

“Okay. I will not. See you tomorrow.” She kissed him on the cheek and started heading towards her car.

“See you tomorrow. Take care.” He replied.

Mahi looked back and gave him a cute sweet smile.

Mahi was so happy that day. For her Dhruv’s surprise was totally unexpected and was not at all his style. She was really falling for his loving gesture towards her. Dhruv’s surprise, his love for her, she was talking this all as assurance that tomorrow when she will ask him out, she will hear the happy news. All these thoughts were making her smile a lot. And that feeling was out of her hands. She was never this much happy.

She came near a grey Honda City. She opened the door of the car. Took the driver’s seat. Put her purse on the next seat and closed the door. She was so involved in that happy moment that’s he forgot to get her keys from the bag. She opened the bag for keys and the gift caught her gaze. A small box wrapped up in a shiny red hearted paper. She took that gift box out of her purse. She was so curious to know what is inside go it, but she remembered what Dhruv said, ‘don’t open until you reach home.’ She put that gift on the dashboard. She was trying so much to control herself. She wanted to reach home as soon as possible.

She started the car, changed the gear, and accelerated. This half-hour journey till home was going to be so long for her, as a whole another day. She reached for the window regulator and opened the window. The cool breeze of the wind was running through her face to her hair, and her hair were matching the waving rhythm.

She drove around the Bombay circle and came near the Helios park. It was a dream of her, to roam in this park with Dhruv, together, hand in hand. Dhruv and she in their own world. The fulfilment of this was depending on tomorrow’s events.

She came near the main gate of Arion Tower. The detectors identified her car and the gate opened by itself. She entered her world.

When Mahi was five years old her parent shifted here in Mumbai. Her father was a bank manager and his transfer was the reason they moved from Pune. When she was sixteen years old he bought a flat here, in Arion Tower. His dream home.

She parked her car on the parking no. Twenty-nine. Her phone buzzed. The text on the screen was showing that her mom was calling her. She picked up the call.

“Where are you, Mahi?”

“I just parked the car and I am coming up.”

“Okay.” And she hanged up the call.

She picked up her purse and opened the door and came out of the car. She locked the car while running towards the elevator. She entered the elevator and

pressed the button for the twenty-fifth floor. The elevator took its speed. Her phone buzzed. She took out the phone from the purse, it was a message from Swara.

‘You liked it?’

And then it clicked inside her head. She forgot the gift on her dashboard. She panicked. Her smile got faded. The elevator was stopped already. she pressed the ground floor button. She texted her back.

‘No. He said don’t open until you reach home. I’m excited.’

‘Tell me how is it once you open it. Bye.’

She reached to the parking lot and ran towards the car. The gift was still on the dashboard. She picked up the gift put it in the purse and ran for the lift again.

Mahi was smiling and looking herself in the mirror. The elevator stopped at the twenty-fifth floor and its door opened. Mahi came near the White textured wooden door and ringed the bell. The door opened and all screamed at once.

“Happy birthday, Mahi.” She startled and went a step back.

“Oh my God. You guys.” She said with an excited expression.

She entered.

“Wish you a very happy birthday, Mahi.” Said her dad while hugging her.

She looked in the house. It was decorated with balloons. There was a sweet scent in the room which was so new to her. So many heart-shaped red and pink balloons were lying on the floor as well as in every corner of the room. She saw, on the opposite wall of the room was a big picture of her. Which reminded her their Manali trip. When she was twenty-four years old and had great memories of a family trip. Her parents, she and her brother Ansh who was exactly three years younger than her and he brought a puppy from there. But later they gave it to their relatives because animals were not allowed in their building. It was their picture. She and that pup. Her favorite Below was written, ‘Happy Birthday Mahi’. With balloon tubes. This scene made her so happy. Tears of joy were finding their ways.

“Can we cut the cake now? I can’t wait.” Said Ansh with a hungry look.

“Just wait for a little Ansh, let her breath.” Mrs. Srivastava stopped Ansh from getting near the cake.

She took Mahi to the couch. Mahi saw the cake with the Harry Potter theme. Round glasses of Harry in the middle. With his famous mark on the top. That was the dream cake for her. Harry was her favorite from childhood.

“Thank you so much, guys” She wiped the tear crystals from her face.

“Please, let’s cut the cake.” Ansh was unable to control so Mahi cut the cake.

Everyone cheered. She took a piece and fed to her dad then her mom and then Ansh. When all feeding to each other got over. Ansh took the responsibility to finish the remaining cake. Mr. Srivastava poured some cold drinks for everyone. Everyone started enjoying their drinks.

After some time her dad started the television, her mom went to the kitchen to prepare dinner. Mahi came in the balcony to finish her drink while looking at the beauty of the city. The view from there can give chills to anyone.

Ansh finished his job and saw her. She was missing in her thoughts. He came near her and snapped. She startled.

“Thinking about your prince?” He teased.

“Shut up, Ansh.” Mahi replied with a little blush. “I am going for shopping with Swara, do you want to come?” She inquired.

His expression changed, cheeks turned red. Without saying a single word he started drinking. Mahi laughed.

She came near the brownish door with a smiley face on it. She entered her dream room.

Her room was a perfect place for her to be herself. It was designed by her, as she wanted it. Wall a's covered in baby pink shade. The fourth one was in yellow shade with a picture tree on it. Pictures of her happy moments with her family. All the trips in which they were together. Her birthdays. On one branch of the tree, there were pictures with Dhruv and Dev. The friendship branch. But the pictures with Dhruv was a little more special for her.

She hanged her purse with the other purses she collected in the last three years. She went in the bathroom to take a shower. The thoughts of the day were running like water in her head. She came out and opened her bluish and white shaded cupboard. Took out her favorite T-back with blue and grey stripes and bluish shorts. She came near the full-size round mirror.

There were so many sticky notes on her mirror. Some were nice quotes. Some were about her wishes, tasks, dreams. The yellowish note caught her eye.

Two words were written on it. ‘Ask Dhruv.’ And she smiled again. Waiting for tomorrow was going to be hard for her.

She came in her balcony, in the environment with the plants and sat on the wooden swing. Her Dad gifted this swing on her twentieth birthday. From that day so many memories were attached to this swing. And today a new memory was going to add in that list. Dhruv's gift was in her hand. She was so excited to open it.

Her phone buzzed. It was a message from Dev.

‘Reached home? How was the coffee?.’ With a smile emoji.

‘You knew about the surprise right?’ She replied.

‘Yes. I knew. I wanted to be there but I really had some important work.’

‘It is okay.’

‘Happy birthday again, birthday girl.’ He texted with hearts.

‘Thank you so much, Dev.’ She replied.

She put down her phone and took the guff and opened it. Dhruv gifted her the thing which she was planning to get from a month. Water drop golden

earrings. She was shocked and happy at the same time. She came near her mirror and tried those earrings and clicked a picture and she came on her bed.

She turned on her orange shaded lamp and opened Dhruv's chat. She messaged him.

‘Thank you for the wonderful gift, Dhruv.’

No reply.

She sent him the pic she clicked with the earrings and asked.

‘How am I looking?’

She waited for his reply. She looked at her alarm clock which also had a smiley face theme. It was already too late.

She got up and went to the kitchen and took some water for her beautiful periwinkle near her bed. Which was in a tiny flower pot.

She took her heart pillow and hugged it tightly. Picked up her phone again. There was still no reply.

She video called him. No one picked up.

After some time she called again. This time Swara picked up the call.

‘Swara, where is Dhruv?’ she asked with a nervous look on her face.

‘He said he has some work so he went down. And of course, he forgot his phone’

‘Okay, tell him I called.’

‘Yes. You liked the gift?’ Swara inquired.

‘Yes, it is so nice. Who choose it?’

‘Dhruv. He was also so excited for it. Okay happy birthday. Take care.’

‘Yes you too.’

Mahi hanged up the phone. She wanted to talk to him. Her smile was fading. She picked up her diary and started writing about today’s events.

She set an early alarm for tomorrow. Switched of her lamp then hugged her pillow, closed her eyes. She started dreaming of tomorrow’s even Everything got faded. She was tired. She slept a sound sleep.

After some time her phone started buzzing message started coming from their group.

‘You all saw the news it’s horrible.’

‘How can anyone even think of that.’

Some more messaged came but she was in deep sleep.

Her phones buzzed for some more time and suddenly stopped and got switched off by itself.