

Our Story

A Silent Start

A story of quiet moments
and unexpected connections



BlueRose **ONE** com DIY
S t o r i e s M a t t e r

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For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS
www.BlueRoseONE.com
info@bluerosepublishers.com
+91 8882 898 898
+4407342408967

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Chapter 1

*The Day Everything
Quietly Began*

It was my first day of college...
I walked in with mixed feelings
a little nervous, a little excited,
and completely unaware
of what was about to begin.

Everything felt new —
new faces, new voices,
new beginnings...

watching others talk, laugh,
and make connections.

And I was just there
a simple, quiet boy,
lost in a new world,
trying to find where I belong.



Then... something changed.
Or maybe, it just felt like it did.
Because at that moment,
I saw her for the first time.

A girl... standing in line,
with a gentle smile,
and eyes full of innocence and curiosity.

She wasn't doing anything special...

But still...
something about her felt different.

As if in all that noise...
my world suddenly went silent.
And without even knowing her name...
she became the moment
I wouldn't forget.



Sayari

*Your face with a cute, and shy smile,
Glow's like the sun for a little while.*

*It flutters so soft, like a butterfly,
Graceful and bright as it drifts in the sky.*



Chapter 2

The Smile That Stayed Without a Name

Days passed...
and college life slowly settled in.
Classes, assignments, new routines...
Everything was moving forward.

But somewhere... I was still stuck
in that one moment.

Still waiting... to see her again.

Not intentionally, but unknowingly...
my eyes searched for her
in every crowd.

And then... one afternoon...
in the library...
amidst the silence of books...
I saw her again.



Radhe Radhe

Sitting quietly...
as sunlight filtered through the glass windows...
gently resting on her face.

And in that silent moment...
it felt as if time itself paused... just for her.

Maybe it wasn't love...
but it was something I couldn't ignore.

For a moment... everything fell still.

No voices... no pages turning...
Just her... and that light.

As if the whole world paused...
just to let me see her.

And then... she smiled
softly, unknowingly.





Not at me...
not for me...
But still...
it felt like it reached me...
And in that silent library...
without a single word...
something inside me *quietly* changed.

*Tum aaye ho toh shab-e-intezaar guzri hai,
Talaash mein thi jo roshni, woh chehra mil gaya...*

I didn't talk to her, didn't even try.
But that moment... that smile...
kept replaying in my mind
again and again...
Like a memory...
that refused to fade.
And slowly... without realizing...
she became a part of my thoughts.
Not someone I knew...
but someone I started feeling.

Chapter 3

A "Hi" That Never Reached Her

Some days later... I saw her again.
Outside the canteen...
laughing with her friends,

Her laughter... felt like music
not loud, not forced...
just pure and real.

For a moment... the noise around me faded.
People still talked, plates still clattered...
but for me... everything paused.

As if the world was moving...
but I was stuck right there.

Watching someone...
who didn't even know I existed.
And there she was...
smiling, laughing...



lost in her own world

And unknowingly...
pulling me into it.

Slowly... curiosity grew.
Not too much... just enough
to make me notice her more...
to think about her
a little longer than usual.

With some effort... and a lot of overthinking...
I finally found her name – Anvi.

A simple name...
but somehow.. it stayed.
Like it belonged in my thoughts.
And then came... the hardest part.

Texting her:
Slowly... with hesitation...
I searched for her on social media.



I found her. And then...

I just stared at her profile...
for longer than I should have.

Reading her name again and again...
as if it meant something more.

Thinking... What if...?
What if this one message...
changes everything.

*Tujhe dekh kar mera
dil kuchh toh sochta hai,
Kuchh samajh nahi aata,
par woh mujhe baar-baar tokta hai....*

What if she replies?
What if she doesn't?
What if this changes everything...?



And then... gathering all my courage...
I typed a simple message.

Hi.

Just two letters...
but carrying a hundred thoughts behind it.
My heart was racing.
Faster than ever.
Waiting... hoping... overthinking...
every possible outcome.



But destiny... had other plans.

Instead of replying...

she blocked me.

Straight away.

No delay. No hesitation.

Just... blocked.

And just like that...

my "Hi"

turned into : silent goodbye.

No explanation...

no chance...

just a story...

that ended before it even began.

For a second...

I just stared at the screen.

Confused... shocked...

and slightly impressed by the speed.



That single block felt like...
a direct entry ticket
to the "Friendzone Stadium Gate Closed."
No trials... no selection...
just instant rejection.

But still... somewhere inside... I smiled.
Because even then...
I didn't feel like quitting.
It didn't feel like the end.

Maybe... because this story
was never meant to end
with just a "Hi."

Maybe...
it was just the beginning
I wasn't ready for.





The Library Seat of Fate

Like always...

I had to go to the library
to study.

It was routine now.

Same place... same silence... same books.

Even that day... I was supposed to go.

But somehow... I got a little late.

Not too much... just enough to change something.

So I asked my friend to reserve a seat for me.

He placed a book on the table... so no one would take it.

Simple. Normal. Planned.

For me... it was just another ordinary day.

Nothing special. Nothing different.

But destiny... had already decided to interfere.

The moment I entered the library...

I froze. For a second...

everything stopped.

Because... she was there.

sitting right next to my seat...

Surrounded by her friends...

yet quietly lost in her books.

As if... it was all just coincidence.

Or maybe... not.

Because out of all the places...

all the seats...

she ended up right there...

where I was meant to be.



My heart... didn't just beat.
It jumped. Like it knew...
this moment mattered.

I walked slowly...
trying to stay normal...
trying not to look at her
too much.

For a while...
we both stayed silent.
Pages turned... pens moved...
but something in the air...
felt heavy.



Unsaid... yet present.

And then... suddenly...
her friend looked at me
and asked,

Are you Ishan? Our batchmate?

For a moment...I froze.

I looked up... a little nervous...
but smiling. And I said Yes.

And in that small “Yes”...

I felt like I had just stepped
into something I couldn't
go back from.



Chapter 5

Conversations That Started Quietly

They asked me a few academic questions...
and I answered with confidence.

My voice was calm...
but my heart was racing.

After a while,
she looked at me and asked,
"Do you understand these concepts?"

And just like that...

I began explaining—
fast...

almost as fast
as my heartbeat.

Time slipped away quietly..
and before we knew it,
we had been talking
for nearly an hour.

Before leaving... I asked,
"Can you send me the question paper?"

A simple question... but a small hope.

And then... came the twist.

She smiled and said,

You know... I had blocked you earlier.

Everything made sense.

That Hi... was never delivered.

We both smiled.

She unblocked me...

And just like that...

a small moment
turned into the beginning
of something real.

She went back to her hostel...

and I walked to mine...

replaying the entire day
again and again.



Can you send me the question paper?

Chapter 6

A Kit Kat and a Quiet Beginning

After that library day...
Our conversations grew.
Longer chats...
deeper talks...
and an effortless comfort.

We talked a lot...
about studies, life...
and even the smallest things that somehow mattered.
I didn't know...
Something special was waiting ahead.
I figured out her birthdate... on my own.
Not because she told me...
but because I paid attention.



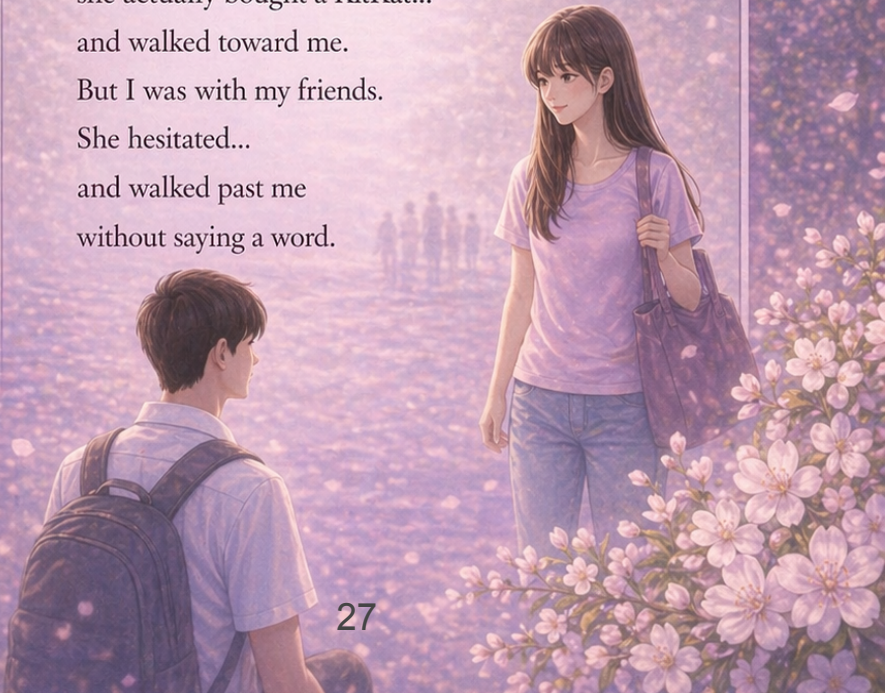
And when the day came...
I wished her with a smile on my face...
and excitement in my heart.

She teased,
"So... how will you give me the birthday treat?"

I smiled and said,
No... you give me a treat today.
Just one KitKat... it's my favourite.

She agreed. Simple. Sweet.
Just like her.

A little later...
she actually bought a KitKat...
and walked toward me.
But I was with my friends.
She hesitated...
and walked past me
without saying a word.



A moment later... my phone buzzed.

*"How do I give you the chocolate?
You were with your friends."*

I smiled. At least... she tried.

So I stepped away...

"I have some work...

I'll join you later."

My heart raced...

faster than it should have.

And then...

she came again.

This time...

without hesitation.

And quietly...

placed the KitKat in
my hand...

like it meant something more.



We started walking...
together on campus.

Slow steps... small smiles...
light conversations.

Simple...
yet it felt like our own little world.

As we walked...
I kept looking around.

What if someone saw us?
What if people talked?

Before I could hide it...
she noticed.

"Why are you scared?"
Chill... let them see.

Her voice...
calm, confident... fearless.

And then.. I realized
I wasn't scared
for myself.

I was scared for her.
I didn't want anyone
to judge her... because of me.



Sayari

But she smiled...
carefree and bright...
as if the world
was just a background.

Akhiyan sab kuj bayan kardiyan ne ♥
Tasalli naal padh ke taan vekho ♥
Saare jazbaatan di kitaab ae oh ♥
Fursat mile taan kade palat ke taan vekho ♥

That tiny KitKat...
wasn't just a chocolate.
It was a gesture...
a moment... a memory.

Something that quietly marked...
how everything was changing.

Slowly.. from friendship...
to something more.

Her birthday...
And somehow...
I was the one who
received the real gift.

Chapter 7

The Distance That Brought Us Closer

After her birthday... something quietly changed.

Not loud, not sudden—just a soft shift you could feel,
but not explain.

Our conversations grew longer, softer, warmer.

Diwali was near, and the campus slowly began to glow
with lights, laughter, and a festive warmth that filled
every corner.

But then... the holidays arrived.

I packed my bags and left for home.
While she stayed back in her hostel.

Her home was far...
and going back wasn't easy for her.

Chapter 8

A Journey That Didn't End at the Station

As the train moved...
the campus slowly faded
through the window.

Somewhere in that view...
I felt her presence still there.

The train kept going...
but my thoughts stayed with her.

Wind touched my face...
lights passed like scenes from a film.

And my mind...
went back to her
her smile...her voice...
that simple 'bye'.

Almost without thinking...

I picked up my phone...
and started typing.

Hi... can I disturb you for next some hours?
I want to reach home
while talking to my favorite person.

Yesss, sure 😊

A notification blinked

Yesss, sure 😊

And just like that...
the journey felt warmer.

We talked... about small things...
random things...
things that don't matter
to the world...
but meant everything to us.

I asked about her...
her likes... her dislikes.

Old songs... simple choices...
little details.

The train moved...
and everything felt like a scene
her messages... my smile...
the rhythm outside.

Then... the train slowed.

My station arrived.
I met my family... had dinner...
but her presence stayed.

So I texted again

Hi... can we continue?

She replied: Yes 😊

And just like that...
the night began again.

Chapter 9

The Night That Felt Like Forever

This time... the conversation went deeper.

Like everything.. came closer.

I asked about her father.

He is in the Army.

Her mother... A designer.

And your brother?

In the Air Force.

For a moment... I stopped.

A family of strength...

discipline... service.

And me... just a normal guy.

She noticed the silence.

What happened?

Nothing... just nervous.

Even in winter...
my palms were sweating.

She laughed...
“Seriously? In this cold?” 🤔

And just like that...
the tension broke.

Miles apart... we both smiled...
as if we were sitting
right next to each other.

Then... she sent me
her mother’s picture.
Elegant... graceful...
even more beautiful
than her.

I teased Now I know
where you got your looks from. 😏



She smiled... I could almost imagine
her hiding that blush.

Hours passed... without us noticing.

We kept talking... until it was
three... maybe four.

Outside... the sky began to lighten.

Finally... I said

Maybe we should sleep...
otherwise Mata ji will scold
us in our dreams.

She laughed... soft... lingering.

Go sleep, she said.

But we both knew...
we didn't want that night to end.



Chapter 10

A Small Gift, A Big Feeling

The next day... I went to the market.
Pizza... and a few things for my cousins.
But in between... a thought stopped me.
Why not do something special?
Something she could remember.
Then I remembered... that one day...
I noticed her shoes.
Different... simple...
yet somehow.. really beautiful.
Maybe that's when I realised...
she had a quiet sense of style.
And me...
I've always had a thing for shoes.
That was enough.



I opened my phone...
and started searching.
Not for myself... only for her.
After choosing one...
I showed it to my sister.
“How are these?”
She smiled. She’ll like them.
And that was it.
I placed the order... carefully...
checking everything twice.
After Diwali... I returned to the hostel.
And the very next day... the delivery guy.
called her.
And somewhere between that call...
and her reaction...



Why did you order this?" she asked.

I calmly replied,

Because I wanted to.

If you don't like them, I'll return them."

She paused.

For a moment, there was only silence on the call.

Then I said softly,

You liked them... that's why I bought them.

I tried to convince her... slowly... gently.

After a pause... she finally said

Okay...I'll keep them.

Then quickly added

But I'll return the money...
in installments... with interest...

and pyari si vibe. 😊

I laughed. Deal.



Chapter 11

The Call That Changed the Mood

She called me immediately.

— Did you order something for me? 🤖

I smiled and said,

Maybe,...can you just go and collect it?

She replied nervously, No, I can't.

I requested her again ... and again.

Finally, she agreed.

But the story didn't end there.

She went to the ground branch,

called me,

and said angrily,

Come here. I can't take these shoes.

I reached there quickly.

She was standing there, upset,

and the shoes in her hand.





And just like that... the tension faded.

The anger softened... and what remained...
was understanding.

Not a gift... not a favor...
just a small gesture...
that meant much more.

Before leaving... I asked softly,
“Can you send me
a picture wearing them?”

She didn't say yes...
not immediately.

Days passed...

After a few reminders...
she finally agreed.

And then... one day...
she sent it.

A simple picture.

Yet somehow.. it stayed...
longer than it should have. 🧡



Because sometimes...
one picture says more
than a thousand words.

One day... I went to the market
with my friends.

They knew nothing...
about us.

While walking... I saw a panipuri stall.
And texted her,

“Do you want panipuri?”

She replied,
“I love it... but don’t send it.
My roommates are here.”

I smiled.

Then quietly...
I asked a girl batchmate
to send panipuri to her hostel.

“For everyone,” I said.

Just a birthday treat.

She never knew... 

It was only for her.

Chapter 12

Love in the Little Things

Sometimes... I sent her chocolates and shakes.
Especially... when she wasn't well.

Once... she said she was tired...
her back hurting.

I remembered... chocolates help.
So I sent some. And texted *Eat a little...*
and if it hurts more... remember me.

After a while... she sent a picture.
A gentle smile... soft eyes...
feelings that felt real.

And in that moment... I understood.

love doesn't shout.
It comes *quietly*...
through small things.





Chapter 13



When She Became a Habit

From the next morning...
she started telling me everything.

I'm going to the library...
I'm in the cafeteria...
I'm playing badminton...

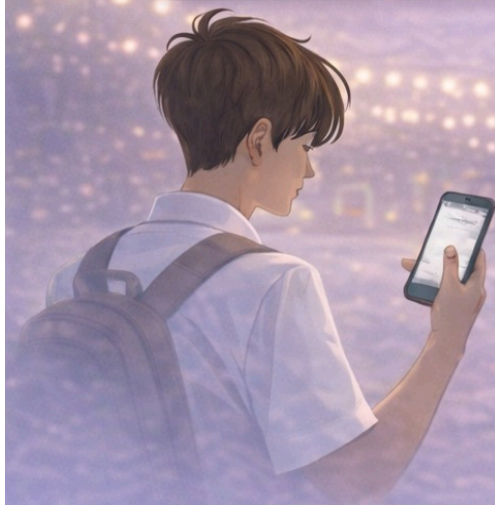
Every small detail...
every ordinary moment.

I never asked...
yet she shared it all.

As if... I was already a part of her routine.

Slowly... those updates became comfort.

And that comfort... turned into
something more.



One evening... the entire campus went dark.
Lights out... phones glowing...
students everywhere.

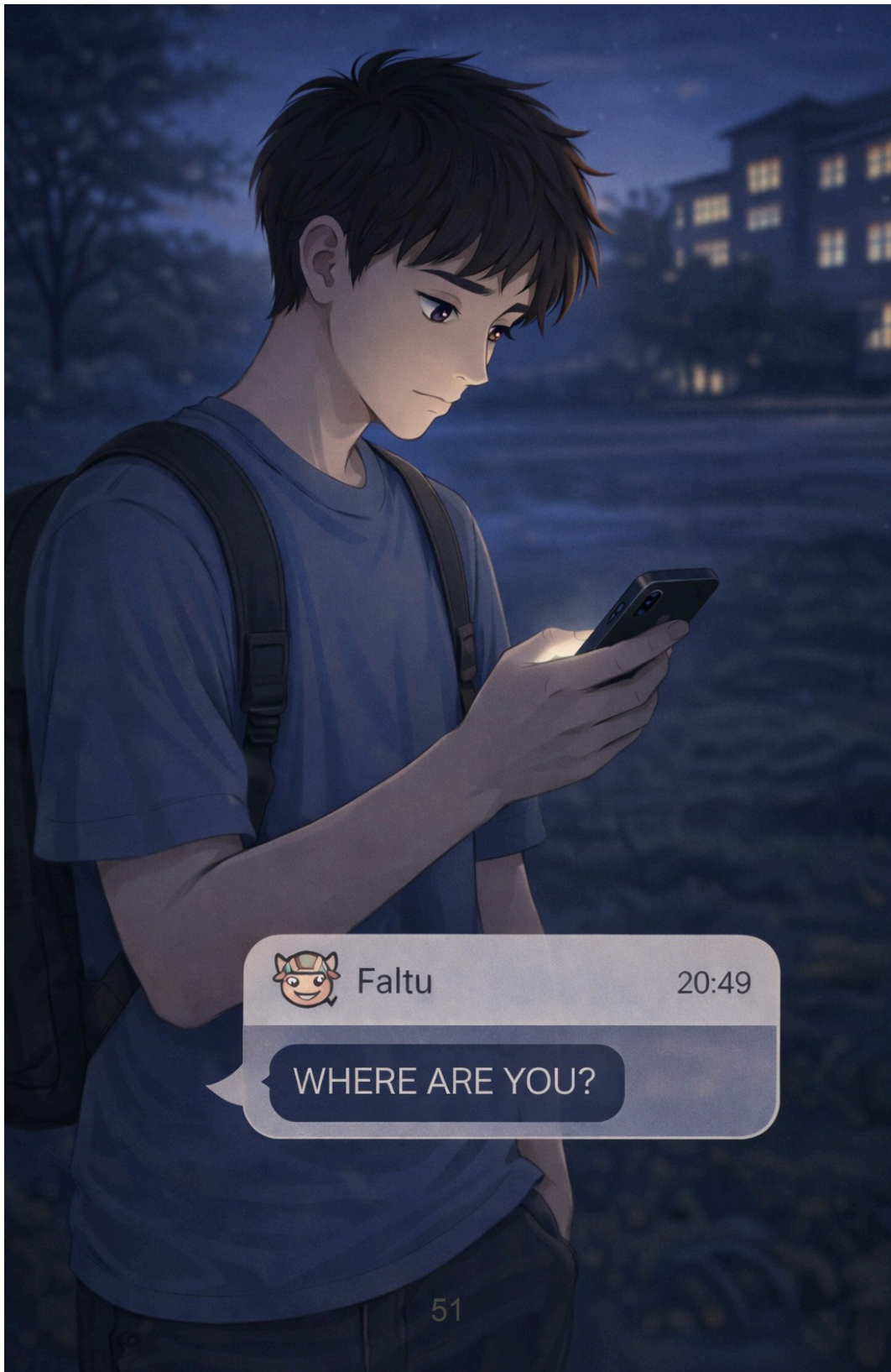
And I... lost in my thoughts.

Then suddenly... my phone buzzed.
“*Where are you?*” My heart skipped.

I quickly turned my phone down...
people were around.

Good thing... I had saved her name
as something funny.





Faltu

20:49

WHERE ARE YOU?

Chapter 14

The Night Of Candlelight

I had already changed her contact name...
Funny... but she liked it.

I called her.

Tell me... what happened?

She stayed quiet.

Then I asked can we meet?

No... she said.

A pause... Okay... but only five minutes.

She came. The campus was dark...
only shadows around.

Why here? she asked.

I said nothing.

Just held her hand... and quietly...
hugged her.



A soft... silent hug.

Let's go... someone might see.

Hmm...you should go, I smiled.

She walked away... and I stood there... watching.

Then I called again. I forgot something...

What? Nothing... A pause...

Can you walk with me... for a bit?

Only till the lights come, she said. Okay.

We met again.

Sat outside the cafeteria...

in silence.

Then I noticed... candles.

Five of them. We lit them... one by one.

Soft flames... between us.

No noise... no rush...

just two people... sitting quietly...

saying everything without words.





It felt as if time had paused,
as if everything else had stepped aside
to let this moment breathe.

Then suddenly, the lights came back on.

The magic broke.

She said softly,
I think we should go now.
The lights are back.

I nodded. We stood up
and walked back toward our hostels.

The next day, she was
making kheer
her favorite dish.



She asked me softly, "Do you want to eat some?"

I said yes.

Then she paused and asked,

"But how can I bring it to you?"

For a moment, we both thought.

Then I said, Do one thing...

give it to one of my friends

who stays in the same girls' hostel.

She'll pass it on to me.

She agreed.

She packed the kheer carefully

with her own hands,

and handed it over.

When the box finally reached me,

I opened it slowly.



I smiled and asked her,

“Why so little?”

She laughed and said,

“The rest... my roommates ate it.”

I smiled again.

I said, Okay...

I'll keep this box forever.

I won't return it.

She smiled and said, Okay...no problem.

And in that small exchange

a half-empty box,

a shared laugh, and nothing more to explain.



Chapter 15

The Voice That Stayed

Days started feeling... different.
Without realizing... we became
part of each other's routine.

Morning texts... random calls...
long nights.

Sometimes serious... mostly silly.
Small fights... little arguments...
but they never pulled us apart.

They made us talk... even more.
When she was upset...
I made her laugh.
When I was angry...
she calmed me down...
with a little attitude.



Many nights...
we lost track of time.

Sometimes... we just stayed
on call.

No talking... just being there.

And that silence... felt comfortable.

Before sleeping... Soft humming...

Then she asked me... to hum too.

At first... I refused.

Then one day... I tried.

And everything changed.

A tired day... felt lighter.

And slowly... I realized
she wasn't just someone

I talked to.

She had become...
the voice I waited for.



— Shayari —

Tujhe nini aayegi
me tujhe pyaar se sulaunga ♥

Tere khuwaao me ek pyaara sa
sitara bn jauga ♥

Sach bolu me sara ka sara ♥
tera bn ke dikhaunga ♥

ha me tujhe pyaar se sulaunga ♥



Chapter 16

Her Voice at Five

The most special moment... was the morning.

Every day... almost the same time.

Around five. My phone would ring.

Half asleep... I would answer.

And there she was... her voice.

Sometimes cheerful...

sometimes sleepy.

Good morning...

or...

Wake up... you'll miss your day.

And somehow... that was enough.

Her voice... made everything lighter.

Even the tired days... felt easy.

Slowly... those 5 AM calls

became something I waited for.



Shayari

*Vo subah-subah mujhe uthati hai,
Khud neend mein hoti hai, phir bhi pyaar jataati hai.*

*Pata usko bhi hai,
uski awaaz se mera din ban jata hai,
Phir bhi har roz naye naye nakhre dikhthi hai.*

*Raat ko phir vo kahani sunati hai,
Meri palkon pe apni yaadon ki chaadar bichati hai.*

*Meri neend ka toh pata nahi,
par vo khud so jati hai,
Mujhe thoda satati hai,
har baar apni hi chalati hai,*

*Usko sukoon se neend aati hai,
Aur mujhe bina sulaye hi so jati hai!*

Then one day...
she ordered a gift for me.

But something went wrong.

Her brother noticed.

She called me...
a little panicked.

Please... cancel it.
And delete the history.

So we did... together
After a while... she texted

Sorry... I deleted it.

But don't worry...
I sent you a small cake.
Go eat something sweet.

I smiled.

Chapter 17

She Looked at That Ring

One day... she showed me a ring.

A gift... from her ex.

For a moment... a thought came

Maybe... he was good too.

Then she told me their story.

When he got angry...

he blocked her.

Days without replies...

without calls.

And she... waited.

Sat alone... on her balcony...

..remembering him...

and crying quietly.

While saying this... she held that ring.

Looked at it... like it still meant

something. ♥

I stayed normal... but somewhere... it hurt.

Still... I thought
if it makes her happy...
it's okay.

After that...she stayed in my thoughts
more than ever.

She became... someone I couldn't stop
thinking about.

But whenever I tried to tell her...
she laughed. Didn't believe me.

Thought I was joking.

Then one morning...
she said, I saw a dream.



Chapter 18

The Dream and the Cold Night

In her dream... my mother asked her
to do something.

She didn't know how...
and got scolded.

She felt scared.

Then... she came and sat
beside me.

And I... held her hand.

When she told me...

I went silent.

It was just a dream...

yet somehow...

it felt deeper.

Strange... but beautiful.



Days passed... winter arrived.
Cold air... foggy nights...
and badminton in the campus court.
I played... with my friends.
But the one person
I wanted to play with...
never got the chance.
Her.

Chapter 19

The Moonlit Night

Then one night... around 11 PM...
cold... quiet... fog everywhere.

No one, on the ground.

I called her to come outside.

It's too cold, she said.

At first... she refused.

But after a little convincing...
she said, Okay... I'm coming.

I held her hand... and we walked
towards the ground.

No one was there.

Just fog... soft drops on the grass...
and a faint light in the distance.



We stood there... in silence.
Then I looked at her.
And she was already
looking at me.
No words...
just a moment.

I pointed at the sky. Look,
The moon... soft behind the fog.
She looked up.
We both watched... quietly.
Her face... glowing in that light.
Her eyes... even brighter.
That moment... felt beautiful.



Something... we didn't want to end.

Then suddenly... a friend appeared.
She hugged me... from the side.
Bye... good night. And walked away.
Soon... everyone left.
The ground went silent again.

But that night...
the fog... the moon...
that quiet moment...
and her hug.

Stayed with me for a long time.





Chapter 20

The Sayari and the Painting

After that night...

I sat in my room...

and wrote a sayari.



Sayari

Walk pe... mere haath mein tera haath ho,
thodi thandi hawa... aur tu mere saath ho,
bas yahi toh kaafi hai... ❤️

Raaton mein... kandhe pe sar rakh kar,
chup chaap taare ginte rahein hum dono,
bas yahi toh kaafi hai... ❤️

Ek chhoti si chocolate ho,
aur hum dono usse has kar share karein,
teri har ek muskaan se mohabbat aur gehri ho jaye,
bas yahi toh kaafi hai... ❤️

Tu meri taraf dekhe...
aur teri aankhon mein sirf mera hi aks ho,
tere hathon pe bas mera hi naam ho,
bas yahi toh kaafi hai... ❤️

Aur haan...
jo baatein dil mein daba rakhi h mene,
woh sab tujhe sunani hain,
kyunki tujhme mera... aur mujhme tera milna
abhi baaki hai... ❤️
bas yahi toh zindagi hai...
yahi toh kaafi hai... ❤️

After that...

I started writing for her... almost every day.

Sometimes daily... sometimes not...

but always... from her.

One day... she sent me a picture.

She was a little angry...

but to me... she still looked beautiful.

So I wrote... another sayari.

Sayari

Teri aankhon ka vo til... mujhe pasand hai,
Tera "hmmm", "hnji", "achha ji", "sry", "tuqsm", "ky",
aur "ab maine kya kiya" kehna... mujhe pasand hai. 

Mere chand ke saath... chand ko dekhna mujhe pasand hai
Raat ko tujhe sab kuch batana...
phir thoda sa ruthna,
aur phir tujhe hi manana... mujhe pasand hai. 

Tere saath bitaaye har pal ko...
maine sambhal ke rakha hai,
Kyunki...
tera har lamha... mujhe pasand hai. 

Then suddenly... an idea came.

A painting.

I had never tried before...

but still... I started.

Hours passed... line by line...
and slowly... her face appeared.

When it was done... I sent it to her.

She replied.

Don't Show it to someone else...

keep it with yourself.

She looked at it... quietly.

Then said.

You've worked hard... it shows.

I smiled. Okay.



Chapter 21

The Valentine Surprise

Valentine's Day... was coming. I wanted to do something... special. Something that could make her feel... how special she already was.

So I decided this Valentine would be different.

I searched online... and found someone who could make a custom gift.

Then... an idea came.

A gift box.

Her name... on the top.

Inside...

a teddy... chocolates...

and a few beauty products.



I didn't even know how they worked,
but still... I added them.

Because maybe... she would like them...
And at the bottom... something more meaningful.

Her picture. Her favorite one.
With her mother... and her brother.
A perfect family moment.

I placed it carefully... inside the box.
Finally... Valentine's Day arrived.

A simple Good Morning.

I sent her a shayari... a small video call...
nothing long...
but still... special.



Anvi



Later... I opened Blinkit. And a thought came —
why not send something?

So I ordered chocolates, dry fruits,
little lights, tiny lamps, and flowers...
the kind we both liked.

Then she said, “Mosquito bit me.”
So I added... All Out.

Small thing... but it felt right.

I told her, An order will arrive...
please collect it.

What did you send?
she asked.



You didn't have to...

But I knew... she was smiling.

The delivery arrived... at her hostel gate.

I asked her... to collect it.

One bag... then another...

and then more.

She paused... turned back...

realising how much I had sent.

She called me.

You ordered this much?

I stayed silent.

If you had told me...

I would have stopped you.

Later.. on video call...

she asked.



I don't want all this.

I don't even like these.

One by one... she refused half the things.

Please take these from me now.

I said nothing.

Went outside... sat quietly.

After a while... she came.

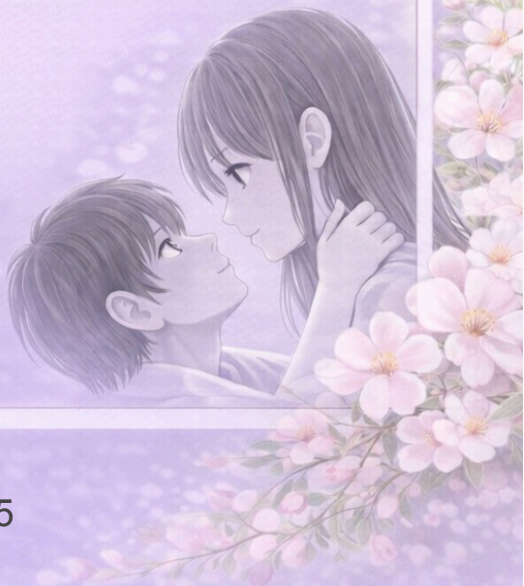
Looked at me, "Cancel it. It's too much."

Then suddenly...

she held my neck... gently.

Half angry... half smiling.

Next time... don't spend so much.





Chapter 22

The Candlelight Dinner

That evening... passed quietly.
We were busy... but I wanted
to make it special.
So we decided an candlelight dinner.
In our own rooms... with candles... and soft lights.
We ordered food...
and somehow... we wore matching colors.
A small coincidence... but it felt special.
We ate... talked... laughed.
Nothing big... just simple moments.
But her smile...
made everything peaceful.





For a second... I wished time
would stop.

I asked softly, can I keep these moments?

She smiled, "Why not?"

And that... meant more than words.

Next morning...
she woke up late.

"Good morning..."

But she wasn't well.

I called... again and again...
no response.



Sayari

Ishq pe thoda aur ishq ho jaye,
Tujhe paane ki tamanna thodi aur ho jaye... ✨

Rahon se nikalte the teri,
Taaki tera didaar thoda aur ho jaye... ❤️

Milte the hum bhi chup chup kr,
Is bhaagi duniya se thoda ruk ruk kr... 💜

Tere bina kahe hi sab kuch sun liya,
Jo tune na kaha, vo bhi mene apni aankhon mein bun liya... ✨

Bas tujhe ek nazar dekhne se hi didar hota tha,
Tu maane ya na maane,
Pr hr guzrate huye pal me,
mujhe tujhse thoda sa aur pyaar hota tha... 🌹



Evening came...
and then I saw her.
On the ground.
I walked to her.
What happened?
She said
I'm not feeling good...
come sit with me.
I went. Sat beside her.
No words... just silence.
And somehow... it was enough.
I clicked a photo...
soft light... night sky... quiet moment.

Chapter 23

A Rose That Said Everything

The next day...
she went to a flower shop...
and bought a rose.

For whom? her friend asked.

She smiled, *For a friend.*

Later... she called me.

As I reached... she said

I did something for you.

I smiled, What?



She paused... Nothing...

Then softly,
I brought a rose.

I was surprised.
But I'll give it later,
she said.

All day... I kept thinking about it.
Just a rose... but it didn't feel small.
Because it was from her.

At night... she came outside.
We stood... in silence.
Then slowly... she gave it to me.
I held it... gently.

No words...
yet everything
was already said.



Chapter 24

A Chocolate.. A Smile.. A Memory

We made a plan... a simple one... to go out together.

We both prayed...

that tickets get confirmed.

Her ticket... confirmed.

Mine... not.

I felt upset... waited till the last moment...

but nothing changed.

I slept... disappointed.

Next morning... with a little hope...

I checked again,

and suddenly...it was confirmed.



I smiled.

That day... I dressed properly...
bought roses... and chocolates for her.
When we met... I gave them to her.
She smiled, *How cute you are.*
That was enough.

We spent time... watched a movie...
then she asked, *Where is my chocolate?*
I gave it.
She took a bite... and fed me...
with her hands.
That moment... felt special.
Her eyes... had a different shine.
We were happy.



After that...

we played... laughed... talked.

Then I said,

If something happens between us...
can we make it work?

She looked at me,

We'll manage.

We'll solve everything... *together.*

That answer... felt like peace.

And in that moment... I knew,
I was with the right person.

No big promises... no confessions...
just small moments,
a smile... a chocolate...
a sentence... a feeling.

And sometimes... that's enough
to become a lifetime memory.





Chapter 25

The Day I Lost Her

It started... like a joke.
I mentioned her ex... casually.
But sometimes...small words
create big cracks
Her phone rang. Video call.
She moved away... I knew,
It was him.
When she came back...
Was it him? She said yes...
Just as a colleague.
But something...
had already changed.



We argued.

Voices rose...words got sharp...
and that small joke... became a big fight.

By evening...we tried to fix it.

Ordered food...sat together...
acted normal.

But inside...nothing was.

Then her phone rang again.

Him.

This time...everything broke.

We fought again...harder...louder...
and in anger...

I did something

I should never have done.



I slapped her.

Silence.

She froze...tears in her eyes.

And in that moment...

I lost something

I could never get back.

I realized...my biggest mistake.

I tried to fix it...said sorry...
begged her.

Please don't go.

But sometimes...sorry
comes too late.



She decided to leave.

At the station...she said softly,
Don't come inside.

Go back...eat something.
Message me.

Even then...she cared.
And that hurt more.

I didn't want her care...
I wanted her to stay.

But her love...
was quiet...selfless...and breaking.



Sayari

Je tu roothi hovi, tään tenu manä la wängä 🌸

Je tu chali gayi, tään tenu pyaar nal bula lawängä 🌸





Chapter 26

*Everything Was Beautiful...
Except Her Absence*

Before leaving...
she asked.

Tell me honestly...
Did you ever really love me?

I didn't answer.

We stood there... silent.

Tears in our eyes.

Sometimes...
silence says more than words.

She left.

And just like that...
everything ended.

Later... she texted,
Are you ok? Did you reach?

Yes..., I replied.
Are you okay?

She saw it... but didn't reply.

Next day...

I wrote a long message.

She said,
Be happy... take care... eat properly.

I wrote a lot...
but truth was I just wanted her back.
That whole day... I didn't eat.
I waited. But no reply came.

Next morning... I left.

Alone.

In a bus... watching outside.

A place where roads curve quietly...
through tea gardens and tall pine trees.

Where mountains stand still...
covered in mist...
as if they're watching everything.

Small houses...
resting on the hills...
holding stories of simple lives.

Markets full of colors...
unknown faces...
yet a strange warmth in the air.

Waterfalls flowing softly...
like time itself slowing down.

Everything felt new...
everything felt peaceful.

But even in that beauty...
my heart searched
for just one thing

Except... her.

I kept thinking... about her world...
her life...
moving on... without me.



Radhe Radhe

Sayari

Sare masle sare jhagade ka hal kar skta tha 💔
Mera mehboob chahta to sab kuch thik kar skta tha 💔

Muje dukh nahi ki vo ghar gya 💔

Dukh hai ki gale lag kar nhi gya 💔

Aakhir kab talak nibhata ek tarfa main iss riste ko 💔

Woh kheta rha majburi hai 💔

Main janta tha uska dil bhar gaya 💔

And maybe...
that's the hardest part.

Not losing someone...
but knowing... they can live
without you..

Somewhere... in that journey...
I understood,
not every love story
is meant to stay.

Some...are just meant
to be felt.

And ours... was one of them.

Radhe Radhe

Sayari

Jab lafz the,
to jazbaat kahaan the

Jab jazbaat aaye,
to alfaz kahaan the 💔

Jab dono mile,
kismat rooth gayi

Hum saath toh the,
par saath kahaan the 💔

Chapter 27

*Strangers Again...
With Memories*

We never said goodbye...
not properly.

We never ended things...
not clearly.

We just... stopped.

From talking every day...
to silence.

From sharing everything...
to knowing nothing.

And slowly...

we became strangers again.

But this time... with memories.



Chapter 28

Love Doesn't End... It Fades

On the way... I kept thinking about her.

Her city... her world... her life.

Everything felt new...
everything felt different.

And somewhere... I felt small.

I reached.

New people... new culture...
unfamiliar faces.

Everything changed...
but inside, I was still stuck on her.

I thought, *Maybe*... I can fix this.

So I texted, "I bought a dress for you...
can you forgive me?"

She replied, I don't want it... return it.

I said, *It's already bought...*

Then she replied, *don't give me gifts.*

Next day.. I didn't eat.

Not because I wasn't hungry...
but because my heart felt heavier.

Weak... tired... still hoping.

She said, *Go visit places...*
temple... church.. waterfall.

So I went. *Not as a traveler...*
but as someone trying to fix
what was broken.



I prayed... *not for me... but for her.*

I'm not well... I haven't eaten...

But she didn't believe me,

And that... hurt the most.

Because the one

who understood me *without words...*

now didn't believe even my truth.

On the way back... *I understood,*

love doesn't end in one moment.

It fades... *Slowly...silently.*

Sayari

*Dil base the... magar ujad rahe the,
hum mohabbat ki jang lad rahe the...*

*Baat aisi bhi koi baat nahi thi,
par hum ussi baat par jhagadj rahe the...*

*Ek hi din mein sab nhi hua khatam,
hum kai roz se bichhad rahe the...💔*

— Tehzeeb Hafi (attributed)



Chapter 29



She Still Cared... But Not Like Before...

On my way back... I felt weak.
Not just physically... but inside.

The driver asked, *Are you okay?*
Yes... I said. But I wasn't.

After two days...
I finally ate something.
My body felt better...
but my heart... still empty.

I messaged her,
"Please... tell me what to do."

She said, take some rest.
I packed my things... and left.

Before leaving... she had told me,
Pack some food...
you won't find anything on the way.
She even told me, what time I should leave.
Even then... she cared.
She had said,
Love isn't just saying it...
you should know how to respect.
It stayed with me.
I'll improve, I replied.
No answer.
I sent one last message...
Apologized... accepted everything.
She saw it. But didn't reply.
Next morning... I reached home.
Reached safely, I texted.
She replied, Okay.

Sayari

Kuch is tarah jo bichhde, 💔
ho tum vaapas miloge kya...

Jo baat kehni reh gayi thi,
use sunoge kya...

Jo badal gaya hai hamare beech, 💔
sahi karoge kya... 💔

Khatam ho gaya tha sab,
fir mohabbat karoge kya...

Bharosa nahi hai ab kisi par,
bharosa dila paoge kya... 💔

Sab chhor kar chale jate hain mujhe, 💔
kya tum mere paas aaoge kya...

Ek baat aur kehni hai tumse...
kya tum vaapas miloge kya...

Chapter 30

When Efforts Lose Meaning

Days passed. Slowly... heavily.
Before leaving...
she returned all the gifts.

Without words.

Because sometimes...
efforts are visible...
but words fail.

She wasn't around anymore.
So I tried...
stories... status updates...
Hoping... she would see.

Sometimes.. she replied.
But rarely.

Short replies.. cold words...
and long silences.

There wasn't a single night...
I slept peacefully.



Every night... felt incomplete.
Every morning... felt empty.

One day... I did some childish...
things.

I took a red ink pen...
and put some ink on my palm.

Not to hurt myself...
not to harm anything...

Because she knew me...
I could never hurt myself...
or anyone else.

But still... she misunderstood.

And instead of coming closer...
she got angry.

And this time... even my efforts
started losing meaning.



Radhe Radhe

Sayari

Pattharon se pyaar kiya...
nadaan the hum...💔

Galti humaari thi...
ki insaan the hum...

Aaj use hamse baat karna bhi...
takleef deta hai...💔

Ek waqt tha...
jab uss shaks ki jaan the hum...💔



Chapter 31

The Battle No One Saw

During that time...

I wasn't just missing her.

I was fighting myself.

My health... started breaking.

Not physically... but mentally.

I went into something... I never expected.

Silence... overthinking... a feeling I couldn't explain.

I stopped talking... even to close friends.

What happened? they asked.

I had no answer.

Because sometimes...
you don't understand
your own pain.

Nothing felt right.



One friend said,
*"Your placement will happen...
your percentage is good.*

And I replied, I'll do everything...
if she comes back.

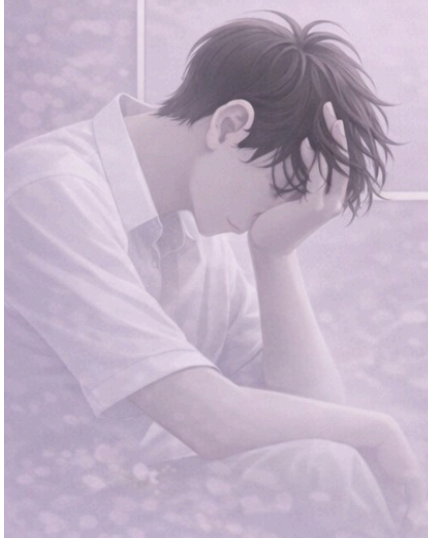
I stopped sharing things.
Because I didn't want anyone to judge her.

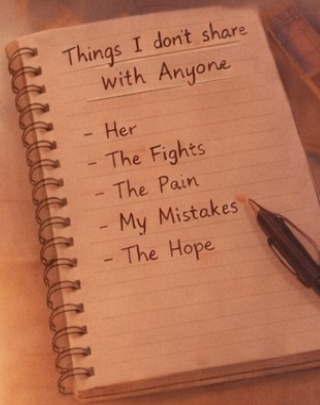
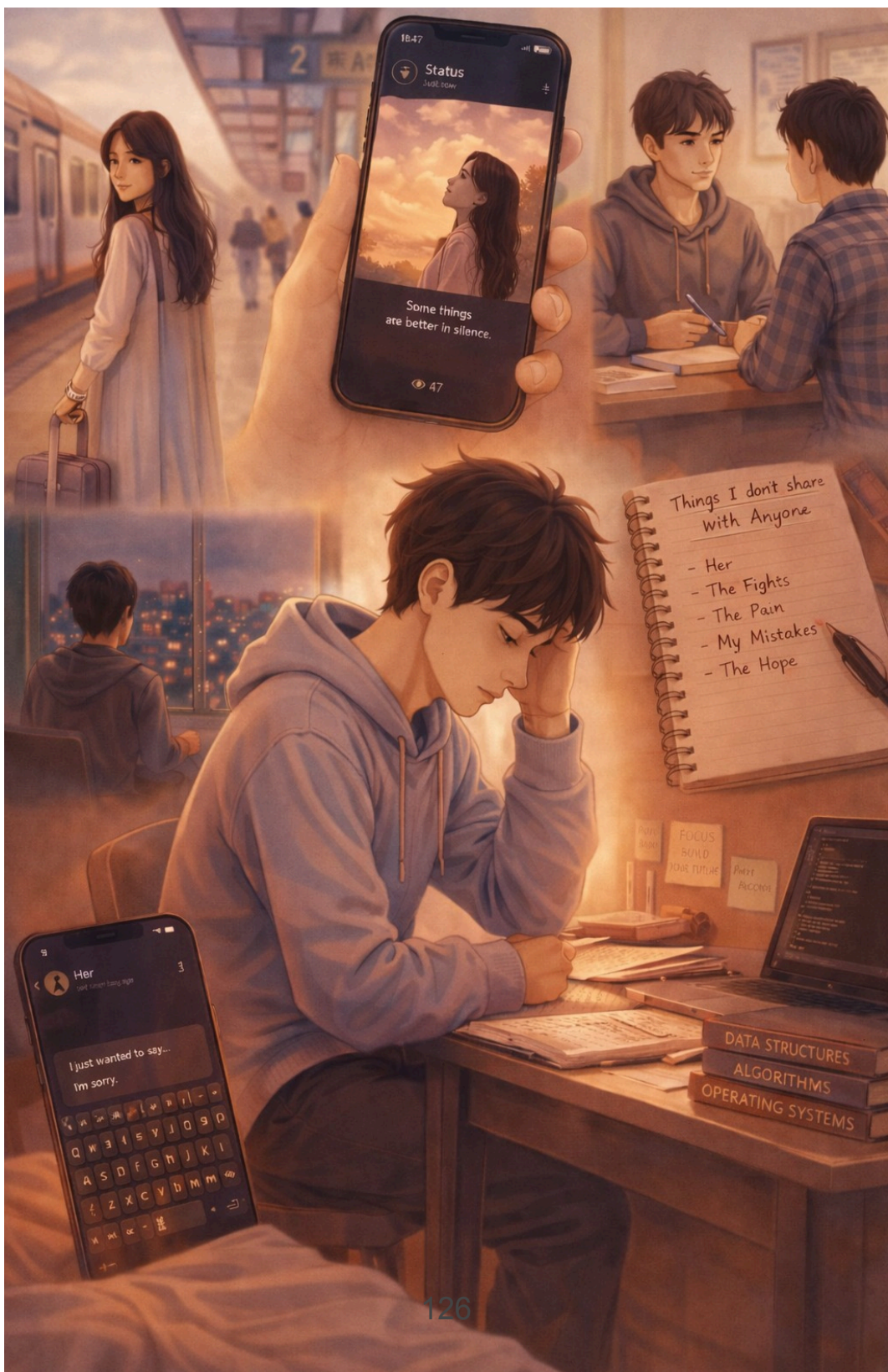
So I stayed silent.

I didn't message her much...
didn't want to become a problem in her life.

I just watched her status...
from a distance.

Like someone...
who was once close...
but now had no right
to speak.





Radhe Radhe

Sayari

Na Heer nu Ranjha mila 💔

Na Ranjhe nu Heer mili 💔

Jadon kismat da faisla hoya

Taan ishq di tasveer na mili 💔

Mile dono kise hor de ho ke

Phir dono nu kadi mohobbat na mili 💔

Chapter 32

Holding On to Half a Love

It didn't start with anger.

It started with silence.

At first, it felt normal...

like just another quiet phase.

But then one day...

she was just... not there anymore.

No explanation. No last message.

Just a sudden distance...

that didn't feel temporary.

I kept checking again and again...

thinking maybe it's just a glitch,

maybe network issue...

maybe she'll come back.



But she didn't.

That day... something inside me shifted.

A thought came...

maybe someone new had entered her life.

I wanted to ask her directly.

I really did.

But I stopped myself.

Because somewhere I knew...

if I forced things...

I might lose her completely.

So I chose silence too.

I told myself,

She's just upset...

I'll fix this... Ill make her smile again.

Days passed... but that belief didn't.

Because she wasn't completely gone.



A few doors were still open...
a few connections still remained.

And I held onto that...
like it was everything.

Because if everything closed...
there would be no way back.

Or maybe...

I was just convincing myself...
telling my heart what it needed
to survive that silence.

And somewhere deep down...
I felt something else too.

Maybe... she didn't want to
remove me completely.

Not entirely.



Because once...
she had loved me too.

And maybe...
a small part of that love
still existed somewhere.

Even if she chose silence...
even if she chose distance...
it didn't feel like everything was gone.

Chapter 33

She Came Back... But Not the Same

After almost two months... she came back.

And suddenly a message.

Where are you?

For a moment... everything felt normal.

I'm in college, I replied.

Before this... I had messaged her many times.

Not to disturb... just to know

Is she okay? Will she come back?

Even after everything... I still cared.

That day... we talked again.

But something... was different.

When I saw her... I knew.



She wasn't the same.
Her words... her tone...
everything had changed.
And still...
this little conversation
was enough for me.
I didn't want anything else.
Just... her forgiveness.
That evening... I called her.
No response.
Late at night... a reply came.
But without warmth
Still... I told myself
At least she replied
Because somewhere...
I believed... she still cared.
Or maybe...
I just needed to believe that.



Chapter No 34

Forcing Closeness... Creating Distance

After some time...
we had to choose electives.
I found a way to reach her...
I'll choose this subject, *she said*.
I could get it easily.

For a moment...
I thought...
maybe we'll sit in
the same class again.
Maybe things...
won't feel so distant.

But things changed. Allocations shifted.
I got mine... hers changed.
It got changed, *she said*..
And in that moment...
something became clear.

If she really wanted...
she could have tried to keep it the same.
She could have asked...
or even told me to come into her subject.
But she didn't.
And that silence... said enough.
I still tried...
to swap my elective.

But then... I stopped.
Because forcing closeness...
only creates more distance.
So I chose the last option.

Not because I couldn't do anything...
but because she was already letting go.

One day... we crossed paths.
She saw me... but didn't stop.
I gathered courage and said,
I'll say sorry in front of everyone...
even if you slap me... I'll accept it.
I just want to see you smile.
And then I said something else...
If you want... tie a node to me.
She looked at me and asked,
Do you even know what that means?
I stayed quiet.
Because I never disrespected her...
but maybe... in anger...
I had hurt her.

Because I never disrespected her...
but maybe... in anger...
I had hurt her.

Later... I posted a status.

She liked it.

For a moment... I felt something again.

A small hope...

But sometimes...

a like... is just a like.

And sometimes...

we give meaning...

to things,

that don't mean anything.

Chapter 35

Some Feelings Don't Fade

I thought... maybe this time...
we could start again.
Slowly. And we did.
Little conversations... small chats.
But something... was still incomplete.
I still wanted... her forgiveness.
Every time I tried... things went wrong.
We fought... again... and again.
And slowly...
she stopped
understanding.
Then placement
season came.
Rejections... one
after another.



My name... was never there.
Each one... made me quieter.
Then finally... a group discussion round.
A little hope.
I told her, You'll get placed too...
trust me.
She replied, Focus on yourself first.
I stayed silent.
Because somewhere...
I already knew.
She had changed.
Not suddenly...
but slowly.
Just like we started again...
we were drifting apart...
again.



The next morning...

She messaged me.

“Can you help me with my resume?”

I said yes. Not because I had time...
but because... it was her.

She wasn't feeling well.

Her voice... slow... tired.

We got on a call.

I asked a few things...projects... skills...
and we put it together.

Simple...nothing special.

Then we made her
Professional Profile.

Just the basics.... whatever felt right.

A few days later... a company came.

She got shortlisted. Not me. But her.

People noticed. And slowly...

it started feeling like

they were looking at me...

like I had done something.

I stayed quiet.

She asked, *What did you do?*

I said Nothing.

May be they had checked *your Profile*.

She said, I don't think I'll clear it.

Just go... you'll do fine, I replied.

She gave the interview.

First round... then second...
and then... managerial round.
She couldn't clear it.
That day...
And somewhere...
people believed I was behind all of it.
But I didn't do anything.
She cleared two rounds.
But in the last... she couldn't.
I won't clear it... she said softly.
Just go... you'll do it, I replied.
She tried. She really did.



But sometimes... efforts aren't enough.

She didn't get selected.

It's okay... next time, I said.

After some days...

she asked again,

"Can you update my resume?"

I said yes. No questions. No hesitation.

That night... I came back late.

Tired. But still... I opened my laptop...

and started working.

Because some habits... *don't change*.

And some feelings... don't fade that easily.





Chapter 36

*She Believed Them...
Not Me*

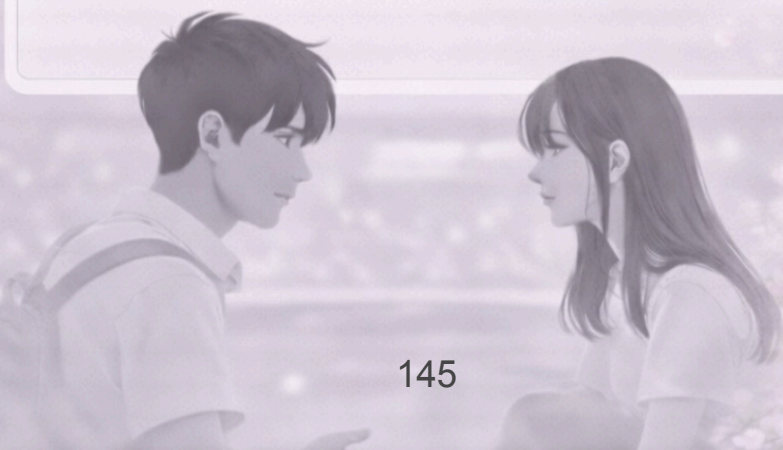
I sent her the resume.
She replied, *Thank you*.
Simple. Formal.

Then suddenly.... things changed.
Some people... spread misunderstandings.

About me. About us.
And everything... went wrong.

That night...
we fought. For almost two hours.

Her words... were sharp.
Harsh. Different.



I had never seen
this side of her before.

I kept saying, *I didn't do anything.*
Again... and again.

But she didn't believe me.
Not even a little.

"I don't even believe you 0.001%," she said.

That line... broke something inside me.
Because the person
who once trusted me
without proof...

now didn't trust me at all.
She believed others. But not me.





Sayari

Logo ne jhoot kaha, tune sach mana.
Mene sach kaha, tune jhoot mana.

Tasveer tune meri wahi banayi,
jo tune afwaho se suni.

Tujhe yakin nahi hoga shayad mujh par.

Par mene bas tujhe mana...❤️

aur tune mujhe kuch bhi nahi mana. ✨

I asked their names. Many times.

But she never told me.

And that night...

I wasn't just losing an argument.

I was losing... her trust.

Completely.



— *Shayari* —

*Thooton ke beech main
sach bol baitha,
woh namak ka shehar tha...
aur me apne zakhm
khured baitha...*



Chapter 37

She Saw Me... But Didn't Stop

If I had reacted...
things would have gotten worse.
Maybe... she would have reacted more.
So I stayed quiet.
But still... she kept saying things.
A lot of things.
And then... that one accusation...
the one I never expected..
It hurt. Deeply.
Because I knew...
I had never done anything wrong.



I never forced her.
Still... she didn't understand.

That same day...
I had my interview.

She knew. But nothing changed.

She kept going.... and inside...
I was breaking.

My mind wasn't there.
The interview... went badly.

I just needed...
a little support.
But I didn't get it...

I asked her. Why are you doing this?



No answer. No explanation.

Even when I said... I didn't do anything wrong.
She didn't listen.

And in that moment... I lost everything.

My interview... My peace.
And somewhere... her too.

After that...
I was so upset...
that I couldn't even sit there anymore.

I left everything...
even an online test in between...
and walked out.

I went to the ground...
and sat on an empty bench.



There was no one around.

And for the first time...

I couldn't hold it anymore.

Tears just came out...
without asking me.

I didn't want to cry...
but I couldn't stop either.

I kept asking myself...

Do I really deserve this?

Or should I just forget everything...
and focus on myself?

Because somewhere...

I knew...

I had responsibilities.

But that moment...

I was just broken.

While I was sitting there...
she passed from there...
with her friends.

She saw me.
But she didn't stop.
Didn't ask.
Not even once.

And that... hurt more than everything else.

After some time...
my friends came.
They asked, What happened?

I said nothing.
Because sometimes...
you don't have words to explain your pain.

And sometimes...
your tears say everything...
that your voice cannot.





Sayari

*Kuchh tha...
Jo haath se phisal gaya...
woh pyaar tha... beshumaar tha...*

*Main samajhdaar tha,
toh khud hi sambhaal gaya...*

*Par yeh dil tha...
yeh pighal gaya...*

*Woh insaan tha...
phir dheere dheere badal gaya...*

*Saath tha jo chhoot gaya...
waada tha jo toot gaya...*

*Haal mera bura tha...
aur woh sudhar gaya...*

*Woh bas ek waqt tha...
Jo guzar gaya...*

Chapter 38

Hidden Calls... Hidden Truths

One evening...
I saw her on the ground.
Talking on her phone.
When I went closer...
she moved away.
And hid it.
As if...
she didn't want me to see.
That moment... felt strange.
I texted,
“Why are you behaving like this?”
But instead of answers...
there were excuses.
Someone might see.
But I knew...



Someone might see.
But I knew...
it was something else.
Maybe... someone else.
I tried to explain.
Again.
But nothing changed.
Sometimes...
when you try too much...
people stop understanding.
And start listening...to others.
A third person...
came between us.
Words... lies...
slowly became truth.

We fought. Again.
And this time...
she cut off contact.
She didn't remove me completely...
I kept explaining...
but she believed others.
More than me.
Even though...
she knew everything about me.
Still...
she chose someone else's words.
And that... hurt the most.
I felt restless.
Anxious. Even physical pain.
But maybe... none of it mattered.
Because...
she didn't love me the same anymore.

Chapter 39

She Remembered... But Didn't Feel

My birthday came...
in the same month as hers.
On Sharad Purnima.

I knew... she would message.
And she did. At night.

“Happy Birthday...
live your life happily.”

That's it. No extra words.
No feeling.

And I understood...
everything had changed.

We tried... to be normal again.

But it wasn't the same.

She didn't share... like before.

Didn't talk... like before.

And slowly...

she started believing

what others said.

One day... I saw her again.

No guilt.

As if... nothing had happened.

And that... hurt.

Because I knew..

what I had gone through.

But maybe...

for her...

it didn't matter anymore.

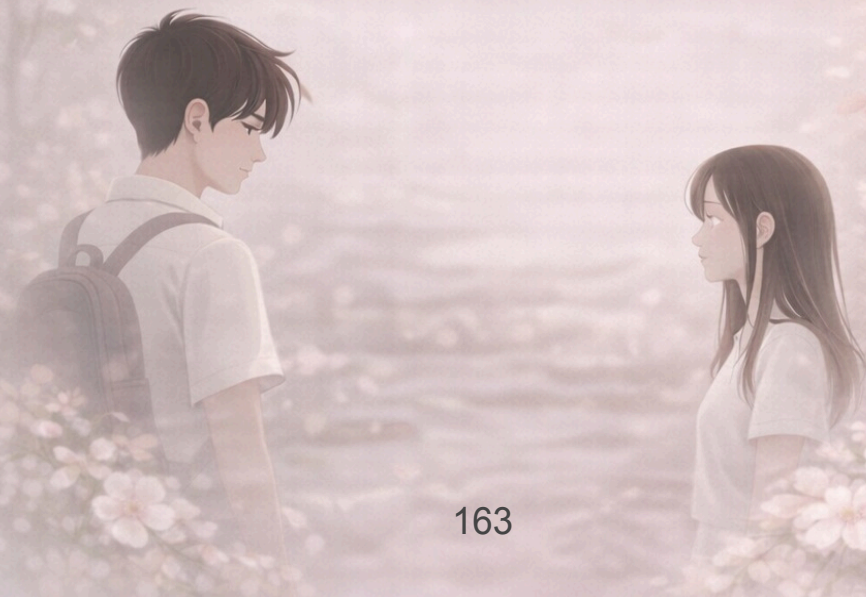
Sayari

*Humein woh khoke kehta hai,
mujhe tum yaad aate ho...*

*Kisi ka hoke kehta hai,
mujhe tum yaad aate ho...*

*Samundar tha toh joro,
Soro se lehre banata tha...*

*Ab katra hoke kehta hai,
mujhe tum yaad aate ho...*



This world... is strange.
If you give more...
than someone deserves...
they stop valuing it.
They take it for granted.
No matter how much...
you try... to make them happy.

Chapter 40

This Time... I Let Her Go

So I decided... to stop.

*khud pe vaar ke fanke hain,
aise waise bahut...*

*Mera gurur salaamat rahe,
tere jaise toh bahut...*



— Sunanda Sharma



No talking. No chasing.
Just... myself.

I started studying.
Day and night.
Lost track of time.

Just one goal — move forward.
Then one day... a result came.
And this time... I was selected.

After everything... something finally worked out.

Then her message came,
Congratulations...
I'm really happy for you.
You deserved this.
Take care of yourself.



Still, I asked her,
Can we start our friendship again?
She said, We'll see.

Then suddenly... a door opened again,
but not from calls.

Maybe...
she didn't want to fully come back.

Maybe...
it was just another game.

Because deep down...

I knew,
her feelings weren't
real anymore.

After that...
I went home for
Diwali.



And that day...
was also her birthday.
So I decided...
to make it special for her.
I gave her a gift.
A box... full of memories.
Everything I had brought for her...
in those past months...
chocolates, a sorry diary,
a greeting card, small little things...
Even a ring.
She returned it.
And this time...
I took it back.
Because somewhere...
I knew she wouldn't accept
something expensive.



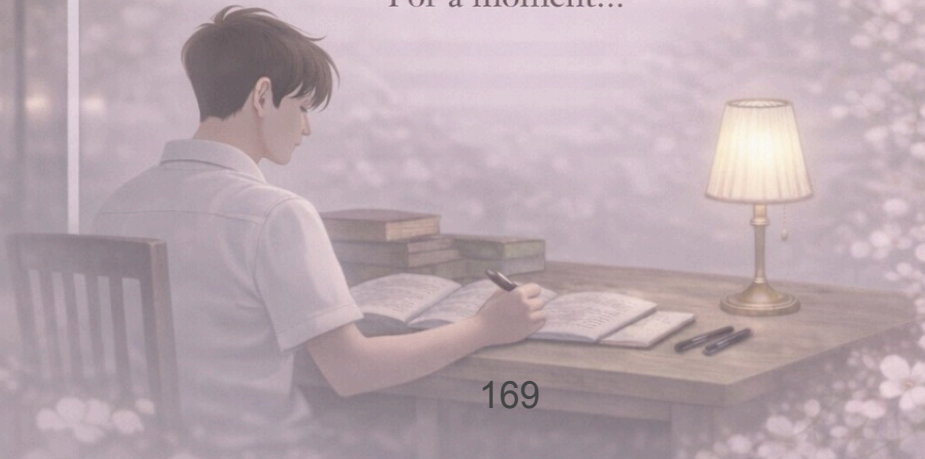
Sometimes she felt like a good person...
and sometimes...
a completely different one.

Still...

I celebrated her birthday.
I arranged everything,
lights, balloons, cake, flowers.

At 12... I called her.
Did someone knock on your door?
She said, No,
I told her, Go check.
And then... my friends surprised her.
She smiled. Cut the cake.

For a moment...





everything felt normal again.

She even texted me.

Thank you so much for everything.

And I felt...

maybe things *are finally okay.*

But...

that happiness didn't last.

From the next day...

she changed again.

Late replies.

Dry conversations.

No effort. I told her,

If you behave like this, I'll go away.

She said, I'll try.

But nothing changed.



I called her again.

She said,

I'm busy, working on something.

Next day... same behavior.

I called multiple times.

She said;

I'm with friends, can't talk,

I said. At least you can reply.

But she didn't care.

Finally, I said, *"If this continues, I'll leave."*

She replied;

"If you call again... I'll cut you off."

I said, "Okay... do it."

And she did. She cut me off.



I still texted...

But messages were not delivered.

I kept thinking...

maybe her phone is off.

Maybe something is wrong.

But deep down... *I knew the truth.*

She didn't want me anymore.



Chapter 41

No Anger... Just the End

After some days... she got placed too.

I texted her,

Congratulations...

I heard the news.

Really happy for you, you deserved this.

She replied, *Thank you so much.*

Somewhere...

she knew how things had been till now.

But still... something felt different.

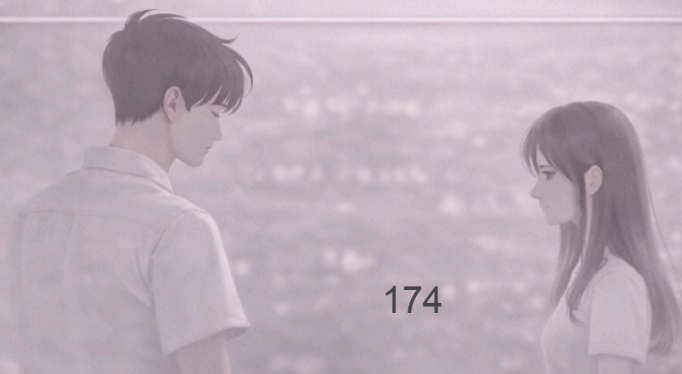
I asked her,

Can we be normal again?

She said,

In this college, I can't be like before...

maybe after college... things can be different.



Things can be different...

After everything?

That line hurt.

It felt like...

she wasn't talking to me,

But in the end...

she didn't raise her voice,

she didn't argue...

she just said it calmly.

“Why do you try to decide things for me...?”

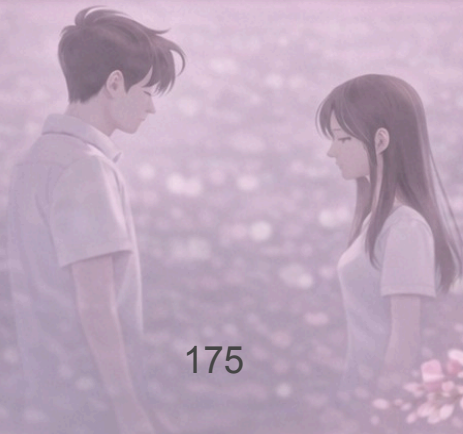
Sometimes it just feels... a bit too much.

That was it.

But behind those simple lines...

there was a lot hidden.

I was never trying to dominate anything.



I was just... trying to care.

But maybe...

When feelings start changing,
even care begins to feel heavy.

Then slowly...

she started drifting away,
conversations became shorter,
and sometimes...
silence became the only reply.

Still, I asked,

Are you okay...?

Is something disturbing you...?

Is everything alright with you...?

She said, I'm okay.



Just two words.

But I knew....
nothing was actually okay.

In college...
people were watching us,
Some were just observing...
but some were waiting...

for the moment we would finally fall apart.

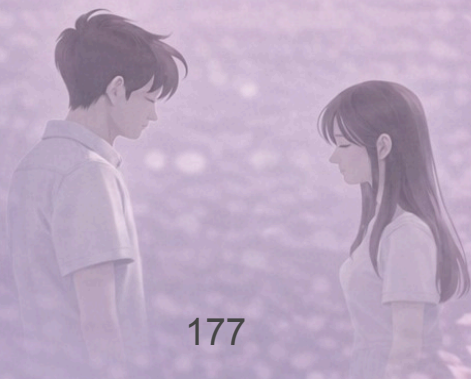
Because not everyone is happy seeing happiness.

Some people...wait for it to break.

And maybe... their wait ended.

Because slowly... we became strangers.

No proper fight, no clear ending...
just distance. And sometimes,



it's not love that ends...

it's understanding that slowly fades away.

I went to her... not to fight,
but to understand.

I needed answers.

Why was she behaving like this?

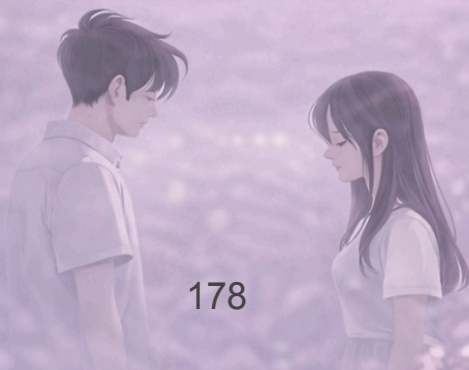
Why had everything suddenly changed?

There were so many things...
left unsaid, Unclear. Incomplete.

And I couldn't carry that confusion anymore.

So I decided, whatever it is,
I need to clear it today.

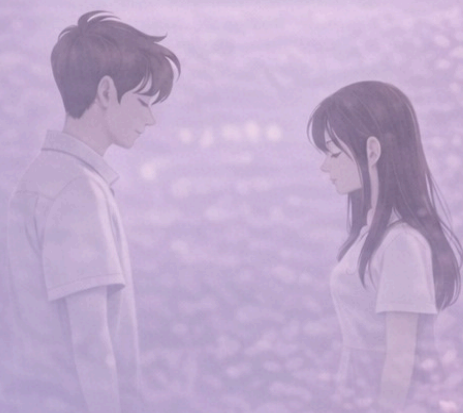
I walked up to her... a little hopeful.



And I asked,
Why are you like this now?

Because the truth was,
whenever someone asked about us...
we both said the same thing,
I don't know who that person is.

As if...
we had never met.
As if...
there was never a story.



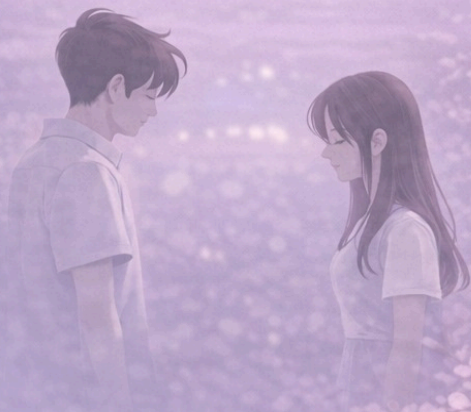
—•& Sayari •—

Ek shaam tere ghar aaunga 🌙
mera chaand dekhne

Chaand chilla-chilla kar bolega
“Main yahan hoon, main yahan hoon”

Par woh itna bhi na chamkega ✨
mere chaand ke saamne

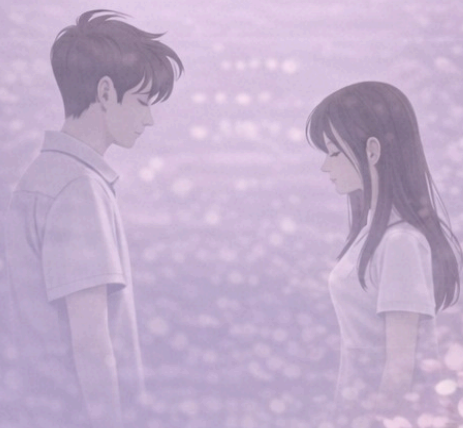
Ek shaam aaunga main tere ghar ❤️
mera chaand dekhne



But inside...
everything was breaking.
Because the truth was,
we knew everything about each other.

And yet...
in front of the world,
we became strangers.

That day...
I just wanted to know,
Why are you doing this?
Do you really feel nothing now...
or are you just pretending?



Because I wasn't angry...
I was just tired of not understanding.

Slowly...
everything started affecting me.
My health... my mind... my peace.
I began having chest pain.
Sleep stopped coming at night.
And one night... it got worse.

At 2 AM...
I called a friend.
He came... and took me to the hospital.
Tests... checkups... medicines...
everything happened.
Doctors said,
"You should get admitted."
But I refused.



I said,
I'm fine... it's nothing serious.

But the truth was...
I was not fine.
I just didn't want to accept
how much I was breaking.

The next day...
My family started calling.
My friends kept checking on me.
Even my college called me multiple times to ask if I was okay.

Everyone was worried.
Because when you're in pain...
you don't need sympathy from everyone.
You just want one person to believe you.





After that...

my brother came to meet me.
My parents kept calling every day.

They were far...
but still closer than the one who was near.

And that's when I understood,
Real care doesn't need distance.
People who truly care...
stay with you, no matter what.

Then...
I sent her my reports.
Maybe thinking...
this time she'll understand.
She replied, *Take care...*
Because now...
you'll have to handle everything on your own.



Even ahead... it's just you.
Stay healthy... and try to be happy.
We were trying to fix something...
that was already over.



She said,
We tried to be friends again...
but it's not working.
And this time...
I agreed.
Because sometimes...
it's not about love.
It's about effort from both sides.
So we stopped.
Not with anger. Not with a fight.
Just with silence. And acceptance.



After that...
I went back to my hometown.

For a checkup.

I thought...
maybe something is seriously wrong.

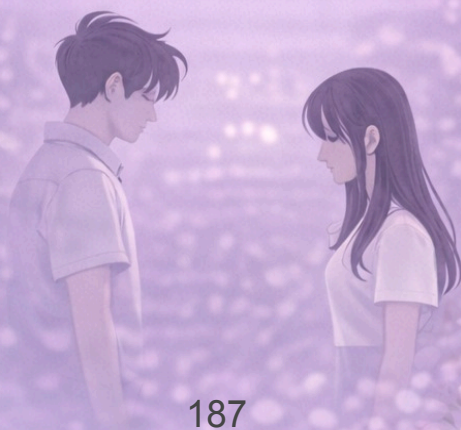
But the doctor said,

Everything is normal.

You're fine... don't worry so much.

Try to think less...

Eat properly... and just... enjoy your life.



Chapter 42

We Still Care... But From a Distance

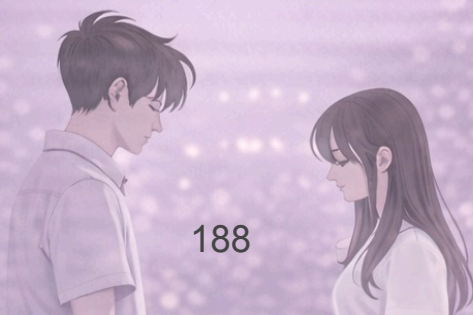
In the end...

it was never about right or wrong.
We were not hurting each other intentionaally...
we just stopped understanding each other.

Somewhere between expectations,
silence,
and overthinking—
we lost clarity.

But one thing always stayed true—
we never thought wrong about each other.

And maybe that's why...
even after everything,
there was no hatred.



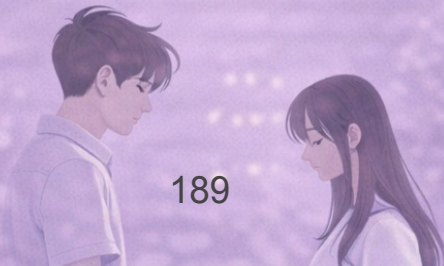
Just distance. So we decided,
if we ever meet again...
we will meet with a smile.

Not as strangers...
not as lovers...
but as two people who once meant
a lot to each other.

As friends.

I still remember...
you once said,
How do you stay so happy...
you write so much poetry...
why don't you share it?

And that day...
I gave you an answer.



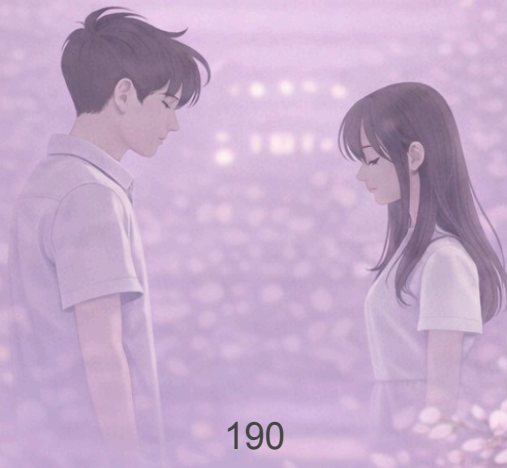
And maybe...
this is that book.

Not to blame you...
not to prove anything...

but to keep those moments alive
that once meant everything.

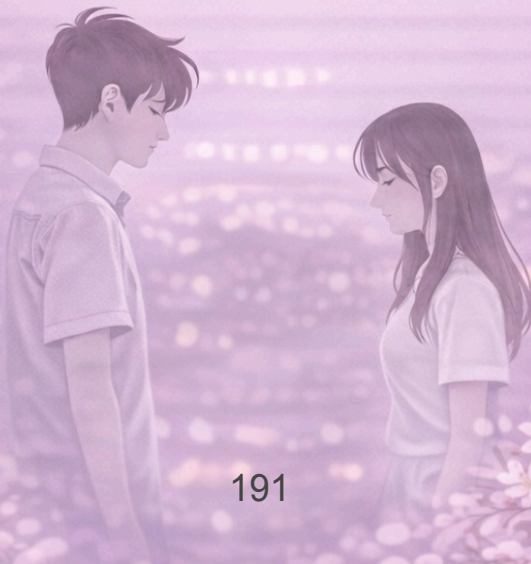
Because some people...
don't stay in your life,
but they stay in your story.

Forever. ❤️



--- ❧ *Sayari* ❧ ---

*Ek din ek kitaab likhunga,
khud ko galat aur tujhe saaf likhunga...
Haqeeqat me shayad hum kabhi milege nhi,
par main apne woh saare khwaab likhunga...
Haan... ek din ek kitaab likhunga,
khud ko galat aur tujhe saaf likhunga...*





Chapter 43

The Place I Go When I Miss You

Whenever you come to my mind...

I quietly walk back
to that same place
the clock tower.

I sit there for a while...

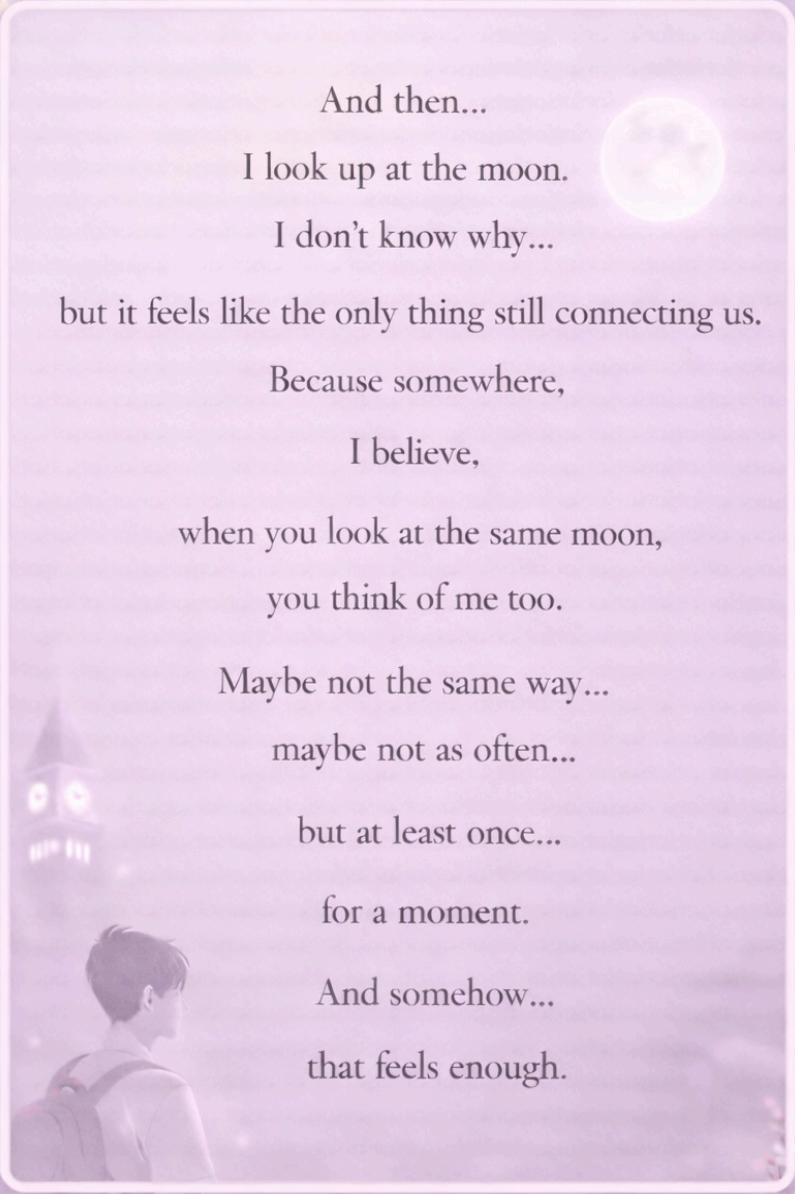
with nothing but silence around me.

A soft breeze passes by,
and everything feels empty...
like the world has paused
just for me.

In those quiet moments...

I can feel the rain,
like memories....
touching me gently,
one drop at a time.





And then...
I look up at the moon.
I don't know why...
but it feels like the only thing still connecting us.
Because somewhere,
I believe,
when you look at the same moon,
you think of me too.
Maybe not the same way...
maybe not as often...
but at least once...
for a moment.
And somehow...
that feels enough.