

Mumbai ka pehla din...

Apne sapno ko bohot kareeb se chu raha tha, Dekh raha tha. Apna aaney waala kal.  
Naya Shaher, Naye Chehre, Nayi Galiyan aur bohot Kucch.

Kehte hain Mumbai sapno ka shaher hai aur main bhi apne saath vahi lekar aaya tha.

Pehla din bohot hi khoobsurat tha, Mumbai ki bhasha mein Ek dum Mast

Lekin agla din.....

Mumbai ne ek alag hi roop dikhaya.

Sabse pehle Chhath ki zaroorat thi. Par Chhath dhundna itna mushkil hoga, ye nahi maloom  
tha.

Koi bolta hain bachelor nahi chahiye toh koi bolta hai non-vegetarian nahi chahiye.

Chhath toh hazaaron hain Lekin shartein laakhon.

Phir yaad aaya ki Mumbai ye bhi kehta hai ki agar zidd chod doge toh Mumbai tumhe  
chod dega aur agar zidd pakadd ke rakhoge toh Mumbai tumhara saath dega.

Maine bhi zidd nahi choddi aur lagaa raha, dataa raha aur akhir kaar mujhe meri chhath  
mil gayi as a bachelor bhi aur non vegetarian bhi.

Raat ko jab pehli jhapki leney laga Toh ek pal aaya jab aankhein Bhar gayi aur yaad aayi

Woh jiskey baare maine iss poori jatto jehat mein socha bhi nahi tha...

Meri MAA ... Uski Awaaz, Uski Hansee, Uskey haathon ka phulka aur uska Aashirwaad.

Bus ... wahi kaafi tha Mumbai ke pehli raat ke liye.