

**MAYBE SHE  
SEES  
ME TOO**

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# Chapter 1 – The First Day

*First days are heavier than they look. They don't just carry books and timetables, they carry questions. Who will sit beside me? Who will notice me? Will anyone remember my name? The classroom smelled of chalk and polished desks. Voices overlapped, some too loud, some too low. I slid into a corner seat, trying to be invisible. It felt like stepping into an ocean where everyone else already knew how to swim. And then the door creaked. She walked in. For a moment, I froze. Her face tugged at a memory I couldn't place. Have I seen her before? Or was it just my restless mind playing tricks? (My heart didn't know, but it had already decided she wasn't just another classmate.)*

She took a seat in the  
middle row, casually  
flipping her notebook open.  
Not a single glance in my  
direction.

But my friend leaned over  
and whispered, "You know  
her? Suhani. She lives near  
my place."

That's how it started.

Not with fireworks.

Not with music.

Just a casual sentence  
dropped in between the  
chaos of a new class.

At first, I didn't feel  
anything.

She was just another name,  
another face in the crowd.



But days have a way of  
peeling back layers.

Her laughter spilled across  
the room one afternoon,  
sharp and light at the same  
time.

Her voice during  
attendance lingered in my  
ears longer than it should  
have.

Her eyes, whenever they  
flicked around the class,  
seemed to hold something  
I couldn't quite name.

I caught myself staring,  
sometimes.

Careful, measured, never  
too long.

The fear of getting caught  
was real.

But then, one day, it wasn't  
just me looking.

(That was the moment everything  
changed.)

## Chapter 2 – Quiet Observations

*Sometimes, the smallest details hit you harder than the big ones. It's not the grand gestures or the loudest laughs. It's the way someone's hair falls when they turn, the way their voice carries even in a crowded room, the way their presence feels louder than words. That's when you realize you weren't looking for them, but somehow your eyes keep finding them anyway.*

It started with her laugh.

Sharp, yet soft.

Like it didn't ask for attention,  
but still took all of mine.



Her voice during  
attendance—

"Present Mam."

Two words.

And I swear they echoed  
longer than they should  
have.

Sometimes, when she  
explained answers to her  
friends,  
her hands moved with this  
careless energy ✨  
like even her gestures had  
their own language.

I didn't realize when I  
started noticing.

Her earrings one day.

Her choice of pen is  
another.

The way her notebook  
margins were filled with  
doodles.

I caught myself staring. 😞

Not always.

But enough to make me  
panic if she ever turned my  
way.

And then one afternoon...

She did. 🙄🙄

Her eyes met mine for a  
fraction of a second.  
Or maybe a little longer.  
I couldn't tell.

But in that moment,  
the world outside the  
classroom didn't exist.  
(I don't know if she saw me,  
or if she *really* saw me.)

## **Chapter 3 – Eyes Meet**