

THE END OF WORLD

ELTC

ELTC



By Gopinath

THE BIRTH OF GOPINATH :

In a small hospital room, everything was tense.

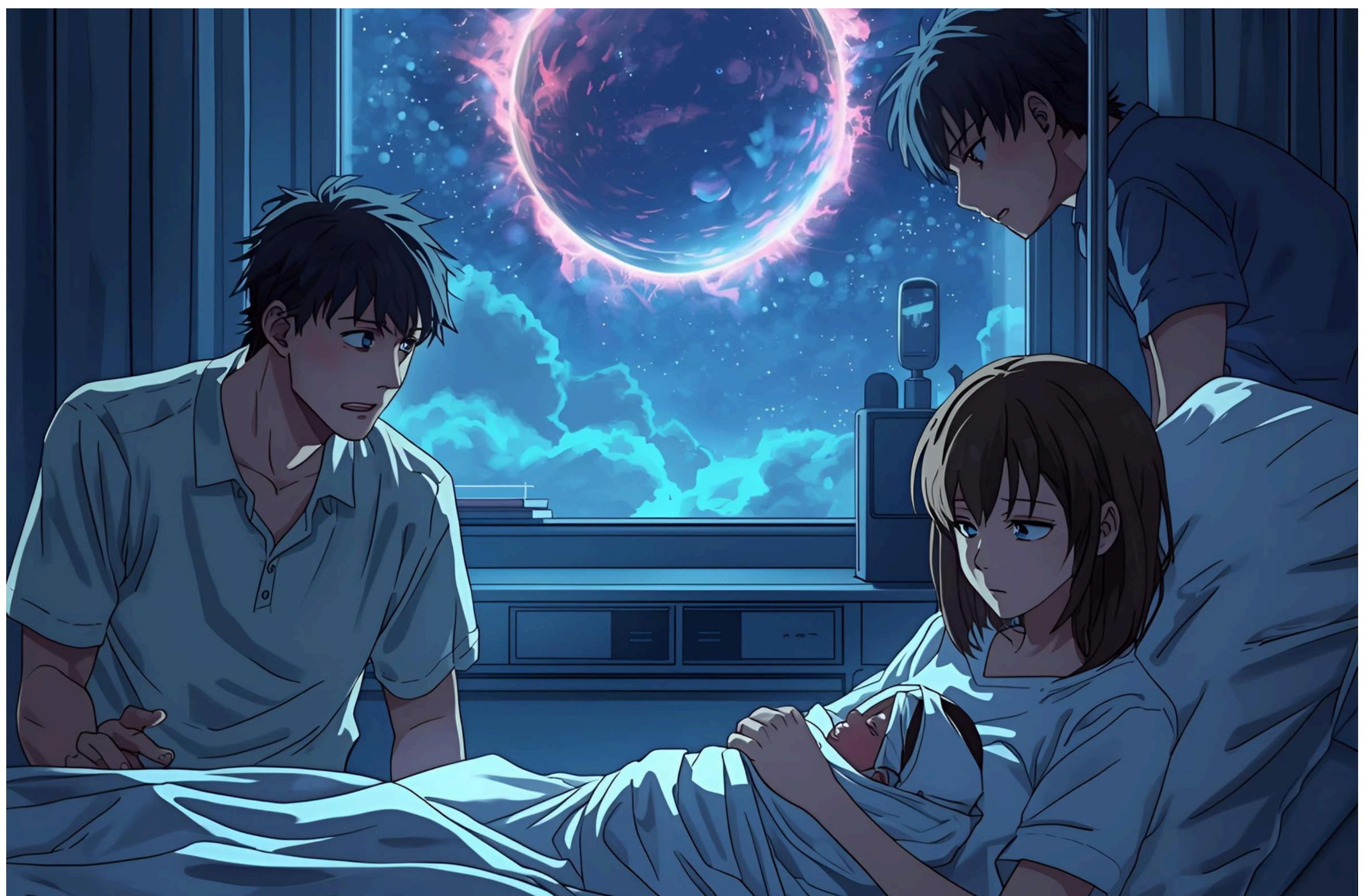
Gopinath's mother screamed in pain while his father and elder brother rushed around in panic. The elder brother had been playing a video game called "The End of the World" just moments earlier, but now the real world felt like it was ending.

At 9:33 PM, Gopinath was born. At the same second, the hospital lights flickered and went dark for a moment, as if the universe itself paused to notice his arrival.

Far away, in NASA's control room, scientists were terrified. A huge, mysterious object they had tracked for ten years was moving toward Earth. They named it EOE – The End of Earth. Its chemicals could poison the planet and destroy all life.

Then something strange happened. The EOE suddenly froze in space. It didn't move closer, it didn't move away. The danger was delayed, but not gone. NASA's calculations showed a terrible truth: the world had only 21 years left.

No one knew that the boy born at that exact second was connected to it. From the moment of his first breath, Gopinath's life became a countdown.



CHAPTER 1: CHILDHOOD AND THE WEIGHT OF THE SKY :

Gopinath grew up like any other child, but always under a shadow. Outside, kids played, laughed, and ran in the sunlight. Inside, he often looked at the sky and wondered about the strange, distant light that hung like a dark jewel above the world. That light was the EOE, the End of Earth. Everyone ignored it, but he felt it every day, like a clock ticking over his life.

School was normal in many ways. He learned math, science, and history, laughed with friends, and sometimes got scolded by teachers. But deep inside, Gopinath carried a secret worry: the world had only 21 years, and every second counted.

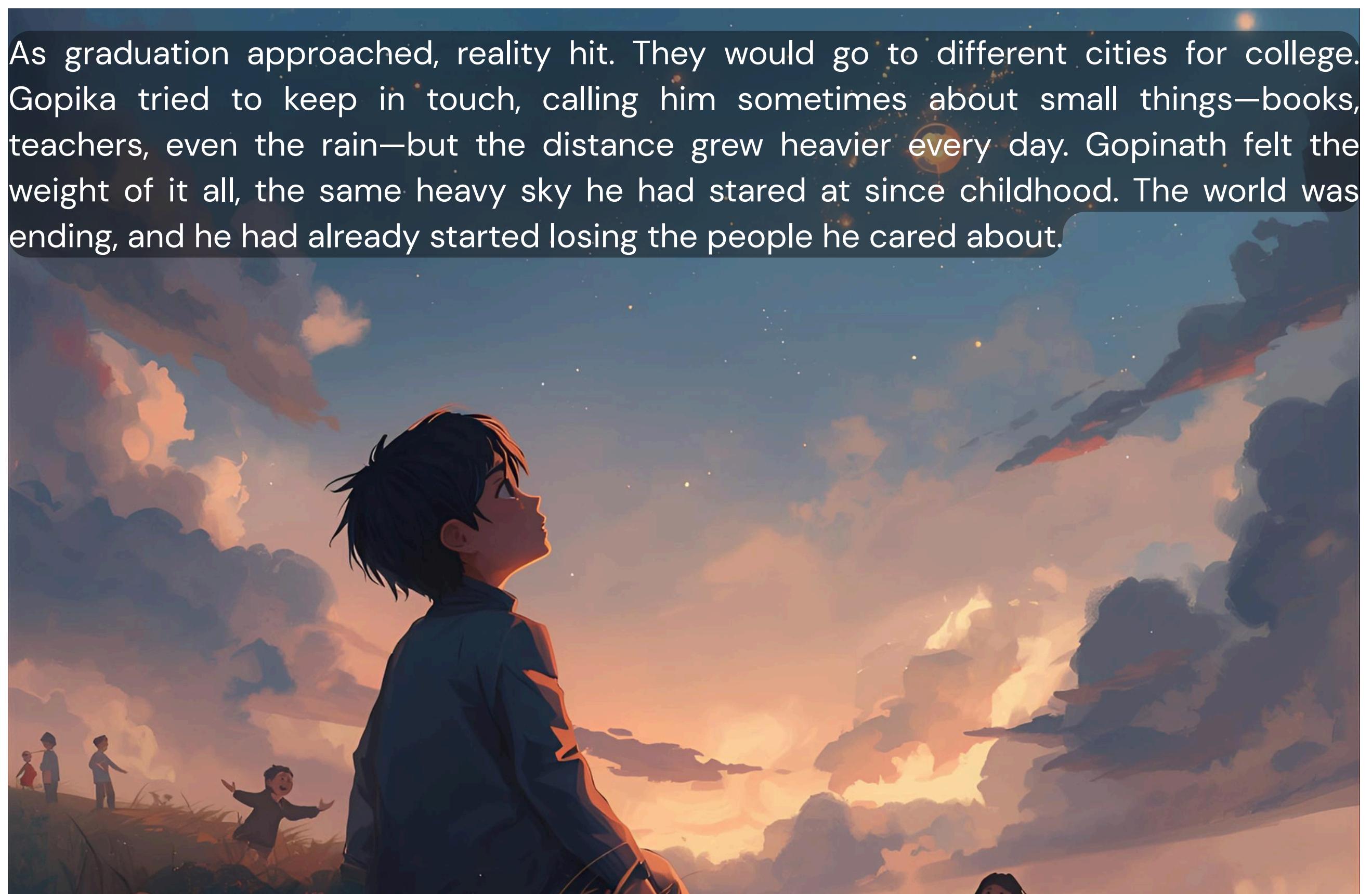
In 7th grade, he first heard the name Gopika. It was a soft name, like the wind brushing past a quiet lake. He didn't see her yet, but the name stayed in his mind. He didn't know why, but something about it felt important.

Years passed, and life moved like a river. Gopinath practiced courage in small ways—raising his hand in class, helping friends, laughing at jokes—but every time he thought of Gopika, words failed him.

By 12th grade, fate brought them together. She walked into his class, and suddenly everything felt brighter. Her smile was like a sun breaking through clouds. Gopinath found himself sitting nearby, lending her pencils, sharing books, and laughing too loudly at her jokes just to feel her notice him.

Slowly, they became friends. Not the kind of friends who shared everything, but the kind who understood each other without speaking. They were like two stars in the sky, orbiting close but never touching.

As graduation approached, reality hit. They would go to different cities for college. Gopika tried to keep in touch, calling him sometimes about small things—books, teachers, even the rain—but the distance grew heavier every day. Gopinath felt the weight of it all, the same heavy sky he had stared at since childhood. The world was ending, and he had already started losing the people he cared about.





CHAPTER 2: THE SKY AND THE GIRL NAMED MIRA :

The sky had always been Gopinath's silent companion. During childhood, it was heavy and gray, whispering that time was short. During school, it turned blue and endless, reminding him of dreams he couldn't yet reach. Now, after Gopika left for college, the sky felt empty, like a balloon with no air.

One evening, Gopinath was sitting alone on the terrace, staring at the dim red light of the EOE. He wondered: "Why do I feel so small under this sky?"

That's when Mira appeared. She was quiet, with eyes that seemed to hold the calm of deep water. She didn't speak at first, just sat beside him.

Then, softly, she said:

"Why do you always look at the sky like it's carrying your life?"

Gopinath shrugged. "It... reminds me. Everything is ending. Everything has a limit."

Mira smiled. "Or maybe it's not about ending. Maybe it's about learning how to live while it's still up there." She pointed at the sky. "See that red light? Some people are afraid of it. Others watch it and think, 'I will make these last years count.' You can't change the sky, but you can decide how to live under it."

Her words felt like sunlight breaking through the clouds. For the first time in years, Gopinath didn't feel the sky as a weight. He felt it as a guide, a mirror of his own life.

Days passed, and Mira became a quiet teacher. She didn't lecture, she didn't force answers. She just lived fully—reading, drawing, laughing—and Gopinath learned by watching. Slowly, he stopped letting fear of the EOE control him. The sky was still there, red and distant, but now it whispered not of endings, but of choices.

And slowly, Gopinath began to dream again. Not of impossible things, not of a perfect world, but of small, meaningful steps—friends, learning, love, courage.

The sky remained above, vast and eternal, but for the first time, Gopinath felt that life under it could be beautiful.

Chapter 3: Living Under the Sky, Helping Hands :

Gopinath began waking up early. The sky at dawn was pale pink, soft and calm. Mira often joined him, but sometimes he went alone, just watching the slow change of colors and thinking.

He realized life didn't have to be just about him. The sky reminded him: It's bigger than me. And there are people below, struggling, waiting, hoping.

One day, Gopinath saw a little boy trying to carry a heavy bag of books home. He remembered how he used to struggle alone, wishing someone would help. Without thinking, he ran and lifted the bag, walking beside the boy.

"Thank you," said the boy. "I thought I couldn't do it."

Gopinath smiled. I didn't change the sky. But maybe I changed his day.

From that moment, helping others became part of him. He helped an elderly neighbor carry water, guided lost children home, and tutored students who were afraid of failing. Every act, big or small, felt like a color added to the dull gray of his life.

Mira noticed. "You've changed," she said one evening, as the sky turned orange and gold. "It's not just the sky that's beautiful now. It's you."

Gopinath shook his head. "No. I'm still the same. I just... see that my life can mean more than waiting for the end."

The sky, in all its colors—red, blue, orange, violet—taught him one truth: Life is not just about surviving until the end. It's about touching the lives of others along the way.

And for the first time, Gopinath felt connected—not just to Mira, not just to the sky, but to the world below him. He began dreaming of a life full of purpose, where every small act of kindness was like a star lighting the vast sky above.



CHAPTER 4: THE STORM BENEATH THE SKY :

One morning, the sky was not calm. Dark clouds gathered, heavy and low, as if the world itself was holding its breath. Gopinath felt a strange unease.

In his village, the river had started rising. The rains were stronger than anyone had seen in years. Houses were flooding, roads were blocked, and people were scared.

Gopinath could have stayed safe at home, but he remembered the boy with the books, the elderly neighbor, the students he helped. I can't just watch, he thought.

He ran into the storm. Water splashed over his shoes. Wind pulled at his clothes. But he went door to door, helping people climb to higher ground, carrying what they could not.

At one house, a mother cried over her children trapped inside. Gopinath didn't hesitate—he grabbed a rope, waded through the rising water, and pulled them out, one by one.

Exhausted and drenched, he looked up at the sky. The clouds were thick and gray, but somewhere, far above, a streak of blue appeared. It reminded him: even in darkness, there is hope.

Word spread of his courage. Others joined him, inspired. People who had been afraid to act now helped their neighbors. Together, they saved more lives than Gopinath could have alone.

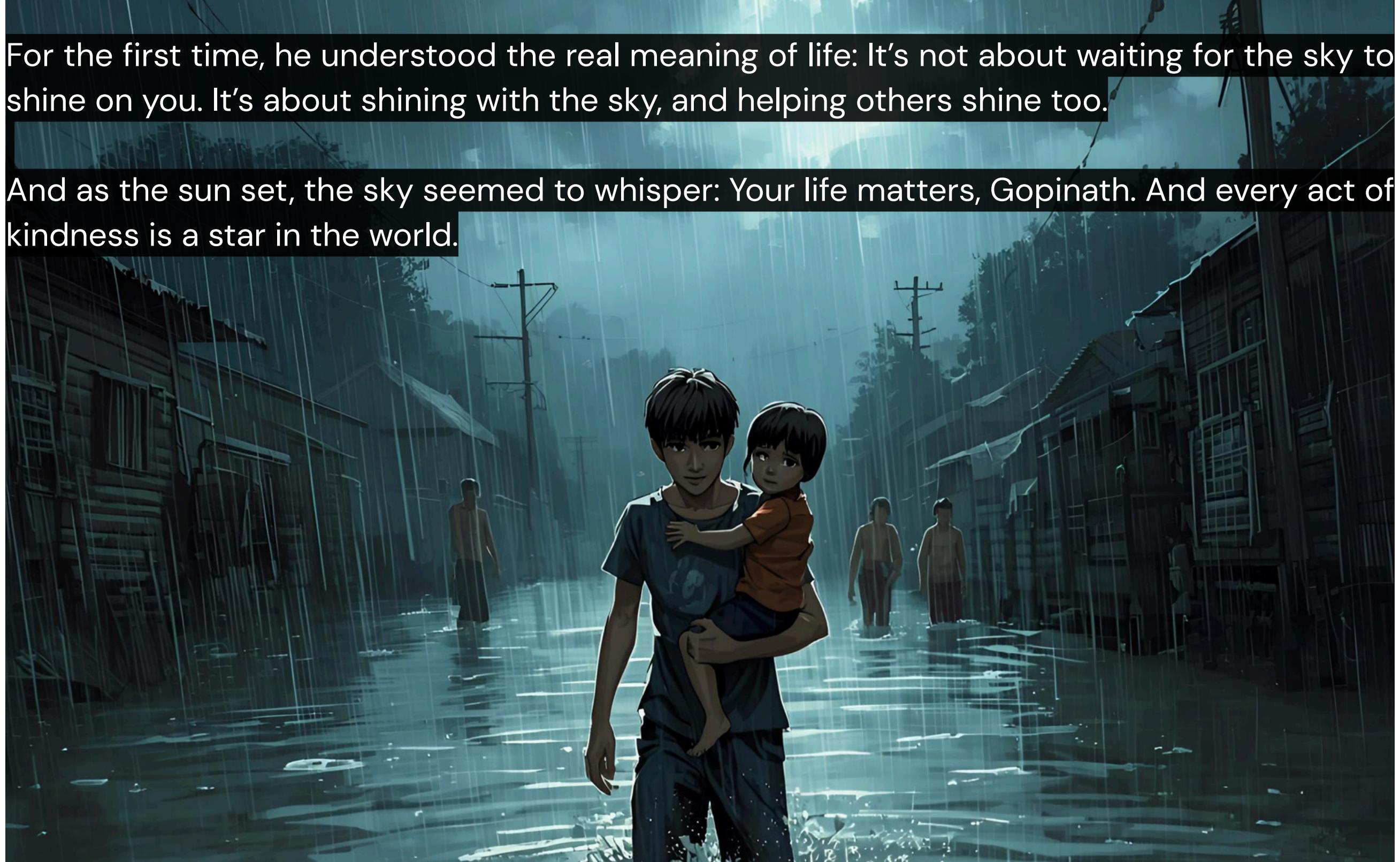
By evening, the storm passed. The sky cleared, glowing with pink and gold. Gopinath stood on a small hill, looking at the village he had helped save. Mira joined him.

"You did all this?" she asked, amazed.

Gopinath smiled, tired but happy. "No. We did it. I only started. The rest... they believed."

For the first time, he understood the real meaning of life: It's not about waiting for the sky to shine on you. It's about shining with the sky, and helping others shine too.

And as the sun set, the sky seemed to whisper: Your life matters, Gopinath. And every act of kindness is a star in the world.



Chapter 5: Gopinath and the Sky of Dreams :

After the storm, life in the village slowly returned to normal. But something had changed. People looked at Gopinath differently—not just as a young man, but as a symbol of hope.

One evening, Gopinath sat on the hill, looking at the sky. Stars twinkled like tiny flames, and the moon painted silver paths on the river. He felt a quiet voice inside him, soft yet clear: “You’ve helped others. Now, let the world help you grow.”

Gopinath thought about his dreams—he wanted to teach children, build a library, and share knowledge. But he had always felt small, like one person couldn’t do much. Now, he realized: even the smallest star shines brightly in the dark sky.

He started with the children. Every day, he gathered them under the big banyan tree, teaching them letters, numbers, and stories of courage. The children loved him. They laughed, learned, and helped each other.

Then came the village elders. They saw Gopinath’s dedication and joined him. Together, they built a small library, using old books, some donations, and the creativity of the villagers. The library became a place where anyone could dream, learn, and help others.

But Gopinath didn’t stop there. He organized help for the needy, taught villagers to plant more trees, clean the river, and care for the animals. Every act of kindness spread like fire in dry grass—quick, bright, unstoppable.

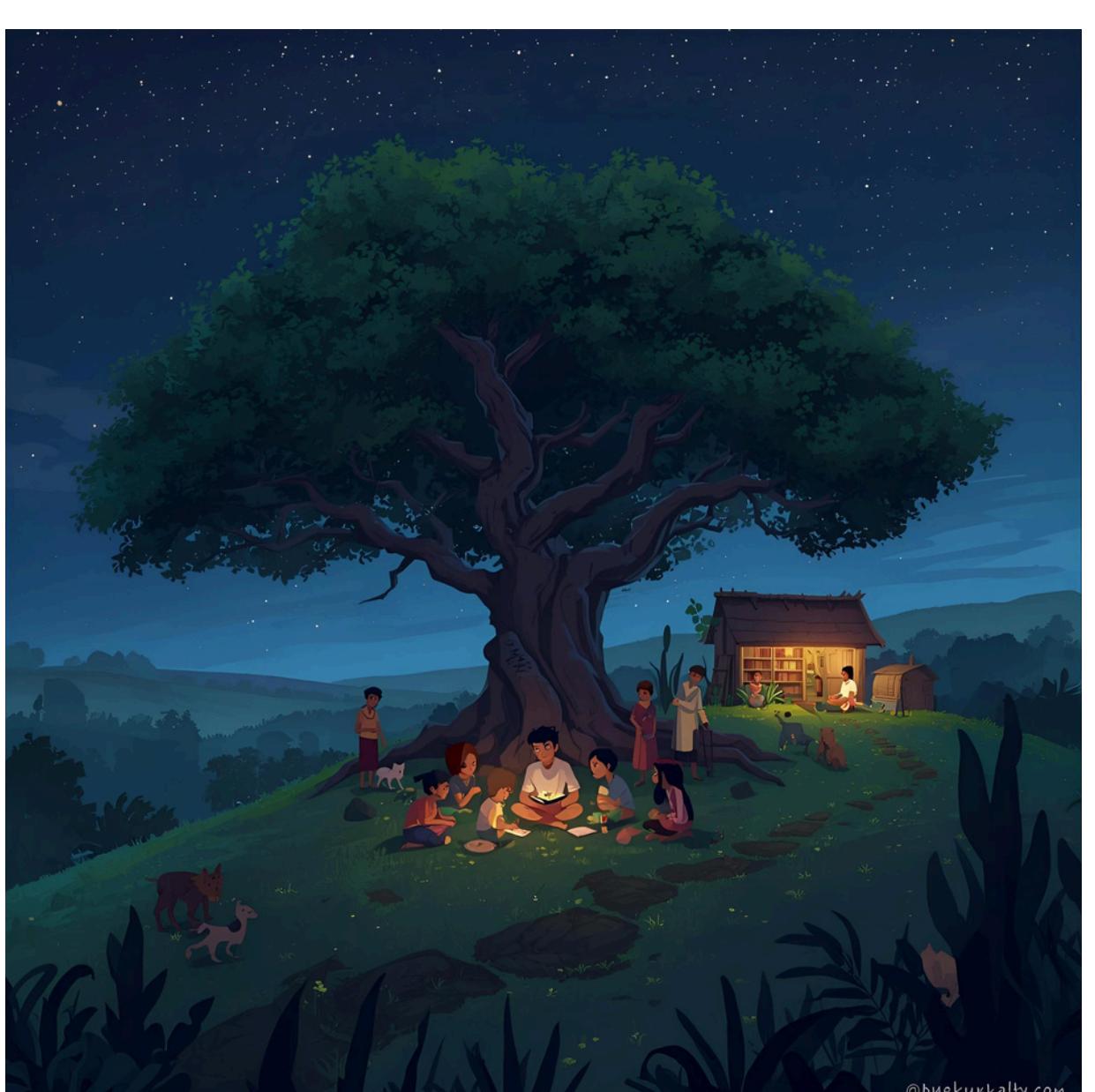
One night, Gopinath looked up at the sky again. The stars seemed closer now, almost like they were watching, guiding, and cheering. He smiled, realizing something incredible:

Life is like the sky—sometimes dark, sometimes stormy, sometimes shining. And if you help others rise, you rise too.

Gopinath became more than a hero; he became a beacon, a living proof that courage, kindness, and dreams can change everything.

The villagers often said, “Gopinath is like the sky—always watching, always giving, always shining.”

And Gopinath knew: the sky and life were one, and he was exactly where he was meant to be—helping others, dreaming bigger, and lighting the world, one star at a time.



Chapter 6: Gopinath's Biggest Challenge :

One morning, a dark cloud hung over the village—not in the sky, but in the hearts of the people. A terrible fire had broken out in the nearby forest, and the wind was carrying it dangerously close to homes.

Panic spread. Villagers didn't know what to do. Some wanted to run, others froze in fear. Gopinath stood on the hill, looking at the smoke curling into the sky. His heart pounded.

He remembered the stars—the way they always shined even through darkness. And he thought of the children, the library, the animals, and every small dream he had nurtured.

Then, without a second thought, he shouted, "Everyone, together! We can stop this! We can save our home!"

At first, the villagers hesitated. But Gopinath's courage was contagious. He ran down the hill, guiding people to form human chains, carrying buckets of water from the river, covering flames, and clearing dry grass to stop the fire.

Hours passed. Sweat ran down faces. Smoke choked the air. But Gopinath never gave up. He encouraged the young, comforted the old, and reminded everyone: "Even a small hand can push back a big fire, if we all join together!"

Finally, as the sun dipped behind the clouds, the fire was under control. The village was safe. Everyone cheered, hugging, exhausted but alive.

That night, Gopinath sat alone on the hill again. The sky had cleared. Stars sparkled brighter than ever. He felt a deep peace inside.

He realized something important:

Challenges are like storms in the sky. They seem terrifying, but if you face them with courage, help others, and never give up, you shine brighter than ever before.

The villagers called him a hero—but Gopinath smiled and shook his head. "No," he said softly. "We are all heroes. The sky above, the people around, the love we give—that is what lights up the world."

From that day, Gopinath's life and the sky were no longer separate. The sky was in his courage, in his dreams, in his every act of kindness. And he knew, no matter what storm came next, he could face it with the strength of the stars.



Chapter 7: Gopinath's Sky-High Dream :

After the fire, the village slept peacefully. But Gopinath couldn't stop thinking. He looked at the sky, now clearer than ever, and whispered,

"If the sky can stretch so far... why can't our dreams?"

He began helping more than just his village. He traveled to nearby towns, teaching people how to protect nature, help each other, and work together. He told them:

"A single hand may seem small, but when joined with many, it can move mountains and calm storms."

Everywhere he went, children followed him like little stars trailing a comet. He planted trees, built small libraries, helped clean rivers, and even started night classes under the stars, so everyone could learn.

But Gopinath knew helping people wasn't just about work—it was about heart. He listened to their problems, encouraged them, and reminded them:

"No matter how dark the sky seems, there is always a spark inside you that can shine. And you can light someone else's sky too."

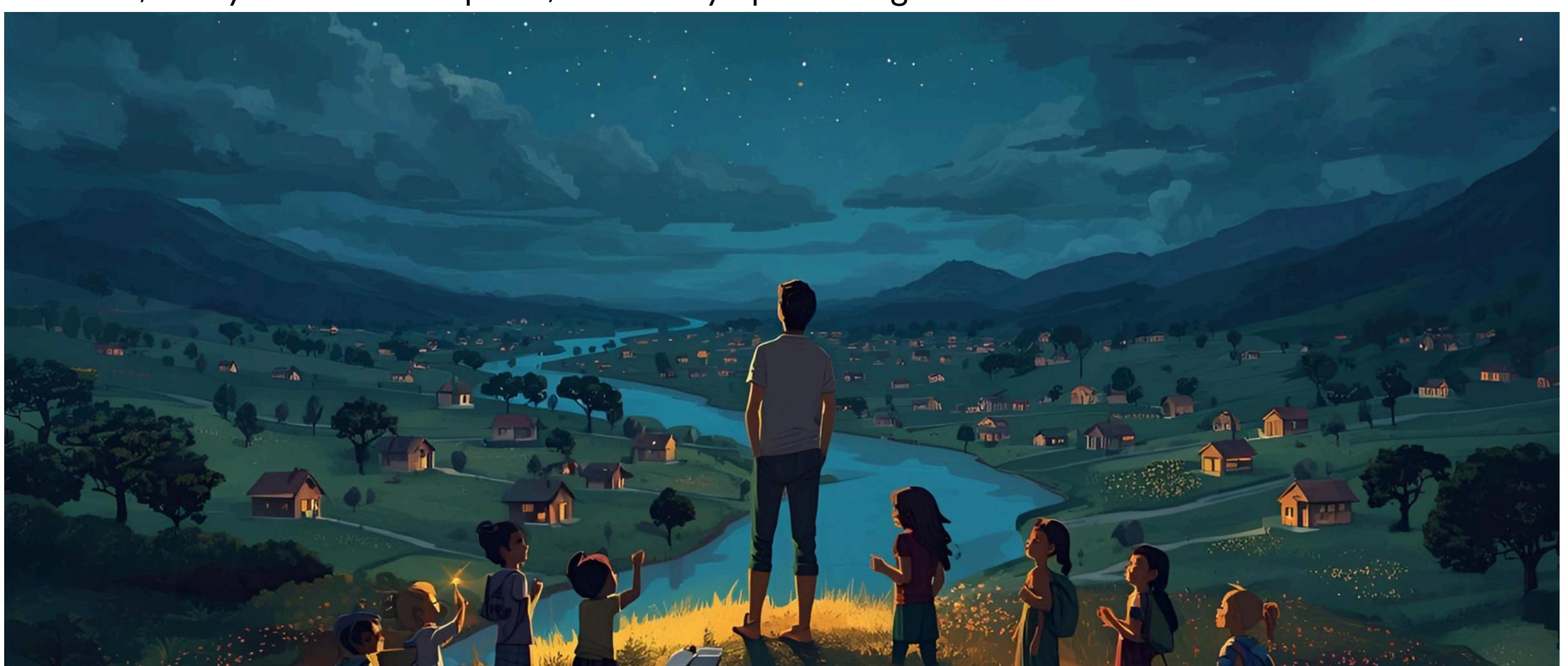
Soon, news of his courage and kindness spread far and wide. Leaders, teachers, and dreamers from distant lands came to see the boy who seemed to have the sky in his soul. They learned that true strength isn't about power—it's about helping others shine.

One night, standing on a hill with children around him, Gopinath looked up. The stars twinkled back at him, brighter than ever, as if the entire sky was cheering him on.

He smiled and said softly,

"This is only the beginning. The sky has no limits, and neither do our hearts. If we dream together, help each other, and shine even in darkness, the world will become a sky full of stars."

And from that day, Gopinath's life was no longer just his own—it belonged to every heart he touched, every dream he inspired, and every spark he ignited.



Chapter 8: Lisa in Gopinath's Life :

Lisa had quietly entered Gopinath's life, but soon she became someone he could not imagine living without. She was always there—sometimes sitting silently beside him, sometimes laughing at his small jokes.

Every day, Gopinath noticed little things about her: the way she smiled when she was happy, the way her eyes lit up when she talked about something she loved, the way she quietly encouraged him without saying much.

Lisa helped him in more ways than one. She guided him when he was confused, supported him when he felt low, and celebrated every small success with him. Life seemed easier with her around, and the world felt brighter.

Even in tough moments, Lisa remained calm and strong. Her presence gave Gopinath courage he did not know he had. He realized that life without her would be empty.

But Lisa never said the words he secretly wished to hear. She never told him she loved him. Sometimes, he caught her looking at him in a way that said more than words ever could. He hoped that one day she would speak her heart, but until then, he held onto every small moment they shared.

They spent time under the sky, walking along quiet paths, talking about dreams, and watching the stars at night. Every day brought them closer, and Gopinath felt that Lisa had become the most important part of his life.

Even in the smallest gestures—holding his hand, bringing him a cup of tea, or just sitting beside him—Lisa showed her care. Gopinath realized that love was not always about words. Sometimes, it was in the moments, the laughter, and the silent support that made life beautiful.

And though she had not said "I love you," he felt it in everything she did.



Chapter 9: A Few Days Only :

Time seemed to fly, and Gopinath realized they had only a few days left together before Lisa had to leave. The thought of it made his heart heavy. Every moment became precious.

They laughed, talked, and shared memories as if trying to capture every second. Gopinath wanted to tell her everything he felt, but he didn't know if it was the right time. Lisa, as always, stayed calm and happy, hiding her own feelings.

One evening, they sat on a hilltop watching the sunset. The sky was painted in orange and pink, and the world seemed to pause. Gopinath felt a mix of happiness and sadness—he wanted to freeze this moment forever.

Lisa held his hand gently. "Gopinath," she said softly, "I want you to promise me one thing." "Anything," he replied, holding her hand tighter.

"Promise me you will always follow your dreams, no matter where life takes you," she said, looking into his eyes. Her voice was calm, but Gopinath noticed a strange sadness behind her smile.

He nodded, trying to hold back his emotions. They watched the sun dip below the horizon, the sky turning dark with stars emerging. Every star seemed to shine just for them.

And in that quiet moment, Gopinath felt something he had longed to hear—but Lisa remained silent. She had not said the words he wished for. Yet, the touch of her hand, the warmth of her presence, and the look in her eyes spoke louder than words ever could.

He held her close, knowing that the next few days would be unforgettable. And though she hadn't said she loved him, Gopinath felt her love in every gesture, every laugh, every silent pause.



Chapter 10: The Hilltop Confession :

The last day had come. Gopinath and Lisa climbed the hilltop one final time, the place where they had shared so many memories. The wind was cool, carrying the scent of wildflowers, and the sky was painted in gold and crimson.

Gopinath looked at Lisa, his heart beating fast. He wanted to tell her everything—how much she meant to him, how life felt brighter with her—but he didn't know if she felt the same.

They sat together, watching the sun slowly sink. Silence surrounded them, but it was a comfortable silence, filled with unspoken words.

Lisa finally turned to him. "Gopinath," she said softly, "these few days... they've been the most special of my life."

Gopinath's heart skipped a beat. "Mine too, Lisa. You've changed my world," he said, his voice trembling.

She smiled, looking at the horizon. The golden sun reflected in her eyes, and for a moment, the world seemed still. Gopinath took a deep breath, preparing to say what he had held inside for so long.

But Lisa beat him to it. "I... I have something to tell you," she whispered, her voice shaking slightly.

Gopinath leaned closer, his heart full of hope and fear.

"I... I love you, Gopinath," she said, her eyes shining with tears.

Time seemed to stop. Gopinath's heart exploded with happiness. He held her close, feeling the warmth of her love, the words he had longed to hear at last.

The sun disappeared behind the hills, leaving a sky full of stars. And there, on that hilltop, Gopinath and Lisa held each other, two hearts finally together, their love stronger than anything the world could take away.

It was the perfect ending—one last sunset, one last moment, and the beginning of everything beautiful they had always dreamed of.



The End. of World.

✨ The Journey of One Soul ✨

Some moments are brief,
but some hearts leave forever marks.

Even words unsaid,
even love delayed,
can light up a lifetime.

And in the end...

it's the courage to feel,
to hope,
to love
that makes life legendary.

— The story of one boy... one soul... one love. ❤️

