

## **Diary Entry — November 15, 2025**

### **Finally Found My Special Person for the Rest of My Life**

**By: Prabhab Tiwari**

November 15, 2025 — a day I will remember for the rest of my life.

It was my first day as a BIT student at Gandaki University. Among the many new faces, I noticed someone who immediately felt different. A beautiful and simple special person—someone who didn't try to showcase herself like others, someone ordinary in the most extraordinary way. Her simplicity, her calm nature, and the respect she carried within herself drew my attention from the very first moment.

Around a week before this date, I sent her a follow request on Instagram. She accepted it. Since I wasn't close to any other girls in my class, this small connection meant a lot to me. We started talking slowly, and before I even realized it, I began getting attached to her. I started caring about her likes and dislikes, admiring her beauty, her good nature, her habits, and the discipline she carried from her upbringing—like doing household work and handling responsibilities with maturity.

Before anything officially began between us, I found myself drawn to her in unexpected ways. The song she had put on her Instagram note became my current favorite, and I often asked her to suggest songs for my own Instagram note just to feel a little closer to her world. One day, I even went near the lake, took several photographs, and posted them as a story on Instagram—partly just to show her what I was doing. In our chats, I would sometimes call her "my special person," and I think she slowly began getting a small hint of what I felt. Then, on the night of November 14, during one of our conversations about trust, I gave her my Spotify account ID and password, telling her that I trusted her completely. That moment opened the door for us to express our feelings. As November 14 turned into November 15, at exactly 12:40 a.m., we finally became something meaningful together. That night, we talked almost until 3 a.m., and it felt like the beginning of a new chapter.

After a week of conversations, one random discussion about trust opened the door for us to express our feelings. We didn't confess with "I love you." Instead, we understood each other silently, purely, and naturally. Something meaningful began between us without needing formal words.

Today, as I write this—November 22—I'm giving her all my time, love, care, and respect. And I will continue to do so until my very last breath.

A beat of silence, a final thought just for her, carried in the promise of this diary: I love you, Sandhya Miss  .