

# Overview on Digital Age in Ravinder Singh's I Too Had a Love Story and Your Dreams Are Mine Now

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**Abstract – Ravinder Singh, an essayist of the Digital Age, is the top of the line writer of his love set of three I Too Had a Love Story, Can Love Happen Twice? what's more, Like It Happened Yesterday. His presentation novel I Too Had a Love Story is focused on a genuine occasion that occurred in his reality. The depiction of the occurrence is a typical one that happens in the lives of thousands of youthful couples who assemble and get tied in a marital bunch through one of the various wedding sites like jeevansaathi. com, shaadi.com, etc. However, the current novel I Too Had a Love Story is the depiction of an unordinary contort in his love adventure which drove him to discover his aptitude as an author. The ebb and flow research paper attempts to introduce how Singh through his unsatisfied love seepages to increase a personality and starts his novel with an extremely important and overflowing line "Not every person right now the destiny to value the fullest type of love. Some are brought into the world just to encounter its condensing."**

**Keywords: Marital, Love, Condensing, Digital**

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## INTRODUCTION

Ravinder Singh is an Indian author generally known for his introduction novel I Too Had a Love Story based on a real-life incident. He has his own publication house called Black Ink.

'Ravinder's narrative is compelling, his emotions mirror a felt experience, and the resolution is touching. His tribute to the girl he loved will contact many a heart'

- The Trirbune

Conceived on 4 February 1982, Singh has written books like Can Love Happen Twice, like it happened Yesterday and Will You Still Love Me. He received many accolades for his astounding work and has garnered various fans both at national and international level.

'Raider's introduction novel promises to strike a harmony with the readers. While this poignant tale might not make you smile at the end, it will fortify your belief in the fact that love stories are eternal'

- The Times of India

## PRAISE FOR HE TOO HAD A LOVE STORY

'In his book, Singh has beautifully portrayed various emotions of life and love, its trials and tribulations, victory and defeat'

- The Indian Express

'The story is poignant and also real. Full credit goes to the writer, Ravinder Singh, who keeps the story centered. Everything is real in the book. The individuals, places and especially how they interact with each other. The book narrates an important chapter in Ravin's life, but not without the message that the show must go on'

- Metro News

The past tense in the title is intriguing, as is the dedication:

"To the loving memory of the girl whom He loved, yet couldn't marry."

'They say, don't cry because it's finished however instead smile because it happened. This inherent expectation and optimism is what this book embodies. As they accompany Ravin on his excursion to End happiness, they experience a

range of emotions. From initial excitement to elation, from satisfaction to anticipation, despair to devastation and finally a feeling of resurrection, they see it all through Ravin's eyes. He Too Had a Love Story is a simple story of love, about trysts of destiny that make up life as they probably are aware of it. He recognizes Ravin on having the courage to share something so personal with the world.'

*Days pass by some way or another Be that as it may, nights currently are a wagon of pain Injuries may heal with time Be that as it may, marks will always remain Restless on my comfortable bed He thrash around and attempt to sleep Be that as it may, contemplations are bulking my head And have shaped an enormous heap The past is flashing its scorching light beams Tearing me apart breaking me at the seams The darkness of my life is progressively visible in the dark And now She is trying to give it a voice, trying to speak my heart*

## REUNION

I recall the date well: 4 March 2006. He was in Kolkata and about to reach Nappy's home. He had been exceptionally excited all morning as He was going to see our gang of four after three years. After our engineering, this was the first time when all of us - Minaret, Amardeep, Happy and He - would have been as one. During our first year in the lodging, Happy and He were in different rooms on the fourth floor of the Block-A building. Being on the same floor, they were acquaintances however He never wanted to interact with him. He didn't think him to be 'a hero' because of his affection for fights and the red on his mark sheet. In any case, unfortunately, He was late in getting back to the lodging at the beginning of the subsequent year and almost all the rooms were already allotted by that point. He was not left with any choice other than becoming Happy's roommate. And because life is weird, things changed dramatically and, soon.

We became the best of buddies. The day our reunion was planned, he had been working with TCS for two years and was enjoying his onsite venture in London. Happy was honored with a height of 6'1", a great physique and stunning looks.

And Happy was always happy. Manpreet, or MP as they called him, is short-statured, fair and healthy.

After school, all of us were essentially involved in our stereotypical lives. At some point, they discovered that Happy was coming back from London for about fourteen days. Everyone was game for a reunion.

This was the first time Amardeep and MP had gone to the city, so they decided to investigate the roads of Kolkata. Fortunately our host had two bikes of his own Pulsar and his more youthful sibling's Splendor. They prepared and pulled out the bikes from the garage. MP and He jumped on the Splendor, Happy and Amardeep on the Pulsar.

We crossed the river Hooghly, over the Vidya Sagar Setu, shouting and talking to each other. Speed-breakers couldn't break our speed that evening. And where right? On cloud number nine. Being with your best buddies after so long is, immediately, sentimental and thrilling. They went to the Victoria Memorial and hardly any different places. At times, they got down to have some fruit-juice. At times, they halted to make the most of Kolkata's famous snacks and desserts. At times, they got down because one of us wanted to pee-which initiated a chain-reaction among the rest of us.

Amardeep was trying to finish when MP became impatient and cut me off 'Gracious yes. He heard that Chandramukhi was from West Bengal. In this way, are they folks planning to ...?' His wicked smile and naughty eyes finished the question. 'You're nuts,' Happy said, laughing. 'Try not to think too a lot, MP. Simply tail us,' He added. Without revealing any more, they were back on our bikes, driving to our destination. It wasn't yet midnight when they reached the place. The air here was a little colder. At first glance it looked as if they were in the slums. There was a run-down garage which was covered. Some trucks were parked outside.

Their drivers were probably sleeping. They parked our bikes beside one of the trucks and walked through a small road to the right of the garage. The place was badly lit and totally silent. Our voices and strides rang out uproariously. The hints of insects added to the eeriness of the place. MP heard a pack of mutts barking some place nearby. He doesn't have the foggiest idea whether he really heard them, however. Maybe it was only his poor heart, beating uproariously.

In our excitement, they jumped onto the wooden harbor-like structure, from the channel.

Surrounding this harbor on three sides was the river in its ideal velocity. It was a beautiful night, with the moon overhead and the stars shining bright. And beneath this sky, the four of us!

We sat down beside one of the giant anchoring corners of the harbor. The river raced against the cool wind to meet the Bay of Bengal. In the silence, the sound of water hitting the harbor was crystal clear. On the opposite side of the river was Kolkata. The tall buildings and the chain of tiny, yellow lights reminded me of the New York skyline. Be that as it may, this was vastly improved, because He was with my friends now. With our arms wide open, they breathed profound and long, inhaling the crisp, chill air, still intoxicated by the beauty of this place.

There was still enough time left for nightfall. In any case, the sky over the city of Delhi was getting darker with each passing minute. It was the finish of May. Summer was at its peak. After breaking the previous year's record, once more, the maximum temperature

in the city was at an all-time high. To escape the most blazing part of the day, in the afternoons, individuals wanted to stay confined to the safe house of their offices and homes. The air was dry.

In any case, that day was altogether different.

That day, late in the afternoon, the sun that was usually blazing in the western sky, was untraceable. Thick dark mists that had flown in from the east had obstructed the sunlight. It never got this dark so early in the day in the capital. In any case, that day, Mother Nature too had decided to wear black before time—perhaps as an act of solidarity; perhaps as a mark of dissent.

In no time, the sky appeared visibly angry. Unexpected intermittent bright flashes of lightning detached from behind the dark mists. A wild sky roared in anger—noisy and clear. It threatened to rain.

It certainly wasn't the arrival of storm. That was at least a month away. A spell of rain in the sweltering summer isn't extraordinary in Delhi. Intense heat for a drawn out period usually prompted a shower. In any case, the manner, in which the rain was preparing itself to fall over the city of Delhi that day, was not a typical event. It was rather scary.

A couple thousand feet underneath the angry black mists were many thousand angry spirits who had come out in the city of Delhi. Agitated youngsters and ladies—understudies and office goers. There was rage in their eyes, their young faces, and their non-verbal communication. They were a mass of anger and dissent. And they were uproarious—stronger than the most intense thunderclaps. It didn't matter if they realized the individual standing alongside them or walking with them. They had all gathered for a cause that was normal to each one of them—justice!

That was single word anyone could read on those several hundred banners and banners that the group unanimously brandished.

It had all become a wonder, which was concealed in Delhi till that evening. Each road that prompted India Gate and Jantar Mantar, each train that arrived at Rajiv Chowk metro station, each transport that crashed into central Delhi, was packed with youths. Delhi was witnessing a first of its kind mass dissent. The youthful India that on ends of the week would have decided to chill out in glamorous multiplexes to watch a movie or would have picked to sweat it out on the cricket grounds, had decided to go through the end of the week on the baked roads of Delhi.

On the opposite side of this youthful India was an old framework that wasn't yet ready to change itself. It was a framework that on one hand had seriously failed to maintain law and request in the state, however then again was trying to control the chaotic situation it was

faced with. Each and every policeman in the city was on alert. Clad in their khaki uniforms and ensured by their caps, the troop brandished their canes from behind the barricades.

The scene was similar at each and every epicenter of dissent. The gathering at the vast space before Rashtrapati Bhavan was the biggest of all, seeing which the Rapid Action Force (RAF) had been installed by the state police. From tear gas pistols to water cannons, the law and request machinery had prepared itself to deal with the situation at hand.

To seek after business from this school had been her biggest momentary goal. Then again, actually now that she had achieved her goal, she really wanted to feel anxious and excited at the same time. After an overnight excursion and spending a decent part of the day on the train, she had arrived at the school inn in the evening. It was not very dark yet. She was before long allocated a room and given the keys and direction to the room by the warden's assistant.

It was room no. 107 on the ground floor. Rupali was relieved that she didn't have to carry her bags upstairs. She walked through the slightly dark, quiet corridor and made the way for her room. She placed her bags on the floor and checked out the room in the faint light that entered from behind the curtains.

She smiled. It was a sweet room. Large, spacious, an iron bed each against two facing walls, two admirals and two examination tables. She had been informed that she would have to share the room. Be that as it may, since her prospective roommate hadn't arrived at this point, she picked her side of the room. She at that point switched on the light and opened her suitcase to unpack. She took out that day's newspaper from one of her bags and laid out the sheets on the racks of the almirah. She just arranged the couple of things that she would require immediately. The remainder of it she planned to arrange the following evening. She gradually pulled out a bed sheet and pillowcase that her mother had so lovingly packed from the pile of garments in her suitcase. Next came a nighttime, a towel, two or three everyday garments, and her toiletries which she began arranging in the almirah.

Intermittently, Rupali heard voices in the corridor. She ventured out of her space to check. She saw girls who, much the same as her, had quite recently moved into the inn with their luggage. If they happened to notice Rupali, she welcomed them with a smile. And they smiled back and proceeded onward to discover their respective rooms. Rupali ventured back into her space to continue her unpacking.

She ate the extra fruits from her excursion and didn't feel sufficiently hungry to go to the chaos to

eat. She left the exercise of stepping into the inn wreckage to look at the place for the next day.

After arranging her room, Rupali considered freshening up before going to bed and headed for the inn washrooms.

As she washed her face and brushed her teeth she caught her reflection in the mirror and saw a tired-looking face with faint shadows under her eyes. She realized she had barely rested the prior night leaving for the lodging. The emotional atmosphere at home and the excitement had kept her awake all night. She decided to get a decent long rest. After all, she wanted to wake up crisp for her first day at school. However, when she lay on the bed, the thrill of going to school the following day shielded her from dozing off. She kept tossing and turning.

### OBJECTIVES OF THE STUDY

1. The prime objective of this research is to encourage on the 'popular fiction' as a class and to investigate, exemplify the same through the chosen novels of Ravinder Singh.
2. The research aims to review the historical account of popular fiction for its origin, developmental course and prominent contributors to the field.

### CONCLUSION

The concluding section of the research would comparatively analyze, examine and investigate all the components and attributes of popular fiction in the chosen works of Ravinder Singh. It would compare several subjects, aspects and perspectives investigated during the developmental course of this research. Seemingly, it would mediate, establish, verify, validate several subjects, for example, love, romance, happiness, rejection, dejection, hatred, anxiety, humor, excitement, relationship, thrill, ghastliness, crime, representation reflected through chosen novels *I Too Had A Love Story*, *Can Love Happen Twice* and *Your Dreams are Mine Now*. The deliberate insight into thematic and structural fabrication of these novels would validate a firm frontal area for the formulation of solid conclusions about popular fiction. It would delineate the class as well as would recognize its wide recognition, popularity and familiarity.

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