Website name: arunandnooragettinghitched.com

Hey you!

We’re done being Freebirds!

We’ve decided to go up the Stairway to Heaven

Or ride down the Highway to Hell

So Come As You Are

With a Whole Lotta Love

To watch us be Heroes for just one day…

At 6pm on 19 May 2018

(Last line- To be updated)

Logo: Hot Air Balloon

website title in the tab (Arun & Noora Getting Hitched!)

**Our Story**

**His Version**

It all started, funnily enough, with a Facebook poke. And by the girl, for a change. It quickly moved to Facebook chats and then to sleepless midnight texting, all the while never really going beyond casual hi’s while in college. And it took a film festival few months later to really bring us together. Our Madam somehow thought an erotic movie deceptively titled as “Sleeping beauty” was a good place to start for two awkward people who just knew each other through chats but rarely talked much in real life. But hey, it worked! Her carefree attitude and rebellious nature got me completely hooked and thus it began.

After college, while I took the boring, safe option of a B-school, Madam was busy trying to figure out her life. Within a year, she was in Hyderabad studying English Literature while I was toiling away in Calcutta, pretending to learn what being a manager is all about. Long distance was tough, but the best thing that came out of it- knowing that we are in it for the long haul, along with the horrible sinking realization that I MAY have to endure this woman for the rest of my life.

A few more years, and we decided long distance is no longer cutting it. Hence Bangalore happened, where she is now a college professor (a strict one I presume) and I am making a living out of pretending to be a manager. We enjoy the smaller things in life, getting to know each other more, and having loads of fun along the way. Our favourite pastime- judging younger couples around us. “We definitely weren’t this cheesy”

Oh yeah, sure we weren’t!!!

**Her Version**

It all happened on an ordinary evening in my college hostel. Inspiration struck and I ‘poked’ Arun Sasikumar on Facebook, a name I had heard so many times but never had the chance to meet. Final year and all, seemed like the ideal time to make new friends. \*wink\* Surprisingly, he poked back and we continued this for a couple of MONTHS! And then we texted for the next couple of MONTHS. (Slow, this guy). Luckily, I got my hands on a pass for an international film festival in the city, an ideal intellectual excuse to go out with a guy. Needless to say, it worked. Though in a totally unexpected way. Anyway, when in doubt, be a nerd.

Did I know if he was the one? No, not really. But I sure didn’t have time to think of ‘the one’. This one had killed me with his wicked sense of humour, his straightforwardness and his insane amount of empathy. He was the logical one, I was the one with head-in-the clouds. We made sense to me. And nonsensically, I was falling for him.

And then began the long-distance affair after we graduated. He went on to b-school to learn how to screw others over. As for me, I graduated engineering just so that I didn’t screw myself over. I gallivanted around experimenting with jobs, eliminating one career option after the other trying to figure out where my interest lay since it definitely wasn’t in engineering. He, from across the country, send me his trust in what I was doing. Nutcase, I tell you. It took me a year to realize my calling was in the Arts, the creative stuff. We continued with our cross-country romance while I was pursuing my higher studies in Literature. It was the little things that I missed that made it so hard. The silver lining to it all was that sudden enlightenment that dawned on Mr Sasi that I am his chosen one. (Slow much?). Needless to say, I rolled my eyes.

Mr Sasi went out into the world to play the cool manager. A year later, I became a college professor. But it didn’t change the fact that we were both still in two different parts of the country. Mr Sasi decided that enough is enough and moved to Bangalore to be in the same city as me. Awwww… It wasn’t long before we decided to take the plunge. There wasn’t even the need for a proposal. So, if you are looking for a juicy story about a proposal, sorry! Go back and read other things because there’s none here. (Read between the lines: I swear to hang this over his head for the rest of his life!)

And here we are folks, 7 years later! On the threshold of publicly announcing that we are a thing.

For more cringeworthy stuff, check out the gallery below!

**Gallery**

(Photos to be shared)

**Much Love and Thanks**

All you wonderful people who paved the way for us to be here, we heart you!

**The Event**

We’re getting married under the starlit night surrounded by greenery and people we love. Join us to make the party even better.

Where: Puzhayoram International Convention Centre, Eravimangalam, Thrissur, Kerala (more description?)

When: 6:00 pm onwards

How to reach here: By Bus, by train, by aeroplane**.. (To be updated)**

We understand if technology makes you uncomfortable and Google Maps seems like a bunch of squiggly lines. Feel free to call either one of us if you’re stuck in the middle of a political rally, lost at sea or, God forbid, 4G doesn’t work.

**Bride’s Party**

**Anjana George**

Friend, mentor and sister, I cannot imagine a life without Anjana. A chance encounter while crossing the road made us roommates. And thus began our never-ending saga. A painter, designer, and writer, she is one of those people who knows too many people and does too many things in life. As if to compensate, she is a journalist by profession, she pours her heart and soul, and at times, her health, into her work. She is the very definition of passion. And the best thing about her, she pulls no stop when it comes to taking care of the people she loves. Anjana George is a woman to reckon with. I am in love with this woman.

**Ankitha Gowda aka Anki Monkey**

Not for once did I think in the beginning that I would become such good friends with Anki Monkey. Carpooling took on a new definition under her regime. It meant philosophising, academic discussions, pondering over dreams and goals, and quite a bit of bitching about people at work. She is a go-getter and her insane energy is so infectious that you don’t realize that you are getting caught up in her elaborate plans. Eternally bubbly, even when she is down in the dumps, and a perpetual chatterbox, she made me break down the barriers to making new bonds in life. Ever grateful, my love.

**Fathima Nisar**

Perhaps, the only person to witness and know me at my best and worst, except for the idiot who has set out to marry me. Fathima Nisar is a brand unto herself. If ever there was a catalyst in unleashing the real me, Fathima Nisar was it. College mates, hostel mates, and then three long years of long distance relationship, and then roommates again. We saw each other transition from being immature college kids to even more immature working adults. She’s the one I know I might take for granted just because I know she’ll be there for me. But I dare not do that because she’s just too valuable. All I can think of when I think of her is: If Fathima Nisar was a boy, I don’t think Arun Sasikumar would have stood a chance. :D

**Roshnara Mohamed aka Rosh**

The NRI-kutty in our midst, Rosh was so generous with lending her money, it took her years to track down the debtors! Her classic sarcasm and contempt for most things around her meant that people didn’t usually get her unless their IQ was above a certain level. In spite of all that jazz, I’ve lost count of the stupid stuff we’ve done together. Rosh prefers the world with BGM. So, you’ll see her walking around with ear phones plugged in all the time. She sings, she makes fun crafty stuff and she buys books endlessly. She’s one of those people who I know will have my back whatever mess I get myself into. Here’s to my partner-in-crime.

**Sneha Stephen aka Stephaaa**

Stephen is always quintessentially Stephen. Her expressive gestures while talking would set her apart from the crowd from miles away. A corporate manager and a writer by the side, she is one of my oldest friends. Ten effin years. I truly won this woman’s friendship ever since her words of wisdom during some of the darkest hours of my life. With so much crazy going on around, it’s absolutely necessary to have someone level-headed as Stephen around. Added bonus: Stephen’s wicked sense of style makes it an absolute pleasure to shop with her.

**Groom’s Party**

**Ajay Sureshkumar aka Aji aka Thakkuddu**

Aji, the crazy one in the family. It’s been a pleasure seeing him grow from a chubby playful kid to this brooding, enigmatic young man. A man with a delightful flair for words, intriguing persona and an eclectic mix of friends from literally all over the world. Avid reader, non-conformist, and a self-styled “buddhi jeevi”, who will leave a lasting mark once you get to know him. Provided you catch hold of him first, that is. And good luck with that!

**Rohan Warrier aka Floppan**

Friend and numero uno partner-in-crime. And it’s surprising how an eerily similar path our lives have taken, right from our school, college, MBA and even to our marriage, most probably. His desire to try out new things has led him to bravely embark on many endeavours, only to find them all end as grand flops. And hence the name. He has been around long enough (right from school) to witness how I have evolved over time. I have always felt that he is someone who instinctively understands my thought processes without any need for words.

**Abhishek Johri**

Friend. Travel mate. Flat mate. The list goes on. It’s by pure stroke of luck that we happened to be wing mates in IIM Calcutta. He has been a constant and calm presence in my life since then. Someone who I can just walk upto for any advice or help. Hard core biker, travel enthusiast, dog lover and Man United fan, he is a man of strong tastes and preferences. A natural leader of the pack and a true inspiration.