

The Rulebook We Broke

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*For the corridors, the benches, the chaos,
and the boy who made it all glow*



This book is a blend of truth and imagination.

Some moments were borrowed from real memories, others were shaped gently by fiction,

stitched together like a diary that never fully existed but still feels real in the heart that wrote it.

People, places, and events have been altered, blurred, or completely reinvented to protect the privacy of the life that inspired them.

What remains is not a documentary, but an echo:

a story built from feelings that once lived, and scenes that lived only on paper.

Read it as a dream woven with a few real threads, not a map to the past but a portrait of what it felt like.



*“Some people are chapters.
A few are entire textbooks.”*

1

Mr. K

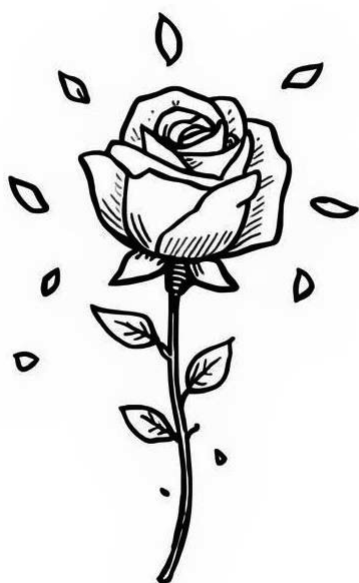
*The world's quite sick,
Or maybe it was me,
Dreaming all day
Of how to end it, Just to set me free.*

*Maybe I'll give myself
A second chance to fight,
If I ever find someone,
Someone Unapologetically right.*

*But they were only dreams,
Nothing ever true.
I thought it happened only In movies,
Where life feels new.*

*"I wish I get him,"
I always used to say.
"Does a loser like me
Deserve him anyway?"*

*'Mr. K' that's what I'd call him,
So he'd never know my aim.
And to my quiet sadness,
He never once said my name.*



*“Some people don’t just enter your life—
they rewrite it quietly.”*

2

Secret Spilled ~

A notification I'd waited for,
"Hi," he said, nothing more.
"Tell me the secret, fast," I sighed,
"Do you know Mr. K?" he replied.
"Yeah, of course I do."
"He likes you."

Those words lit up my cloudy day,
My crush liked me! What could I say?
How could I breathe, or hide my glee?
"Don't tell him that I like him."
"Fine," he said to me.

Four days gone, yet here I stay,
Talking of him, night and day.
Didn't think my bestie would,
Break the trust I thought he should.
Then his text, just three words, dim: "I told him."

Now who will tell him I wanted to confess myself,
I accepted it as God's plan.
Mr. K's so damn handsome,
I might die while confessing to such a perfect man.

I wonder what a lady I was before I met him,
Perfectly shy and an ugly skin,
Wouldn't believe in love until he came,
A lady like me would have been really tame.

*He came flourishing the fire in me,
The wildness is so true for everyone to see. Never thought love was this real
until he came, A lady like me would have been really tame.*



*“We were too young to know love,
but old enough to feel it.”*

3

To Good to be True~

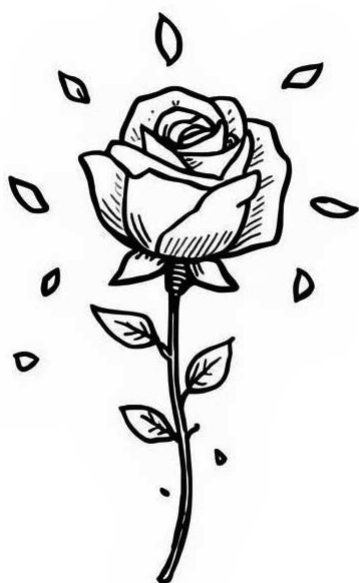
*Searching for his ID,
I stumbled on a weird name.
'Shadowrin01' it read,
It might be him, my heart claimed.*

*'Maybe I should text him first' my thoughts were all a mess,
I waited an hour to make up my mind,
Choosing my words carefully,
I do my best to not to over-express.*

*I saw a friend request from his ID,
Accepted it, hands shaking nervously.
"Hello," he texted first that night,
"Hi," I replied, my cheeks alight.*

*"What do you like in guys?" he said,
His words still echo in my head.
"Anyone like you," I shyly wrote,
A flirty line, a trembling note.*

*It was all attraction, I somehow knew,
but oh! he felt too good to be true.
"Do you really like me?" I asked, unsure,
"Since the day I saw you," he swore.
His words lit stars inside my chest,
I didn't think I'd fall, but I confessed.*



*“He wasn’t my weakness;
he was my favourite distraction.”*

4

The Almost Confession ~

*It's been a week of texting,
Yet not a single 'I love you' sent.
"Well... who are we now?" he asked,
I knew exactly what he meant.*

*"I don't know," I softly said.
"Well... I don't know either," he replied.
We both could feel it, deep inside,
but words, we let them hide.*

*It was the sweetest kind of ache,
A love we didn't yet confess.
We knew it all without a word,
And somehow, that felt best.*

*By evening came his sudden text,
"I love you." My heart went wild.
Cheeks turned red, my thoughts a mess,
I smiled, just like a child.*

*I sent a heart, all flustered still,
My pulse a racing sea,
Then came a ping: "Reply fast!
My brother's waiting," from my bestie.*



“The classroom witnessed everything we didn't say.”

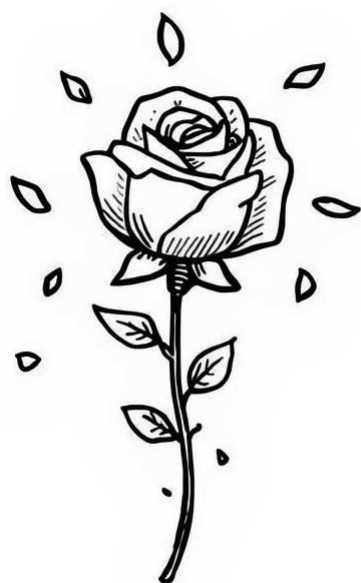
5

My Air~

*After almost a month, I realized,
He is my air.
I can't survive a day without talking to him.
Any day he didn't come to school,
My whole day would crumble.
"How many times have I told you
Not to miss school without telling me?"
I used to text him, worried, needy, soft.*

*One evening,
The rain pounding, thunder rolling,
I asked him, "May I ask you something?"
"Yes, of course, love," he replied.
"Do you love me... or just like me?"*

*For a moment, everything paused.
Then he said, trembling, "I... I love you, of course."
His words stilled the storm inside me.
"I love you too," I whispered back,
And the rain seemed softer somehow.*



“Our story lived in the pauses between our conversations.”

6

God! please.~

Vacations came,
And we couldn't talk less.
"Have you started your homework?" I'd ask.
"Not this, please," he'd say,
I still remember his way,
The little smile in his text.
I loved to tease him,
And loved how he got teased.

We were happy, but not so happy this year,
School was the only place we could meet,
I craved his voice,
I know how I passed that month, without his single glimpse.

Every message he sent,
It felt like happy pills were released.
"I'm going to the academy now,
Talk to you later," he'd tell me.
I'd wait for him to return,
Just so we could talk again.

"Class time!" "Okay... I'll wait."
Those hours felt like heaven,
But heaven without peace.

That ache of waiting taught us both
How deep our love could reach.
"Hii," we'd text at the same time,

*And laugh at how it synced.
“How was your day?” I’d ask.
“Just thought about you,” he winked.*

*Admiring him in silence.
It became my sweetest task.
That month made me realize
How deep our hearts had grown.
I’m scared I might drown,
but love, love pulls me home. It’s scary,
but I like horror.*

*We’d talk for hours,
Our phones are nearly dying.
“How was your day?” my daily line,
And his same slang reply.
Those days were something sacred,
We became each other’s peace.
And every night I whispered, “God, please...
No irony in this, please.”*



“Love never needed attendance. It just showed up.”

7

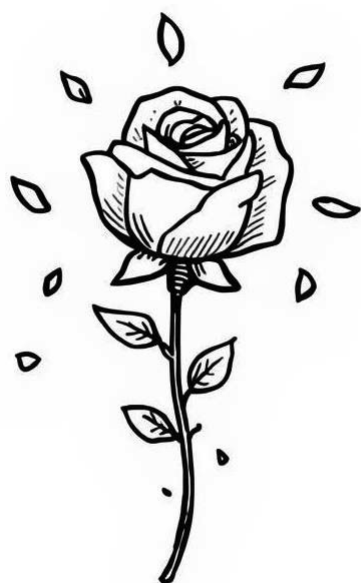
Butterflies~

*Two months had passed,
And we had hardly held hands.
Me and a friend, in class,
Everyone else outside.*

*A shadow moved,
Toward us.
I sat at the last bench,
Heart skipping.*

*Mr. K came,
Picked up his bag,
Stretched out his hand.
“Lean closer,” I whispered.*

*He didn’t ask,
He just did.
Cheeks burned red,
Butterflies dancing wild.
First kiss,
Words cannot hold it.
My lips brushed
His soft cheek.
The world paused.*



“It was a moment that felt like a lifetime.”

8

Heartbeat~

*It wasn't planned,
nor perfect,
just quiet,
and ours.*

*The air felt heavier,
hearts louder than words.
He looked at me,
I looked away,
then somehow,
we didn't.*

*Our lips met,
soft, trembling,
like two secrets
finally spoken.
The world stopped moving,
time forgot to count.
All I remember was
the warmth,
the peace,
and his breath so close to mine.*

*It wasn't a movie scene,
just a heartbeat
shared between two people
who forgot to be afraid.*



“We were young, but our feelings weren’t.”

9

Will the world let them live?~

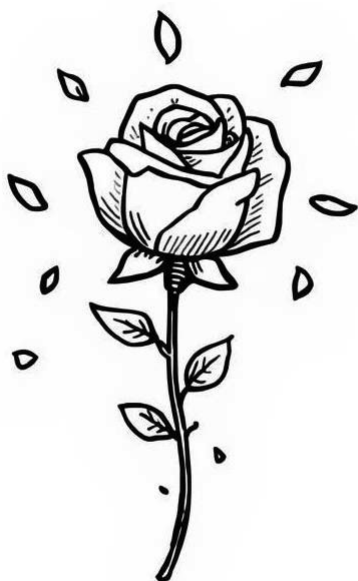
*Maybe one day,
they'll read these poems
and call it a story,
two hearts too young
to know what forever means.*

*Maybe they'll smile,
or maybe they'll frown,
saying, "It was just a phase."
But they'll never know
how real it felt,
how love changed their days.*

*It might be a distraction,
No doubt!
It maybe a sin,
No questions asked,
They were happy,
Maybe that's what matters,
They learnt something that no one taught us,
They weren't perfect,
but they were true.*

*They fought,
They healed,
They stayed.
And if loving was a crime,
then maybe they sinned,
but only in the most
beautiful way.*

So, world,
before you judge,
before you tear their pages apart,
just answer this one question,
Will the world let them live?



*“I wasn’t jealous. I just realized
he was never just ‘someone’ to me.”*

10

She asked me!?~

*She laughed at his joke,
and my heart sank a little low.
I tried to smile,
but my eyes told him all they shouldn't show.*

*"Who is she?" I asked,
pretending not to care,
He smiled, said "she asked me first,"
but my silence filled the air.*

*He texted later, "You're mad, aren't you?"
I said, "Why would I be?"
But my words felt like stones,
and my heart wasn't free.*

*We fought that night,
over nothing and everything,
My jealousy loud,
His patience trembled.*

*And yet, by morning,
He said, "I'm sorry if I made you cry."
I whispered back,
"Just don't let her steal your love."*



“We sat rows apart, but somehow he was always close.”

11

Exam Nights~

*It was past midnight,
books wide open, eyes half closed.
"Still awake?" he texted,
"I can't sleep till you've done those."*

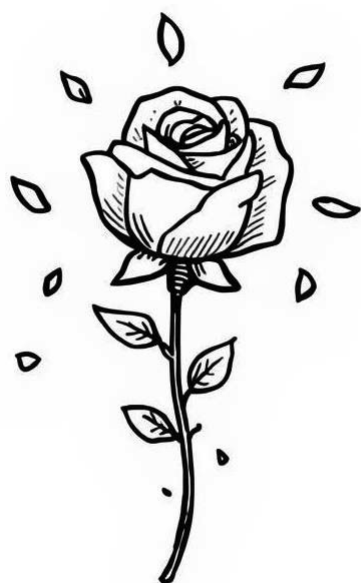
*We'd study together,
pages turning, laughter spilling in between.
He'd explain what I couldn't get,
making every formula seem serene.*

*"Drink some water," he'd say,
"Or you'll faint before math."
His voice, on call at 2 a.m.
the calmest thing my night ever had.*

*Sometimes we'd forget the syllabus,
and talk about dreams instead,
how we'd ace the paper tomorrow,
then laugh till our eyes go red.*

*By morning, my phone still warm in hand,
his texts unread but felt.
He helped me through more than exams,
in ways only hearts have ever spelt.*

*We couldn't ace but we have learnt love better,
They were the best exams,
Not by marks but by the method,
Maybe that's what matters.*



“This wasn’t love, it was a lesson written in bold.”

12

The last page~

*I still remember the first "Hi."
A notification, a name,
and a heart that learned how to race.
We were just two people,
but maybe something in the universe
decided to pause for us.*

*You asked what I liked in guys, I said,
"Someone like you."
It sounded like a joke then,
but jokes have a way of coming true.*

*Days passed,
texts turned into routines,
calls turned into comfort,
and suddenly, the world felt lighter
just because your name was on my screen.*

*We didn't say "I love you" for days,
but it hung in every sentence we wrote.
It was there when you said, "Take care,"
and I replied, "You too."
It was there in our silences,
the kind that didn't need words,
just a little heartbeat between the pauses.*

*Then came the fights,
the kind that only people who care too much can have.
I'd say something sharp,
you'd go quiet,
and the night would feel like an ocean without light.*

*But two days apart felt like years,
and somehow,
we always found our way back,
apologies wrapped in clumsy texts and smile emojis.*

*Do you remember the day it rained? You said,
“Yes, of course I love you.” And I swear,
even the thunder outside softened its roar.
It felt like the world finally exhaled,
like everything I’d been waiting to hear
was suddenly right there,
on a glowing screen in my trembling hands.*

*Vacations came,
and we counted hours instead of days.
Homework, academy, calls,
and tiny heart emojis between chapters.
You’d say, “Class time!”
and I’d say, “Okay, I’ll wait.” It was silly,
but waiting for you became
the most beautiful kind of pain.*

*Then came the kiss,
our first, soft and uncertain.
The one that made my cheeks blush
and my heart go quiet.
You didn’t ask questions, you just leaned in.
And somehow, in that tiny moment,
the whole world felt smaller,
and safer, and ours.
We studied through sleepless nights,
you solving equations,
me solving the mystery of your eyes.
Every call was a promise,
Every laugh is a cure.
You helped me with notes and formulas, but mostly,
you helped me remember who I was,
a girl who could feel everything deeply*

and still write it all down.

*And now,
as I close this chapter,
I think of us.
The way we loved quietly,
like a secret between pages.
The way we fought,
and forgave, and stayed.*

*Maybe one day the world will read this, and judge.
They'll say, "Too young," or "Too much."*

*But they'll never know
what it feels like to see your name
light up my phone at 2 a.m.,
or how your one "Take care"
could fix an entire day.*

*So here's to us,
the story that never needed an ending,
the love that didn't wait for permission,
the memories that grew wings.*

*And even if the world never understands,
we'll still whisper,
through words,
through distance,
through time.*

"Did we break the Rules?"

