and our team won the toss. The game began.

It was a tough match from the beginning as both teams were struggling to have the advantage. The football was knocked from one corner of the agreed field to the other. The score board had no score till the half time. That was when the other team's center–forward gave a good pass to the right-out.

The ball went forward through the half-back of us and the pass was then given to left-in. It was the opportunity left-in and he took the full advantage of it, the ball was then headed straight to our team's goalkeeper who caught the ball near the

center line. It was one scene I still remember. The match went on and eventually, we won.

By the time we packed our bags it was almost late evening. I had told my Parents that I would be late that day.

There was a well near to the place where we were playing. We had heard that there were fish in it and there was a small hut which I thought was the motor room next to the well. My friends and I saw a woman jumping into the well in the dim evening light.

We ran to rescue her and when we looked inside the well there was nothing. The water was still and no footprints of anyone outside the well too. But we all were sure that we did see what we saw. Later we got to know that a troubled lady committed suicide in that Well, long ago, and she has visible in many times during the evenings.

After completing my school, I gave scholarship exams and got the scholarship to peruse Bachelors in Mass Communication in Journalism in Rajasthan. Since it was far I stayed in the hostel.

One day while coming back from the Mess Hall after having dinner, when I was crossing the stairways to the upper floors I heard some sound. On focusing closely, it sounded like the laugh. To find out more I went in the direction of the sound coming.

I checked the balcony, but there was no one. I then thought it might be the sound of the wind. It was almost 9:30 pm so, I went to my room.

Then I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth and in the mirror, saw a boy laughing behind me. I turned around and there was no one, then I looked in the mirror the boy had vanished.

I ran into the room next to mine and found my classmate there working on his computer. He saw my pale face and asked me what had happened. I told him about my encounter. He too

got frightened. We both then ran to the common room where everyone was and found little comfort.

Till then I was not sure what had happened and what to believe. We shared our experience with one of the other classmate. He was from Chittorgarh. He said to us that the ghostly spirit does exist and some of them are good and some are bad.

He then narrated a story of The Raja Kumbha Palace of Krittorgarh is a place where one can for sure meet a ghost. Considered to be one of the scariest places in Rajasthan, the secret chambers and the scream of the ladies here, will haunt. He said Legend has it that when the Sultan of, attacked the palace, Queen performed the Jauhar (self-immolation) along with 700 female followers. Ever since there have been many incidents where people heard the screams of women asking for help to save their empire.

He said that it has been reported that once a group of friends stayed back one night at the palace to observe if there were any paranormal activities happening. While exploring the passages, one of them heard a voice asking for help. Shocked and frightened as they turned around, they saw a lady standing in royal attire with a burnt face.

His narration added fuel to the fire. We all were dead scared. Four of us slept together in my classmate's room which had two beds, but we joined the beds and four of us cramped on to it. There was the incident in our minds for the following two weeks. As the day passed and our attention got diverted to the other aspects of the college life.

The first year in college is anyway always filled with surprises, anxiety and new discoveries. It is indeed very different from the school where we were accustomed to follow instructions and in college, it's our time to make decisions.

With every passing day, the workload keeps increasing. Books keep getting heavier, visits to the library become more

frequent and the choice of books from fiction moves away to course-related and research oriented.

Another aspect crawl in which stays then-on, and that is deadlines. Watching movies using rented compact disks at night changes to completion of projects to meet the deadline a secure A+ grade with them. These A+ were life savers as they contributed to 20% in the semester's scores.

It was one of those late nights when I had my next experience. Our hostel was said to have been built over a place where there were 10 females were burned alive for being suspected as witches.

It must have been 3:00 am which is also considered to bewitching hour the time of haunting at which creatures of the supernatural world have the maximum power. I had almost finished my work and had decided to organise my books and sleep as I was about to have a hectic day the next day.

It was then when I heard some noise. I looked out of my room's window and saw bonfire, but bigger in size. I tried to concentrate then I realised the voice was saying "Dakan nahi" (I am not a witch).

Scared to death to investigate further I recited the holy verses that I remembered to close the window, went to bed covered my face with the blanket and waited for the noise to stop. After some time, it stopped and I did not realise when I had fallen asleep.

After that, I started to believe that there seems to be some relation with the Supernatural happenings and me. Days passed and life was normal.

Then came winters and in Rajasthan, winters are very cold. Our winter break was about to start. One of my friends said maybe we can go for a short trip to Murali where his father owned a bungalow. We could have an enjoyable time there for a night or two and would then go to our homes. I called my parents and asked for their permission. It was all set.

Although we were very hungry, after all that had happened, we could only eat just enough to get the share of energy to survive the night. Next morning the care taker's wife served us with tea and snacks. We ate as if we had never eaten for days.

To make us feel at ease the caretaker told us that what had happened last night is over and there is nothing to worry. He suggested that we should go to see Santi Reservoir. The caretaker arranged for Vikram auto rickshaw.

Santi is a small, quiet and scenic place. There is a 1 km long irrigation project dam, located between two small hillocks, Puradi Hill and Santi Hill. Santi is near Kamchandrapur Irrigation Project. One sees the full spread of the reservoir from Santi.

It was a lovely day with cool air gushing creating a rattling sound from the leaves of the trees. There was a long spread of lush green grass along the side of the lake. The aroma of the wild flowers filled the air and had a therapeutic effect on us.

We selected a spot and spread the rug that the care taker's wife had packed for us. We all sat there, initially all of us were silent but after some time we started talking when each one of us is going to our homes for the holidays, when are our respective trains scheduled.

We sat there for more than four hours and talked about anything but the what had happened last night. We then opened the meal boxes and had our lunch. Under the clear blue sky spotted with clouds scattered all over.

As we got ready to go back our Autorickshaw suggested visiting Sajodhy. Since it was a ten hour drive so we decided to go back to the bungalow and visit Ajodhya the next day.

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