"Oh, you have come at last, sir," Priya said in a sarcastic tone.

"Oh, don’t start again, okay? It’s a date, so at least pretend to smile," Aman said while sitting at the table, looking at the love of his life, Priya.

"Yeah, whatever. It’s a date for you, but for me, it's just a waste of my time. My friends' boyfriends take them to movies, road trips, clubs, and this is where I go – to a tiny cafe."

"Well, sorry for that, but I am just not free, sweetie. I promise, once everything is stable, we will go for a long trip." A smile appeared on Priya’s face.

That was four years ago. Now, Aman is super drunk, half-sunken in his bathtub, thinking of all the time he had spent with Priya and how she left him after his first failure in the business world. He told her it’s just an experience he had to face, but she said he is not good enough for her and left him – and that too on a text.

Aman, too, thinks he is not perfect for Priya because she is an angel while he is a devil, if not worse. He always thanked God for sending Priya into his life and hated that he couldn’t keep her happy. He got up from his drunk bath and started walking towards the stairs, which led to the roof of the hotel. Dripping water from his whole body, he sees a couple kissing around the corner. He smiles at them, thinking at least someone got their love and left them alone, sipping on his vodka.

He spent four hours on the roof, reimagining every possible future he could have had with Priya. He turned away from the edge, his back facing the edge of the roof, with a tear in his eyes and a bitter smile. "Sorry, Mom, Sorry, Dad, but this is it." He drops the bottle and lets the wind take him off the roof.

'THUD!' a small sound like this can’t be heard in a city where there is always a jam. He, too, had been in it many times. Why wouldn’t he? It is the quickest way to Priya’s house. He thought of taking a ‘final fall’ for a long time. He had finally summoned all the courage to take this step, but unfortunately, he didn’t get the so-called ‘instant death’. He watches slowly and blurry how people are approaching him like ants crawl up to its food. "Once a loser, always a loser." These were the last words before he closed his eyes.

Beep... Beep... Bee....

It’s the only sound in the whole room where three people are currently present. One is in the bed, resting, while the others are sitting on chairs next to the bed.

Suddenly but noiselessly, a girl in her early 30s enters the room and approaches the people sitting on chairs. "Mr. and Mrs. Mehra?" she asked.

Mr. Mehra nodded, “Doctor will be here in 5 minutes. Please don’t panic because the patient is not in serious danger now," and left the room as quietly as she came.

Mr. and Mrs. Mehra sat there thinking of what can be the reason the doctor wants to meet so suddenly. While they were busy in their thoughts, a man enters the room. He was in his 50s and was wearing a white coat.

“Hello, I am Ashish Dubey, and I will be treating your son. I know you have a lot of questions, but let me clear some of them first. Aman’s life is not in danger, but we still need to do some more tests to confirm any infection and other stuff. But if all is okay, he will be out in a couple of months, and if lucky, sooner.”

After that, Mrs. Mehra showered Dr. Ashish with many questions, but the doc already got used to this questioning in his 20 years' career. After the questioning is over, the doc told them about the tests required and medicine needed and left them alone.

“I just want to talk to him,” Mrs. Mehra in a half-crying voice. “Yeah, we all want that.” As a strict father, he was never too attached to Aman, and totally the opposite goes for Mrs. Mehra, who is a super friend-type mother in her own eyes and is feeling desperate about the reason her son would take a wrong step.

After a few checkups and an operation, it is clear that Aman will not be the same. He is prone to losing his memory and has some restrictions in the movements of the body parts. After three months of rest at the hospital with regular checkups by nurses and doctors and constant pinching around hundreds of needles in his body for months, Aman is finally back home. Unfortunately, he has lost the majority of his memories, and so the doctor and a team of therapists helped him learn important stuff like family, about the world. It was impossible to educate him completely, as that would be a total waste of time. His parents want to hide anything that they don’t want in their son’s life, like alcohol, etc. So the ‘New’ Aman had started to live his life peacefully, and after a year, everything got back to normal, well, almost normal.

After a year of working on Aman to restore his life to normal.

“Going for work, love you, ma,” Aman shouts to someone inside his house.

“Love you too, beta. Call me when you get there, okay?” said his mom. “Geez. Just chill. I am not going to war,” responded Aman. “Fine. Just come early today. I will make keer for you.” Mom. “Okay, bye.”

Aman gets into his SUV and starts it. After 30 minutes, he stops in the parking area behind a big building, on whose top is written in big red letters.