

Episode 1: The Classroom Encounter

Aditya looked around the bustling classroom, feeling a bit overwhelmed. He had just moved to Bangalore to start his engineering studies, and everything felt new and unfamiliar. He pulled out his phone to check if there were any messages from his family, hoping for some comforting words.

The class was chaotic, with students chatting and trying to get organized. Aditya noticed a sheet of paper being passed around where students were writing their phone numbers to be added to the class WhatsApp group. As the paper reached him, he hesitated for a moment before scribbling down his number and passing it along.

"Hey, new guy!" a voice called out, startling him. He turned to see a tall, confident-looking boy grinning at him. "I'm Vikram. You should give this to that girl over there," he said, pointing to a girl who was scrolling through her phone.

Aditya's heart raced. He was naturally shy and the thought of approaching a girl he didn't know made him nervous. "Uh, maybe you could do it?" he suggested, hoping Vikram wouldn't press the issue.

Vikram chuckled. "Alright, no problem. I'll handle it." He took the paper and walked over to the girl, who looked up and smiled as he handed it to her.

Aditya breathed a sigh of relief and focused on the lecture that was about to start.

That evening, he settled into his new hostel room, unpacking his belongings and arranging his books. His phone buzzed with a new message. He picked it up and saw an unknown number.

“ Please forward this WhatsApp link to other boys.”

He felt a bit confused but decided to reply.

“Who is this?”

There was a brief pause before the reply came.

“It's Nisha. From class.”

Aditya's mind raced back to the girl Vikram had approached earlier that day. He hadn't expected her to contact him directly.

“Oh, hi! Sure, I'll forward it.”

He quickly forwarded the link to the other boys he had numbers for and then hesitated before sending another message.

“Thanks for adding me to the group.”

Nisha's response was quick and friendly.

“ No problem. See you in class tomorrow!”

Aditya smiled, feeling a bit more at ease about his new life in Bangalore.

A Month Later

A month had passed since Aditya's first day at college. Life in Bangalore had settled into a routine, far removed from the glamorized depiction of college life he had seen in movies. The coursework was demanding, and the CAED (Computer-Aided Engineering Drawing) subject, in particular, was a major headache for many students who were not fond of drawing. The latest assignment was no exception—a bunch of complex questions that had to be meticulously drawn and submitted the next day.

After a long day of classes, Aditya returned to his hostel room, exhausted. He collapsed onto his bed, hoping for a much-needed nap. When he woke up, the room was bathed in the soft light of the setting sun. Rubbing his eyes, he reached for his phone and noticed a message from an unknown number.

“Hi, this is Nisha.”

Aditya recognized the name immediately. He hadn't contacted her since that first exchange, nor had she reached out to him. Perhaps she thought he might have forgotten her name. He replied simply.

“Hi, I Aditya,”

He guessed why she was messaging him.

“Did you finish your sketchbook?”

Aditya had indeed completed his work, but he was reluctant to share it. He typed back a half-truth.

“Left with a few questions.”

An hour later, he decided to take a walk around the campus. The evening air was cool and refreshing, providing a brief respite from the day's stresses. As he wandered, his thoughts kept drifting back to the unfinished conversation with Nisha. On a whim, he decided to message her again.

“Which solutions do you want?”

The reply came almost immediately.

“All from line and plane.” she said

Something had changed in Aditya. The shy boy who usually kept to himself, hesitant to share his work, felt a sudden urge to help. He hurried back to his room, gathered his sketchbook, and started taking pictures of the completed drawings. He then sent them to Nisha, feeling a mix of apprehension and satisfaction.

Nisha's phone buzzed with the incoming messages. She opened them and saw Aditya's sketches. Each drawing was neat and precise, a testament to the hours of work he must have put into them. She felt a wave of relief and gratitude.

She appreciated “Thank you so much. This really helps!”

He responded “ No problem. Glad I could help.”

As the evening turned into night, they continued to chat, moving from discussing the assignment to more casual topics. They discovered shared interests and hobbies, from a love of old Bollywood movies to a fascination with coding. The conversation flowed easily, and for the first time since he arrived in Bangalore, Aditya felt a genuine connection with someone.

The following week, Nisha approached him after their CAED class.

"Hey, thanks again for the sketches. I wouldn't have been able to complete the assignment without them," she said, smiling.

"You're welcome," Aditya replied, feeling a bit shy again in person. "Anytime you need help, just let me know."

Nisha's eyes lit up. "Actually, I was thinking...maybe we could study together? I mean, CAED isn't my strongest subject, and you seem to have a good grasp on it."

Aditya hesitated for a moment, but then nodded. "Sure, I'd like that."

They decided to meet in the library after classes. The study session proved to be productive and enjoyable. Nisha had a knack for explaining concepts in a way that made them easier to understand, and Aditya's meticulous nature ensured they didn't miss any details.

As weeks turned into months, their study sessions became a regular part of their routine. Their friendship deepened, and they began to rely on each other for more than just academic support. Aditya found himself opening up to Nisha in ways he hadn't with anyone else. He shared his dreams, his fears, and even his homesickness. In return, Nisha confided in him about her own struggles and aspirations.

One evening, as they wrapped up another successful study session, Nisha turned to Aditya.

"You know, when I first messaged you, I was just looking for help with CAED," she said with a laugh. "But I'm glad it turned into this."

"Me too," he replied, smiling. "I never expected to find such a good friend here."

As they walked back to their hostel rooms, Aditya realized how much had changed since he first arrived in Bangalore. He was no longer the shy, introverted boy who kept to himself. He had found friends, confidence, and a place where he belonged.

The Bookstore Adventure

Nisha, a self-proclaimed bookworm, was excited about the release of a new novel by her favorite author, Ronik. The book, titled "Unexpected Friends," had been eagerly awaited by many, including Nisha. One evening, she texted Aditya.

“Hey, do you want to come with me to buy the new Ronik book? It's called Unexpected Friends.”

Aditya, who was starting to enjoy these outings with Nisha, quickly replied.

“Sure, I'd love to! Where should we meet?”

“Let's meet at the National College metro station. We can take the metro to Manjunatha Bookstore.”

They met at the metro station the next morning. Nisha was practically bouncing with excitement, while Aditya, although not as enthusiastic about novels, enjoyed seeing her so happy. They boarded the metro and chatted about their classes and plans for the weekend.

Upon reaching Manjunatha Bookstore, Nisha immediately headed to the new release section, her eyes scanning the shelves eagerly. Aditya followed her, but soon found himself drifting toward the history section. He picked up a book about ancient Indian architecture, flipping through its pages with mild interest.

Nisha noticed him wandering off and quickly grabbed his hand, pulling him back to the new release. "You have to get a copy too!" she insisted, holding up the novel. "It's really good, and we can discuss it together."

Aditya laughed. "Alright, alright, I'll get one."

They both purchased copies of "Unexpected Friends" and decided to explore the nearby street food area for dinner. The aroma of various dishes wafted through the air, making Aditya's stomach rumble. They found a small stall selling chaat and ordered a variety of items, from pani puri to bhel puri.

As they enjoyed their meal, Nisha turned to Aditya. "By the way, I wanted to ask you something."

He looked up, curious. "What is it?"

"My sister is getting married next month in Chitradurga," Nisha began, her voice a mix of excitement and nervousness. "I was wondering if you'd like to come. It's a bit of a trip, but I think it will be fun."

Aditya was taken aback but pleasantly surprised. "I'd love to come! Thank you for inviting me."

Nisha's face lit up. "Great! I'll give you all the details soon. It's going to be an amazing wedding, and I think you'll enjoy it."

As they continued to eat and chat, Aditya felt a warmth spreading through him. The city of Bangalore, which had once seemed so daunting, now felt like home, thanks to friends like Nisha.

Arrival at Nisha's Home

After a grueling month of semester exams, Aditya and Nisha finally found themselves boarding the same train headed towards Chitradurga. The journey was a welcome break from their studies, filled with light-hearted conversations and occasional glimpses of the countryside flashing past the train windows.

As they stepped off the train in Chitradurga, the warm breeze greeted them, carrying the scent of blooming flowers. Nisha's excitement was palpable as they made their way to her family's home—a typical South Indian house adorned with colorful decorations that hinted at the grandeur of the upcoming wedding.

Nisha's sister had arrived earlier to oversee the preparations, and the house buzzed with activity. Relatives bustled about, arranging flowers, hanging festive banners, and preparing for the celebrations ahead. Aditya was struck by the lively atmosphere and the warmth with which he was welcomed by Nisha's family.

Nisha's sister, Meera, greeted them with a wide smile and warm hugs. "Welcome, Aditya!" she exclaimed, embracing him as if he were already part of the family. "I'm so glad you could make it."

Aditya smiled gratefully. "Thank you for inviting me. It's wonderful to be here."

Nisha beamed at her sister, clearly proud to introduce Aditya to her family. "Aditya helped me a lot with my studies," she explained, her eyes shining with affection.

Meera nodded knowingly. "That's wonderful to hear. Thank you for taking care of my little sister, Aditya."

Aditya chuckled softly. "It's my pleasure. Nisha is a great friend."

As they settled into the festive atmosphere of the house, Aditya felt a sense of gratitude for being included in such an intimate and joyous occasion. The next few days promised to be filled with traditional rituals, celebrations, and moments that would further deepen his bond with Nisha and her family.

After a relaxing afternoon at Nisha's home, Nisha brought a cup of aromatic filter coffee to Aditya's room, where she found him engrossed in the novel they had bought together. She suggested a serene spot they could visit that evening, and Aditya agreed enthusiastically.

As the evening approached, she led Aditya through a winding path bordered by blooming roses. The path opened up to reveal a tranquil pond adorned with lotus flowers, illuminated by the gentle glow of fireflies and the twinkle of stars above.

They found a comfortable spot near the pond, the soft sounds of nature creating a serene backdrop to their conversation. Aditya, feeling the peace of the surroundings, turned to Nisha with a question on his mind.

"Will you cry?" asked Aditya.

"Maybe, that's how it goes?" she answered.

Aditya, reflecting on weddings and their emotional weight, shared his perspective. "You don't need to cry at a wedding," he reasoned gently. "It's a joyous occasion, where two people who are alike are coming together. It's a good thing."

Curious, Nisha posed the same question to him. He hesitated briefly before admitting his vulnerability. "I actually cried at my sister's wedding," he confessed with a shy smile.

Nisha chuckled softly, teasing him playfully. "You did? Aditya, I didn't know you were such a softie."

Encouraged by Nisha's light-hearted response, he continued to open up. He spoke about his first crush, Kirti, his childhood friend who had moved to America for studies. Despite their ongoing friendship, he had never confessed his feelings to her. Now, Kirti was in a relationship with Ayush, whom she had met at university.

Nisha listened attentively, her expression thoughtful. "Moving on is important," she said gently, reaching out to place a comforting hand on Aditya's shoulder. "Sometimes, things happen for a reason. Maybe someone better is out there for you."

Aditya nodded, appreciating Nisha's wisdom. "You're right. I guess everything happens for a reason."

As they sat by the pond, enveloped in the tranquility of the evening, Aditya felt a sense of gratitude for Nisha's understanding and empathy. The conversation had brought them closer, forging a deeper connection based on honesty and mutual support.

With the evening drawing to a close, they made their way back to Nisha's home. The path through the rose bushes seemed even more enchanting in the fading light, and Aditya found himself smiling at Nisha's playful banter.

As they approached the house, the sounds of laughter and music drifted through the air, signaling the festivities that awaited them. Aditya glanced at Nisha, feeling a sense of comfort and belonging in her presence.

"Thank you for tonight," Aditya said sincerely as they reached the doorstep.

Nisha smiled warmly. "You're welcome, Aditya. I'm glad we had this time together."

With that, they entered the house, ready to join Nisha's family in celebrating the joyous occasion of her sister's wedding. The evening had brought them closer, strengthening their friendship and creating memories that would linger in their hearts long after the festivities ended.

The Festivities Begin

The next few days were a whirlwind of activities as the wedding celebrations kicked into full gear. Aditya found himself immersed in the rich traditions of a Kannada wedding, captivated by the vibrant colors, the intricate rituals, and the infectious joy that filled the air.

The Mehendi ceremony was a highlight of the festivities. Nisha's hands were adorned with intricate henna designs, and she sat surrounded by friends and family, the air filled with laughter and chatter. Aditya watched as her face lit up with joy, her smile captivating him.

During a lull in the ceremony, Nisha noticed Aditya standing nearby, watching the proceedings with a look of admiration. She called him over with a playful smile. "Aditya, why don't you join us? Maybe get a small design on your hand?"

Aditya hesitated, but the twinkle in Nisha's eyes was irresistible. He sat down next to her, and the henna artist drew a simple design on his hand. The closeness of the moment, the shared laughter, and the gentle touch of Nisha's hand on his as she admired the design, all drew him closer to her.

The Haldi ceremony the next morning was a burst of color and joy. Nisha was dressed in a simple yellow saree, her face glowing with happiness as family members applied turmeric paste on her sister. Aditya watched from a distance, entranced by her beauty and the warmth of the ceremony.

At one point, Nisha caught him looking and beckoned him over. "Aditya, come join us! It's all part of the fun."

He found himself gently applying the turmeric paste to Nisha's face, their eyes locking in a moment of shared joy. Her laughter, her genuine happiness, and the way she made everyone around her feel special, all contributed to Aditya's growing feelings for her.

Later that evening, after the day's festivities had wound down, they found themselves in the garden, a serene escape from the bustle of the wedding. The garden was alive with the gentle chirping of birds, the scent of flowers, and the soft glow of twilight.

They sat on a bench near the pond in the garden, watching as a few birds splashed in the water. Nisha leaned back, her face reflecting the peace of the moment. "It's so beautiful here, isn't it?" she said softly.

Aditya nodded, his eyes never leaving her face. "It is," he agreed, his voice equally soft. "But I think it's more beautiful because of the company."

Nisha smiled, a blush coloring her cheeks. "Aditya, you always know how to say the right thing."

They sat in comfortable silence for a while, listening to the symphony of nature around them. Aditya felt a profound sense of peace, a feeling he hadn't experienced in a long time. The weight of his past feelings for Kirti seemed to lift, replaced by a deep appreciation and affection for Nisha.

"Nisha," he began, his voice carrying a note of sincerity, "I've been thinking a lot lately... about us."

Nisha turned to him, her eyes reflecting the same emotions. "What about us, Aditya?"

He took a deep breath, gathering his thoughts. "I never imagined that coming to Bangalore for engineering would lead me to someone like you. You've become such an important part of my life."

Nisha's expression softened, her eyes filled with warmth. "Aditya, you mean a lot to me too. More than I can put into words."

He felt a surge of emotion, but he held back, not wanting to rush things. Instead, he reached out and gently took her hand in his. "I think I've finally moved on from my past," he said quietly. "And I realize now that everything happens for a reason. Meeting you, being here with you... it's made me see things differently."

Nisha squeezed his hand, her eyes shining with understanding. "I'm glad you feel that way, Aditya. Sometimes, we have to go through difficult times to appreciate the good things in life."

As they sat there, hand in hand, surrounded by the quiet beauty of the garden, Aditya knew in his heart that he had found someone truly special in Nisha. He didn't need to confess his feelings just yet; the moment was perfect as it was, filled with promise and a deep, unspoken connection.

Back to Bangalore

After returning to Bangalore, the hustle and bustle of college life resumed. One morning, Aditya and Nisha were walking to class when they saw a poster for a new theater club, founded by none other than Vikram, their classmate.

Nisha's eyes lit up with excitement as she read the poster. "Aditya, look! A theater club! You know how much I love plays. We should join."

Aditya smiled, knowing her passion for theater. "You should definitely join. You'll be amazing."

Her eyes sparkled. "You should join too. With your love for old movies, I know you'll enjoy it. Besides, you have a great track record of directing skits and plays from school."

Reluctantly, he agreed, more intrigued by the prospect of spending more time with Nisha than the theater club itself.

The next few weeks were filled with rehearsals as the theater club prepared for their first play. Nisha gave a stellar audition and was selected for one of the lead roles. Vikram, being the club founder, naturally took on the role of the male protagonist. Due to his experience, Aditya was chosen to direct the play.

Aditya decided to direct a classic romantic Hindi play, "Dil Ki Kahani," known for its emotional depth and timeless love story. The play revolves around two lovers who, despite numerous obstacles, find their way back to each other.

The rehearsals were intense, with Aditya meticulously directing every scene. One particular scene required Vikram and Nisha to share a tender moment, their characters declaring their love for each other.

Aditya stood at the edge of the stage, watching intently as Vikram and Nisha prepared for the scene. The lights dimmed, and the spotlight focused on the two protagonists standing under an imagined moonlit sky.

"Remember to convey the depth of your characters' emotions," Aditya instructed, his voice steady. "This scene is crucial. It's where they realize they can't live without each other."

Nisha and Vikram nodded, stepping into their roles. As the scene unfolded, Vikram took Nisha's hand, looking into her eyes with genuine affection. "Nisha," he began, his voice filled with emotion, "I can't imagine my life without you. You are my heart, my soul, my everything."

Nisha responded, her voice trembling with emotion. "And you are my world, Vikram. No matter what happens, we'll always find our way back to each other."

As they moved closer, their faces inches apart, Aditya felt a pang of discomfort. He knew it was just acting, but the chemistry between them was undeniable. He shook off the feeling, reminding himself that this was for the play.

"That's great, keep going," Aditya called out, masking his unease. "Remember, the audience needs to feel the intensity of your love."

Both continued, their performance so convincing that Aditya felt a mix of pride and jealousy. He admired Nisha's talent, but seeing her so close to Vikram stirred feelings he tried to suppress.

During a break, Nisha approached Aditya, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "How did we do?"

Aditya forced a smile, pushing his feelings aside. "You were fantastic, both of you. The audience will be moved by your performance."

Nisha beamed. "I'm glad you think so. I was a bit nervous, but Vikram's a great scene partner."

Aditya nodded, his mind racing. He couldn't deny the professional connection Nisha and Vikram shared, but it made him realize how much he cared for her.

That evening, he sat in his room, reflecting on the day's events. Directing the play was a dream come true, but his feelings for Nisha complicated things. He wanted to support her passion, yet seeing her with Vikram brought out insecurities he didn't know he had.

His thoughts were interrupted by a message from Nisha. "Hey, thank you for being such an amazing director. I couldn't have done it without your guidance."

Aditya smiled at her words, feeling a bit of solace. He typed back, "You're doing great, Nisha. I'm just helping you shine."

As he hit send, Aditya realized he needed to focus on being the best director he could be and support Nisha's dreams, even if it meant confronting his own feelings in the process.

The Day of the Play

The day of the play finally arrived, and the college auditorium buzzed with excitement. The seats filled quickly as students and faculty alike streamed in to watch the most anticipated performance of the year. Aditya stood backstage, his heart pounding with a mix of nerves and pride. He watched as the actors prepared, his eyes frequently drifting to Nisha.

The play began smoothly, each scene unfolding with precision and emotion. Aditya's direction was evident in every gesture and line, and the audience was thoroughly engrossed. Nisha and Vikram's performances were particularly compelling, their chemistry palpable.

From his position backstage, he observed the audience's reactions, feeling a sense of accomplishment as they responded to the drama on stage. As the play progressed towards its climax, he felt a mixture of excitement and anxiety.

The climax scene approached, the pivotal moment where the two lovers confessed their undying love for each other despite the obstacles they faced. Vikram and Nisha stepped into the spotlight, their characters poised for the dramatic declaration.

As Vikram began his lines, Aditya noticed a flicker of uncertainty in Nisha's eyes. When it was her turn to speak, she hesitated, her mind blanking out her lines. The tension was palpable, the audience holding their breath.

Vikram, sensing her discomfort, took a step closer and gently took her hand. "Sometimes, words aren't enough to express what we feel," he said, his voice steady and warm. "Our hearts speak louder than words, and in your eyes, I see everything I need to know."

Nisha's eyes widened with relief and gratitude. She followed Vikram's lead, improvising her lines. "And in your touch, I find the strength to face anything. With you by my side, I know we can overcome any challenge."

The audience, unaware of the slip, watched in rapt attention as the scene unfolded beautifully. Vikram's quick thinking and Nisha's graceful recovery saved the moment, and the climax was pulled off with emotional intensity. As the play concluded, the audience rose to their feet, applauding thunderously.

Backstage, the cast and crew were euphoric. Nisha and Vikram received numerous congratulations for their performances. Aditya, despite the pang of jealousy, was genuinely happy for them.

Nisha approached Aditya with a beaming smile. "We did it, Aditya! Thank you so much for your guidance. It wouldn't have been possible without you."

Aditya smiled back, his heart swelling with pride and affection. "You were amazing, Nisha. Even when things went off-script, you handled it perfectly."

As the celebrations continued, he couldn't help but notice the way Nisha and Vikram interacted. There was a newfound closeness between them, a bond that had strengthened through the shared experience of the play. Vikram's quick thinking during the climax had drawn Nisha closer to him, more than just as a friend.

Later that evening, Aditya found a quiet corner to reflect. He knew that the connection between Nisha and Vikram had deepened, and he couldn't deny the chemistry they shared. It was a bittersweet realization for him, recognizing the bond they had formed.

In the days that followed, the success of the play was the talk of the college. Nisha and Vikram received accolades for their performances, and the theater club gained newfound respect and admiration.

Aditya found himself spending more time alone, grappling with his feelings. He was genuinely happy for Nisha's success and the joy she found in the theatre club, but he couldn't ignore the pangs of jealousy and sadness that accompanied the growing bond between her and Vikram.

One evening, as he sat in the campus garden, Nisha joined him. "Hey, Aditya" she said softly, sitting down beside him. "You've been quiet lately. Is everything okay?"

Aditya looked at her, his emotions swirling. "Yeah, just a lot on my mind."

Nisha reached out and placed her hand on his shoulder, "You know you can talk to me, right? You've been such an important part of this journey for me."

Aditya took a deep breath, deciding to keep his feelings to himself. "Thanks, I'm just processing everything. You were incredible up there."

Nisha's eyes softened, and she smiled warmly. "I couldn't have done it without you. Your direction made all the difference."

As they sat together, the evening sun casting a warm glow over the campus, he realized that his journey with Nisha wasn't over. It might take different forms, but their bond would remain. He decided to focus on supporting her and being a good friend, trusting that time would bring clarity to his feelings.

Nisha looked out at the garden, her eyes reflecting a mixture of happiness and contemplation. "Life is full of surprises, isn't it?" she said softly.

Aditya nodded, feeling a sense of calm. "Yeah, it is. And I'm glad we're in this together, no matter what happens."

As the birds chirped softly around them and the stars began to twinkle in the sky, Aditya felt a sense of peace. He had found a friend in Nisha, and while the future was uncertain, he knew their bond was special and worth cherishing.

Time Passes

Time passed like a bullet, and before they knew it, Aditya, Nisha, and Vikram were in their last year of college. Aditya, now more focused on his studies with placement season around the corner, drifted away from Nisha. His priority was to secure a good job and prepare for the CAT exam, leaving little time for extracurricular activities.

Aditya's days were filled with lectures, projects, and late-night study sessions. He knew that this was a crucial time for his future, and he was determined to do his best. He rarely participated in social events and opted out of the theater club to focus solely on his academics.

Meanwhile, Nisha and Vikram grew closer through their shared passion for theater. They conducted various plays for the theater club, gaining popularity and honing their craft. Their bond deepened, and they became almost inseparable.

The decision to leave the theater club was difficult for him, but he knew it was necessary. He watched from a distance as Nisha and Vikram's friendship blossomed into something more, feeling a pang of longing and regret.

Placement season arrived, and with it, the pressure to secure internships. All of the three applied to several companies, hoping to gain valuable experience. To their surprise, they all landed internships at different companies.

One evening, after receiving the internship offer, Nisha went to Aditya's room. She looked nervous but determined. "Aditya, can we talk?" she asked, her voice soft.

Aditya put down his book and nodded. "Sure, What's up?"

She took a deep breath. "I think it's the right time to confess my feelings to Vikram. We've grown so close, and I feel ready to take that step."

Aditya felt his heart sink. He had always known this moment might come, but hearing it out loud was like a punch to the gut. He forced a smile. "That's great. I'm happy for you. Vikram's a lucky guy."

Nisha smiled, relief washing over her. "Thank you. You've always been such a good friend."

Aditya watched as SHE left, feeling his heart break for the second time. He knew that his feelings for her would never be reciprocated, and it was time to accept that and move on.

The next day, Nisha confessed her feelings to Vikram, and he reciprocated. They officially became a couple, much to the delight of their friends and the theater club. Aditya congratulated them, hiding his pain behind a mask of happiness.

To cope with his heartbreak, he threw himself into his internship and preparations for the CAT exam. He worked long hours, attended coaching classes, and studied late into the night. His dedication paid off, and he performed well in his internship, earning praise from his supervisors.

Convocation Day

The final semester had ended, and the day of convocation arrived, bringing with it a mix of emotions. Aditya stood among his peers, dressed in his graduation gown, waiting for his name to be called. He had secured a permanent job and felt a sense of achievement, yet a lingering sadness echoed in his heart—this might be the last time he would see Nisha.

The ceremony proceeded with speeches and the conferral of degrees. When Aditya's name was called, he walked across the stage, receiving his degree with pride. He glanced at the audience, spotting Nisha and Vikram among the sea of faces. They, too, had been placed in reputable companies, ready to start their new chapters.

After the ceremony, as graduates mingled and took photos, Nisha approached Aditya. She seemed both excited and nervous. "Aditya, can we talk for a moment?"

Aditya nodded, trying to keep his emotions in check. "Yup, tell?"

Nisha took a deep breath, her eyes sparkling. "Vikram and I have decided to get engaged. Our families have agreed, and we're planning to have the engagement ceremony tomorrow."

"Oh, ok but this soon?" he asked.

Nisha's expression turned serious. "Actually I too did not know things could get this early and I know you have your CAT exam tomorrow, but the engagement is in the evening. It would mean a lot if you could come."

The next day arrived with a whirlwind of emotions for Aditya. He woke up early, nerves buzzing as he prepared for his CAT exam. The thought of Nisha's engagement in the evening weighed on his mind.

He sat through his CAT exam, his focus wavering at times as thoughts of Nisha and Vikram's engagement ceremony crept into his mind. He pushed those thoughts aside, determined to perform well.

After finishing his exam, he rushed home to freshen up before heading to the engagement venue. He arrived just in time, congratulating them with a smile that masked his inner turmoil. The ceremony was beautiful, filled with laughter, music, and the clinking of glasses.

Throughout the evening, he watched them, their happiness evident in every smile and glance they exchanged. He felt a pang of sadness realizing that he had lost her to Vikram, but he knew he had to be there for her, one last time.

As the night progressed, he found a quiet moment in a corner of the venue. He looked out at the twinkling lights of the cityscape, reflecting on the twists and turns of life that had led him to this moment.

As the evening drew to a close, he approached Nisha and Vikram. He congratulated them again, this time with a genuine warmth that masked his heartache. Nisha thanked him for coming, her eyes holding a hint of understanding.

Aditya smiled, hiding the pain in his heart. "I'm glad I could be here for both of you. Congratulations once again."

Nisha nodded, her expression tinged with sadness. "Thanks a lot, to me..." she took a pause, "to us it means a lot!"

He nodded, feeling a lump form in his throat. "Take care, Nisha. I wish you both all the happiness in the world."

With a final glance, he turned away, walking out of their lives as silently as he had entered. He knew that this was the end of a chapter—one filled with love, friendship, and unspoken emotion

Reunion in Sorrow

After years of silence, Aditya decided to reach out to Nisha. He dialed her number, his heart racing with uncertainty. When she answered, he could hear her trembling voice on the other end of the line. It sounded like she was crying.

"Where do you stay?" Aditya asked urgently, concerned about her voice.

Nisha managed to give him her address between sobs. Without a moment's hesitation, he rushed to her place.

He rang the bell, and a pale, weary woman opened the door. It was Nisha, her condition visibly deteriorated. Without a word, she threw herself into Aditya's arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

He held her tightly, feeling a rush of emotions overwhelm him. "Nisha, what happened?" he asked gently, his voice filled with concern.

Between sobs, Nisha managed to tell her story. Her entire family had perished in a tragic train accident years ago. She had endured a turbulent marriage with Vikram, which ended in divorce due to domestic violence. Now, she lived in misery with her five-year-old son, struggling to make ends meet after losing her job to a recession. Her savings were dwindling rapidly, and her health was deteriorating.

Aditya listened in shock and sorrow, his heart breaking for Nisha. Determined to help her, he suggested, "Nisha, you need to see a doctor. Let me take you."

She nodded weakly, grateful for his support. He guided her gently to his car and drove her to a nearby hospital. Throughout the journey, he reassured her, offering comfort in the face of overwhelming despair.

Aditya sat beside her in the doctor's cabin, anxiety gripping him as he listened to the diagnosis. The doctor spoke gently, suggesting that Nisha might be suffering from depression and needed support from those close to her.

"I would advise you to be there for her," the doctor said, addressing Aditya. "She may find solace in your presence."

Aditya nodded solemnly, understanding the gravity of her situation. He knew he had to do whatever he could to help her through this difficult time.

As they left the doctor's office, he pondered how he could support Nisha further. Remembering the doctor's suggestion about a change of scenery, he decided on a trip to Kedarnath, a serene and spiritual place that he hoped would lift Nisha's spirits.

That evening, he visited Nisha at her home, gently proposing the idea of a trip to Kedarnath. "how about we take a break and visit Kedarnath? It's a beautiful place, and I think it could be good for both you and your son."

Nisha looked up at him with tear-filled eyes, touched by his kindness. "Is it necessary?"

“Yes! I am doing the planning and you are coming with me! That is an order Mrs. Nisha.” he said to make the atmosphere lighter.

During the trip planning, Aditya also bonded with Nisha's young son. He played games with him, told him stories, and soon, the boy began to see him as a comforting presence in his life.

Healing in Kedarnath

The journey to Kedarnath was a pilgrimage of sorts for Nisha and Aditya, a quest for healing and renewal amidst the tranquil mountains and sacred surroundings. As they settled into their hotel room overlooking the majestic peaks, Aditya couldn't help but feel a sense of calm washing over him—a stark contrast to the turmoil that had gripped Nisha's life.

The first morning dawned with a gentle mist embracing the mountains. They ventured out, exploring the serene surroundings. Aditya noticed how Nisha's eyes lit up with each step they took, as if the beauty of Kedarnath was slowly permeating the darkness within her.

One evening, as the sun dipped behind the snow-capped peaks, Aditya found himself sitting by the window in their hotel room. The soft glow of twilight bathed the room as he scribbled thoughts into a notebook. Nisha, curious about his quiet demeanor, approached him.

"What are you writing?" she asked, her voice filled with a mixture of curiosity and hope.

He looked up with a gentle smile. "I'm writing up a story. I guess you could say I'm an author now," he replied playfully, hoping to lighten the mood.

Nisha chuckled softly, a hint of her old self emerging. "You always did have a way with words," she remarked, sitting beside him.

"What are you writing though?" she asked.

"Something which I thought should have happened to me" he answered while scribbling a few more words.

"What is it?" her curiosity increased.

"I will tell you later!" he suggested.

Throughout their stay in Kedarnath, he made sure Nisha felt supported and cared for. He encouraged her to explore the local temples, offering a listening ear whenever she needed to talk. Together, they participated in prayers and rituals, finding solace in the spiritual atmosphere.

Aditya also made sure Nisha's son felt included, taking him on short hikes and playing games with him. Slowly, the boy began to smile more often, finding comfort in his presence.

As the days passed, Nisha started to open up about her feelings and fears. He listened patiently, offering words of encouragement and understanding. He reminded her of her strength and resilience, helping her see a future beyond the shadows of her past.

The serene tranquility of Kedarnath was shattered on the last day of their trip when Nisha suddenly fainted. His heart raced with worry as he rushed her to the nearest hospital, where the doctors advised immediate blood tests. Concern etched deep lines on his face as he anxiously awaited the results.

Upon returning to Bangalore, Aditya accompanied Nisha to further medical examinations. The somber diagnosis delivered by the doctors hit him like a freight train: Nisha was in the final stages of leukemia, with only a month or two left to live. The news was devastating, yet he made a difficult decision to shield Nisha from the harsh reality, choosing instead to focus on keeping her happy and comfortable.

Aditya moved into Nisha's home, taking on the role of caregiver with unwavering devotion. Amidst the pall of impending loss, he found solace in writing. Sitting by Nisha's side, he penned their journey together into a poignant story which he started writing during their trip, weaving their memories, dreams, and unspoken emotions into chapters that he read aloud to her. The act of storytelling became a lifeline, bringing them closer as they relived cherished moments and created new ones in the pages of their narrative.

Desperate for a miracle, Aditya met with doctors regularly, clinging to the slimmest thread of hope. Each time, however, the prognosis remained grim. The disease had progressed too far, leaving no room for medical intervention.

The Unfinished Farewell

Aditya's heart raced with a mix of anticipation and reluctance as he prepared for the press conference in Delhi. The publishers, impressed by his manuscript though the climax was not written yet but because of his reputation as an author, had fast-tracked the process and had kept a press meet in Delhi. This meant Aditya's book, a labor of love dedicated to Nisha, would soon be in the hands of readers everywhere. Yet, as he packed his bags, a knot of unease tightened in his chest. He didn't want to leave Nisha's side, not even for a moment.

"Nisha, I wish I didn't have to go," he confessed, holding her hand gently. Her eyes, filled with warmth and understanding, met his. "This book is our legacy, Adi," she replied softly. "You need to go and share it with the world. I'll be fine here."

Before leaving, Nisha, ever the curious soul, asked about the climax of the story.

"But you did not tell me the climax, first you were reluctant to share the story with me in Kedarnath and now this climax thing!" asked Nisha.

"Well, I do have a climax in my mind and I have told the publisher that I will finish it before landing in Delhi, they trust me" he said.

"I have been an old acquaintance of theirs so they don't have a problem with this" he further continued.

Aditya smiled, promising to finish it during the flight. He made a mental note to switch off his phone during his work hours, a habit he'd developed to maintain focus.

In Delhi, amidst the buzz of journalists and eager readers, Aditya stood before the audience. He spoke from the heart, revealing how the book was a testament to his friendship with Nisha, a tribute to her kindness and resilience. His words resonated in the crowded hall, and as he talked about Nisha, he felt her presence, a silent encouragement pushing him forward.

The conference concluded, and as Aditya switched on his phone, he saw Nisha's message waiting for him: "Waiting for the climax part!" Relief washed over him as he quickly replied, "Done! Let me come!"

Back in Bangalore, however, tragedy struck with devastating swiftness. The news of Nisha's sudden passing hit Aditya like a physical blow. His heart shattered as he learned she had passed away just two days after he left for Delhi. The guilt of not being by her side during her final moments gnawed at him. Worse still was the realization that Nisha had never read his last message, never knew he had completed the story she had eagerly awaited.

In the midst of grief, Aditya found himself stepping into a new role, one he never expected but embraced with unwavering determination: caring for Nisha's son. He made a promise to himself and to her memory that he would be there for the young boy, just as Nisha had been there for him.

Days turned into weeks, and he found solace in writing. The manuscript became a bestseller, touching the hearts of readers with its poignant dedication and heartfelt storytelling.