

LIKITH

Echoes of an Unsaid Goodbye!

-misery of a man

THE TALES

CHAPTER-1
The First Meet

CHAPTER-2
The Hidden Love

CHAPTER-3
Coming Soon

Author's Note

This work is a piece of fiction.
All characters, events, names, and dialogues
are products of
imagination.

This story takes place between Tedros and
the Princess.

Any resemblance to real persons, living or
dead, or to actual
events is purely coincidental.

The emotions portrayed, however, are real
— inspired by the
universal experiences of love, loss, and
human connection.

—The First Meet—

*—Love at First Sight, Staring my angel of light
In my College—*

I do not remember the exact day I first saw her, but I clearly remember the feeling I felt when our eyes met for the first time.

There was something unfamiliar yet comforting about her presence, as if my heart recognised her before my mind could understand.

Suddenly, she disappeared from my sight. I do not know why, but an unexpected sadness filled me at that moment. It was strange — I barely knew her, yet her absence felt heavy.

After a few days, I saw her again. This time, I gathered the courage to speak to her — not in imagination, but in reality.

She kindly accepted my friendship. From that day onward, we began to spend time together. Our conversations grew longer, our smiles became frequent, and our bond slowly grew — like a tree taking root and rising strong with time.

We motivated each other, supported one another, and stood together during both strength and weakness. Her kindness and support were irreplaceable — something I had never experienced before.

Somewhere along the way, I fell in love with her.
Not because of her appearance,
and not because of sudden attraction or infatuation.

It was deeper than that.

Without realising it, I began to call her “Mama.”
In my mother tongue, I lovingly called her “Nana” and
“Oreo.”

It was during that moment – when I finally expressed
what lived in my heart –
that something changed within me.

My chest felt heavier, as if it was holding more than it
could carry.

My breathing slowed, my body began to sweat,
and I could not understand what was happening to me.

It was not fear.
It was not confusion.

It was the weight of truth leaving my heart for the first
time.

-THE END OF CHAPTER-

-THE HIDDEN LOVE-

*—Where Care Became Love,
Without Ever Being Spoken—*

After I expressed what lived quietly in my heart,
she said no.

There was no anger in her response,
no rejection that wounded me deeply —
only silence, and time.

Days passed.

I learned how to live with unanswered feelings,
convincing myself that some emotions are meant to
remain unspoken.

Then, unexpectedly, she spoke again.

She told me about a dream —
a simple one, where I appeared in her sleep.
When she woke up, she said,
all she wanted was to talk to me.

She never proposed.
She never named it as love.
But from that day onward, something changed.

Our connection began to grow — quietly, patiently —
day by day.

She started caring in ways that felt natural,
and I cared even more, sometimes teasing her about it.
What we shared felt effortless.

Looking after each other began to feel like living
together in thought,
even when we were apart in reality.

We spoke freely –
sometimes playfully,
sometimes romantically,
sometimes with a bold honesty that surprised even us.

There was no hesitation between us.
No fear of being misunderstood.
Only comfort, trust, and closeness.

What we felt was not rushed,
not declared,
not defined.

Yet it was real.

This was our hidden love –
a bond growing without permission,
deepening without promises,
existing simply because it wanted to.

-THE END OF CHAPTER-

-The Unsaid Goodbye-

—When Love Spoke in Confusion, and Silence Became Final—

At first, she was uncertain.

Some days, she spoke to me as if love had already chosen us.

On other days, she would gently remind me that I should not expect the same depth of feeling from her.

I would accept it.

I would say I understood.

But then, when I tried to step back—
when I said I was not in love—
she smiled and said, “That’s good. Don’t hold on.” Those words confused me more than rejection ever could.

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Between us, there was love—real and undeniable—
yet it never stood still long enough to be understood.
It moved back and forth,
like a tide that refused to choose the shore.

One day, I made a promise to myself:
I would stop bringing up feelings,
stop turning quiet moments into questions.
For a while, I kept that promise.

Then came a bad day.
A weak moment.
I spoke again.

She cried.

Her tears felt heavier than any words I had spoken.
I apologised—once, twice, many times—
but something had already broken.

She stopped talking to me.

Later, she told me it was all her imagination—
that she feared I would be traumatised
if she stayed and then disappeared.
She said that fear was the reason
she had spoken to me the way she did for so long.

And then she said the words
that ended everything:

“Please leave me.
Please leave me alone.”

I did.

But my heart did not understand how.

For months—three, maybe four—
I cried in silence.
Not loudly.
Not in front of anyone.
Only in empty spaces where no one could see me break.

I tried once—just once—
to meet her and apologise for everything.
She told me she was not interested in talking.

So I walked away
and cried where no one could hear.

I never disturbed her again.
I chose to suffer alone.

Because love, to me,
was never about holding someone back.
It was about letting them live freely—even without me.

She was my Nana.
My life.
My half—at least in this story.

And even now,
the question returns in the quietest moments,
not as anger,
not as blame,
but as a wound that still asks to be understood:

“Why did you leave me alone, Mama?”

I do not wish her pain.
I only wish her happiness—
a life fuller and brighter than the one I imagined with
her.

This is not a story of possession.
It is a story of love that chose silence,
and a goodbye that was never spoken.

-THE END OF CHAPTER-

-Author-



LikithNaidu is a B.Tech student from India.

*He believes some stories exist beyond language and are
meant to be felt rather than read.*

This book marks his first attempt to give voice to silence.