



OVERVIEW OF VARIOUS THEMES IN RAVINDER SINGH'S NOVEL: I TOO HAD A LOVE STORY AND YOUR DREAMS ARE MINE NOW

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ABSTRACT

The guiding section of the research would compare and contrast all of the characteristics and traits of popular fiction found in the selected works of Ravinder Singh, as well as evaluate and explore all of these components and attributes. It would compare and contrast numerous themes, characteristics, and views that had been investigated during the course of this research's development. As a result of the selection of novels I Too Had a Love Story and Your Dreams Are Mine Now as a basis for the project's premise, it appears to have the potential to mediate and establish various themes such as love, romance, happiness, rejection, dejection, hatred, anxiety, humour, excitement, relationship, thrill, horror, crime, and representation. It would be a detailed study of Ravinder Singh's writing style and manner, as well as a thorough examination of the real nature, breadth, and extent of popular fiction as a distinct entity.

KEYWORDS: Characteristic, Theme, Fiction, Love, Dreams.

I. INTRODUCTION

Among his best-selling books are I Too Had a Love Story, Can Love Happen Twice? and Like It Happened Yesterday. Ravinder Singh lives in New York City. Ravinder has spent the most of his childhood in Burla, a tiny town in western Odisha. He is presently settled in New Delhi after growing up in Burla. He graduated with honours from the prestigious Indian School of Business. It was at Infosys that he began his eight-year IT career, which culminated in a rewarding position with Microsoft as a senior programme manager. He had an epiphany one day when he realised that writing novels is more intriguing than drafting project proposals. He decided to call it a day at work and devote his time entirely to writing. Also, he has created a publishing company called Black Ink (www.BlackInkBooks.in) to publish debut writers, which is now accepting submissions. Ravinder enjoys spending his spare time playing snooker. He is also a huge fan of Punjabi music, and he enjoys dancing to the sounds of it. Among his best-selling books are I Too Had a Love Story, Can Love Happen Twice? and Like It Happened Yesterday. He lives in New York City. Ravinder has spent the most of his childhood in Burla, a tiny town in western Odisha. He is presently settled in New Delhi after growing up in Burla. He graduated with honours from the prestigious Indian School of Business. It was at Infosys that he began his eight-year IT career, which culminated in a rewarding position with Microsoft as a senior programme manager. He had an epiphany one day when he realised that writing novels is more intriguing than drafting project proposals. He decided to call it a day at

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II. A STUDY OF YOUR DREAMS ARE MINE NOW AS A POPULAR FICTION

It is another uplifting love tale about a Delhi lad named Arjun and a small-town girl named Rupali who are both studying at Delhi University in the film *Your Dreams Are Mine Now* (2014). Despite the fact that this appears to be a fictitious narrative, it is based on the true storey of the Nirbhaya Rape Case that occurred in Delhi. The love between Arjun and Rupali is tested against the terrible heat of university politics. Throughout the film, Rupali is shown as a naïve, innocent girl from Patna with aspirations of pursuing a college degree. In addition to possessing amazing looks, Rupali is an educated, gorgeous, intellectual young lady who lives a non-fashionable lifestyle. She has nothing to offer in the way of a system of ethics other than her own humility. In contrast to this, Arjun is revealed to be a leader at Delhi University, with great goals, leadership abilities, and a rebellious mentality when it comes to his destiny. Arjun and Rupali represent diametrically opposed poles. While going through this process, they fall head over heels in love with one other, and their lives become complicated by the socio-political complexity of everyday existence. The storey addresses fundamental topics such as love, romance, anguish, hatred, conspiracies, and gain and suffering in love, all of which are obstacles to the development of the man-woman relationship in the narrative. This section of the study would include a thorough examination of the key topics that are shown, which would be handled thoughtfully in order to provide a realistic portrayal of modern Indian life at Delhi University. Comparatively speaking, the section would map out particular characteristics of popular fiction that enhance the beauty and decorum of this storey and appeal to a broad audience, which would be a significant accomplishment.

III. REUNION

I remember the date quite well: 4th of March, 2006. He was in Kolkata, and he was on his way to Nappy's house. He had been really happy all morning since he was going to visit our gang of four for the first time in three years. He had been quite excited all morning. The first time all of us – Manpreet, Amardeep, Happy and He – would have been together after our engineering was the first time we would have been as one. During our first year at the hotel, Happy and He shared a room on the fourth storey of the Block-A building, which was a nice change of scenery. They were acquainted due to the fact that they shared the same floor, but He never wanted to communicate with him. Because of his fondness for fighting and the red on his report card, he did not consider him to be a 'hero' in his eyes. In any event, he was late in returning to the hostel at the beginning of the next year, and practically all of the rooms had already been assigned by that point, which was bad. He didn't have an option but to accept Happy's invitation to share a room with him. And, since life is strange, things changed significantly and quickly after that.

We were the best of friends very quickly. He had been working for TCS for two years on the day of our scheduled reunion, and he was enjoying his onsite experience in London at the time. Happy was distinguished by his height of 6'1", his excellent body, and his lovely appearance.

And Happy was constantly in a good mood. Manpreet, or MP as he was affectionately known, is of short stature, light complexion, and good health.

All of us were fundamentally engrossed in our conventional lifestyles when school was out of the way. They learnt at some time that Happy was returning from London for a period of around fourteen days. Everyone was enthusiastic at the prospect of a reunion.

The fact that this was the first time Amardeep and MP had visited the city prompted them to conduct an investigation of the city's roadways. Our host was fortunate in that he possessed two motorcycles: his own Pulsar and his younger brother's Splendor. They gathered their belongings and dragged the motorcycles out of the basement. Happiness and Amardeep boarded the Splendor, while MP and He boarded the Pulsar.

We screamed and talked to each other as we crossed the Hooghly, over the Vidya Sagar Setu, across the river. On that particular evening, speed-breakers were unable to slow us down. And you know where I'm talking about? I'm floating on cloud nine. Being reunited with your best friends after a long period of time is both nostalgic and exciting. They proceeded to the Victoria Memorial and a few more spots that were much the same. They would occasionally sit down and drink some fruit juice. At several points, they came to a halt to take advantage of Kolkata's famed snacks and sweets. They would sometimes get down because one of us needed to go to the bathroom, which would set off a chain reaction among the rest of us.

When MP grew agitated and cut me off, Amardeep was attempting to continue his sentence. 'Thank you very much. According to what I've heard, Chandramukhi is from West Bengal. What are these people going to do in this manner?' His nasty smile and dirty eyes brought the question to a conclusion. 'You're completely insane,' Happy said, laughing. Make an effort not to overthink things, MP. 'All you have to do is follow us,' he continued. They were back on our motorcycles and on our way to our destination without saying anything further to us. It wasn't quite midnight when they arrived at the location. The temperature of the air was a little lower here. At first sight, it appeared like they were living in squalid conditions. There was a dilapidated garage with a roof over it, and many trucks were parked outdoors.

Their drivers were most likely dozing at the time. It was a short walk along a tiny lane to the right of the garage before they put our bikes near one of the trucks. The environment was dimly lighted and deafeningly silent. Our words and strides resounded with a resounding boom. The presence of insects appealed to the atmosphere's eerie atmosphere. MP was walking down the street when he heard a gang of mutts barking close. He hasn't the foggiest notion whether or not he actually heard them, on the contrary. Perhaps it was only his frail heart that was throbbing so loudly...

In our enthusiasm, they leaped onto the wooden building that looked like a harbour and was visible from the waterway.

The river was flowing at its optimal velocity all around this harbour, which was on three sides. Beautiful night, with the moon beaming above and the stars twinkling brightly in the sky. And there we are, the four of us, underneath this sky!

It was near one of the harbour's big anchoring corners that we found a spot to sit down. The river rushed against the chilly breeze as it made its way to the Bay of Bengal. The sound of water striking the harbour was crystal clear in the midst of the quiet. The city of Kolkata was located on the other side of the river. Seeing the lofty towers and the string of small, yellow lights brought back memories of the cityscape of New York City. Whatever the case, this was a big improvement because He was now with my pals, which was a huge relief. They took deep and long breaths, inhaling the crisp, cool air, still awestruck by the beauty of this area, as we held our arms wide open for them to follow.

There was still plenty of time until dusk arrived. What's more, the sky above the capital city of Delhi was becoming darker with each passing minute. It was the end of the month of May. Summer has reached its zenith. The highest temperature in the city reached an all-time high after exceeding the previous year's record for the second year in a row. Individuals desired to remain confined to the safe haven of their businesses and houses during the hottest portion of the day, which occurred in the afternoons. The air was devoid of moisture.

In any event, that particular day was completely different.

On that particular day, late in the afternoon, the sun, which was normally blazing in the western sky, was nowhere to be found. It was difficult to see anything because of thick, heavy mists that had come in from the east. In the capital, it has never been this black thus early in the day before. In any event, Mother Nature had decided to dress in black ahead of schedule on that particular day—maybe as a show of unity, perhaps as a statement of protest.

The sky became clearly agitated in a short period of time. Unexpected dazzling bursts of lightning appeared intermittently from behind the black clouds, detaching themselves from their hiding place. Uncontrollable rage erupted in the sky, which was both thunderous and clear. It seemed like it was going to rain.

It was most definitely not the arrival of a storm. At the time, it was more than a month away. In Delhi, a bout of rain during the scorching summer is not out of the norm. Showers were generally required when there was intense heat for an extended length of time. In any case, the manner in which the rain was prepared to fall over the city of Delhi on that particular day was not typical of the weather conditions. It was a little frightening.

A couple thousand feet underneath the seething black mists were tens of thousands of angry ghosts who had escaped from the city of Delhi and taken to the streets. Understudies and office workers alike are agitated, as are children and women. Angry expressions could be seen in their eyes, on their youthful features, and in their nonverbal communication. They were a swarm of rage and dissatisfaction. And they were deafeningly loud—stronger than even the most powerful thunderclaps. It didn't matter whether or not they were aware of the person who was standing by them or walked beside them. Every one of them had come together to support a cause that was familiar to them: justice!

That was the only thing that could be seen on any of the many hundred banners and banners that the organisation had proudly displayed throughout the event.

It had all turned into a marvel, which had remained hidden in Delhi until that evening. Young people were crammed into every route that led to India Gate and Jantar Mantar, every train that arrived at Rajiv Chowk metro station, and every mode of public transportation that smashed into central Delhi. An unprecedented wave of civil disobedience erupted across Delhi. Rather than relaxing in glitzy multiplexes watching movies on weekends or sweating it out on cricket fields, the young India of the 1990s chose to go through Delhi's baker's dozen on weekdays and weekends alike to get through the week.

On the other side of this young India was an old structure that had not yet been given the opportunity to alter itself. While it was a framework that had failed miserably in its attempts to preserve law and order in the state, it was also attempting to keep control over the chaotic scenario in which it found itself on one

hand. Every single police officer in the city was on high alert. The troops, who were dressed in khaki uniforms and shielded by their hats, drew their canes from behind the barriers and waved them.

Everything about each and every epicentre of dissatisfaction looked exactly the same. The largest gathering had taken place in the enormous expanse in front of Rashtrapati Bhavan, and it was in response to this that the Rapid Action Force (RAF) had been established by the state police. The legal and request machinery had geared itself to respond with the scenario at hand, arming itself with everything from tear gas guns to water cannons.

Her primary objective at the time was to get a business degree from this institution. On the other hand, now that she had accomplished her aim, she genuinely desired to be both apprehensive and excited at the same time. The next evening, after an overnight excursion and a significant portion of the day on the train, she returned at the school inn for the evening meal. It wasn't quite dark yet. She was soon assigned a room, and the warden's aide provided her with the keys and directions to the room. She had arrived on time.

Room 107 on the ground floor was the location in question. Rupali was glad that she wouldn't have to lug her belongings upstairs with her. Walking down the somewhat dim, silent corridor toward her room, she felt a sense of accomplishment. She put her luggage on the floor and took a quick look around the room in the dim light that filtered through the curtains from behind them.

She cracked a grin. It was a lovely place to stay. Large and roomy, with an iron bed against each of two opposing walls, two admirals, and two examining tables on either side. She'd been advised that she'd have to share the space with another person. Regardless, because her potential roommate had not yet arrived, she chose the other side of the room from where she would be sleeping. She then turned on the light and took her bag out of the closet to begin unpacking. She pulled the newspaper from one of her bags and placed it on the almirah's racks, along with the sheets she had spread out earlier. She only needed to get a handful of items together that she would require right away, and she was done. She had intended to do the rest of it the following evening, after work. A bed sheet and pillowcase that her mother had so tenderly packed for her gradually made their way to the top of the pile of clothes in her bag. Following that, she added a nightgown, a towel, two or three everyday outfits, and her toiletries, which she began placing in the almirah once she finished dressing.

Rupali could hear conversations in the passageway every now and again. She stepped out of her comfort zone to double-check. She noticed a group of females who looked similar to her and had only lately arrived at the inn with their belongings. If they occurred to see Rupali, she greeted them warmly with a kind grin on her face. Afterwards, they exchanged friendly smiles and went on to explore their own rooms. Having returned to her room, Rupali began unpacking her belongings again.

She ate the extra fruits she had brought back from her vacation and didn't feel hungry enough to head to the turmoil for a meal. She decided to postpone the practise of entering inside the inn ruins to have a look at the place until the next day.

Rupali pondered freshening up prior to actually going to bed after arranging her room and went to the inn's washrooms to do this.

During her routine of washing her face and brushing her teeth, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, which revealed a tired-looking face with small shadows under her eyes. She realised she hadn't gotten much

sleep the night before departing for the accommodation. She had been awake all night due to the emotional situation at home as well as the excitement. She made the decision to take a long, restful nap. After all, she wanted to be fresh for her first day of school, so she slept in late. Nevertheless, as she was lying in bed, the anticipation of returning to school the next day kept her from falling asleep. She couldn't stop tossing and turning.

IV. PRAISE FOR HE TOO HAD A LOVE STORY

'The narrative is both heart-breaking and realistic. The writer, Ravinder Singh, deserves all of the credit for keeping the narrative on track. Everything in the book is true to life. Individuals, locations, and, most importantly, how they interact with one another are all explored. The book recounts a major episode in Ravin's life, but it does so with the theme that "the show must go on" at the forefront of its narrative. They advise not to mourn because the event has concluded, but rather to grin since it has occurred. This novel demonstrates the natural anticipation and hope that exists inside all of us. They experience a variety of emotions as they join Ravin on his journey to the End of Happiness (End Happiness). They experience everything through Ravin's eyes, from the early thrill to the elation, from pleasure to expectation, despair to devastation, and ultimately the sense of resurrection in the end. He Too Had a Love Story is a straightforward love story about fated encounters that shape the course of a person's life as they are most likely aware of it. She is commended for having the bravery to reveal something so intimate with the entire world,' says Ravin.

Days pass by in one way or another, but the evenings are now a waggon of misery for everyone involved. It is possible for injuries to heal over time; nevertheless, markings will always be visible. I'm getting restless in my nice bed. He thrashes around and makes an unsuccessful attempt to sleep. Whatever the case, my thoughts have piled up in my mind and formed a massive mound of sand. The past is blazing with its scalding rays of sunlight. Tearing me apart and ripping me apart at the seams her attempts to give voice to the darkness in my life are becoming increasingly obvious in the dark, and now she is attempting to speak my heart.

V. CONCLUSION

The guiding aspect of the research would compare and contrast all of the components and features of popular fiction found in the selected works of Ravinder Singh, as well as evaluate and analyse these components and attributes. It would compare a variety of issues, elements, and views that were explored during the course of this research's growth. To appear on the surface, it appears to be a means of mediating between various topics such as love and romanticism; happiness; rejection and dejection; hatred and anxiety; humour and excitement in romantic relationships; thrill and ghastliness in crime; and representation through the novels I Too Had A Love Story, Can Love Happen Twice, and Your Dreams Are Mine Now, to name a few examples. If we can get a conscious understanding of the thematic and structural construction of these books, we will have established a solid frontal area for the formation of sound judgments regarding popular fiction. It would outline the class while also recognising its widespread recognition, popularity, and familiarity among the general public.

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