

Immortal Love

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Immortal Love: Ishaan and Asha

It was only 9 o'clock in the morning and my back was already throbbing from pulling 30 bushels of grain on our only wooden cart to our stall, and I had fiery sweat trickling down the sides of my bronzed face. My father had already sold twenty bushels of barley and freekeh at the crowded open market place, and he had sent me back to fetch more bushels of grain. As I was bustling through the market place, trying to somehow find the egress, I was hypnotized by the exquisite dazzling hues of the extravagant Kashmir shawls, the tantalizing aromas of the sweet golden honey, black sesame seed halwas, the ebullient sounds of the Mishrokitha, tambourine, and bells mingling among the boisterous bargaining of the women and merchants, the-

"Watch where you are going!" exclaimed a blurred figure.

I was in a daze. In front of my eyes stood what look liked a golden goddess with thick silky black hair. Had I bumped into her?

"I-I'm sorry!"

She knelt down to collect her straw bag and dusted herself off. She began to storm away when-

"Miss, uh um, what's your name?"

"Asha!" she declared.

Asha, Asha! What a beautiful name! Asha! I wonder if she comes here every day. I quickly passed through the market and obtained the bushels of grain. As I was lugging the grain

Immortal Love: Ishaan and Asha

back to our stall in the marketplace, I couldn't get Asha's presence out of my mind. I felt like a tropical storm had come and devastated me with rich treasures.

"Ishaan! Where have you been?"

It was my father. Typical.

"Sorry Papa. The streets were extremely crowded."

"If it was your brother Samar, he would have been faster! Now come on, I think the lady over there wants to buy some barley."

"Yes, Papa."

After I sold the last bushel of barley to the lady, I packed up the cart and headed home with Papa. As we were walking, I was thinking of Asha when-

"Ishaan?"

"Yes, Papa?"

"You are almost in your twenties now and it's about time to start thinking about-

"Ugh, Papa, I've already told you about how I feel about marriage. When the time is right I will marry. For now, I will keep helping you at the market."

-oh Ishaan! Why can't you be reasonable! I am only looking out for you."

"Papa, we will talk tomorrow."

Immortal Love: Ishaan and Asha

I parked the cart near our shabby shack, and went inside. Papa was already sitting down when Mama approached me.

“Ishaan how are you? Come sit and eat.”

I reluctantly followed her as she spread out the food on the small table. After dinner, I laid on my stiff cot, thinking about Asha. She was the most beautiful person I had ever seen. I decided, if I had to get married, Asha would be my first and only choice.

The next morning, I quickly jumped out of bed and joined Papa at the breakfast table. After we finished our breakfast of creamy cool yogurt, toasted grain, and tart currants, Papa and I headed for the marketplace. Once we were at the marketplace, I looked around to see if Asha was there. After I exercised my eyes for approximately twenty minutes, I gave up and began unloading the grain. Our first customer was a corpulent lady with vibrant cherry red nails and gold rings. As I was handing her his barley, I couldn't believe my eyes! It was Asha! My heart started racing, my hands began shaking, and my legs started pacing. She was walking with what looked like a servant. I quickly bolted to Asha, giving Papa no time to think of what I was doing.

“Asha? Hello! I bumped into you yesterday.” I said timidly.

“Oh, hi!” she said happily. *“What is your name?”* she asked.

“Oh, uh-um Ishaan!” I said. I was so amazed by her character, I was getting nervous.

“Well, Ishaan, it was nice meeting you. Unfortunately, my servant and I have to deliver our groceries home, so-

I cut her off and quickly said, *“I could help you take the bags home.”*

Immortal Love: Ishaan and Asha

“Oh, Ishaan that is so kind of you, but I have my servant to help me and-

“Your servant can walk around the marketplace while I deliver the groceries with you.” I said almost desperately.

“Are you sure?” she asked still not convinced.

“I am positive. Come on!” without thinking twice I grabbed her soft hands and the grocery bags and started walking.

“Ishaan! You are too thoughtful.” said Asha.

“Oh thank you! Which way to your house?” I said as I felt a swarm of butterflies pass through my stomach.

“Take the bridge by the river and then walk straight ahead.” she said.

“So Asha, what do you do?” I asked trying to keep a conversation going.

“Well, it depends. Sometimes I’ll go to the marketplace, or go to the river to paint.”

Asha didn’t have a real job?

“What do you do?” she asked.

“Oh, I just help my father sell grain at the marketplace.” I said.

“That must be fun!” she exclaimed.

She had obviously never worked a day in her life.

Immortal Love: Ishaan and Asha

“Ok, this is my house.” she said as we approached this massive bungalow with a garden full of sweet persimmons and berries.

My jaw plummeted into my feet. I had never seen such a lavish house in all my eighteen years of living.

“This is your house?” I asked still in shock.

“Ah-uh. Always has been! Now, you better go before my parents see you. Thank you for all your help!” she said as she walked inside her palace that she calls a home.

“No problem! I really had a great time with you Asha! I’ll see you tomorrow?” I asked hopefully.

She laughed.

“Maybe! Bye!!”

As I was walking back to the market, I tried to come up with an excuse for Papa, but nothing worked.

“Ishaan where have you been?” Papa shouted angrily.

“Sorry Papa! I um-was-uh-um....” I mumbled.

“I had to manage the cart today by myself! From tomorrow, I am taking Samar with me

What? No! I may never see Asha again.

“Papa, please!” I begged.

Immortal Love: Ishaan and Asha

“No! It has been decided!” he roared.

“Carry the cart home by yourself tonight!” , he said angrily.

“Yes, Papa.” I said sadly.

As I was walking home alone that night, I thought of Asha. She was the most amazing person. If I couldn't see her at the market to say the three magic words, I would have to go to her house!

The next morning, I woke up, ate my breakfast, and headed out early in the morning. I was going to tell Asha that I loved her. When I reached her front door, it was wide open and the house appeared to be vacant. After I found her room, I couldn't believe what I saw. In the middle of her room, stood what looked like a vibrant beaming hole. What if Asha had fallen into the hole?

Without thinking carefully, I jumped into the hole, and then I was in an enchanted, picturesque fantasy world. The grass was a radiant lime green while the sky was a dashing aquamarine. The air smelled exotic and the flowers sweet. I saw vivid multi-hued butterflies and unique flamboyant elves. Then, I saw the most gorgeous character I had ever seen. It was Asha! She was a fairy! She had shocking magenta wings with a shimmering, gilded diamond tiara.

“Ishaan, what are you doing here? You are a mortal!” she said surprised by my presence.

Immortal Love: Ishaan and Asha

“Asha, you are heavenly! I went to your house to tell you something, but I didn’t find you. I jumped into the hole, thinking you had fallen. I was worried about you!” I said.

“What was so important that you had to tell me?” Asha said curiously.

“Asha, I love you!” I exclaimed.

Before Asha could respond, the ground started trembling, the sky turned to a clouded gray, and the magical fairies and animals went ballistic. Asha grabbed my hand and started bolting.

“Asha, what is going on?” I exclaimed.

“It is Asfour, the evil sorcerer, who is causing this destruction. We have to save this world!” she said desperately.

“Asfour! You cannot get away with this!” Asha bellowed.

“Oh, but I can!” said a deep mysterious voice.

All of a sudden she came thundering into the air, and used her hands to shoot a lightning beam at Asha.

Asha circumvented the bolt, and quickly sprung in the air and used her power to strike Asfour on the face. However, Asfour regained her strength and struck Asha on her arm. Asha looked powerless, but with a leap of faith, Asha fearlessly struck Asfour down. Asha had saved the fantasy world and killed Asfour!

Immortal Love: Ishaan and Asha

“Asha, are you okay?” I said worriedly.

“Yes, I am fine. There is something I need to tell you though.” she said.

“What is it?” I asked confused.

“I love you!” she exclaimed.

Immortal Love: Ishaan and Asha

First of all, I would like to thank everyone who gave me a critical analysis on my story.

You all are truly appreciated! I give Cavalcade of Authors the option of publishing my story with my picture on their website. I will continue to embark on my writing journey and hopefully acquire an extensive amount of knowledge along the way! Thank you!