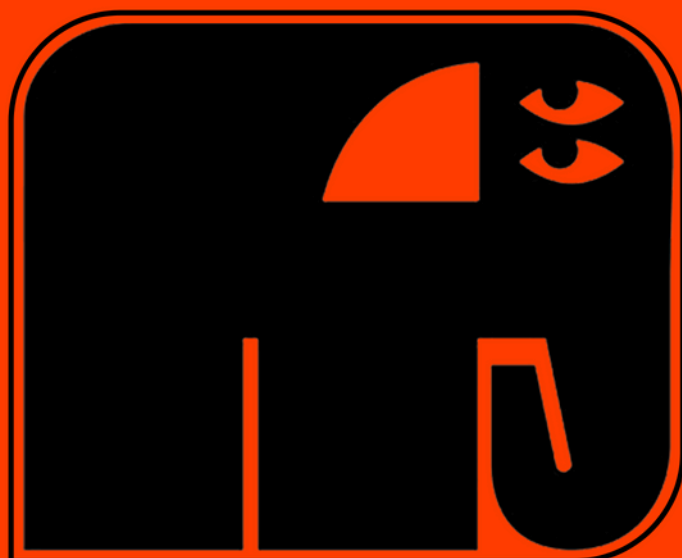


AFTER



MAYBE ABOUT MY LIFE OR SOMEONE IN MY LIFE, OR
ABOUT AN EXPERIENCE THAT HAPPENED IN THE PAST

X.IX.MMXXI

After

Friend
~~Relationship~~

NUKUS
<<KARAKALPAKSTAN>>
2025

DISCLAIMER

This work is a work of fiction. All events, characters, organizations, and geographical locations described herein are the product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, places, or events is purely coincidental and not intended by the author.

Prologue:

Dear readers!

I was actually a person who was not at all interested in reading books. But as soon as a book flows into my life due to the penetration of one person , now it's time for me to write a book that belongs to this person at night. The origin of this book is strongly attributed to this girl. This girl's name is "Pulshn" (for me). I will not be mistaken if I say that my acquaintance with " Pulshn " became one of the greatest "jackpots" of my life. The reason is because of this friendship, I have had changes in my life, we have done things that we have not done before. The Golden Age of a person's youth we crossed together. We passed many life experiences together. So we left a wonderful place in the hearts of each other as if they would write down with "GREAT LETTERS". Unfortunately, now we are not together, and the purpose of writing this book is also such that it tells about what situations are between us, why we are not talking now, what motivation we have given each other. The main idea of this book is that I want to write down everything in full about the ways we have taken together, and how much "Pulshn" has changed for the better in my life. In general, I will describe everything that is from the beginning to the end of our acquaintance. Further the origins of this book I would write down all the situations I had to a note while we were talking. My aim being to make one big book at the end. Because of this, even if we don't talk now, I want to finish writing this book to the end to fulfill my goal.

Chapter 1

It was 2019-2020 (in Nukus). It was very scary except the moment. Because the Covid-19 virus was spreading hard. Almost everywhere in the world was quarantine. Personally in quarantine, I was terribly afraid to go out, whether I would die from the virus.(I was about 13-14 years old). Because of this, when I was bored, I would call my friends home. One day my friends came home and we started playing a game called "Ludo" in the yard behind our house as 4 people. Such was the condition of the game: if anyone lost, the winner would show the girls in his class, and the loser would have to choose one and tell the same girl that he loves. My friends next to me almost all wrote to the girl one by one and lost. But I hadn't lost yet. In a moment I also lost and had to choose and write one girl. I knew a little of my friend's class, "Adilbek", so I agreed to choose from the girls in his class. He shows a picture of himself with his class, and begins to give suggestions, write to it or to this?. But at this time there was one beautiful, yellow, girl inside all the girls who roamed me with her body held upright, of course it was a "Pulshn". Immediately I told my friend "Adilbek" that I would write to this girl. But I had one problem writing to her; Pulshn had a boyfriend. And "Adilbek" says that everything is serious in them. As long as there is a lot between them. And on the another hand, I don't want to write to another girl. Despite nothing, I wrote at risk. If I'm not mistaken, then the name of the Instagram account was "Your Dream". At that time, it seemed to me, in fact, an appearance and beauty - a "Dream". And I wrote to "Pulshn", expressing my love for the condition

of the game. In the terms of the game, it could not be said that it was a game or it was a joke. But at this time I really had sympathy for her(but I don't know how). Only the people here knew how difficult it was to wait for an answer from her after being written. We continued to play the game. Even after 1-2 hours of playing, the answer has not yet come. When we finished playing, my friends went home. Now, saying goodbye to them, I also enter the house when I have an instagram notification coming to my phone. I look, she replied to what I wrote. When I open the message, there is such an sms inside. - Is this joke yes? I know you, you play, SU LI FA or Truth or Dare with Adil,for write to someone. Then I wrote, it is necessary not to express the condition of the game to her, for this reason I expressed maximum myself that i wrote with my desire. With this, we became the first to know each other. Then I noticed that she did not want to write to me because she had a boyfriend. But we admired each other by subscribing on Instagram. I was writing to her instagram stories-even then, sometimes she was writing to me .That's how we came into each other's lives. Later, after she had a boyfriend, I tried to forget her. But somehow fate gave us to meet together. As an example, I would go to English preparations. She would also go to the same place, so fate would put us in a group again. However we didn't talk there at all either, the reason was that at that time we had someone to talk to in "Pulshn"as well. I do not remember exactly what happened during the English preparations , I remember only one event belonging to both of us. There was a competition between the groups in the test, and the book was given as a

gift to the person who got the most correct results in the group. In that category, "Pulshn" is only 1 answer behind me. That's how I won this competition. Owing to this I remember that one. Over time, there will be nothing connecting us. Later, one of the Great Depressions in my life begins. It was in August 2021. I will not tell about this situation in this book, but tell it in detail in my next book, "Before". One event happens when I walk in depression one day, when a lot of things don't seem to me like I want to. At that time, not only I had depression, but also such in "Pulshn". For some reason, this phenomenon seemed like a way for us to get acquainted and talk better. And this is how our acquaintance begins from here. On September 10, "Pulshn" puts story on Instagram about friendship, that's what I see and read - suddenly I want to be friends with her, and so I write to story on the same day. My guess was that I also knew what happened in "Pulshn's" life at these times, even if it was a little bit if we weren't very familiar (his relationship with his boyfriend was strained). Maybe I think that all these things are the first reason we see each other and get acquainted (sign). So, on this day, writing from Instagram, after which we talked, a good dialogue began. "Pulshn" told me late at night,

- "Are we best friends in it?" she said,

I said - "If you do not mind, then Yes".

It was on this day that the 1st day of our acquaintance began to rejoice on September 10th. Of course, first we could not open up to each other at all, and I also did not open the "Pulshn", I was strongly ashamed. But we were talking via the

Telegram a day, didn't talk without stop, talked only about the necessary things. Just talked about things like "good morning" "wassup" "what are you doing". Talking good from the beginning, one day "Pulshn" opens a theme to me about English learning. Let's learn the english language to enter instead of Higher Education together.

- "Find such a place You" said she.

I found English Language Center which located next to "Sag carpet" and saw "Pulshn" on September 18 after being the friends here. How beautiful she is now, even then, was the same at this time. At the English course, we both first walked in a state of shock, even at this time I was ashamed of being a "tormoz", "Pulshn" was also not opening up to me, maybe she was also ashamed. So time went by for the day and of course came in on September 27, that is, my birthday. On my birthday, "Pulshn" made me a big surprise. Because that day was also the birthday of my close friend "Adilbek". We both celebrated in the same day, in the same place. "Adilbek" invited his class to his birthday I also offered my class. I knew that "Pulshn" would also come to "Adilbek's" birthday and waited. At one time, when I was walking with a birthday problem, I was called down by Adil.

- "Pulshn" is coming", Adil said.

And at that moment began surprise. She also fell out of the car with his friends and gave me a present for the first time, hugging me, I did not expect at all, and I was deeply delighted. It was an unexpected situation when the "Pulshn" came to me and gave me a gift, even if we were not so close to each other (not as close as we would give a gift to each other).

So on this day we were still ashamed of each other, and our first picture and video together was appeared. On this day, I wanted to play a waltz with a "Pulshn" in front of everyone, and a close friend "Asal" also said, "play". But unfortunately, "Pulshn" did not sit until the waltz song was put on. With that, we have not played Waltz to this day in life. Having finished my birthday in a good mood, we returned home to put everything in its place. As long as the people in my house wait, the gift of a large "Pulshn" in my hand when I enter the house, make them also interesting to me. Without taking off my clothes at this time, we began to open with everyone in the kitchen. I can not say my emotionality at the time of opening the gift, I was deeply delighted with it, because I also liked hand-made gifts. For me, "Pulshn", as she noticed, made the gift with her friend all night. Everyone in my house at this time went to ask,

- "who girl is now this?"

On this day, for the first time, I told the housemates that "Pulshn" was my friend. My mother liked her gift for making in her arms. (In general, even later, my mother always liked her gifts). I lay down after the "Pulshn" talking a little that night rejoiced at that day. Gradually we were talking well over time, going to the course together. But as long as it means, at this time, my head was not working. For some reason I could not get close. But I understood it when it turned out that the "Pulshn" at the same time worked hard 2 years later, after a good conversation. But I also had a reason that I could not close. I had a distrust, this distrust began to cold between us, as time went on, showing influence on the

"Pulshn" as well. In itself, in fact, our relationship was almost not good, then it deteriorated altogether. We would not have thought that we would both become" close friends". After a slow time, little by little we talk, even in the course we see only one of us, but we do not speak, showing each other a coldness. When we walk like this, we have a fight(conflict) in January. It was our first longest-running conflict at the time. (Lasted almost 2 months). The reason for the origin of the conflict is that in my opinion that I have not paid full attention and that I have a distrust of her. In my fantasy, it seemed that the "Pulshn" would talk to the previous guy again, talking to me only to spend time. But as long as I was wrong at this point, instead "Pulshn" just wanted to be a "close friend" with me. Although, many males wanted to be her friend, she only wanted to be my friend.(I do not know, why?, But RESPECT). True, at that time I was not the current "Atu". In one word I was "Playboy" at the time. Even if we were friends, I did not know"Pulshn" at all, I was talking to other girls at ease. One of my biggest mistakes in this relationship will be that.(I made such mistakes a lot in life, but I understood this mistake at that time, I did not understand others). It was my desire to talk to "Plenok", even if I talked to other girls at this time. What holds me is only that is my fantasy.(Former boyfriend). I often told my close friend "Adil".

- "Again they talk together yes?"

and I would not want to write further. This was also the reason why we could not talk for 2 months, and we could not open up and talk close to each other, and of course I also

have shame. For this reason, we would be close, but we would not be. Both of us had bad, erroneous thoughts in our heads. "Pulshn" was terribly upset, so much so that in her life I was the 1st friend, the 1st friendship-even if it was I was doing things that would be sad for her (in an unknown way). For this, it turns out that in the english course" Pulshn " does not bring herself as close as possible to me as she says. But I noticed it. So we spend 2 months without talking at all, without each other. And of course one of the legendary moments in my life was the birthday of my brother "Arthur". On March 30, I put a story on Instagram, congratulating Arthur on his birthday. Below the same story comes a notification from my "Pulshn" 2 months later. (It can also be said that the sms solved the fate of our relationship at that time). After that, that evening, we talked again, and it was the "2nd period" of our friendship. Gradually, even if we do not open up hard to each other over time, it has become better than before. (At this time, I wanted to be close friends again). We started talking again when we started returning to home even when I was ashamed in the evening at the time of attending IELTS course. But even then I was a tormoz. It was my position to talk everything and take her home every day after the course. Maybe attending the IELTS course would have been more fun and more effectively if we had talked better by acting earlier. Already in the summer, when we were talking slowly, the time we had to submit IELTS was approaching. We had agreed that we would do it in 1 day from the IELTS registration while we were talking. But on the day we register, I make the excuse to "Pulshn" that I

didn't like to register (deliberately) and I said ;

- "I will go to Kazakhstan with my family. For this - "I will pass the IELTS exam after 1 month"(For lies).

The reaction of "Pulshn" appeared to be directly nervous.

She said, -"I found out that you say and do so".

In fact, I was also registered that evening. With my teacher "Azamat" we made a register after coming the house (Online).

One day when we are sitting on a course, our teacher "Azamat" told the names of the people who made a register, after which "Pulshn" knew. If she didn't know, my plan was to unexpectedly go to the exam and pass it together. After the lesson, we return laughing and talking about this topic. When there was only a short time before the exam, our teacher called us to take the mock tests. For some reason, I always scored low on mock tests, and "Pulshn" scored higher than me. (I used to be ashamed of my work at that time, because I would get embarrassingly low marks). After the test, the teacher would take the only boys who got low marks and put them in a room, telling them heart-breaking words. One day after hearing such words, I became very angry and in pain. So I asked helps from "Pulshn" that ;

- "How can I raise my score?".

- "How do you get the best score?" I asked.

She began to explain her strategy to me.

She said to me,

- "Work on yourself every day with 1 listening!"

From that day on, she sent me Listening every day. It seemed to me that she was monitoring me and sending Listening every day (For me, it was also considered a kind of romance).

Thanks to that, I raised my score a lot (Thank you). It will arrive on June 11. That day is our IELTS exam day. We all started to gather in front of the university, scared and confused. (Boys, girls who submit together and the teacher). Only there was no "Pulshn", and everyone else came. "Azamat", the teacher, knowing that we were acquaintances, told me to call her, and he said that

- "Everyone should come in together and I have to pray".

If I'm not mistaken, I called "Pulshn" from the phone for the first time at that time. When I called, she said she would come in 5 minutes. After 5 minutes, she did not come. It turns out that she was sitting in a cafe without hurrying. At one point, she called me and asked where we were. Finally, she came running. After arriving, we all got together and took a prayer from the teacher and went inside. After we entered the building, the pressure was very intense. Even though we were scared then, we tried to support each other as much as possible. We looked at each other and cheered "Brat" until it was our turn to be checked and we went inside and waited for the others. In fact, inside the room, our places are far away. I sat in the middle of the 1st row of seats, and she sat at the last desk in the 3rd row. After the start of the test period, the confusion began. After listening to the 1st part of Listening, I felt confident in my skills. After doing the listening, they gave time to go to the next sheet to write down the answers on paper, at that time there were many observers (boys) in the room. At that time, when I was writing, I would look at "Pulshn" from time to time. At one time, my jealousy woke up for the first time. Because an observer (boy) came very

close to the "Pulshn" and said something, that made me jealous. So, like this, we passed the IELTS without moving for 3 hours. After passing the test, everyone started a discussion about the test. By the way, everyone is confident to take an IELTS.

We all got together and went to the teacher "Azamat" to talk about the test. We talked there and found out which answers were right and which were wrong and returned home satisfied. I don't remember exactly when, but the next stage was speaking. It was there after about 4-5 days. The speaking stage scared me a lot. The first reason for this was that speaking was in Zoom, and the second reason was that I was weak in that skill. On the day of speaking, we had a good conversation there for a long time. I don't remember much about the situations that happened during the speaking, but there is one situation that remains in my memory; We were waiting in line at the time of speaking. Everyone came in and out, but everyone was in a bad mood. After that, it was the turn of the first "Pulshn". After 15 minutes she came out in a bad mood and wanted to cry. To tell the truth, at that time, I had no desire to pass after seeing such an atmosphere. After a while, it was my turn. I entered without any desire or mood. I crawled out in 15 minutes. After speaking, we all got together and went to the Bazar on foot, the mood was bad. In the Bazar, they ate ice cream and stayed there, and I went to computer club. From that speaking day, our relationship started to change for the better. We started to be close to each other, we started talking well every day during the 3 months of summer. It was after this meeting that we had a very close

conversation. During curfew, when there was no internet in Nukus at all, this was a good reason for us to talk. At that time, if I wanted to talk again, there was no internet, but I wanted to talk with her (We were already close enough to talk). So, one day when "Adil" and I finished training, we were talking. Adil tells me that;

- "Yesterday I called to "Pulshn" and we talked for 1 hour."

For some reason, after hearing that, I feel very strange. After the training, I immediately went home, entered the living room and dialed "Pulshn's" number, wondering if I should call her or not. At that time, it was in the afternoon, and I would make a call without looking at anything. When I called, she took the phone, so I was confused, not knowing what to say. I don't know what I was talking about while I was so confused. We talked for about 1 hour. Finally, we agreed to talk tonight. It was time to hang up the phone, I was running out of words, and people in Pulshn's house started calling. Then I hung up the phone with the smile and told that

- "I could talk with her".

Later, I had various thoughts about what to talk about today, because at that time we couldn't talk without stopping like now, we couldn't open up to each other, there were things like shyness. Curfew time everyone in my house would all go into his room after 10 o'clock. That's how our day of talking on the first phone began. It was 10 o'clock, the housemates all went into their room. And I had to talk tonight until we agreed with "Pulshn" on the phone. And finally I call. She also picked up the phone. The first time we wanted to talk at

the beginning, it made us feel uncomfortable. She also picked up the phone. The first time we wanted to talk at the beginning, it made us feel uncomfortable. But after just talking, we found a theme close to both of us and talked to the best, not knowing how much time had passed. On the first day, we talked on the phone for about 5-6 hours. When a someone talks to a person for 5-6 hours without stopping in a day, while he recognizes the person for good, and we began not to be ashamed of each other. And on the second day we began to talk even longer 6-7 hours (from 10 pm to 6 am). Behind talking like that, we started to recognize both of us more closely. We slowly began to tell each other what we had in our lives. I am such a person if I notice that this person is close to me, I will sit telling everything that is inside me, in my life, without stopping. So, as far as I still remember, on 2 or 3 day already told to "Pulshn" all about my half-secretions, what kind of person I was before her, with whom I talked in some way (I mean about relationships). Day to day, she recognized another "Atu" and I another "Pulshn". The fact that we talk a lot - at this time, taught us what character each other have in every situation, what position we stand in. With such methods, we both learned to ask for what we were interested in. It was time when we were interested in each other. The story that I remember again at the time when we talked every day, on the 4th or 5th day, I was felt that we were talking a lot. Because the minutes in my tariff on the phone were not used at all before. After we started talking, on the contrary, it became completely insufficient. One day the minute on my phone ended, it was still curfew outside at the

time. No Paynet, shops would work. Putting money on the phone was only possible through the Click app. At that time in our house there was only a Click on my mother with dad.

- "I'm thinking if I tell them to put money on my phone what they say".

They would probably say.

- "Why put money on the phone?".

Because at that time there was neither the internet nor the other. For this, I suddenly called "Adilbek". Because there was a Click on it. And I wanted to pay him in the evening when he came home to work-out. At that time, I was used to talking every day. I wouldn't endure a day when I didn't talk. Then somehow I found a Click from "Adil" and talked on the phone again that night. The people themselves will be like another man in the morning, another man in the night. We were like that, and at night, no matter how great the topics would open up to themselves. At the time of talking a day, I told almost everything to "Pulshn" except for ONE thing. After about 4-5 days, the minute has run out again. And of course I came to call "Adilbek" again.

Then I tell to "Pulshn" that;

-"Until the night, let's talk at least in sms".

Because I would talk hard at that time. So it started again, but this time it was also added to talk in sms. One interesting story when we were talking is this; the clock was about 3 o'clock, and when I was still saying something without a stop, there was no response at all. At least during the communication sometimes she said like this "Yes","Yeah", such an answer was also lost. Then I said" Pulshn "" Pulshn "

twice, then I found out that she was sleepy and we slowly put a telephone to each other, wishing us "Good Night". (It was very interesting to me at that time, talking to a sleepy girl but I can't describe it here). In just 6-7 hours of talking, we found each other's new names ("Pulshn" and "Utushka"). These names were both said by our mother. After another 5-6 days, the phone minute is over. And again I took a minute to tell "Adil" again.

During the talk at night, it made me think that she told me about the previous guy of her and that she thought all the guys like that. To my imagination, after that, I got the idea to show to her,

"That all the guys are not like that, and there are good guys." After that statement, my opinion began to be different. That is, I began to try to show her that I am a good guy and somehow only make her happy in the future. Our talking topics also began to change accordingly. I didn't know how much it was for her but the topics for me began to be more about relationships than about friendship. (That's how it seemed). I didn't know how much it was for her but the topics for me began to be more about relationships than about friendship (That's how it seemed for me). Maybe after that we started to be very close to each other. And if at each time of talking we were told about what one of us liked, I would try to remember every thing that "Pulshn" liked and be like that. (For some reason, I was trying to her to like me at that time, I didn't know what kind of feeling it was anymore). After that, I became more and more not to be shy. And if I ran out of minutes on my phone, I would tell "Pulshn" herself that;

- "If you have minutes, call me and I don't have minutes left".

As a gentleman, I was ashamed to tell her that she wouldn't be the first to call. So, when we were having a good conversation during the curfew time, one day there would be a situation that I didn't like. It began like this. We were talking on the phone, and at first someone (X-man) put "Pulshn" on hold (3-4 times), then a number started to put me on hold. So, I put the phone on hold with "Pulshn", and when I pick it up, the dialogue starts like this:

- "Hello, How are you, are you Atu?", said he

- "It's good, how are you?"

- "Who are you? I don't know you", I said

He said that;

- "Are you talking with "Pulshn" now?".

And at that time I suddenly realized that he was her ex-boyfriend.

Then I said with nervous

- "Where did you get my phone number?"

At that time, his answer made me disappoint from "Pulshn".

He said that;

- "I had Pulshn's Telegram account and it was saved there and your number too".

Then I had different thoughts. At one time, I wondered that she was giving him a Telegram account, even talking with me. Then I put down the phone and called Pulshn, with feeling nervous. Because, it was like this in my mind, as if she was using me to pass the time. That's why I immediately called Pulshn and started asking. Then Pulshn began to explain. The situation was like this. Before, when they were talking, like

the girl and boy, and at that time they gave their telegram to each other, and then her contact was synchronized, and then he found my number. Then I realized that at first I thought wrong about it. After that, after taking it off, I fell asleep without getting nervous. The next day, I woke up around afternoon, and after drinking tea, I went outside to the back of the house. So I called Pulshnin's ex-boyfriend. After we talked, he answered all the questions I needed, and I still have the same. And this answer was made me laugh at that time;

- "Are you serious?" he said

- "Yes, what happened?" I answered.

- "I just loved her before, but we couldn't make a love, if everything is serious with you, I will leave for Kazakhstan right now and I entrusted her to you," he said.

For some reason, this thing sounded funny to me. So the topic was closed like this.

It happened during the curfew and one of the cases was on July 15. (That is, "on Pulshnin's birthday). On July 14th, "Adil" and I went out to get a present for Pulshnin's birthday. But at that time we could not walk, there was only a certain time to go out and there were not many places to buy things (We had a lot of trouble finding a present). After taking everything, I thought.

- "Where will we put these gifts? If I put them at home, I am ashamed of the people at home.

In the end, we decided to put at Adil's house. The next thing that made me think was that during the curfew, it was not possible to go out at 12 o'clock at night. It was possible to go to the street until 8 o'clock at the most.

Along the way, Adil and I thought about when we would give a gift. The day after this situation, on the 15th, we left home at exactly 7 o'clock to congratulate her. We had exactly 1 hour to congratulate. In 15 minutes we went to her home and called her friend (Aidana). I said,

- "Take Pulshn to the outside, we will come to congratulate her."

They came out in 10 minutes. If I describe "Pulshn" at that time; For the first time, I saw her in such homely clothes (a type of robe). I remember that at that time she had socks + slippers on her feet. (For my eyes it seemed exceptionally beautiful, in such a look). After congratulating and giving the gifts, "Pulshn" put the things at home. Then she said

- "Let's go out and walk around a bit".

We agreed, walked around the street and talked (we had 30 minutes at that time). We spent that time together and talked and returned to her home at 5 minutes before 8. After saying goodbye for each other, an interesting story began between Adil and me. Because it was already 8 o'clock. During the curfew, after 8 o'clock, the police would come and take people away. "Adil" and I ran along the streets in fear until we entered the house without being seen. That's how we congratulated in a way that will be remembered. That's how we used to pass the curfew together every day by talking on the phone. Thus, curfew would be lifted in August and we went for a walk together on August 13th. If we wanted to go somewhere to eat, "Pulshn" was afraid that her relatives would find out that we were together in many places. That's why we take what we want to eat that day and walk along

108 street and talk a lot and come back. After that walk, that place became a place where we used to go around a lot. And the only thing I remember at that time is that when I escorted her home, "Pulshn" took a story and posted on Instagram that we were walking together and marked my account below. At that time, I had a different feeling in my stomach. Because there were a lot of boys that she was signed on Instagram, and I was excited when I was the only one walking with her in front of them. As it turned out, in August we talked 1-2 times a day from Telegram because the internet did not work well, mostly we often talked on the phone. In August, we were just changing the music we could hear. (Sending the songs that we said at night from Telegram to the next day). One day, at night, we also talked about where we were going to enter, after the 11th grade. At the time, there was a plan that both of us would go to "Westminister University" and study in the same place. September also came. Further studies began. Both of us have an IELTS certificate. Now the next problem was to strengthen the preparation for the second subject. Mine was clear at the time that my second subject was mathematics. In "Pulshn", however, it was not yet clear. But she also tried to go with me to mathematics. And after September 15, we started looking for a place where mathematics would prepare. At the very beginning, we both went to the place where the fellow student of "Pulshn" went and recommend (to the place called Real Education). We went there and contacted the registration department. Explain why we came. After giving all the information about ourselves, we said that we need a teacher

to prepare mathematics. The only thing I didn't like about that place was that the people at the registration desk were poorly educated (they didn't know an elementary things like IELTS certificate). Then the people at the registration department directed us to a teacher on the second floor. We went there and waited for the teacher. After leaving, I talked with him and explained to him that we need. After that, he directed us to another room, it was on the 1st floor. When we went there, there were teenagers everywhere. We also went and sat. So we waited for the teacher for about 30-40 minutes, there. No one came. Then "Pulshn" said,

- "Let's find another place, Atu, because this place is not responsible".

So we packed our things and left, looking for another place. We went out and thought about where to go, and then we both said that

- "Let's go to 26 micro-district".

I found out from Adil that there is a preparatory course there, and Pulshn found out about it from her friend "Aizada". After talking like that, we went to the Bazar to get on the bus. From the Bazar, we took a bus to 26 mkr. We do not know the exact location of our destination, but we went there. From the route, we got off at a different location, but we didn't know it yet. We entered the institute on 26 micro-district and told the name of the teacher that we were looking for at that time, but it turned out that such a person did not work there and he said that such a person would be employed in a lyceum that was not far away from there. At that time, we realized that we were in the wrong location. From there we

got on each other's nerves. And we started walking along the path that the person in the institute told us and talked again. At one point, after walking normally, we found the lyceum. We went in there and asked the teacher's name again. It turned out that the teacher did not come to work today. The teachers there told us about a teacher named Rustem that he was also a good, experienced teacher. So they advised us to go and try it. We decided not to waste time, so let's go and see. We asked the teachers which class he was in. If I'm not mistaken, it was on the 3rd floor at that time. We went and called the teacher outside and I talked to him. And explained why we came and what we need. The teacher started asking us questions and asking about our level. We decided to start from scratch if we could. The teacher agreed with us and we entered the classroom. The teacher gave us tasks oriented on mathematics to test our level of knowledge. The tasks were very easy, solving at first glance. Having finished the tasks at once, then the teacher came and began to check and asked what method we worked with. First I said in which way I worked, then asked the "Pulshn", but she had worked in the simple way that no method. (In fact, her is also right, but her solution takes a lot of time). After that, the teacher came near us to explain the topic again. After explaining, he gave a lot of thematic tasks again.

- "If we finished that all given tasks, we may go home", said teacher.

Always my first word to say when a new topic passed,

- "Brat, Do you understand or explain to the topic?".

We started by working out examples of the subject if she says

I understand, and if she says I don't understand, I'll explain again. But the first day did not happen like this, we suddenly understood that samples, both of us began to work. We helped each other and quickly solved the examples. We then checked it all out, took the task home, and asked from teacher all when the next time of coming, where to come. We both got tired and hungry after the course because we walked whole day approximately. We boarded a bus towards the Bazar and took a drop in the Bazar and went to a lavash-eating place near here, by the river. At that time, it was time for lunch, we sat down and talked and ate. At one point, Pulshnin's mother called, asked where she was, and then we both quickly ate and talked with her until I walk her home. In September, the most memorable thing was that Pushn herself was sending video messages from Telegram. Because I loved it when she sent her videos for no reason, like her face inspired me. September 27 also came. (It's my birthday). The plan that day was to spend my birthday with Pulshn. That's why in the beginning, in the afternoon, I was walking around with my friends (going somewhere) and later in the evening, I had to go to the cinema with Pulshn. That day was the birthday of my best friend "Adil" to add this her girlfriend was a close friend of "Pulshn", so "Adil" and I decided to go together. That's why "Adil" and I said goodbye to my friends early and I called "Pulshn" to pick her up. But at that time there was such a thing, I couldn't take her away by her home, because Pulshn didn't like it and thought that someone would see us. That's why I waited near the bank at the beginning of her street. It didn't take long, then we went to the cinema

together by taxi. When we came, "Adil" and her girl had also arrived at the same time. So the 4 of us went in together. After entering the theater, we were thinking about what kind of movie to watch. I wanted to watch a romantic movie (as usual), someone of us wanted comedy, someone ... horror. Somehow, we chose a romantic movie. Before going to the cinema, we got ready by taking the necessary snacks and went inside. We watched a movie for about 2 hours. According to my feeling, "Pulshn" didn't like that movie (she didn't like movies of that genre). Then, after having finished the film, we called a taxi and returned together. Adil got down with her girl on another street, so we got down at the beginning of Sadraddin's street (that street was next to Pulshn's street) to talk further. We talked together and I walked her to house in the dark. After entering the house, I called "Adil" and we also went back home together that day. After the birthday was over, we focused on the mathematics again. We used to support each other every day and evening we started to do homework tasks. If she didn't understand, I would try to explain, and that day I would explain this topic like this;

$$- + = -$$

$$+ + = +$$

$$+ - = -$$

$$- - = -$$

After explaining, I would check and correct it, I would ask if she understood completely or not, and then I would ask;

- "Do one example and show me what you understand".

If it's right, I'll be fine, and if it's wrong, I'll try to explain it to the end again. She helped me with support, I would help her

with my mathematics. So we used to do math at home and school. After class, we would call each other, see her at the Bazaar, and talk with her all the way home. Those were the times when I was already starting to get jealous. I would have been nervous when she was close to boys, I was deeply jealous of her, even when she walked near me. Even if we were friends at that time, I would forbid her a couple of things. That's how I am such a person of my nature, there was a principle that the person who talks to me should only talk to me. And again I was afraid to lose the "Pulshn" - maybe even then I LOVED her (In this book, I will not hide anything), so I had been afraid of losing her. Our talk at that time was so close, it was like a relationship with each other, not a friendship. I think jealousy was the norm for those. Maybe she was also jealous, but now she may not admit it herself. (But as far as my perception was concerned, she was also jealous for 100%). Even the level we were jealous of was so tight, saying goodbye after talking and I was waiting for her to leave Telegram, and she was waiting for me. So we would be offline together. So, day after day, we became jealous of each other and started conflict. Now that I am thinking and writing about those times, I understand that I was a serious abuser at that time, but I didn't know it at the time. There were times when I was only looking for math and she was looking for math plus a Russian course. The first one she found was almost near the lychee, it would be 2 hours after class, and she would leave it and go home for only half an hour and go to the maths together again. I used to feel sorry for her at that time, because she was studying from dawn to

dusk (she would be exhausted, I would feel), and even if she didn't need to study maths, we would go to maths together to support me. That's why, I would try not to make disappointed her and help her as much as possible during the course of the maths. I also used to get tired, especially in mathematics. However, sitting next to her and looking into her mesmerizing eyes, I forget all my problems and felt relax.

One day, our math teacher found out that I was waiting for “Pulshn” to calculate together, and we were waiting for each other. Because one day when “Pulshn” did not come to course, teacher told me;

- "You are so smart and your tactics are very good, you have waited for the girl near you to finish the tasks, otherwise you have done it a long time ago."

At that time I just laughed, not knowing what to say.

Basically, there were many interesting events in the preparation of the maths. Because, we spent almost 3-4 hours together there. And, for me, walking together in the dark in the evening after the course was a romance for me. (Even if we had a conflict between us, it was a happiness for me to come back together). Without such a preparation, we spent much time together. Because of this, people thought that we were a couple. Even those who were in maths thought that we were in a relationship. Already from September - October, I would worry about “Pulshn”, even though she is an independent girl. Because she went to the course every day. Other than mathematics, she used to go to Russian on the route. And as far as I know, she was afraid when cars were in many places. That's why I was so worried until she came from

Russian course. So, I would always say like this;

- "Abaylap srazu qayt, shoshanlamay, kelip bolip srazu jaz!"
(I did not want to translate these words, because in my own language they sound more efficiently).

In this her preparatory course is what I still remember about it; In the course, a one ""Jackie Chan"" wrote to "Pulshn" to make a communication by playing on my nerves. When I tried to write to him at that time, he made his account invisible on Telegram. After one day, after Pulshn was going to a preparatory course, I was already jealous. Another time during the course, that boy was flirted to "Pulshn", and I couldn't stand it after knowing this. And when I told her;

- "May I go to your course and I will talk with this boy face to face, if he is master at flirting."

But "Pulshn" always stopped me to coming there. But after a day passed, I called that boy on the phone and solved it, maybe "Pulshn" didn't know about it. I only remember this situation in these months.

Even in that month, we were very jealous of each other. I would have directly shown my jealousy, but "Pulshn" would show it in such a way that she was not jealous. But I always felt that she was jealous too, every time when I came from event with another girls and boys (in restaurant), she would wait there without sleep, and when I came, we would talk by Telegram. During the dialogue she would expressed jealousy, but did not admit. Another fact is that at that time, even though we had been talking for a YEAR, we did not have a photo of the two of us (except for the photo taken on my birthday at the beginning). Situations in November;

On November 8, I found out that “Pulshn” has a Telegram channel, and I joined at that day. In her channel, there were only girls and I was the only one of the boys (it was a great feeling). After entering that channel, I started reading from the beginning and knew what I needed. And on that day, in the maths course, “Pulshn” gave me a picture that she made herself, which it would put on the back of the phone, with the inscription "I SEE FOREVER IN YOUR EYES". (This picture exists until today). I had loved such hand-made pictures or postcards, and this time also I liked the picture and made me very happy. We would always explain mathematics to each other and support, and on November 13, we would go for a walk, to have a little rest outside of course (to watch a movie). After enjoying the movie and finishing it, we took a photo together for the first time. At that time, we used to love to take a photo together. After taking a photo, we took a taxi, walked another 1-2 streets and talked all the way home. At that moment, our dating level would be like that; when it was time to say goodbye each other, we would hug and she entered her house while I would return to my home with the smile on my face.

We would see each other almost every day. Then we started to talk about many things in mathematics. At that time, I would sit next to her and look at her baby, beauty face from the side. Falling in love in her eyes. At that time, I fell in love with her very much, so she seemed so radiant to my eyes that I couldn't express them in words. There were a lot of interesting things during math time, we would sit together and take photos while we were not busy and breathing.

Otherwise, we would go outside and walk around and take photos. So, many photos have started to accumulate. I do not know how, at that time, perhaps, because I was loved “Pulshn”, I used to give her the phone without any doubts, even I would not give it to others even if it was to take a photo, to say it simply, it seemed impossible to touch my phone without my permission and no one wouldn't be able to check my phone. But “Pulshn” was allowed to pick up the phone at that time and check other things if she wanted.

At the end of November, “Pulshn” posted the music named "I still remember the 3rd of December" with the text "You and your sweater" on the Telegram channel. I read it at that time, but I did not understand what she said. Because, I did not know that there was such a day that to give your sweater to a girl. Later, after writing a comment on her channel herself, I realized that there is such a day. After reading it, I started thinking about it. Anyone had not given it before, so I wanted to give it her to be first. Unfortunately, I didn't have a unisex sweater. That's why I wanted to give something creative and I thought about what I could give for about 3 days. So, when that day came, on December 3, we had mathematics. I thought that instead of a sweater, I would give my first prayer carpet. So, without letting her know, I put it in my bag, even if it was small, and took it to the mathematics course. There was a plan to give it to her when we returned from the course and then go home. That's why I waited for the end of the mathematics course. After course was over, when we were talking by the river, I started talking like this.

- "You know, 3-4 days ago, You posted something about giving away sweaters on your channel, but later it was deleted".

- "Yes, I know", she said

- "So, I want to give you something now".

I said and started to take out prayer carpet from my bag. I took it out of my bag, opened it and showed it to her by the river and said the following.

- "I don't have a normal sweater to wear to give you today, for December 3rd. That's why I want to give my prayer carpet instead of giving my sweater"

- "This is better than the sweater you gave me, I really liked it" she said

and we were delighted each other by showing our true emotions. So, before I took "Pulshn" to her home, I heard "Pulshni's" constant thanks and saw happy emotions along the way. I noticed that the "Pulshn" had cooled, grabbed her hand and at that moment saw the first time holding her face. So we went to bed talking about everything that happened on this day at the night. Again, one of the interesting things about those times was that the "Pulshn's" classmates jokingly shared her last name "Ataubaeva". And my friends would say the same, but with her last name. Almost everyone was trying to make us a couple. They wanted us to be a couple more than ourselves. I was really falling in love with her when everyone thought of us like that. But my plan at that time was not to fall in love with a girl. All my focus was on enter to university, and "Pulshn" also thought so. Because of this, I was in no hurry. But we were talking , spending time all day

together, making each other jealous, doing almost everything couples do.

On December 18, I heard a great idea from my mother. This idea was as follows;

- "If we write our wishes daily with our hands, they will be accepted faster than saying them orally". When I heard this, I immediately told to "Pulshn". Because we used to wish a lot to enter the university. Then I had this idea and I said:

- "Come on, we will write each day about one wish, but we must write every day, don't forget."

Having said that, we agreed that on December 19, after 00:00, "Pulshn" will open th group, and on that day we will start writing our first wish. There was a starting STRUCTURE of desire. The "number" and "year" were written exactly as said. I was a lateral thinker even then. When I wrote my wishes, I used to pay attention to the details (I used to write our first and last name in full). I thought it would happen like this; I would think that if I just pray by name, there are many names like her, so God will not know which one belongs to her. It may sound funny to someone, but at that time, after I fell in love with that person, I wanted my wishes to belong only to that person. That's how we wrote our wishes every day in that group. In the beginning, we only wrote to enter the university. Later, the form of our wishes began to grow. Our future plans have been written. Both of us were appearing on our future plans. In fact, wishes related to all topics were written, even at that time I would imagine ourselves as we were going to get married in the future. In this way, we wrote our wishes for 156 days to that group.

Also, December was the last month we went to mathematics together. After all, “Pulshn” was only going to prepare for Russian in the remaining time. So, in order to spend the last month of December interestingly in mathematics, when there was no teacher, we would go around the lyceum, take pictures, and do other things. After mathematics, we would return together on the Damas in the cold. One of the situations I remember at that time is this; If I saw that she was freezing, we would hold hands, put them in a headgear and sit together on the Damas. At that time, this situation gave me a different feeling, to hold a girl's hand and warm it. I would fall in love her with such small things. Thus, “Pulshn's” final preparation in mathematics came on December 27. That day, for some reason, I felt like I was going to miss her. Then we spent that day together as much as possible with maximum joy. During the math course, we took a lot of photos, walked around the full lyceum, and spent time talking. After mathematics, we walked back to “Pulshn's” house from the Bazar as usual. That day we talked a lot and walked along the river. So, as we got closer to her home, I started to feel the feeling of not wanting to let go of a person. Finally, before reaching her home, we said good-bye and I returned home without a good mood (representing that I would go to mathematics alone).

After 3-4 days, it was already our first "Happy New Year". In honor of that, we will go for a walk together on December 29. That was also one of the highlights of our relationship (friendship). When we were sitting and waiting a meal, we talked about a lot of things, took pictures and even

videotaped each other without being shy, and passed the time like that. After having a meal there, we went for a walk.

“Pulshn” said when we were walking together;

- "I had lipstick in my bag, I have a great idea, so let's take a photo",

she said. I agreed, so I said it when we arrived somewhere;

- "Do we shoot the photo that you said."

Then she took out her lipstick from her bag and drew a half heart-shaped picture on my hand first and put her hand on mine to copy. (When she drew the heart on my hand, I looked at her with heart-filled eyes). So half of the heart was represented in my hand and half was in the hand of Pulshn. So her idea was as follows; We were going to hold hands and joined those half hearts together to form a whole heart and took a photo like that (It was romantic situation for me). After taking such a photo, we talked together and walked happily, and when it was time to come back home, her brother came to pick her up. Her brother and I didn't know each other very well at that time, so only we said hello and after that they left and I left as well.

2023 was also come. That day, at night, I went out to celebrate the new year with the friends. (However, when I felt that “Pulshn” and I wanted each other to go for a walk that day, I couldn't leave my friends. It would be a shame. Otherwise, I would have loved to walk with her). On the one hand, “Pulshn” also wanted to go for a walk with her family. But they didn't come out, and I was already preparing for my friends to come out. Thus “Pulshn” talked to me on Telegram and said that she was going to sleep after an hour and said

like that;

- "Good night and sweet dreams"
- "Write me when you get home."
- "Are you not already come back at 2 o'clock"

At that time, I had already arrived at our destination. Then I wrote back to her;

- "Sleep freely, I will write when I come."

She fell asleep like that, and I went for a walk with the friends until 3 in the morning and came home after 3 o'clock and fell asleep.

We made a conflict the next day and from the first day of the New Year. The reason for the conflict; according to our agreement, we both said that;

- "We will freeze Instagram after a New Year".

But, "Pulshn" said that she will not delete Instagram on that day, and this was how the conflict began. That's how we deleted the disputed Instagram after 3 days together. After that, everything was norm. After some time, on January 13, "Pulshn" cheered me up, it started like this;

We were talking on Telegram, and "Pulshn" has not entered Telegram for 2-3 hours. When I looked for her and wrote, she would be online and said that she was looking after her sister's child. Following that, I didn't have anything in my mind so I believed what she said. And that day was "Pulshn's" day to go to the Russian course and it was time to go. Subsequently, she entered the telegram again and wrote;

- "I went to the Russian course."

I believed in her word again. When she left the house, I called her as usual. We were supposed to talk until she went to the

Russian course, but that day we only talked until the bridge (half way). The reason: "Pulshn" said that her friend "Asal" was waiting there, and they were going to talk together. So we only talked until there. And I said that;

- "If your friend goes with you to the rest of the destination, I'm going to sleep".

Later, some time passed, "Pulshn" wrote that she returned home from tutoring. She said that she was going somewhere.

- "Where? Who are you next to you?", I asked

- "I will go to the vet with my brother, my cat is sick, so we have to treat it," she said.

- "Well, if you're going to go with brother, come safely and be careful".

I said and when I went to sleep again, my phone rang suddenly. I looked at the phone and saw the call "Pulshn" and immediately hung up.

- "Atu, do you have time now?"

- "Yes, what happened, is everything okey?"

- "Yes, calm down, if you have time, can you come to my street and go to the vet together, my brother is busy, he is going to training."

Even if I sleep

I said; - "Yes, I have time".

- "Then, if you have time, not come to the front of my house, I will send you the location, come there quickly as much as possible please, I will also go there, otherwise the parents in my house will see you."

I got up immediately, washed my face and started to get dressed. I got dressed and called a taxi, unfortunately the

taxis did not come right away. It was necessary to go to the place where the route was taken. I thought that, “if there was a route, I would ride it”. But unfortunately, there was no route or taxi from our street. Thereafter, waiting for a long time, I called all taxi companies, and finally a one taxi driver called and arrived 15 minutes later. I would go to the location that “Pulshn” said. Sitting in a taxi, I called “Pulshn”. Because, she waited for me for so long. But, when I was waiting for a taxi, I told her to wait on the porch of any house, because it was very cold that day. So I called her and asked her where she was. When I got out of the taxi and went to a porch that she said, I saw her, she was red and cold. When I look at her hand, there is no cat. I couldn't understand what was going on there. Because, instead of holding a cat, she hold a gift in a box. When I went in front of her, she suddenly blushed and smiled;

- "Congratulation with 14 January", she said and hugged.

At that time, I was shocked, unable to show my emotions, and hugged her. Then I started asking everything, what happened. She began to explain everything; She didn't attend the Russian course all day and at that time she was bringing me a present with her friend (Asal). She also lied that she was going to take care of her sister's child, she was also looking for a present at that time, she just lied to me for only not to I find out. Knowing that she had waited and walked so long in the cold to give me a gift, I hugged her once more, feeling that she was cold and thanked to the gift. So, “Pulshn” said that she should return home. If we tried to walk, I could not walk in the cold when I saw that “Pulshn” was freezing. So we

called a taxi and waited on that porch, looking at each other. An interesting story began there. One taxi driver took the order, and when I looked at how many minutes later it arrived, the driver was a woman. A taxi driver came at once. We got out of the porch and got into the taxi. We didn't have time to look at the taxi driver, so we talked about our own matters. On the way, I told "Pulshn",

- "What are you doing, searching for a gift for me, while you're freezing in the cold? You are a gift that given to me by our the Almighty Creator, it is enough for me".

She replied;

- "If I didn't give the gift today, I wouldn't have done it tomorrow. I told my family that I went to a Russian course, but instead of going to the course I walk in search and buy you a gift, so I gave it today," smiling shyly and blushing as she looked at me.

Her house was close by, and we quickly arrived at the house in a taxi. As we were getting out of the taxi, I told "Pulshn",

- "Be careful going home, and text me when you get inside."

We hugged and said goodbye, and I got back into the taxi to head home. After "Pulshn" got out, the female taxi driver looked at me and asked;

- "Where are you going next?"

I explained my own address, and at that moment, something interesting happened. The woman's face looked very familiar to me, but I couldn't remember who she was. When I mentioned my address, she said,

- "Are you Makset's son?"

I replied, - "Yes."

Then she started introducing herself; it turned out she was my dad's peer. I began to recognize her. During the ride, she started laughing and said,

- "Who is that girl? You're saying it with your deeply loved heart and quite harshly"; "Just go home and text, be careful on your way back."

She kept laughing while talking about everything we discussed with "Pulshn" before. I felt very embarrassed knowing she was my dad's acquaintance. Finally, we reached my house, and I was really shy. As I was getting out, she said,

- "I will go to your house soon to congratulate your grandma on the New Year, and I'll tell your dad about the future bride then," and she laughed as she left."

I entered the house, deep in thought and feeling shy. Everyone immediately realized that the gift I was holding was from "Pulshn". My dad greeted me and asked,

- "Does your friend give it to you?" Then everyone started coming over and asking,

- "Come on, tell us what your friend gave you", laughing.

Right there, in front of everyone, the gift was opened, and I remembered what my mom had said to my dad.

- "The girl really knows what Atu likes and what he needs; she gave him everything he might want", she said.

After that, I thought that surely that woman would come home and tell everyone, so I decided it was better to mention it myself first. I went to my dad and said;

- "You have an acquaintance, a woman with blonde hair", describing her, and my dad recognized who I was talking about. I told him the whole story, and he laughed, accepting

the situation well. After everything was said and done, I texted “Pulshn” and told her that the woman was my dad's acquaintance and shared what had happened and the dialogue that followed. Hearing this, “Pulshn” laughed hard and felt shy.

After telling everyone everything, I was really happy and expressed my deep gratitude to “Pulshn” for the gifts. (Honestly, I really liked those gifts because, just as my mom said, they were all things I needed). So, we used to talk without stopping every day. If I were to say that our conversations were about "FRIENDSHIP", it wouldn't be entirely true. We had already started asking each other for necessary things that should be asked at the time of the "RELATIONSHIP". For example, what kind of boys like and what kind of girls like, (like this). After sharing our types, we began to change in a way that seemed like we were trying to be that type. The type of people we talked about seemed to reflect each other's preferences. Occasionally, I would get really jealous, or on the contrary, “Pulshn” might get jealous too. But at those times, I would openly express my jealousy, while “Pulshn” wouldn't show anything, though I could feel her subtle jealousy (maybe she could admit it now, but back then, that was how it was).

In January, I developed a habit. It was like this: during January, it was very cold, and there was no gas in Nukus. Because of this, schools had a break for about 20 days (If I am not mistaken). Since we couldn't meet if there was no school, but I wanted to see “Pulshn” every day, maybe out of affection. After that, we wouldn't go to a same course; she

would go to a Russian course, and I would go to a Math course. I suggested that we could meet after our courses, but unfortunately they were on different days.

So, I developed this habit: "When "Pulshn" goes to her Russian course, I will be home, I will have time, so during the time she leaves that course, I will go and wait for her, and we will talk, go home and spend time together".

Also, I was very jealous at that time; I wanted to go to her course to see who was there, what kind of boys were there, I wanted to know everything. For that reason, starting from the end of January, I went there 1-2 times when she was leaving her course. Recently, it had been difficult for me. I have been feeling very anxious as I see many boys in the street talking to "Pulshn" while I was not around. Because of this, my nerves were frayed, and I tried not to keep my hands busy, making an effort to bring the situation under control as much as possible.

As days go by, my jealousy had increased. While dealing with this, February had arrived. On February 6th, we had a deadline to submit documents to "Westminster" University. My friend "Babur" had been preparing these documents for us. We always inform "Babur" about everything that he need to prepare documents, and thus, he had been helping us with the process. (Thank you, "Babur"). At that day, we had only completed the registration.

Those times, I might had really liked "Pulshn"; I used to see dreams like in a movie while sleeping. The ideas behind those dreams could easily inspire a film if film director added ; they were very romantic. My imagination was very active at that

time, and after seeing those dreams, I started envisioning my future with “Pulshn”. At that time, “Pulshn” had also dreams, but they weren't as vivid as mine, though theirs were also romantic in their own way. That's why, during that time, we both had a mutual attraction and envisioned a shared future together.

Everyone in our class started shipping us. My friends and the girls from the “Pulshn” group began to pair us together, and it seemed like everyone who knew us thought we were a couple. During that time, we both felt a growing sympathy for each other. We appeared like a couple in the eyes of others because we were overly jealous, constantly talking, and if we didn't log into social media for a little while, we would intensely look for each other. Perhaps that's why people thought we were dating. So many people were rooting for our relationship, but fate seemed to have different plans for us at that moment. “Pulshn” had been hurt in her previous relationship, and I had also experienced a tough breakup that hadn't ended well. We both found ourselves in a situation where we were hesitant to rush into a serious relationship. However, during that time, we had strong feelings for each other. (I will say honestly about what happened.) But we couldn't express our feelings in words; instead, it was evident through our actions. After realizing how much we loved each other, we shared everything and kept no secrets, making decisions together in a necessary place as if we were a couple. After we started to openly share everything with each other, we began to express that we didn't like certain things about each other. At one point, we talked about how we used to

communicate before as if we were strangers, discussing where mistakes had been made. During that conversation, I realized that I had been quite rude and toxic in my relationship, while “Pulshn” seemed to view me differently, indicating that, despite everything, she liked me and would suffer if we argued. Hearing all this changed something in my heart, and from that moment, I began to appreciate “Pulshn” more. I tried my best to be more open. I took note of everything she said and what interested her (for my own sake). For instance, she mentioned a film called "Amphibian," which was originally a book, and she had watched it as part of her Russian course. I thought it would be interesting to watch it later, so I noted it down. One day, I ended up watching that movie, hoping it would create a connection between us.

The circumstances of watching it were quite amusing. One morning, while everyone at home was still asleep, I began to watch the movie quietly. Soon, my family started waking up and noticed that I was watching an old Soviet film. They told, "What are you watching? The quality is terrible!" I couldn't say that “Pulshn” had recommended it, so I kept watching silently, finding it amusing.

After we opened up and started talking like this, I began to like her more and more each day. Every photo she posted would make my head spin with love, and I would try my best to compliment every photo as much as I could.

(For example, I would say, "With just one glance, I'm already lost to the world, where meaningless bustle reigns.")

When “Pulshn” went to her Russian course, I would step outside to talk on the phone with her, so no one at home

would see me. Through those conversations, various topics would arise, and we would sometimes joke and sometimes argue. Perhaps that's how our relationship started to strengthen.

At the end of February, we were going to take a class photo for vignette. By that time, our relationship had become quite unhealthy. I was constantly jealous of her without reason, and she would get jealous too, but only in unnecessary situations. (She was only jealous of a few individuals.) One such moment of jealousy occurred during the photo session; I had no particular thoughts in mind and was focused on the picture while also paying attention to “Pulshn”, chatting and joking with her. At one point, I sent her a video message on Telegram, curious about what we were doing. Before sending the video, we seemed to be talking normally. Suddenly, I noticed a shift in her mood, and I didn't understand why. I started asking what was wrong, as I usually do, blaming myself for something I might have done. Gradually, I began to realize she was feeling jealous. The reason was that my ex-female friend was there, and whenever we ran into with her, “Pulshn” and I would inevitably end up arguing. (Otherwise, during that time when we were communicating with “Pulshn”, I wasn't chatting or speaking with any other girls at all. To me, it felt like I could only see “Pulshn”; no other girls were in my view.). I sensed her mood was affected by that situation, but I didn't ask if it was really about that or something else. Regardless, she didn't say anything at that moment and seemed to be withdrawing from me. That day, she went to the dentist, and I was supposed to go with her,

but I ended up being too busy. I suggested I would go the next day, saying I wouldn't go today. "Pulshn" insisted she would go without me. So she left for the dentist with her brother, and of course, after that, she completely shut down, not writing to me or responding when I messaged her. I had planned to visit her at the dentist's after our photo session, but when I tried to text or call, she didn't pick up. So, I returned home after the photo session. After coming home and catching my breath, "Pulshn" messaged me, starting to write on Telegram. We began talking again, but I could sense that she wasn't in a good mood. It felt like she was trying to tell me something without being direct. At first, our conversation was nice, but gradually she began to speak more seriously. A lot of her comments seemed to stem from jealousy, as if she was thinking I was talking with my previous friend.

When the topic came up, I wanted to resolve it right away. I've always been the type to address problems as they arise, rather than dragging them out for days. I tried my best to explain to "Pulshn" that I hadn't been speaking to anyone else during that time. I justified myself, even though I hadn't spoken to my previous friend. Even though "Pulshn" was feeling jealous, she shared everything about my previous friend with jealousy. When I started to share my perspective, her response was,

- "I'm not interested in your previous friend, Atu. You can talk to whoever you want; if you want to reconnect with her, go ahead."

She seemed to express jealousy, but then she would also say;

- "Just don't mention her to me."

It was confusing me because "Pulshn" initiated these topics herself. I accepted her reaction well at that moment because I, too, felt jealous of "Pulshn" regarding her ex. Even if she mentioned his name accidentally, it would lead to conflict between us. I understood that her jealousy was a natural reaction, something inherent to her personality, and I didn't hold it against her. Our arguments were interesting; we would often get into little disputes over minor things, but after about half an hour, we'd end up talking nicely again. It was like a swing; our conversations would escalate quickly then settle down just as fast.

I also had this thing where, every night before sleep, I would dream of "Pulshn". I would see her in such detail, almost like a series. In my dreams, I could do things that I couldn't in real life. In reality, we were "friends," not a couple. So, I would think about dreaming of her every night, and as a result, I had many dreams. The next day, I would share those dreams with "Pulshn", but not all of them - just the parts I felt comfortable discussing. Most of the fantasies in those dreams were connected to the future, and I was shy about sharing them. I was also a bit afraid because I thought "Pulshn" might dismiss them since we were friends. I would only mention the parts that seemed acceptable to share.

So, March came around. Of course, we started the month with "International Women's Day" on March 8. On that day, I needed to get a gift for my closest person, "Pulshn", since it was a holiday for her too. To do this, I went out with my friend "Adilbek" to buy something in the morning. I was

thinking about what to get her when an idea struck me: “Classic shoes”. “Pulshn” usually wore sneakers rather than classic shoes, so I thought it would be nice to get her a pair of classic shoes. The funny part was that “Adilbek” and I went through a lot of stores but couldn’t find any classic shoes that I liked. Whenever I found shoes I liked, they didn’t have her size. After a while, we still hadn’t found anything, and we started brainstorming what else we could get. I finally decided to call “Pulshn’s” friend, “Asal”, to ask for help. I explained everything to “Asal”, telling her that I was trying to buy a gift but couldn’t find anything. She suggested that;

- "It might be better to buy a handbag and add a few little things to it".

After that idea, we started looking for a handbag, going into various women’s stores. At first, we were shy, being the only two guys among so many girls. But later, we became more comfortable and started asking around without hesitation. Eventually, we found a store that sold only handbags. I liked 4-5 options there, and while “Adilbek” and I were discussing which one to choose, the saleswoman asked, “How old is she?” and started suggesting options based on that. In the end, three options stood out. I called “Asal” again and said;

- “Asal, hop on Telegram, and I’ll show you three handbag options. Let me know which one you think is good.”

She agreed and quickly told me

- "I don't like any of the three".

Then we started looking for more options. We found two more and sent those pictures to “Asal”. Finally, she suggested one option, saying;

- "This one is beautiful; get this one."

After two hours of searching, we finally chose one handbag. Now we needed to add a few more little things to it. At one point, the saleswoman mentioned,

- "You need something for personal care, add it".

We liked that idea and immediately started looking for those items. "Adilbek" knew where to find them and took me to that section. When we got there, it was quite interesting. The saleswoman was a young girl who welcomed us warmly. I explained to her that I needed a few items to give with the handbag I bought. I said;

- "I got a handbag, but it would be embarrassing to give her only this, so please add a couple of little things."

The girl responded, "Let me see the box." I handed it to her, and as she opened it, she said,

- "You have good taste; this handbag is beautiful." She even started showing it off to the other saleswomen, saying,

- "Look, he bought a beautiful handbag!"

She began suggesting items to add. At first, she offered things that I knew "Pulshn" didn't need, so I immediately said,

- "My girl doesn't need these things; her skin is smooth and flawless like a baby."

The saleswoman laughed and said,

- "You really praise your girl a lot!"

Then she started recommending other items, packing them nicely into the box as a gift. After getting everything, I called "Pulshn" to meet, but she was still resting(sleeping). After a moment, she said, "Let's meet during lunch," and I replied that "I would come". She then said;

- "Thanks, but don't worry about the gift; I know you're inviting me just to give it."

However, she mentioned, "I'm going out with "Asal" later, so we can meet at that time."

They were going out for about four hours. "Pulshn" thought I was at home during that time, but I was already outside. I decided to play a little trick on her and texted,

- "I'm going to the computer,"

so I could wait for her. I waited for about 4 hours until she texted me that she was heading out. I got the address of where they were going from "Asal" without telling "Pulshn", aiming to surprise her. They were at a café, so I brought "Adilbek" along with me. When we arrived at their location, I called and asked them to step outside for a moment.

After a little while, "Pulshn" came out, and I congratulated her, hugged and handed her the gift. We talked for a bit there, and I wanted them leave to have their own time together as girls. This way, they could enjoy each other's company without any distractions. It felt nice to let them have that moment, allowing for a relaxed atmosphere. Then they said their goodbyes so that I could leave. When we got home, we talked late into the night, sharing all the interesting things that had happened at the stores and throughout the day with "Adilbek". During that time, I was quite nervous, impatient, and selfish. The reason for my mood was that I couldn't wait for her to reply to my messages, which led me to say a lot of hurtful things to "Pulshn". I might have seemed perfect to others outside, but anyone who talked to me knew how I really was. My character changed significantly in relationship

(it was a red flag). Many girls couldn't handle to my character, but "Pulshn" was patient at that time. Eventually, her patience ran out, and she ended up speaking quite harshly, which led to a conflict between us. **(If you're reading this now, I realize I was in the wrong regarding my attitude.)** So, we talked, argued, and eventually celebrated International Women's Day like this.

While all this was happening, I wasn't sure of the exact date, but we were preparing to go to "Westminster University" for a test day and to collect a few more documents in "Pulshn's" lyceum. On that day, we were in class and needed to leave early, just "Babur" and I. However, our school had a rule against letting students leave early. So, we had to come up with a reason to get permission from our teacher. We approached the teacher and said,

- "Today we need to register at Westminster University; it's the last day, can we leave now?"

After getting permission, we headed to "Pulshn's" lyceum. Once we arrived, I contacted "Pulshn" and found a good place to sit down and work on the documents. We found the assembly hall, which was empty, and settled in there. "Babur" told "Pulshn" what documents she needed to gather. She stepped out to collect her things. While she was gone, "Babur" and I looked over my documents. At one point, "Pulshn" returned with all her necessary papers. It was really cold in there, and I noticed that "Pulshn" was wearing thin clothes and shivering. Seeing this, I couldn't just stand by; I immediately took off my jacket and gave it to her. At first, she refused, saying she didn't need it, but I insisted until she

finally put it on so she wouldn't freeze. So, the three of us sat together working on the documents. Firstly, we started with "Pulshn's". One interesting thing was that she needed a 3x4 photo to attach to her registration. She didn't have one, so we had to take it there. We ended up taking the picture ourselves, and at that moment, she looked like a penguin in the photo (it was really funny at that time for us). While we were processing "Pulshn's" documents, errors kept popping up, and it wasn't working. Then "Babur" tried mine, and that worked. "Babur" tried to submit her documents two or three times, but it didn't go through. Finally, "Babur" said,

- "Send me your documents via Telegram, and I'll handle it when I get home."

So, that day we couldn't take the test date at "Westminster University" and ended up wandering around "Pulshn's" lyceum.

A couple of days later, I ended up hurting "Pulshn" deeply again. We had a major argument, and I kept speaking harshly. That night, as I was trying to sleep, I realized she was crying because of what I said. After saying everything in a rude manner, I didn't say anything more and just asked for forgiveness, but I knew that one apology wouldn't solve everything.

That night, we said our goodbyes and went to bed, but I couldn't sleep at all. I kept thinking about everything. I was reflecting on every word I had said to "Pulshn", asking myself why I responded so harshly. I remembered that I had already upset her before, making her cry, and I had promised myself that would be the last time—I would only make her happy

from then on. Yet, I had hurt her again, and I felt incredibly guilty that night, unable to sleep, constantly thinking about her.

In the morning, I got up and tried to express how sorry I was to “Pulshn”, making every effort to show my sincerity. “Pulshn” seemed to be holding back her tears, trying to act like everything was okay. Even though she forgave me, I still felt a heavy sense of guilt. The next day, we talked everything over and resolved our issues positively. I promised myself again that I wouldn’t make her cry.

In those days when we could talk openly, I knew when “Pulshn's” monthly period would start (we talk openly like this). I would roughly count that it was after 2-3 days, and I tried not to annoy her during those times since she suffered a lot from pain and had a bad mood. In March, I was also keeping track of the days, and the day before her monthly period started, I wrote to her:

- "Are you okay? Are you not in pain?"

She replied, "Don't start, everything is fine."

The next day, she mentioned that she was feeling unwell. I understood that during those days, I shouldn’t disturb her and should try to support her. When she was in pain, it was really hard for me to see.

That day, I googled for the first time what to do when a girl has her monthly period and found several suggestions. I sent them to “Pulshn” and asked if I could do something for her. For example, it said that “On the first day, when everything hurts, you should give a massage and support her”. It also advised “To talk less and take walks in fresh air”. I offered all

these options to “Pulshn” and said that;

- “If she couldn’t go out, I would give her a massage the next day and we would take a walk”.

The next day we talked about our plans for March 21, which is “Nauryz Bayram” (National holiday). A day before, I mentioned that I was writing this book. I had the idea to write a book about how I met “Pulshn” and everything that happened back then. Now, two years later, I'm working on that book. At that time, I promised myself that I would write it with confidence. The title of the book was different back then ("The appearance of Pulshn in the life of Atu"). The idea for the book was the same as it is now; to write everything in detail. So, that's how the idea for writing this book came about two years ago.

The next day, we were supposed to meet for the holiday with “Pulshn”. It was difficult to go out that day because “Pulshn's” parents were saying,

- "You've gone out too much."

We tried to find a way to go out and talk. We planned to go to a quiet place, as we always do, walking along the 108th street. When we were walking, after about an hour, “Pulshn's” brother called. He asked where she was; they had gone out with his sister, and they were going to pick up “Pulshn” too. “Pulshn” tried to explain as much as possible that she was with me, but her sister was definitely going to take her. So, his brother gave a location and said,

- "We're going there, come."

Then, while I was thinking we could just keep talking, this plan disrupted my mood. There was no other choice, so we

went together to that location while still talking. I wanted to spend my time with “Pulshn”, so she told her brother that she would go with me. We talked along the way, took photos, and smiled as we walked to the mentioned place. When we arrived, of course, to avoid being seen, we said goodbye from a distance. Since it was dark outside, I didn’t want to let “Pulshn” go easily; I quietly watched her from behind, pretending to be an unknown person. After she got into her sister's car, I calmly went home.

At that time, “Pulshn” had started attending a history course. There were about 150 people in that class, and around 70% of them were male. I was very jealous of that. I never intended to attend the history course myself. However, we had to enroll in the university. Eventually, I made a decision: I would also attend that course. To be honest, at that time, I had no intention of going to the history course until I became jealous of “Pulshn” from the other boys. My schedule did not allow me to attend the history course because I had a mathematics class that day. When I thought about going another day, I realized that “Pulshn” had a Russian class. At that time, “Pulshn” said to me,

- "If you're managing your time well, you can come to the history class another day; we can both come on two different days."

But how could I come another day if I was attending the history class just to see “Pulshn”? So, I found a way to leave my mathematics class 20 minutes early to manage my time effectively. (I did this because I loved “Pulshn” so much.) The history class was also interesting. During that time, we would

do our homework together on Telegram. We would set a specific time to read the topic and, once done, call each other on Telegram to ask questions about the topic. So, we were well-prepared for the history course. (I will share the interesting moments from the course later.)

*So, our **Chapter 1** ends, and we will move on to the **Chapter 2** that the peak moment of our Friendship*

Chapter 2

So, by the end of March, we started looking for tickets to Tashkent to attend the "Westminster University" test. At first, we couldn't find any tickets; there were none left, but we needed to get to the test as we had only one week left. Through some acquaintances, we managed to find tickets for April 8th. The tickets were for three people (me, "Pulshn", and her brother). After we purchased the tickets, we became curious about what it would be like, and questions started to bother us. This was the first time "Pulshn" and I were going to Tashkent together as friends. So, until April 8th, we would talk about various things after the history course or when I was picking "Pulshn" up from her Russian class. Two days before we left, after finishing the history course, we needed to ask the teacher for permission to leave. (We would say that "Pulshn" and I were going to take the test to Tashkent and would be away for about a week.) That day, we explained everything well and happily got permission to leave. The next day, the evening before our departure, we met again to stroll and chat. At that time, we discussed everything. We talked about what we needed for tomorrow, what items to bring, and everything we would do in Tashkent.

Already on the day we were supposed to leave for Tashkent, I arrived about an hour early. After a while, "Pulshn" arrived with her mom and dad. At that time, I was with my brothers, and they knew "Pulshn", so they started saying,

- "Hey, go say hi, it would be embarrassing not to."

When I was about to go over to "Pulshn", she looked at me with a gesture that seemed to say "don't come". Then she

immediately texted me:

- "Don't come, my dad is here; we'll see each other after we get on the train."

After that, we boarded the train. I got on before “Pulshn”. While waiting in my seat, I could already hear “Pulshn's” mom's voice. At that moment, I was so shy that I pretended not to recognize her (at that time, her mother didn't recognize me either). After everyone settled down, her mom got off the train, and then we started talking freely.

There were three of us in the train, but at that time, I didn't know her brother very well, so I was shy to talk. Interestingly, my seat was next to “Pulshn's”, while her brother's seat was a bit far away. After a while, the conductor started handing out sheets. At that moment, as I spread out my own, I helped “Pulshn” with hers, and her brother came over and looked at me strangely. I felt shy again. As we settled our things, we started to talk. Gradually, as time passed, I began to talk more comfortably with her brother. “Pulshn” and I also talked a lot, and we were both very happy to be heading to Tashkent together, looking at each other. As lunchtime approached, her brother went to his seat and fell asleep, leaving us unsure of what to do. We started filming videos and chatting with each other. At that moment, while we were talking, “Pulshn” was resting her head on my knee, and as we talked, I found myself completely captivated by her eyes. (It felt like, at that moment, we were like a couple traveling together.) While “Pulshn” was resting on my knee, she asked for my phone to take photos and videos. At that occasion, “Pulshn” was the only person who could hold my phone

freely and look through it; no one else would dare to do that. At one point, we were looking at photos in the gallery together, “Pulshn's” mood suddenly changed. I didn't understand what had happened and kept asking her what was wrong. However, she refused to say anything, and when I checked my phone, I saw a photo of my ex-femalefriend in the gallery (it was a group photo taken with classmates, not a personal one). Seeing that, her mood had clearly dropped. She suddenly went up to a upper place while I was sitting below. Noticing that I had upset her, I started to apologize repeatedly. Even though she wouldn't look at me, I went to where she had gone and kept asking for forgiveness. Finally, when she came back to herself, I stood between upper seats, in front of her and asked for forgiveness again, and after that, she seemed to accept it. During lunch, “Pulshn” took a relax and then fell asleep; I was gazing at her baby face. An hour later, we all gathered again, laughed, filmed videos, and reminisced about what had happened before, while having a snack. Around 6-7 PM, her brother went to sleep again, and we decided to explore the train. As we walked from carriage to carriage, we thought about filming a vlog. At one point, we reached the train's vestibule, and “Pulshn” wanted to film a video. We recorded many videos there, and since there were no people around, we even filmed ourselves hugging. (At that moment, butterflies were flying in my stomach). So, we spent time chatting with “Pulshn”. In the evening, as the sun was setting, the three of us gathered again to grab a bite to eat. After eating, “Pulshn's” brother went back to his seat, and we decided to rest a bit. Around 9 PM, I started talking with

“Pulshn” on various topics. While we were chatting, at 10 PM, the train lights went out completely, and everything turned dark. We continued talking, trying not to disturb others, so I moved closer to “Pulshn” to speak softly. In the darkness, we could share many things with each other freely. While talking with “Pulshn”, I detailed everything in my life but didn’t mention one thing. That thing was my greatest weakness (The death of my important person in my life), which is why I had never mentioned it before. However, I had often told “Pulshn” that I would share this important information one day, but I never specified what it was. As the moment to share approached in the darkness, since we had opened up about many things, I started the conversation like this:

- "Remember, I used to tell you that there was just one important thing I hadn’t mentioned, but I told you everything else."

- "The time has come to tell you that thing," I said.

The thing I was about to share was something very heavy for me at that time. It was during my deepest depression, when I had lost a "close" person who gave BIRTH to me in my life. At that moment, I didn't want to talk about it on the phone, and I only wanted to tell it to someone I considered close. I knew that if I started discussing it, I would definitely cry and tears would come to my eyes. I thought that saying it in the dark would make it much easier, so I began to speak. As soon as I started, tears suddenly filled my eyes, and “Pulshn” was shocked by hearing such bad news, not understanding at first and asking repeatedly. With tears in my eyes, I struggled to

explain everything to “Pulshn” in detail about how it all happened (even while crying). Previously, I often shouted to “Pulshn”; during those times when she would go outside with her head down, without drying her hair. I was overwhelmed with emotions. Because my "close" person had passed away after such moments. I explained everything to “Pulshn” saying like this:

- "At that time, you didn't like what I was saying, you were be upset, but I didn't want to lose you either, and that's why I was saying those things to you."

When “Pulshn” heard all this, she immediately hugged me, and I felt a lot of relief. The atmosphere at that moment was very heavy. It would have been impossible not to provide support. At that time, “Pulshn” supported me as much as she could, hugging me and wanting to comfort me when she saw that I was crying. At that particular time, I felt maximum as a woman support from “Pulshn”. Because it's a very difficult topic for me to talk about, but after feeling support from “Pulshn”, I was able to express everything inside me. At first, while we were talking, I was lying down, and “Pulshn” was resting her head on mine, listening to me. Then, during the dialogue, noticing that I was struggling to speak, “Pulshn” stood up, and we changed positions. “Pulshn” lay down, and I rested my head on her chest, hugging her, and she could feel that I was struggling to hug her tightly. At that precise moment, while I was speaking, she held my hand tightly, hugged me, sometimes holding my hair, sometimes my head, trying to calm me down, showing me her care.

In that atmosphere, in that position, we talked for about 4-5

hours together. At that time, I had nothing left to hide, and I told “Pulshn” absolutely everything. I told her:

- "I lost a close person who brought me into this world when I was little, and since that moment, I have great respect for the woman I talk to. I want to show you the love that I couldn't show to that close person. I want to make you very happy, and I'm afraid of losing you."

After hearing this, “Pulshn” might have understood my intentions. While we were talking, “Pulshn” said to me in the middle of our dialogue to prevent me from feeling sad:

- "If you feel bad, let's walk around the train a bit, it might help you feel lighter."

But at that juncture, I didn't want to move because many thoughts came to my mind, and I started to feel a bit depressed. Knowing that I didn't want to move, “Pulshn” continued to hug me. At one point, we began to sense the dawn breaking, and light started to come in. At that moment, Pulshn said again:

- "Atu, it's getting light now; people will start waking up, and if they see us lying like this, they might think badly, so you should go back to your place." "If there's anything else you want to talk about, just say it; I'm ready to support you."

Right then, since I had said everything I wanted, I felt lighter and realized it was time to go back. Because it was already around 4 AM, I felt that “Pulshn” was also getting sleepy. At that moment, I immediately agreed with “Pulshn”, saying:

- "Okay, I've said everything I wanted to say, and you look like you want to sleep, so let's sleep."

And in that timeframe, I automatically lost control of myself

and kissed “Pulshn” on the face. I couldn’t understand what happened in that minute, and I explained to her that I lost control of myself. She seemed to understand that I was not in a good state. After that note, we said goodbye, wishing each other a good night, and at that moment, I kissed her on the face again (I did it consciously). After that, I returned to my place, and seeing that she was getting sleepy, a phrase came to my mind: **"Pulshn likes to hold someone's hand while sleeping."** After that thought, I told her,

- "If you want, you can hold my hand,"

and I extended my hand. She held it, while I was looking at her sleeping face with love in my eyes. I kept watching her for a long time without sleeping. Since our seats were quite close (in a regular train, in the upper seats), I extended my hand and didn’t sleep, waiting for “Pulshn” to fall asleep. That’s how we slept, holding hands. In the morning at 6 o'clock, the conductor asked us to gather the sheets, waking us up. I got up and collected my sheets, not waking “Pulshn”, as she was tired from not sleeping all night. After our dialogues from the night before and feeling “Pulshn's” support, I felt my perception of her had changed. After finishing with my sheets, seeing “Pulshn” sleeping made me feel differently, as if I had fallen deeply in love with her. As we got closer to Tashkent, I started to wake “Pulshn” in a romantic way, gently rubbing her lower leg. In that moment, I truly understood that I loved her. Seeing her awake made me feel like we were on a different level. Once “Pulshn” got up, we gathered her sheets together and handed everything in. (At that moment, I was being the ultimate gentleman, taking care

of everything). We arrived in Tashkent at 7, and I went to my brother's house while “Pulshn” went to her sister's house. We both got a bit tired on the way and took a short nap. From that day on, “Pulshn’s” attitude towards me changed 180 degrees (maybe after hearing everything or understanding my intentions, or maybe she started to love me more). It became very noticeable; she showed me great care and love like my girl.

As we talked, we completely forgot our purpose of going to Tashkent for the test; we were both so happy that it felt overwhelming. That evening, we planned to go out, but the distance between “Pulshn's” house and mine was quite far, and I wasn't sure how to explain the metro to her. Nevertheless, we wanted to see each other, and we decided to meet at “Magic City” that evening. Time passed quickly, and evening arrived. I got ready and left for the journey. I didn't really understand the metro system, but I had some information. I managed to reach “Magic City” by metro, where I met “Pulshn” and her brother. “Pulshn” had once said,

- "No one knows us in Tashkent, so we can hold hands and hug freely,"

and that’s how we walked around “Magic City”. We explored all the places together, took photos, and when we got hungry, we went somewhere to eat.

In just these two days, the level of our friendship changed significantly, becoming more of a relationship. We spent the evening together and returned home around night. The next day, it was the day we would take the test at “Westminster

University”. The test was scheduled to start at 9 AM. The location was far for both me and “Pulshn”, taking 30-40 minutes by taxi. I got up early to prepare for the test, gathered the necessary things, and left for the location an hour early by taxi. While I was in the taxi, I got stuck in traffic. It was about 8:40 AM, and “Pulshn” had already arrived. She kept calling me, while I was still stuck in traffic. The taxi driver was relatively young and drove quickly, managing to find alternate routes, and I made it there just in time for 9 AM. I called “Pulshn” when I arrived and found her. Then we started looking for where the test would be held. After finding the location, we gave our things to “Pulshn's” brother and began checking in with FaceID for the test. At that moment, we weren't really thinking about the test; we were just happy to be together in Tashkent, and the idea of taking the test didn't seem interesting. So, without thinking, we just walked right in. Eventually, we were brought into a computer room where our documents were being checked. We waited for our turn. At one point, “Pulshn” went in first, and then I followed. They separated us into different areas. Our plan was that I would help “Pulshn” with math, but that plan fell apart right there. Before the test started, I looked over at “Pulshn”, noticing that the room was full of boys (I felt a bit jealous). When the test began, I started reading the questions. The first few questions were easy for me. After finishing those, I looked down at “Pulshn” and realized she was struggling. However, there was no chance for me to help her. Suddenly, while I was working on my test, “Pulshn” said, - "Atu, I'm done. I'll go out and wait."

Hearing that made me change my mindset. I thought that if I kept solving math's questions, it would take too long, and "Pulshn" would be waiting outside, and her brother would be wandering around looking for her. So, while "Pulshn" waited behind the door, I guessed answers to the questions quickly. I finished the test about five minutes later. We submitted our tests and started looking for her brother. Before that, we talked about the test. "Pulshn" kept saying,

- "It was really hard; I definitely didn't pass."

I replied, - "It was hard for me too; I probably didn't pass either."

But at that moment, the test didn't seem interesting to us anymore. We enjoyed being together in Tashkent, feeling happy. The time passed, we found her brother, took our phones, and called our parents to tell them about the test. "Pulshn" called her mom first and said,

- "Mom, the test was hard, but I passed the first stage on a contract."

Her mom then asked about me, - "What about Atu? Did he pass?"

- "He scored higher than me; he passed to the next stage," "Pulshn" said.

That ended the conversation, and the rest was just casual talk unrelated to the test. Then I called my dad.

- "Dad, I passed the test; for now, I've entered on a contract. If I pass the next stage, I'll be on a budget."

My dad asked first about "Pulshn", - "What did your friend do? Did she pass too?"

I told him she did, but just on a contract.

After telling our families, the three of us walked around the area near “Westminster University”, talking. After a while, feeling tired, we decided to head back home by subway. Since we had seen each other from morning until afternoon, we planned to meet again in the evening. After returning home, we took a little rest and began preparing to go out again in the evening. Our meeting was filled with adventures because, according to our plan, we were supposed to meet at "Tashkent City." The nearest metro station to there was "Friendship of Nations" In the evening, I told “Pulshn” that we would meet at the metro, and we would go together from there. I mentioned the station name "Friendship," thinking everyone would understand it since that's how everyone referred to it. However, interestingly, we planned to meet at 6 PM. When I arrived at "Friendship of Nations," I called them:

- "Where are you? It's time to meet; I'm waiting by the metro."

At that moment, they were already on the metro. After about 15 minutes, I called again, and that's when things got interesting.

- "We arrived at the station you mentioned; where are you?" they said.

But I was at the station, not seeing them. I then sent my location. Shortly after, I received another call:

- "Atu, you must be at the wrong place; we went to a different station."

I was confused and asked them to send their location. When I looked, I saw they had misunderstood the station name and

went to a newly opened station called "Friend" which was quite far from "Fiendship of Nations" At that moment, "Pulshn's" mood started to drop and would be upset for meand said like that;

- "I don't like Tashkent; I keep getting lost again and again. I know my Nukus well, I won't get lost there. I want to go back. I didn't get to see anyone today, so I'll return."

I managed to convince them to come, even after arguing a bit and eventually, she took a taxi and arrived hour later while I was waiting outside.

After we met, we headed to "Tashkent City." Since no one recognized us there, "Pulshn" and I walked around holding hands. Her brother was filming us from behind (like in a love story video). At that moment, I felt a sense of being in a long-term relationship, as if we had already been married. We visited beautiful places, walked around, and took photos while hugging each other (If you are reading this book, you would remember how much I loved your natural scent when hugging you). We spent quality time together, feeling like a couple.

The next day, "Pulshn" had her own work, and I had mine. Plus, we needed to prepare for our return to Nukus the next day, so we couldn't meet again. The next day was our day to return to Nukus, and our train ticket was for noon at 12. This time, I arrived first as usual and waited by a tree at the station for them to arrive. After a short while, they came, and we entered the station together. After passing through security, we waited for the train to arrive. "Pulshn's" brother had bought fast food for all of us, so we ate that before the train

arrived. Just as we finished eating a half, the train came. We hurriedly packed our things and boarded the train. Interestingly, “Pulshn's” brother's seat was far from us. However, I told the conductor and moved his seat closer to us. Once settled on the train, we ate the remaining fast food. After we were full, the three of us chatted and laughed. At that point, I felt no embarrassment around “Pulshn” or her brother. During the journey, her brother started to doze off, but I kept teasing him to keep him awake. Eventually, he fell asleep while we continued to talk. Our conversations had changed and felt more intimate, like a couple. Throughout the journey, “Pulshn” and I filmed various videos of each other. (*One of those photos from the train is now the cover of my book.*) Looking out the train window, we saw lush green fields; the view was beautiful, and “Pulshn” was capturing everything on my phone, vlogging. During this, I remembered a promise I had made to “Pulshn”:

"If we pass the test after a few months and get into university together in Tashkent, I will take you to a beautiful green field like this, and we will run hand in hand, embracing, feeling happy with life." (Unfortunately, that promise couldn't be fulfilled.)

As time passed, we talked and grew tired, taking a short break to rest. After a little while, “Pulshn” wanted to film the view outside again and asked for my phone, waking me up. We filmed various videos again. She would fan her hair and hands out of the window for wonderful videos. While filming “Pulshn”, I became increasingly enamored with her as she posed for the camera, and I captured her with loving eyes.

Once we finished filming, “Pulshn” suggested,

- "Atu, reach out your hand,"

wanting to take a photo by holding hands together. Hearing that made my heart flutter. We held hands like a couple again and took photos and videos. We spent the time filming and chatting until late at night. At midnight, we arrived at “Samarkand” station, and at that moment, we got off to walk in the fresh air and buy something to eat (“Pulshn” was hungry and wanted a snack). One memorable moment for me was that “Pulshn” was the first girl in my life to wear my shoes; when we went outside, she put on my shoes. (I always liked it when the girl I was talking to wore my clothes.) We went inside a store, bought some samsa to eat, and then headed back to the train. We talked again on the way, and thus we arrived in Nukus by morning.

(“This is the period in our acquaintance that is written in GOLDEN letters”)

The day we arrived, we took a short rest, but in the evening, we had to go to history class. However, I had a terrible headache from the first day in Nukus. When I mentioned it to my family, they said,

- "You probably stayed up talking with your friend instead of sleeping, and that's why you're feeling sick now."

I thought maybe they were right, so I managed to take a short nap.

At 6 in the evening, when it was time for history class, I wore the shirt that “Pulshn” had gifted me. (To explain in detail what this shirt is, she had given it to me for my birthday a year ago, but I hadn’t worn it because I didn’t have anything

suitable to wear with it. That's why I had been avoiding wearing it.) When "Pulshn" saw my style in the shirt, she was amazed and recognized that it was the one she had given me. Just in case, I mentioned she had forgotten about it, but she remembered the gift. From that moment on, "Pulshn" started to change my style. (Before, I used to wear only classic or tight-fitting clothes, but after our conversation, I began to wear oversized clothes.)

After finishing the history course, we talked on the way home, but this time our conversations felt different, less like friends and more like we were in a relationship. After returning from history course, we deleted Instagram again. And starting from April, we committed to our courses.

By April, jealousy and an unhealthy relationship began to develop between us, as we would get jealous over the smallest things. Since we were both going to finish our studies this year, we needed to dance the waltz, but we were both jealous of each other. (At that time, "Pulshn" was very jealous; she would express her feelings, and in the end, she would say, "I'm adequate; you know I won't be jealous no matter what you do.") By the middle of April, waltz rehearsals had started for me. "If I said I wouldn't dance, I would be embarrassed in class; if I did dance, every time I went to a waltz rehearsal, "Pulshn" and I would end up arguing". (Maybe now she would deny these things, but back then, we would get very jealous and argue, and it was because of the waltz that we had these conflicts.) Even when I was at the waltz rehearsals, I was thinking about "Pulshn";

- "Now that I'm dancing, she must be upset, and it must be

bothering her."

I could do nothing but think about it. Every ten minutes, I would check my phone and call to get calm her, trying to avoid making her upset. (At that time, "Pulshn" wasn't going to the waltz; she had decided not to participate, and on the last day of school, I planned instead of her to dance with me.) Thinking about these things made it hard for me to enjoy dancing the waltz, as if it was unfair to "Pulshn";

- "If she wasn't dancing, then I shouldn't either. I was preoccupied with various thoughts and couldn't enjoy the waltz", yet I continued to attend rehearsals.

So, we would argue one day and have good conversations the next. So like this, we would argue and get jealous about the waltz topic every day from April till playing Waltz Day.

By the end of April, I had an idea that was one of "Pulshn's" own wishes: "We should have a big picnic with a company."

We started planning this idea at the end of April and decided to set the date for April 24. (The picnic would involve my friends and "Pulshn's" girlfriends.) On the day of the picnic, we would go out in the morning to buy food with the boys, and according to the plan, a couple of girls were supposed to join us to help with the shopping. At that time, we were meeting "Pulshn's" friends for the first time, so she decided to come herself, but eventually, she couldn't make it (she had other plans at same time) and just told us what to get, and we ended up just going with the boys.

At around 3 PM, we started gathering at the picnic location (it was by the lake). Once we were all gathered, we realized we didn't like the location. On the day we went, there was a

strong breeze, and when the wind blew hard, the dust would lift. This affected our mood. (I was getting really nervous.) There was another location at the far end of the lake, so two of my friends went to check it out. However, it was also sandy there, so the dust would also lift in the wind. Our enthusiasm was fading, and when we thought about going home, we realized the food had already been bought. So, we, as boys, started looking for a solution. Initially, we found a place to sit that was somewhat sheltered from the wind, but it was muddy and uninhabitable. Later, we managed to lift a large low table with the boys and moved it closer to the lake, to the water's edge. Even though there was still some wind, we hoped the dust wouldn't lift. By the time we decided to implement this idea, we had already gotten nervous and argued several times. But once we set it in a good spot, our mood improved. The girls started to set up the low table while we boys collected wood for barbecuing, and some began to arrange the skewers. (At that moment, it was the first time I felt really embarrassed in front of "Pulshn".) Because, while we were grilling the skewers, I lost my temper with the boys and started yelling at them with a loud voice and profanity; at that moment, the girls were nearby. I didn't realize they were there because they were about 50-60 meters away from us. So, as I was letting out angry words, "Pulshn" suddenly got embarrassed and moved away to join her friends, which made me feel awkward too. The reason for my anger was that the barbecue wasn't going well; either the wood wasn't burning properly, or the skewers weren't set up correctly. We eventually found a solution, started to burn the

wood, and began grilling the skewers. At that point, I stepped away to sit with the girls while two boys stayed to continue grilling. The rest of the boys went to join the girls. We sat down at the low table with the girls and started talking, getting to know one another. Because it was just my group and “Pulshn's” group, no one knew each other. Only “Pulshn” and I were connecting the two groups. At first, we sat there awkwardly, feeling shy and unable to speak. (“Pulshn's” friends probably thought we were being standoffish, or maybe we were just too shy to talk at that moment.) Over time, we started getting acquainted. We talked about many things and shared some laughs. “Pulshn's” friends began to share interesting stories about us, what they thought, and what was happening between them during lyceum days. We spent the time well while grilling and playing with a ball. Eventually, the girls started taking photos, and since I love being in photos, I waited for “Pulshn” to be available for me. When I saw she was done taking photos, I went over to her to take a picture together. We found a good angle and location, and while we were taking the photo, I had my hand on her waist. All her friends started looking at us and exclaimed;

- "Oh, look at them, they look like a couple!"

Seeing everyone's reaction made us both feel shy. The girls kept teasing us, thinking we were a couple. They began to say indirectly,

- "They're not a couple, they're just friends," trying in a joking manner.

Nevertheless, we took a lot of photos (at that moment, it felt

like we were doing a love story photoshoot before getting married). After taking the photos, the skewers were ready. We all sat at the low table, laughing and enjoying our meal. While we were eating, I remember that I was sitting next to “Pulshn”, and when we moved the low table while we were arriving, a piece of the table had scratched my hand. It started to hurt. When I told “Pulshn”, she immediately took a knife and started to cut away the piece that had gotten stuck in my hand. (In that moment, it felt very romantic for me.) Seeing this, “Pulshn's” friends were like, "Ohhh," and began to think we were a couple. We were also acting more like a couple ourselves. We were sitting together, sharing a plate, looking at each other instead of the low table, and eating while turning our backs to the people behind us. I would put food on my plate that “Pulshn” wanted to eat, and I would hold the plate up while looking at her. We were doing things that made us feel like a couple, so that's why we looked like a couple from the third person. While we were eating, we managed to film a video together; “Pulshn” was recording us for a memory, and while the people behind us said;

- "Look at us too sometimes, no just at each other" and laughed.

After finishing the meal, I needed to pray, and as I was getting ready, I remembered “Pulshn's” words;

- "Atu, are you going to spread out your prayer mat? Isn't it going to fly away in the wind?, Do you need help or give me your stuff, I hold onto them."

When I finished preparing, I heard Pulshn's voice again saying, "Shhh, Quiet!" and everyone stopped laughing,

waiting for me to finish praying. After I finished, I went to “Pulshn”, gave her my prayer mat, and she folded it and put it in my bag. Subsequently, we finished eating, we walked along the lake with only “Pulshn”.

There was a damaged boat by the lake, and we went inside to check it out. We were planning to pose like in the movie "Titanic," but we got shy and just stood there talking commonly by holding hands. Right then, “Pulshn's” friends were taking pictures of us (they would take photos whenever “Pulshn” and I were together). After talking, we all gathered again next to the low table, and as the sun was setting, we started to order pizza. While waiting for the pizza, we decided to play "Mafia." We started with about 14-15 people. The game became very interesting. An hour later, the pizza arrived, and we were eating while playing "Mafia". By around 8 or 9 PM, one girl's brother started calling, saying, "Come back!". Then, many of the girls decided to go home. I suggested,

- "Let's stay for another half hour, clean up this place, and put everything back."

While we were cleaning up and putting things in order, the police arrived in a car. We thought they were going to ask us

- "Why we were hanging out with girls in the evening"

but they were actually looking for an unfamiliar girl who had disappeared and asked,

- "Have you seen her?"

After we finished cleaning up, we started calling taxis. We let the girls into the first arriving taxis. Finally, we boys got into a taxi ourselves after checking that everything was in order.

In the taxi, we sang karaoke all the way home. (At that moment, a song called "Standard of Beauty" was playing, and I told my friends that "the standard of beauty is "Pulshn"") With such a great atmosphere, we arrived home safely.

The next day, everyone started to think we were a couple after the picnic. We ourselves were confused about whether we were a couple or just friends. Everyone seemed to see us as a couple, and that idea stuck in our minds. Previously, we were in a situationship like an overfriendship & underrelations. That evening, while chatting on Telegram as usual, a topic came up about "husbands and wives". We had an agreement:

"If by the age of 25 we haven't found our partners, we will marry each other without a second thought."

The conversation started with this topic. At one point, "Pulshn" said;

- "The wedding is off, it won't happen."

I didn't like her saying that, so I replied;

- "Why not? The wedding will happen."

We continued to chat playfully like this, but gradually the topic became more serious. At one point, "Pulshn" asked;

- "So, will you want to be my husband?"

Without thinking, I answered, "Yes."

Then, "Pulshn" seemed to want me to be her husband in the future, but for some reason, she didn't want to admit it to herself. So we began discussing that topic. I asked "Pulshn";

- "Can you imagine me as your husband at least once?"

She replied, "No, but if you were my husband, you'd be a great one, you'd be responsible."

The dialogue went on, and another topic came up: "Life as a bride". "Pulshn" seemed to be afraid of that life, thinking she wasn't ready for it. I answered as if "Pulshn" were going to come to my house as a bride. Then "Pulshn" said;

- "I can't be your wife; to be your wife, I need to be a girl from the village, someone who can handle everything, but I can't manage much, I can't even cook well."

I replied, - "Those things aren't a problem; you can learn them after getting married, especially since you have qualities that many girls lack. If you want to learn something, you will learn it right away; that's why you could be a great wife."

After this conversation, "Pulshn" became curious about what kind of bride she would be. I maximized my efforts to imagine her as my bride, emphasizing her good qualities while addressing her concerns (But I do not know why). For her statement about not being able to cook, I responded;

- "At first, no one cooks perfectly, with the passage of time, they became learned."

For her saying, "I'm lazy," I replied;

- "In our house, there isn't a traditional bride's life; we don't need a bride who will work non-stop without rest; we already have someone like you at home. So just be yourself."

Eventually, after our conversation, "Pulshn" seemed to be satisfied, as if she could see me as her husband. However, after discussing everything, she tried to close the topic, saying;

- "Okay, let's leave this topic for now; I don't want to think about marriage right now. Instead of this, let's focus on our studies for now."

It was clear at that moment that she loved me and in the

future, she wanted to see me as her husband. Finally, she said;

- "Okay, that's enough; you will just be my husband," and the topic was closed.

As days went by, our thoughts began to change, even if we didn't express it to each other. In the meantime, we started jokingly saying to each other,

- "Okay, you will be my husband if you're ready," or vice versa, - "You will be my wife if you fit my ideal."

After such dialogues, feelings of jealousy began to grow sharply. "Pulshn" started to openly get jealous of my ex female friend, but as always, she didn't want to show it. Whenever she finished talking, she would say,

- "Atu, it doesn't matter; you know who you're talking to, just don't mention your ex female friend to me."

So, as we loved each other more, we would get jealous (though I was always the one who got jealous, unlike "Pulshn", who only did occasionally).

In the last days of April, I experienced something with "Pulshn" that I had never done with other girls in my life; that was going for a walk with her little brother (the toddler). Here's what happened: "Pulshn" and I were coming back from history course, and the toddler was her sister's baby. "Pulshn" always sent me his videos and photos on Telegram. I really wanted to meet that little baby because he was so cute. So, while walking back with "Pulshn", as usual, we talked until we reached her home. After "Pulshn" got home, I was heading back to my home when I received a call on my phone (It was a "Pulshn's" call):

- "Atu, where are you? We're going for a walk with the little brother; come back, we'll walk together," she said.

Hearing this, I immediately turned back, and for the first time in my life, I was going for a walk with a girl and a toddler. I pushed the stroller while she picked him out too. Then I carried him in my arms while "Pulshn" pulled the stroller and recorded us on video. (At that moment, I thought it felt like we were a family, imagining that we would be great parents.)

Excitedly, we walked together for a long time, and it was a different experience. When "Pulshn's" sister called for asking for her baby, we returned. After dropping "Pulshn" off at her home, I went back to my place feeling satisfied.

Two days later, I had to take a photo for a vignette at fourth locations. On that day, while getting ready to leave, I realized that "Pulshn's" mood was dropping (because at the time I would be with an ex female friend from class, where we took photos for the vignette). Before leaving, I tried to lift her mood by saying various things, but it didn't help. ("Pulshn" has that kind of character; once her mood drops, it stays that way no matter what you do.) I did my best to lift her up before I was about to leave. I went to the specified location and waited for my class to arrive. After everyone came, we started taking photos in line. I couldn't move around freely at that moment because "Pulshn's" mood was low (her mood affects mine too). So I took my phone out and sent messages to her. At one point, she wrote to me:

- "Just take the photos, I'm already being called to dance the waltz."

However, she didn't tell me this beforehand, only at the time

she was leaving, and I didn't understand.

- "Who will be there? Who are you going to dance with?" I asked.

She explained it to me just before she left. My nerves were frayed at that moment because if I were in "Pulshn's" position, I would at least inform her two days in advance about such things. So my mood dropped too; I was really jealous that she was going to dance the waltz, and my nerves were on edge. I told her that to come to me before she went to the waltz.

- "Where are you going to dance the waltz? Before you leave, let's meet up. By the way, we will take a photo almost next to your home; we can catch up for 10 minutes," I said.

She seemed to agree, and I asked her to call me when she leaved home. At one point, I received a call while taking photos. Knowing that "Pulshn" was leaved home for her waltz, I stepped out to see her. I ran over, and we met, but neither of us was in a good mood at that moment because "Pulshn" was unhappy about the person (ex friend) at the place where I am going to be photographed, and I was unhappy because of my jealousy of her dancing the waltz. Despite that, we tried to cheer each other up a little. "Pulshn" said:

- "If you're taking photos, just go ahead, you might not have enough time now. I'm waiting for my friend, so you can leave, I'll go with her."

- "I can finish taking photos; my turn hasn't come yet. I have 10 minutes, and I came to see you during that time. If you're going with your friend, when is she coming?" I asked.

- "Yeah, just go ahead, she's coming now; I just spoke with her."

I reluctantly agreed, and at that moment, I called "Pulshn" again and talked with her until I reached the photo location. (Her mood was really noticeable on the phone from her responses). At one point, I arrived at the location and had to turn off my phone. Without putting it down, I told "Pulshn";

- "If your friend arrives, call me and let me know, don't just wait by yourself." (Because "Pulshn" was in a crowded place with many badboys talking at once, I was worried she might be alone.) But I didn't receive a call from her, and my nerves started to get to me. I stepped aside for two minutes and called "Pulshn", thinking maybe something had happened, but she didn't pick up the phone. (That's one of the things I dislike the most: having a phone in your pocket and not answering when someone calls.) So I called her friend:

- "What's going on? Didn't you come? "Pulshn" is waiting for you alone." I said.

But her friend had actually arrived a long time ago;

- "Yeah, I'm here, I'm right next to her," she replied. I asked her to give the phone to "Pulshn", and we talked. I expressed my frustration with my words, speaking roughly. "Pulshn" calmly said, "I didn't hear your call." After releasing my aggression, realizing she was with her friend, I felt more relaxed and started taking photos again.

Until sunset, we continued taking pictures, and according to our plan, I needed to pick up "Pulshn" from the waltz after finishing the vignette. After we took photos with the class, I called her to find out where she was and to go pick her up.

But her response made me even more nervous.

- "Atu, we're just hanging out with that waltz company; what are you going to do, go home?" she said.

Out of principle, I decided to find out where they were and went there. When I arrived, they were all taking photos together. I approached "Pulshn" to show that I was there and to greet her friends. As I was walking towards where they were taking photos, I noticed the guy dancing the waltz was standing too close to "Pulshn", and for me it seemed that "Pulshn" was feeling uncomfortable. I bumped into the guy's shoulder, pretending it was accidental but doing it on purpose, and called out to "Pulshn" as I got closer.

- "What's going on? Are we leaving or not?" I asked.

"Pulshn" didn't like that I had bumped into the guy and seemed annoyed.

- "Why are you being so rude, Atu? You're getting really jealous, and it's bothering me," she said.

- "Who is that guy, getting so close to you and making you uncomfortable?" I replied, feeling nervous.

(In reality, the guy wasn't that close; I was just overly jealous and messed up in that moment.) I waited on the side until they finished taking photos. At one point, "Pulshn's" mood dropped, and she said goodbye to everyone as she was heading home, leaving me behind. I followed her, realizing she was upset with me. Along the way, we argued for everything by going home, and our conversation didn't come to a compromise. We deliberately took a longer way (route), wanting to solve conflicts. Then "Pulshn" suddenly said with a lot of aggression;

- "Why did you embarrass me in front of everyone, acting like my boyfriend? I don't like that kind of stuff; I'm not your property for you to be jealous like that. Atu, I know yourself what I'm doing and who I'm with, and I'll take my own photos! You are no one to tell me what to do."

Those words really touched my heart, especially the phrase "You are no one to me." I responded out of frustration.

- "I don't like it; did you see that guy? You're too close to him, and I get jealous in such situations. So am I no one to you?"

At that moment, tears came to my eyes because that phrase hit me hard afterwards.

- "If you keep doing things like this, you are no one to me," she said.

This affected my heart deeply, and I cried without noticing the maximum for her because I had never heard such words. And then "Pulshn" looked at me and said,

- "What happened again? I'll go by myself."

At that moment, I didn't want to let her go alone, and while saying "No, I'll take you,"

She said, "Atu, I'm telling you, I'll go by myself, like a normal person,"

and again, she spoke roughly to me. I couldn't take it anymore and said, "Bye" and walked away. I thought about going home quietly, turning off my phone, and that day, I returned home slowly on foot, tears streaming down my face, my heart broken by all the things she said. All the way home, I kept thinking, "Is it really worth it to say such things, just because of a guy?" After an hour, I arrived home slowly and

when I got to the front of the house, I turned on my phone, and at that moment, “Pulshn” called me. (she had called many times before; my phone was off at that time).

I picked up the phone and said, “Xmmmm” and right away, “Pulshn” asked;

- “Why don’t you pick up your phone? Are you normal? Where are you?”

I replied, “I just got home; I didn’t want to talk on the phone, so I turned it off.”

Hearing this, She immediately hung up.

That day, I had no mood, and we ended up arguing all night, our words clashing with each other. (For me, during such conflicts, I tend to think all night, looking for my own mistakes). The next day, we went on without saying nice things to each other. When we both were in our classrooms, while chatting on Telegram, “Pulshn” started exhibiting passive aggression towards me. At one point, she said:

- “Atu, my friends are asking about you. Why were you so rude yesterday?” She added, “Everyone thinks you’re my boyfriend.”

- “Tell them I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to be rude,” I replied.

At that moment, “Pulshn” wrote to me harshly:

- “I don’t like the status of having a boyfriend; so don’t do that anymore and don’t act like that with me. You are my friend, not my boyfriend, but what you did yesterday was like you were my husband”, she said.

Before that, the day before, I had also asked for forgiveness and tried to understand my mistake, but she kept throwing it in my face. So, feeling nervous, I responded:

- “Pulshn, people will think what they want about us; we don’t have to prove to everyone that we are friends. The main thing is that you know I am your friend, isn’t that enough?” I replied aggressively.

While we were arguing, my class teacher came in angrily. She yelled at everyone to put their phones away and listen to her properly. At that moment, I explained the situation to “Pulshn” and put my phone down. Our teacher started telling us about the waltz because we hadn’t come to the waltz rehearsal. That’s why she yelled at us (the boys).

After hearing her yell, we finished class and went home to have a quick snack, then I went to my math course. After that, I finished math and went to my history course. I arrived at the history course 10 minutes early, and since “Pulshn” didn’t come as usual, I called her, and we talked on the phone until she arrived. (She always comes to the course right on time.) When “Pulshn” got to the course, we went in together. As always, “Pulshn’s” friends saved us a spot because there were about 100 students in the class.

We studied history, understanding the topics, and I was taking deep breaths while glancing at “Pulshn” from the side. Also, “Pulshn’s” scent is one of my favorite scents (*as the saying goes, when you have such love, you tend to like your partner’s scent, like a drug*).

After finishing the course, we always discuss everything that happened that day, and I detailed why our class teacher yelled. At one point, when the topic of the waltz came up, we had a conflict. “Pulshn” started talking, which got on my nerves (she kept saying that because of my ex female friend

wasn't there, I wouldn't dance the waltz and that I wasn't participating with the class).

In fact, I really wanted to dance the waltz, but I only wanted to dance with "Pulshn". However, she didn't seem to understand that. That day, while we were walking by the river after course, a conflict arose, and to avoid arguing, "Pulshn" and I agreed on something. The agreement was this: "She decided that she wouldn't dance the waltz, and since I heard that, I immediately decided I wouldn't dance the waltz either; I would refuse to participate in Class's Waltz". So like this, we both decided not to dance the waltz with our classmates.

It seemed that; after that, the topic was closed, and I took "Pulshn" home following I went home in a better mood. After the waltz topic was closed, we started talking happily again, and everything began to return to normal. One night, "Pulshn" and I started up discussing the graduation. She started showing me different outfit options, and since "Pulshn" needed to take photos for the vignette the next day so we brainstormed what she should wear. (At that moment, it was the first time I was helping a girl choose an outfit.) We shared ideas with each other, and that night we talked only about clothes. The next morning, "Pulshn" went to the photo studio early. I had a break from studying that day, so I woke up a bit late. When I got up and checked Telegram, "Pulshn" had written to me, sending her photos and lifting my spirits. Since she couldn't write messages while she was there, she kept sending to me her videos and pictures. (I remember one photo from that time: it was one where I had taken a picture in the same pose, dressed in a black suit, and when I edited

the both photo into a collage, it looked like a matching photo of us. At one point, while we were chatting, she mentioned that she was very hungry. When she went to eat with the girls nearby, there was nothing for her to eat. She told me that now she was sitting there feeling hungry. After hearing this, I couldn't sit quietly at home, and since I didn't have classes that day, I decided to go out and bring her something to eat. At that time, there were boursaks being made at my home. I was wondering how to tell my family that I was going to take some to "Pulshn". So, I waited for everyone to have lunch and go to their rooms. As soon as they left, I got dressed, grabbed a bag, and filled it with hot boursaks. On the way, I picked up some things for "Pulshn" as well. I didn't know what she would want to eat, so I bought something light, like yogurt and bananas. (But I didn't tell "Pulshn" that I was bringing anything and going to her.) After getting everything, I went to the studio where "Pulshn" was taking photos. When I arrived, I called her:

- "I came to where you are, step outside for 5 minutes," I said.

"Pulshn" was taking photos at that moment and replied,

- "Just wait a little; I'll come out soon."

While I was waiting beside the studio, "Pulshn" came out, and her outfit and her beauty once again captured my heart. She did not understand (had no idea) why I was there. I handed her the bag and explained:

- "Since you said you were hungry, I brought you a little something to eat. I didn't know what to get, but even a little can help satisfy your hunger."

Seeing what was inside, “Pulshn” was delighted and hugged me sincerely, thanking me. After a moment of talking outside, she said:

- “Don’t stay in the heat; go home now, and thank you for everything, for coming.”

Then she went back into the studio to take more photos, and I returned home. That day, we spent time chatting on Telegram.

After 1-2 days, we were going to the history course as usual in the hot weather. It was extremely hot that day. “Pulshn” and I arrived at the course right on time. (That day was something I wouldn’t forget.)

We sat in the history course, and as usual, the teacher began to give us a test to check the homework topics. He handed out the tests. We were given 20 minutes to complete the test, and we all managed to finish it. According to the system there; “after 100 students, we had to swap test's answers with the person next to us to check them, and after checking, we had to tell how many answers were correct for that person when their name was called. If you didn’t manage to say it when her/his name was called, that person would get hit with a stick, and if there were many mistakes, they would also get hit.” At one point, after everyone finished checking, the teacher started reading the names. We all finished, but “Pulshin’s” friend couldn’t say someone's answer, and she was about to get hit with the stick. (The teacher would hit everyone who couldn’t say their names after he finished reading the names.) But at that moment, I thought, since she was a girl, it would be uncomfortable for her to be hit with a

stick; it would be better for me to take the hit instead. After everyone had finished reading names, the teacher asked;

- “Who didn’t manage to say their name, stand up!”

So, I stood up. He would hit each person who couldn’t say their name with a stick. When it was my turn, the teacher came to me and said;

- “Take off your jacket.”

After I took it off, he hit me four times on the back with all her strength. Just then, I felt a pain that I couldn’t describe with words. While he hit me, I was sweating in the heat from behind and because of that, when he hit me with a stick on the sweaty spot, it hurt a lot, but I didn’t show it in front of the girls. I looked at “Pulshn” and saw that her eyes showed a lot of concern for me. After I sat down, “Pulshn” immediately grabbed my hand and asked;

- “Did it hurt? Are you okay?”

Hearing those words made me forget the pain.

So, we continued the class, laughing with “Pulshn” and her friends. After finishing the course, as usual, I walked home with her, talking along the way.

Two days later, in the next history class, we began to face conflicts again. After the course, while walking back homes, “Pulshn” and I were discussing everything that had happened throughout the day. At one point, she looked at me and said;

- “Atu, I’ve decided to dance the waltz. Today, a boy from another group asked me to dance the waltz, and I agreed. So now, I will be dancing the waltz.”

I did not understand because we had previously agreed not to dance the waltz together. (I had told “Pulshn” that since she

wasn't dancing, I wouldn't either.) Hearing her words made me upset. I replied;

- "Why are you going to dance? We agreed not to do that. "Pulshn", I told my class that I wouldn't dance the waltz because of you. If you're dancing, it wouldn't be fair for me to continue not dancing."

However, "Pulshn's" response touched my heart;

- "Atu, I didn't tell you not to dance. You can keep dancing. I have to dance the waltz because we only graduate once in our lives."

(At that moment, her response made me feel hurt because it seemed our agreement was not mutual. I thought about going back to my class to say I would dance, but so much time had passed, and everything had changed. Everyone had already learned how to dance the waltz, and I felt embarrassed to go them again.) After hearing her comments, we did not end up arguing with each other. Ultimately, I felt hurt (while thinking about "Pulshn's" feelings, I started up hurting my own). After all the disagreements, I returned home feeling down. Once I got home, I didn't want to write to "Pulshn" for what she had done (it felt as if my feelings were disregarded). From that day onward, our relationship started to deteriorate, and we began to argue about the same issue daily.

After "Pulshn" started dancing the waltz, she would often disappear during the time at the lyceum. I used to get nervous and search for her, but during that time, "Pulshn" was casually dancing the waltz. (The reason for my anxiety was that she would go missing without saying anything, and after

the waltz, I would feel jealous and frustrated.)

One day, a situation occurred where she was absent for 2-3 hours, not responding to my messages on Telegram. As usual, I started to get anxious and looked for her. I called her 75 times, but she didn't pick up. Eventually, I called one of her friends and found out that "Pulshn" had gone to dance the waltz. I lost my temper and told her friend;

- "If you see someone familiar, have them call her for me. I want "Pulshn" to call me back; why does she have her phone in her hand and not answer my calls?"

After I told her friend that, about 15 minutes later, "Pulshn" finally called, acting as if nothing was wrong. I spoke to her harshly because it annoyed me that she wouldn't answer when she had her phone. she hung up on me, and when I called her back, she said;

- "Atu, if you're going to talk to me like this and ruin my mood, don't call me!"

That's how the topic of the waltz led to conflicts between us. (Throughout May and June, we argued about the waltz.) At that time, what I wanted from "Pulshn" was for her not to dance the waltz, but at the very least, when I called, I hoped she would pick up her phone because I was very jealous of her. Every day, we would argue about the waltz during the day, but in the evening, after the history course, we would talk and return to normal. However, one day in the history class, a situation arose that really stressed me out. It started like this: I was completely exhausted from my math class. After that, I hurried to history class, arriving a bit late. When I got there, I sensed something was off, as if "Pulshn" and her

friends were hiding something from me. However, I couldn't understand what it was and just sat down quietly. I noticed "Pulshn" was acting differently, so I asked;

- "Is everything okay?"

"Pulshn" replied, - "Yes, everything is fine," and closed the conversation.

After finishing the history class, I stepped outside and saw three boys waiting by the fence. "Pulshn" usually stayed close to me, but that day she was with her friends, distancing herself from me. As I approached the fence, one of those three boys leaned closer to "Pulshn" and started saying something. I saw it from behind and, feeling nervous, rushed over. When I got there, she immediately stopped the conversation and walked away without listening to the boy. I nervously asked "Pulshn";

- "Who is that guy? What did he say to you?"

At first, she didn't want to say who he was, but my frustration got the better of me, and I kept asking. Finally, she revealed that the boy was her waltz partner. Hearing this made me extremely upset. Flashbacks hit me; the reason "Pulshn" seemed different when I arrived in history class was because of that boy. He had come while I wasn't there, they had talked, and when she mentioned it to her friends, she already knew he was coming. While I was dealing with all this frustration, that boy approached us again, took "Pulshn's" hand, and said;

- "Pulshn, let's go home."

Seeing this, I couldn't just stand there. I took his hand away from "Pulshn" and said;

- "Can't you see I'm the one who will take her home?"

After that action, it seemed I had upset him, and I gradually started confronting him. He didn't back down either, showing his character, and soon we found ourselves in a verbal conflict. "Pulshn", witnessing this, said:

- "What are you doing in front of all? Don't take me along like this," she said, then left abruptly.

After "Pulshn" left, I followed her, and while I was coming back with that guy, "Pulshn" told him;

- "Stay here; I will return with Atu; he can take me."

So we talked and headed back. On the way, I was getting nervous and started asking her everything about that guy. During our conversation, she mentioned that the guy loved her and that he was attending history classes for that reason. Hearing this made me even more nervous. I told "Pulshn",

- "If tomorrow that three boys come to the history class and act like they did today, I won't hold back."

- "What are you trying to prove with fight, Atu? If you want to argue, I won't talk to you anymore," Pulshn replied.

- "Then those boys should not be visible to me; they should not come in front of me. If they come again and start talking to you, I will retaliate; I'll warn you in advance," I said.

- "No, he won't come; I said he would come another day, or else go to another class. He won't come no more" she insisted. Feeling tense, I took "Pulshn" home. After that, I immediately called my friend "Adil" and explained everything that happened. He initially didn't like it when three boys ganged up on me. So I planned with "Adil", saying that if he came to the next class with the boys again, I told Adil this:

- "Watch your phone ten minutes before I leave the class; I might call if they come again with boys. If they do, we will fight until the end."

But during the next preparation days, those boys stopped coming. When I went to the lyceum to wait for "Pulshn", the boys from her lyceum didn't like me and wanted to beat me up. After the history class, when we had a conflict with that boy, one day an unknown guy messaged me on Instagram. (Let me explain in detail; he wrote in a threatening way, posting a photo of a sporty guy, and marked a gym, trying to present himself as sporty to intimidate me, but honestly, I wasn't scared at all.) When I read the conversation, I realized he was a friend of "Pulshn's" waltz partner. This guy wrote to me:

- "From now on, let's not see you with "Pulshn" in the history class, and don't be around her!"

Reading this made me really nervous, so I asked "Pulshn":

- "Who is this guy? Do you know him to write such things to me?"

"Pulshn" said she didn't know him and set a condition for me:

- "Atu, if you respond to that guy and start a fight, I'll be really upset with you, and we won't talk anymore."

I replied:

- "If he keeps playing with my nerves like this, I don't care about your words; we will fight regardless."

So "Pulshn" decided to handle it herself and stopped the dialogue.

After such things, I started to feel more jealousy day by day.

But “Pulshn” would always say to me:

- “Atu, I’m not interested in other boys, so just relax.”

After hearing those words, my jealousy would ease a bit. However, I still felt it inside. In May, as the time for the dance approached, “Pulshn” and her friends were preparing for the waltz almost everyday. They even skipped classes to practice. The waltz was not at the lyceum but at another place. If “Pulshn” went to the waltz, she would disappear for a long time and I wouldn’t connect with her. (During those times, I would feel unnecessary for her myself.) I was very jealous when “Pulshn” went to practice the waltz with other boys for 2 or 3 hours, especially since her partner was a guy who would play with my nerves with his actions. So, whenever “Pulshn” went to the waltz, I would call her on the phone before going, and after she came back from the waltz, we would talk. One day, “Pulshn” did one of the most hurtful things to me: she went to the waltz and, as always, disappeared for 2 hours. I knew when the waltz would end, and during that time, I would always call her. That day, I called, but she didn’t pick up. I called another 75 times, but she still didn’t answer. Half an hour passed, and she still hadn’t called back. I kept calling, wondering when she would pick up. Finally, she answered after she had been out of the waltz for 30-40 minutes. I was getting nervous, thinking that maybe something happened to her. But “Pulshn”, as if nothing was wrong, picked up the phone and said:

- “Oh, Atu, you called. What happened?”

I replied, - “So you don’t pick up the phone? I called you so many times; at least one of them could have been answered.”

And as always, “Pulshn” gave her favorite response: “I didn’t hear it.”

After that, I got even more nervous because I called 75 times, and it was impossible not to hear it. I then asked her something I felt:

- “Where are you right now?”

At that moment, I sensed that “Pulshn” was lying to me.

She said that she had already covered half the distance home. Suddenly, everything started to race through my mind. I couldn’t keep myself patiently so I said to “Pulshn” again:

- “You said you’d come here, but you didn’t even look at your phone. It’s impossible for you not to pick up, especially since you know I would be waiting and calling you.”

“Pulshn” lied to me again at that moment:

- “My phone broke; it stopped working.”

Feeling that she was lying to me, I kept asking:

- “Was there anyone with you until you got there?”

In the end, “Pulshn” admitted:

- “Yes, my partner from the waltz was with me. He wouldn’t let me go home alone, so I had to walk halfway with him, and then I left on my own.”

After hearing this, how could my heart not hurt? First, she was lying to me, and second, she couldn’t pick up the phone because that guy was there, which meant at that moment he was more important than me. With all the resentment building up inside me, I spoke harshly to “Pulshn”:

- “So you couldn’t pick up the phone because that guy was with you? Do you even care about me when I’m calling you, especially when he’s there?”

We ended up arguing about a lot of things. (At that moment, “Pulshn” thought she hadn’t done anything wrong, while if I were to act that way towards “Pulshn”, I would feel guilty about it.) After all that, on the way home, we talked about everything, even though I was still nervous and didn’t want to. During our conversation, my heart didn’t settle down; after all those lies, I still forced myself to talk to her to make sure she got home safely. After she got home, I felt terrible and did not want to write to “Pulshn”. "From that day on, daily arguments began, and we stopped communicating normally. “Pulshn’s” attitude toward me changed 180 degrees. Previously, I would wait for her every day at the Russian course just to see her. She would come out excited upon seeing me, and we would return together in a positive mood. I can’t forget what “Pulshn” once said to me:

- “Atu, our conversations after class aren't enough; we need to talk as if we're in Tashkent. I want to spend more time with you.”

However, after the appearance of that boy from the waltz, “Pulshn” stopped saying such things. On the contrary, when I waited for her at the Russian course, there were times when she didn’t seem happy to see me. One day, I was waiting for her to come out, and when she finally did, she passed by without stopping. I quickly caught up with her and asked;

- “What’s wrong?”

- “I just don’t like it; people in my class think I have a boyfriend, so I’m trying to keep my distance from you.”, she said.

But how could I keep her distance after I had been waiting

for half an hour? (Such situations occurred repeatedly.) As time passed, “Pulshn” started to grow colder toward me; I began to feel it. The conversations we used to have were gone, the warmth was absent—essentially, the old “Pulshn” was no longer there. (In my opinion, she had shifted her focus from me to the boy from the waltz.) Nevertheless, I tried to maintain a positive mindset, convincing myself:

- “Maybe she's just stressed about university applications; perhaps she's concentrating all her energy on her studies.”

I continued to deceive myself by thinking positively about whatever “Pulshn” did. However, day by day, her attitude toward me worsened. We started arguing daily; she began to dislike me whenever she saw me. I didn’t understand the situation clearly and kept asking “Pulshn”:

- “Why have you changed? Where is the old “Pulshn”? If something’s bothering you, let’s resolve it and restore normalcy.”

But “Pulshn” responded:

- “Atu, stop getting on my nerves. I’m trying to treat you like before; if you don’t like it, find another friend.”

I didn’t appreciate her reply, so I kept asking what was wrong, as I began to search for faults within myself, striving to salvage our relationship. One day, “Pulshn”, clearly irritated, replied:

- “Atu, everything was going well until you started interfering. When I was playing the waltz, you undermined my reputation in front of my friends, resembling my boyfriend. After that, my feelings toward you changed.”

Since this incident had happened a month prior, I thought I

could apologize and resolve everything. However, “Pulshn” had not forgotten the situation and still held onto her grievances. As a result, we continued to communicate poorly, failing to understand each other. Despite my efforts to improve things, I still didn’t appeal to “Pulshn”. Consequently, my motivation began to drain, and a subtle depression started to set in. (Yet, “Pulshn” seemed unaffected by this.)

By May 25th, it had arrived—my graduation day. On the day of graduation, we started up arguing. I don’t know why, but we always seemed to quarrel whenever I visited places associated with my ex-friend. This time was no different, especially since I knew my old friend would be there. Throughout that day, I could not walk without any worries; I was preoccupied with thoughts of “Pulshn”, deliberately keeping my distance from my ex-friend. (“Pulshn” was unaware of how hard I was trying; at that moment, I was doing everything possible to avoid drifting apart from her, refraining from approaching other girls.) Thus, I graduated from school. All that remained was our final gathering with the class. “Pulshn”, on the other hand, was set to graduate from her lyceum on June 23rd. Leading up to that day, she became intensely focused on preparing for the waltz and subsequently grew closer to the boy from the waltz.

One day, I sensed she was deceiving me again; her group needed to take photos for their vignette at the lyceum. While taking pictures with her group, she kept sending me photos and videos. At one point, I asked:

- “Did you take pictures with the boy from the waltz too?”

(Ideally, I was joking at that moment, but “Pulshn’s” response left me unsettled.)

- “Yes, we took a picture. While our group was posing, they came over to see us, and he suggested we take a picture together, so I did it for that reason”, she replied nonchalantly, as if it were a normal situation.

I found myself disinclined to write to “Pulshn” again. However, that day, I grew jealous, and we argued once more. We began to argue almost every day leading up to her waltz day. Two days before her graduation, one of “Pulshn's” friends messaged me on Telegram, inquiring:

- “Are you coming to “Pulshn's” last lyceum bell?”

I replied, “Of course, I will.”

I had been planning this for several days, so I made arrangements to buy flowers beforehand. I obtained the numbers of florists to reserve a bouquet. At that moment, “Pulshn's” friend informed me of her favorite flower, which, of course, was “Gypsophila.” I started searching for it before attending the final bell, but I discovered that its season was at the end of July, making it incredibly difficult to find. Thus, on June 23rd, I set out early in the morning to the flower shops. Upon calling the store I had discussed, I found out they didn't have Gypsophila. I began searching other florists. Eventually, I found it in third or fourth shops. When I arrived, an amusing incident unfolded.

As I entered the flower shop, I noticed that “Pulshn's” waltz partner was there buying flowers for her waltz, and they were for “Pulshn”. His friends, seeing me, began whispering to one another, and the boy who was her partner left with the

flowers. I approached the saleswoman and asked:

- “Do you have Gypsophila?”

The saleswoman looked at me, smiled, and said,

- “Which girl sent you? She has excellent taste in flowers, especially since it’s difficult to find them now. We don’t have many left, but let me see what I can do.”

As we chatted, the florist began to recognize me because her daughter attended my school. We both realized who we were, and after a friendly exchange, I waited while she prepared the flowers. Once I acquired the bouquet, I called a taxi and headed toward “Pulshn's” lyceum. On the way, I called “Pulshn” to find out where she was. However, she informed me that she was running late, as she was styling her hair. I then decided to call “Pulshn's” friend, who also attended a different lyceum but was coming for “Pulshn”. Unfortunately, she too was delayed and said she would arrive late. Thus, I found myself waiting alone at the lyceum.

At one point, while I was standing in front of the lyceum, “Pulshn's” waltz partner noticed me and approached with his friends. At one point, he left his group to come over to me lonely. During our conversation, I realized that the boys from “Pulshn's” lyceum did not particularly like me, and they seemed eager to fight me for coming here for “Pulshn”. Listening to the partner's comments, in his opinion he and “Pulshn” were speaking with serious intentions. Hearing this made my nerves fray, and I said;

- “We are serious about our relationship as well, so it’s better if you keep your distance.”

At that moment, the boys standing further away began

shouting to “Pulshn's” partner;

- “What should we do? Should we go to him?”

He replied to them, - “No, I’ll handle everything myself.”

Hearing this, I couldn’t suppress my laughter and ended up chuckling (as if they were threatening me and preparing for a confrontation).

After a lengthy discussion, our dialogue concluded with the statement, “Let “Pulshn” decide for herself whom she will choose; let’s leave the decision to the girl.”

Fifteen minutes later, “Pulshn” arrived. Stepping forward, I presented my bouquet to congratulate her, but she hurried inside the lyceum. I remained outside, having promised myself that no matter what, I would not spoil “Pulshn's” mood that day. While waiting for the final bell to ring, I received a call from “Pulshn”.

- “Atu, the event won’t start for another hour, so stop standing under the sun and find a decent spot”, she said.

- “Wherever you can see me from”, I replied.

- “Look ahead, a bit higher”, she suggested, as she was mindful of my allergy to sunlight, which could irritate my skin.

As I searched for a suitable place, “Pulshn's” friend arrived to congratulate her from another lyceum. We stood outside, waiting for “Pulshn” and talking together. (For clarity, this friend, “Aidana”, has been a close companion of “Pulshn” since the beginning of our acquaintance.) While we were conversing, Aidana informed me;

- “Atu, her mother has already arrived.”

I felt flustered and unsure of what to do as we watched from a

distance. “Pulshn” dashed to greet her mother, and at the same moment, her waltz partner was also waiting “Pulshn's” mother. Witnessing this scene stirred my jealousy, and as her mother approached us, I stepped forward to greet her as well.

Once “Pulshn” settled her mother, I noticed that her waltz partner embraced her to congratulate her, presenting a flower bouquet. At that moment, I felt a pang of resentment; it was painful to see her in the arms of another boy right in front of me, especially after I was about to embrace her when she told me;

- "Everyone will see and it will be embarrassing" so she did not let me.

So I had just congratulated her. I couldn't keep myself and feel frustrated, especially as the final bell had not yet rung. “Pulshn” seemed quite content, and when she was with that boy, she had no thoughts of others watching; she was not concerned about it being embarrassing and for her it seemed okay to hug him. At that moment, I continued to observe, feeling helpless. Eventually, “Pulshn” approached me. My mood was already low, and I found it difficult to speak to her, especially after witnessing her interactions. I tried my best to remain silent, despite my nerves escalating, in order to avoid dampening her spirits. Then she went back inside the lyceum. Feeling dejected, I confided my frustrations to “Pulshn's” friend, “Aidana”, who had witnessed everything alongside me. After observing my jealousy, she commented;

- “Atu, you seem to be quite jealous; you should try to remain composed.”

As we were conversing, the event commenced, and the

prepared performances began to unfold. The time for “Pulshn's” waltz arrived. At that moment, “Aidana” glanced at me and smiled, saying;

- “Atabek, keep your composure, don't lose your temper” as a joke.

The waltz began. Despite my reluctance, I continued to watch. It was evident that her partner was playing with affection, and I could see the love in his eyes; their chemistry was palpable. (My displeasure with the waltz, I noticed how closely they danced, intensifying my feelings of jealousy.) When the waltz concluded, everyone applauded, and I clapped vigorously, drawing everyone's attention to myself. Even after the applause subsided, I continued to clap for another 2-3 seconds out of jealousy. “Pulshn” shot me an annoyed glance before exiting the stage after her performance. At that moment, I complimented her reluctantly, saying;

- “You played wonderfully.”

She briefly lingered near us before leaving again.

I noticed she was back with her waltz partner, despite he was on another group, as they were from different classes but often spent time together. They were a distance away from us, and at one point, they joined hands and began to twirl in a circular formation. As I watched them, the weight of what I was witnessing began to overwhelm me, and stress started to mount due to my nerves. As the event neared its end, everyone released doves. However, when I looked, “Pulshn” was unable to let out any; the doves didn't reach her in time. While we were nearby, her waltz partner approached us,

calling out to “Pulshn”;

- “I’ve brought doves for us; let’s release them together.”

He took two doves from his bag and handed one to “Pulshn”.

With excitement, she exclaimed;

- “Let’s take a photo, first of all!”

They posed together, holding the doves, and made wishes like a couple. (I witnessed all of this unfold before my eyes.)

Afterward, “Pulshn” and her waltz partner held the dove for a photo and release, then she returned to us, suggesting we also take a picture. However, after everything that had transpired, I felt reluctant to join in. Yet, seeing everyone else participating, I decided to take a photo to commemorate the day without dampening “Pulshn's” spirits. In the end, as we were about to take the picture, “Pulshn” sensed my lack of enthusiasm and remarked;

- “If you don’t want to, it’s fine to skip it.”

Despite my reluctance, I agreed to join in, and we took the photo together. Then she went back inside the lyceum after everyone had finished capturing their memories. We were waiting outside with “Aidana”, talking. And at one point, “Pulshn” and everyone came out in front of the lyceum, after everything had already ended. We all started moving closer to take a group photo together. At that moment, my mood dropped; “Pulshn” was holding the flower her waltz partner had given her all day, while the flower I had given to her was with one of her friends. Seeing that, I completely lost the desire to take photos, got nervous, and was telling “Aidana” what I was feeling inside. At some point, after taking photos with the waltz partners, she called us over to join the group

photo. When I approached, one of her friends said to “Pulshn”:

- “Hold Atu’s flower too while taking the photo.”

Then “Pulshn” remembered and held my flower (but by that time, it was already too late, as she had been holding the waltz partner's flower for so long and only remembered mine when her friend mentioned it). Anyway, after taking the photos, “Pulshn” turned to me and said:

- “What are you going to do, Atu? Are you going home? We’ll probably stay here until evening anyway. We’re planning to have dinner at a restaurant later with the waltz group, so until then, we’ll just hang out at the lyceum. It’s better if you head back. But I had a different plan in mind—I thought we’d leave the lyceum, go somewhere to eat, and have a chat. However, since she suddenly mentioned a completely different plan, my idea didn’t work out. Then she asked me for another favor:

- “If you’re going back, can you drop “Aidana” off at her home too?”

I agreed, thinking I wouldn’t ruin “Pulshn’s” mood even though I was upset myself, so I didn’t say anything. We said goodbye there, and “Aidana” and I waited for a taxi in front of the lyceum. At that moment, “Pulshn’s” phone had accidentally left in “Aidana's” bag. When “Aidana” said she’d go give it back to “Pulshn”, I was left standing outside alone, feeling down and lost in my thoughts. When “Aidana” returned, we got into the taxi.

In the taxi, “Aidana” said:

- "Atu, you got really upset, didn’t you? You were really

jealous, weren't you?"

At that moment, I was already so stressed and didn't feel like talking, so I replied:

- "Yeah, you saw it yourself. I was right there, and you saw how upset I was. But I was trying my best to not say anything, just to avoid ruining "Pulshn's" mood."

And suddenly, at that moment, I started feeling extremely stressed. (I couldn't control myself anymore.) My hands and feet began trembling uncontrollably, and I got really scared. I told "Aidana", out of fear that something serious might happen to me:

- "Aidana, I'm feeling really strange right now. My hands and feet are shaking."

She looked at me with concern and said:

- "Atu, stop overthinking. Don't stress yourself out like this. This is happening because of your nerves. It's better if you go home, rest, and get some sleep."

So, we talked along the way. After dropping "Aidana" off at her house, I headed to mine. Once I got home, I immediately took a cold shower and went straight to bed. I woke up about four hours later, checked my phone, and saw that no one had messaged or called me—not even to check in. At that moment, I got upset and called "Pulshn":

- "Where are you? Haven't you gone home yet?"

"Pulshn", sounding completely carefree, said she was still at the lyceum. She hadn't even thought of me, hadn't texted or checked in with me. (What upset me here was that I see Pulshn as someone like me—I think that however I treat her, she'll treat me the same way. I believe everything should be

mutual. But in four hours, “Pulshn” hadn’t once checked in, hadn’t even asked if I’d made it home. Meanwhile, on my graduation day, I had gone out of my way to message and check in with her, trying to make sure everything was okay. This thought really upset me.)

So I just lay there, feeling stressed and not wanting to get up. I ended up falling asleep again for another hour. After waking up and checking my phone, I saw that there were still no messages. My mood dropped, and I didn’t feel like calling “Pulshn” to spill my emotions because, honestly, I didn’t want to call her at all. I didn’t even feel like talking to her. At that moment, “Pulshn” wasn’t with her usual group but was instead at the restaurant with the group of her recently met waltz partner. On top of that, I didn’t like the waltz partner—it was already clear to me from some things he’d said earlier. But “Pulshn”, carefree and without giving it a second thought, was spending time with them, and that really kept getting on my nerves.

I needed to share everything I was feeling with someone because all of these emotions were piling up inside me. So, I messaged “Aidana” and explained everything I was feeling. She understood me perfectly because she had been there, by my side, seeing how jealous I got , when we were in the lyceum. “Aidana” also saw everything “Pulshn” had done while I was standing there. Afterward, “Aidana” did her best to understand me and encouraged me to stay patient. By now, it was already past 10 PM, and “Pulshn” still hadn’t messaged me—she was still at the restaurant. I was starting to feel really jealous. (I was at least expecting a message on

Telegram, maybe a video to cheer me up.) At one point, instead of calling “Pulshn” directly, I decided to call her brother, to ask if she had come home or not. Through her brother, I found out that she had just recently arrived home. After knowing she was home, my nerves were on edge, and I felt like a fight was about to break out in our text conversation. (That’s just how my personality works: if I treat someone a certain way, I expect them to treat me the same way in return. And if that doesn’t happen, I get upset, and we end up arguing through texts.)

Eventually, “Pulshn” messaged me. At first, she started texting as if nothing had happened, in a completely normal mood, acting like none of this mattered. But after I expressed my aggression, she got offended and started speaking harshly to me as well. That’s how our argument began. While I was trying to explain why I was jealous, even though I was doing it out of anger, one of her comments really hurt me:

- "Atu, you’re not my boyfriend to be jealous like that. I know myself when to leave and who to spend time with. I can handle it on my own—I don’t need you controlling me like you’re my dad."

I responded harshly as well:

- "So, only your dad is allowed to be jealous? Only your dad can control you? Just because I’m your friend doesn’t mean I shouldn’t care or be jealous. I’m the kind of friend who gets jealous because I don’t like the guys you’re with—they’re not normal, good guys. They’re not hanging around you with good intentions. "A man knows another man’s intentions"

when he's trying to get close to someone. Not every guy around you is as well-meaning as I am."

After my harsh messages, she stopped responding. But I didn't stop—I kept messaging her because, at that moment, I was really upset. I was frustrated because I always expect so much from "Pulshn". I expect her to behave the way I do, and when she doesn't, it really gets to me.

After about an hour of arguing nonstop, "Pulshn" finally started trying to explain herself:

- "Atu, you always speak harshly to me without knowing the full story. I was about to message you. But, from the moment we left the lyceum, you've been upset with me and acting like you don't like me. When we got to the restaurant, I wanted to message you, but my phone's battery had died. If I didn't care about you, then when my waltz partner came to ask me to dance again, I would've stayed and danced. But I thought of you and didn't dance—I left. You don't know all of this, yet you keep showing your temper and speaking so harshly to me."

She finished by saying:

- "I'm done. I'm going to bed. Goodnight, and thanks for ruining my mood."

Then she stopped reading my messages. I don't like it when, instead of resolving a problem, someone simply falls asleep, so I kept sending messages non-stop to make sure "Pulshn" hadn't fallen asleep either. After what was said, my mood improved slightly, but I couldn't help letting out the resentment that had built up inside me. That day, I experienced immense stress. Therefore, I continued writing

harshly (if you're reading this book now, know that at that moment, I wasn't writing with the intention of hurting you. It's just that those words were stuck inside me, stemming from the stress and emotional blow I had endured. That's why I kept speaking to you aggressively, showing you my frustration.)

At one point, after reading what I wrote, she also said a lot of things to me, including:

- "You know what? Just leave me alone. You clearly don't understand anything. I thought you were different, but it turns out you're just like my ex—jealous and incapable of understanding."

This made me even more upset because I deeply dislike being compared to her ex (or any other guys, for that matter). That's why I, in turn, said things that I knew would hurt you deeply. We did not end up arguing and clashing without finding any compromise. In the end, we exhausted ourselves, failing to understand one another, and fell asleep, still angry and emotionally drained. The next day, we began to feel emotionally distant from one another because of all the harsh words we had exchanged the previous night. Even during the times we attended courses, we didn't talk like we used to, both of us holding on to our grievances. However, deep down, I still felt a glimmer of happiness during that period. This was because the topic of the waltz, which had caused so much tension, was finally over after the performance.

As time passed, we slowly began to converse more positively again. I didn't want to lose the person I loved, even after everything that had been said. I would forgive her in my

heart, no matter what. Gradually, I also began to sense that “Pulshn” was drawing closer to me again.

One day, during a history course, we were sitting together, but the teacher couldn’t attend, so a younger substitute teacher took over. At that moment, I noticed “Pulshn’s” small gestures and felt her warmth toward me once more. Sitting beside me, she playfully took my phone, captured selfies of herself, and then turned my way, laughing and taking photos of both of us together. (That moment has still stayed vivid in my memory, because the way you looked at me then, your eyes filled with a certain emotion, is something I can never forget.)

From July onward, we began to grow very close again. On our way back from classes, we’d talk about pleasant things without any arguments. I fell in love with “Pulshn” all over again. As time went on, “Pulshn’s” birthday approached (July 15). The closer it got, the more I found myself racking my brain over what kind of gift to get her. However, I roughly knew the kinds of items “Pulshn” wanted. And, as always, the day before her birthday (on July 14), I went out with my friend “Adil” to buy a gift. (“Pulshn” had been interested in things like necklaces, bracelets, and similar accessories.) So, “Adil” and I began searching for a store that sold such jewelry. When we finally found one, it was a shop entirely filled with girls—there wasn’t a single guy there. As usual, I felt shy about going in, but there was no other option; I had to. “Adil” and I entered and started looking at different options. The sales assistant, a girl, also began suggesting items for us to consider. However, I didn’t like the

options she presented—they didn't match "Pulshn's" taste at all. We spent a lot of time searching in the store until, finally, I spotted something that stood out: a bracelet, a necklace, and a pair of earrings that looked unique. "Adil" and I examined them more closely, discussing them together. We also asked the sales assistant for her opinion—after all, she was a girl, and I figured she'd know what other girls might like. She agreed that the set was a good choice. So, we decided to buy them and had the pieces packaged together in a single gift box. After purchasing the gift, we headed home, rested for a bit, and later in the evening, went out to play computer games with the guys (this was around 7 PM). After playing for a while, we started feeling hungry and decided to go grab something to eat (this was sometime after 10 PM). The whole time, my mind was occupied with thoughts. I had to make it in time to congratulate "Pulshn" at exactly midnight (00:00), and none of the guys knew about this—only "Adil" was aware. By now, it was already 10:30 PM, and I was calculating the time. I figured that by the time we finished eating, it would be past 11:30 PM, and I was worried I might not make it on time. At exactly 11:30 PM, I explained the situation to the guys, and once we had all finished eating, we started heading home. When they heard that I was planning to congratulate "Pulshn" on her birthday, they said they wanted to come along too. I agreed, and all of us got into a taxi heading toward my house. I needed to pick up the gift and also change into a different outfit. As soon as I got home and started getting ready, my mom saw me and said:

- "Where are you rushing off to, all dressed up and looking

so handsome?"

I replied:

- "I'm going to congratulate my female friend on her birthday."

She smiled and added as a joke:

- "Oh, so you're going to see a girl? Of course, you're making sure to look good—spraying cologne, combing your hair, and ironing your clothes, aren't you?"

I laughed in response, I said goodbye, warning her that I was leaving, and hurried to leave the house because there were only 15 minutes left until midnight. (My plan was to congratulate “Pulshn” right at 12:00 in front of her house.) We quickly called for a taxi, but, unfortunately, no taxis showed up. Not wanting to waste any more time, we decided to walk toward “Pulshn’s” house instead. Since time was running out, we had no other choice. We kept talking as we walked, checking the app to see if any taxi had accepted our request. (“Pulshn’s” house was relatively close to mine—about a 20-minute walk.) But when I checked the time, it was already past midnight, and we still hadn’t arrived. There were roughly 10 minutes left to walk. I told the guys to pick up the pace, and we started walking faster. Along the way, I called “Pulshn’s” younger brother.

- "Bro, bring your sister outside. I'm almost at your house to wish her a happy birthday," I said. (I had planned it as a bit of a surprise, so I called her brother instead of “Pulshn”)

He agreed, but shortly afterward, he sent me a message saying she couldn’t come out. Upon reading the message, I decided to call “Pulshn” directly. I called, wished her a happy

birthday, shared my heartfelt wishes, and explained the situation. I then asked her if she could come outside for just a moment. At one point, “Pulshn” told me not to wait directly in front of the house but a bit farther away because her father was home. So, we waited near the riverbank close to her house, talking with the guys for about half an hour. I let her know where we were waiting. Then, suddenly, I received a call from “Pulshn’s” younger brother, and he told me that they had gone to a different location. The place they went to was actually the opposite direction from where we had come, meaning they went back the way we had just walked. I was confused because I had already told them exactly where we were, yet they had gone the wrong way. I asked them to come back to the spot where we were waiting.

At that moment, I heard “Pulshn’s” voice over the phone:

- "If you don't feel like coming, then let them leave. We're not coming either."

She then hung up.

I explained the situation to my friends and asked them to wait there while I went to meet “Pulshn” to congratulate her. (Her words frustrated me, but I kept my feelings to myself and didn't let it show.) When I met her, I wished her a happy birthday, gave her the gift, and we talked while walking together for a bit. I shared some funny stories about what happened while buying her gift. Meanwhile, my friends, who also wanted to wish her a happy birthday, were still waiting by the riverbank near her house. I explained this to “Pulshn” and suggested we walk toward them since she would have to pass by that area on her way home anyway. However,

“Pulshn” didn’t agree and said she wouldn’t go there. The reason was that she had had an argument with “Adil” earlier, and since he was there, she refused to go anywhere near him. She added:

- "If they came to congratulate me, then they can come here themselves. I’m not going to them."

Her stubbornness was clear, and I didn’t like her tone or words at all. However, since it was her birthday, I chose to remain calm and not say anything. Eventually, I managed to convince her, and we headed toward where my friends were waiting. Once we arrived, my friends congratulated her, and shortly after, “Pulshn” received a phone call from her family, telling her to return home. We said our goodbyes there. She left with her brother, and we headed back to our homes. The next day, according to the plan, “Pulshn” and I were supposed to celebrate her birthday together. However, she had already made arrangements in advance to spend the day with her friends. Nonetheless, she still wanted to spend time with me too. Because of that, she adjusted her plans slightly so she could spend time with me as well. I suggested that we all go to the cinema, and since everyone agreed, we went ahead with that plan. We watched a comedy movie for about two hours, laughing together while snacking on drinks and snacks. After the movie ended, we took some group photos and slowly made our way out of the cinema. After leaving the cinema, I suggested we go for a walk instead of just heading home, and everyone agreed. While walking, I was having a conversation with “Pulshn” when I noticed one of her friends didn’t seem to like me. Every time “Pulshn” and I were

talking, this friend would interrupt and insert herself into the conversation. Even “Pulshn” didn’t like her behavior, but in order not to upset her friend, she continued talking to her. I understood the situation and chose to stay quiet, not wanting to cause conflict. At one point, this same friend received a call from home, and she had to leave. I casually suggested that, since it was late at night, we shouldn’t let her go home alone and instead escort her back. I said this out of politeness, wanting to act like a gentleman. However, as I later found out, “Pulshn” didn’t like this my suggestion. After discussing it, we all agreed to drop her friend off. Once we had dropped all her friends at their homes, it was just “Pulshn” and me walking back together. During this time, she told me that she didn’t like the fact that I had offered to escort her friends home. She explained her reasoning (I do not want to write the reasons her) but for some reason, it had upset her, and I could sense her mood had dropped. In an effort to make things better, I talked to her as we walked back to her house. When we arrived, I hugged her and said:

- "It’s all okay now. Cheer up. If something I did upset you, I’m sorry. And once again, happy birthday."

With that, I hugged her tightly, and her mood seemed to improve. She went home with a seemingly lighter heart, and I left for home, feeling at peace as well.

From the day we had about 20–25 days left until our exams, our conversations started to diminish. The reason was the approaching exam period. At that point, “Pulshn” said the following to me:

"Atu, there's very little time left, so let’s channel our full focus

into studying now. Once we've completed the exams, we can talk freely again. From now on, I'll only use Telegram for exam preparation, so if I don't respond, please don't get upset."

I agreed with her reasoning, and from then on, we only talked about study-related matters, and even that became more infrequent — those long, all-night conversations ceased.

On July 28th, we had another test scheduled for a private university (online). In order to take it, all of us needed to gather in one place. Therefore, I invited everyone to my home. It was the first time "Pulshn" had ever come to my house, which made her feel extremely self-conscious at first. (Among the girls, it wasn't only "Pulshn" who was present; her friend was there too. In total, there were about 6 or 7 of us.) When "Pulshn" arrived at the front of the house, she was so hesitant to enter that she nearly turned around and left. Somehow, I managed to coax her into coming in. Eventually, we all began preparing for the exam. (Out of everyone present, only "Pulshn" and I were actually taking the test; the rest had come simply to help.) When we first tried to access the site to check "Pulshn's" test, it already stated that she had been accepted into the university. As a result, she didn't need to take the exam. After that, it was my turn, and I proceeded with the test. The others assisted me throughout—while they provided the answers, I selected the correct options. Ultimately, I too was admitted into the university. Once the exam was over, my family was preparing food and asked everyone to stay a bit longer. So we spent some time playing

cards and other board games. At one point, we were called in for the meal. We all sat down to eat, and it was during that time that I noticed just how shy “Pulshn” truly was—her face was visibly flushed. After the meal, everyone gradually began heading back to their homes.

Then, two or three days later, our English teacher gathered all of us to say a prayer and wish us success. I went there together with “Pulshn”. After receiving the teacher’s blessing, we returned home together. Around that time, “Pulshn” began to feel truly anxious about the exam. Even though I tried my utmost to support and encourage her, she was still very frightened.

For a whole year, I had been praying persistently every day. (Let me explain this in detail for clarity: during my prayers, I would mention the full name — first and last — of every friend who was dear to me, including “Pulshn”. I prayed for all of us to successfully get into university. The reason I used full names was to ensure my prayers wouldn’t be mistakenly applied to someone else — I wanted them to be specifically directed toward my friends.) And beyond just praying for our university admissions, I also frequently prayed for “Pulshn” specifically. I would wish for my own family well-being in the same way I wished for the well-being of her. I would pray for her safety and even wish for her to be with me forever. As the deadline for our application was approaching, we encountered an issue during the test registration process. They suddenly stopped accepting our IELTS certificates. And there was only one day left for “Pulshn’s” registration deadline, while I still had some time left for mine. Panicking

over this, “Pulshn” messaged me. I was confused too, so I called and suggested we meet up somewhere and try to register on the spot. Immediately, we went out to a location and began working on the registration process. However, despite our efforts, the registration still wouldn’t go through. I noticed “Pulshn” becoming increasingly discouraged, and seeing that affected my own mood too. I began making calls to everyone I could, trying to find out how we could resolve the situation. Some people told us to go to a certain place. But when we arrived there, we found out it was closed since it was Sunday. That only made us more anxious. I started calling the exam call centers, trying to get some proper information, but they didn’t give me any clear answers either. So we kept calling more people.

In the end, the issue wasn’t resolved that day, and “Pulshn”, clearly upset, started taking it out on me (almost as if the problem was in my hands, even though I had done everything I possibly could to help. In fact, I hadn't even gone this far for my own application.)

The next morning, we went to the location people had advised us to visit for registration. I waited there for “Pulshn”, and eventually, she told me that her registration had gone through. But mine still wasn’t accepted, so I continued trying to fix it on my own there. Still, no one was giving me any clear information, and at that point, I was completely frustrated and overwhelmed. At that moment, I felt genuinely hurt. I had done everything in my power to help ensure “Pulshn’s” registration would be completed on time. But once hers was finalized, it felt like she became

indifferent toward mine. She seemed completely unbothered—at least that’s how it felt to me. It was like the pressure had suddenly vanished for her, while I was still deeply stressed. When we left the registration center, defeated, we began walking back to “Pulshn’s” home. The weather was scorching hot, the sun blazing directly overhead. I have sensitive skin, and the sun affects me badly—but still, I kept walking beside her, trying to keep my emotions in check. But then something happened that really upset me. “Pulshn” and her little brother were walking ahead, sharing an umbrella. They called me over to join them, but I declined, saying I didn’t need it. (Logically, there wasn’t enough space under the umbrella for all three of us, so I thought it made sense to refuse.) But they started laughing at me, repeating what I had said - making fun of me despite clearly seeing how frustrated and emotionally drained I was. As I walked beside them, I couldn’t help but think:

- “I did everything I could, gave my all, and now this is how I’m being treated? They’re mocking me?”

That only deepened my frustration. Then, as we got closer to “Pulshn’s” house, I took a different route to head home.

At that point, her brother said to her, “Give him the umbrella.” “Pulshn” turned to me and said;

- “Atu, do you need the umbrella? Take it, I can give it to you.”

But because I was still upset from being mocked earlier, I refused without looking back and continued walking. The entire walk home, I was emotionally exhausted, deeply reflective. Even though the sun was harsh and damaging to

my skin, I walked through it in silence. When I got home, I lay down to rest and eventually fell asleep. And when I woke up, to my surprise, I found out that my registration had finally been accepted. That slightly lifted my mood, and I told “Pulshn” about it. Once our registrations were finally accepted, we began to feel a bit more at ease.

Not long after that, I had to leave for Tashkent to take the “Westminster University” entrance exam, scheduled for the 2nd. I traveled alone by train, and during the journey, I kept thinking about the exam and the possibility of getting into the university. I couldn’t help but feel a bit anxious.

Upon arriving in Tashkent, I eventually found out that I wouldn’t be able to sit the “Westminster” exam—my score was insufficient. So, in the end, I had come all that way for nothing. I spent just one day in Tashkent, and on the 4th, I flew back to Nukus. (While others were in the final stages of preparing for their tests, I was surprisingly calm and relaxed—even though my exam was just a day away.) When I landed at the airport, I was greeted by my friends and “Pulshn”. Honestly, I hadn’t expected her to be there, so seeing her genuinely made me happy. We spent some time talking and walking around before heading home. Despite the fact that my exam was the next day, I felt strangely confident in myself. Then came the day of the exam—August 6th. That morning, I suddenly felt a heavy mental weight pressing down on me. The confidence I’d carried up to that point gave way to nerves and fear. I went to the test location with my brother and a couple of friends. As I entered the exam building, I felt as if I had two minds—my anxiety and focus battling each

other. I sat the test for three hours straight and then left the building. As I was walking out, I saw my friend (“Babur”) and “Pulshn’s” younger brother, waiting for me. I was genuinely happy to see them. But deep down, I had also hoped “Pulshn” would be there too. I thought she might show up to support me on such an important day. Unfortunately, she didn’t come. And so, we just headed back home. After returning home, I told my family how challenging the test had been, but assured them that I believed I would still manage to get into the university. Since the results were going to be released the following evening, I decided to get some rest and sleep. The next evening, while we had guests at our house, the results came out. While I was busy helping around, “Pulshn” called me:

- “Atu, the results are coming out—what’s yours?” she asked.

So, I checked my results and immediately told “Pulshn”, then shared the results with my family in front of all the relatives. My family was overjoyed, and everyone began to congratulate me. But at that moment, I was feeling a bit down because of my score. I told “Pulshn” how I felt, and she did the opposite of what I expected—she genuinely tried to cheer me up. Thanks to her, my mood improved, at least a little. The next day, “Pulshn” and I were supposed to meet because her test was in just two days, and I had to help her with mathematics. So on August 8, we went for a picnic, and I started explaining math problems to her in depth, writing them down in a notebook. If she didn’t understand, I would go over them again, trying every possible way to make things

clear. Even after it got dark, I kept teaching her using my phone's flashlight for illumination. That was our final day of preparation, and we studied thoroughly. Once we were done, we returned home late at night. The next day was her test day. I set an alarm in the morning so I could go with her to show support. After waking up, I went with her. We met, I gave her as much motivation as I could, and then saw her off to the building where she'd take the test. Her little brother and I waited outside anxiously for three hours. (At that time, I hadn't even felt that nervous during my own test.) We were spending time outdoors with her younger brother. (At that moment, I realized just how deeply I loved "Pulshn" – so much so that I found myself hoping for her success in the university entrance exam even more than for my own.) While the three hours passed quickly for "Pulshn" during the test, they felt like an eternity for me as I kept reflecting and overthinking while waiting outside. Eventually, my friend "Babur" arrived to offer his support. So, the three of us waited outside for "Pulshn" to finish her exam. At one point, we received a call from an unfamiliar number. When we answered, we realized it was "Pulshn". She informed us where she was, and we went to meet her. As she approached from afar, I couldn't take my eyes off her face. I was trying to gauge her mood – if she appeared cheerful, it meant the exam had gone well; but if she looked upset, I would assume it had been difficult. I kept glancing at her repeatedly, attempting to read her expression before she even reached us. The moment we met, I was overwhelmed with anxiety and immediately began bombarding her with questions:

- “How did the exam go? Was it easy? Did the questions match the ones you'd prepared for? Do you think you have a chance of getting a scholarship?”

I asked all of this in a flurry, because her admission into university meant a great deal to me. When “Pulshn” responded with a smile and confirmed that the exam had gone smoothly, my spirits were instantly lifted. We all rejoiced together and headed home in high spirits. So, both of us had already finished taking the test, and we were finally relaxed and started speaking normally again. As the evening approached, “Pulshn” started to get nervous, thinking about the results. However, the scores were only going to be released the following evening. Judging by “Pulshn’s” confidence, I was mentally estimating her score and sitting there quite reassured, thinking, “She must’ve gotten in university for sure.”

Then, the next evening, many people started posting their scores online, and I immediately called “Pulshn” to ask about hers. But since her mother was around, she couldn’t talk on the phone, so I messaged her on Telegram:

- “So, how did it go? What score did you get? The answers are already being released, you know,” I wrote.

“Pulshn” replied saying she hadn’t yet checked the website — it was crashing. Since I had all her login details, I offered to check for her. Even though the site kept freezing, I patiently waited till the end. Eventually, I managed to access the results — I was actually the first person to see her score, even before she did. Before the results were out, I had already predicted approximately what she would get, and it turned out to be

exactly as I had said. I immediately took a screenshot and sent it to her, congratulating her with all my heart. The feeling I had at that moment was pure elation. I must've been one of the happiest people that day — maybe even happier than when I saw my own score. (That alone probably says a lot about how much I loved “Pulshn”.)

So, our results were finally out, and we were both genuinely happy that we had achieved the scores we had hoped for. An hour or two later, “Pulshn” told me that she was going out for a walk with her little brother, and she invited me to join them. It was already past midnight, around 00:00. I went to accompany her in her joy, regardless of the time, finding a way to join them. We walked together, enjoying the moment, laughing, and relaxing freely. We walked until about 2-3 a.m. Finally, when “Pulshn’s” father called her to go home, she left, and I also headed home afterwards. After we finished with the test, our relationship began to grow warmer again. For the next three days in a row, we continued to go out for walks together after midnight. (There were a few times when we had minor disagreements during these late-night walks, but even then, I was truly happy.)

After four days had passed since we had taken the test, I invited my friends, as well as “Pulshn's” friends, to my house. We all gathered to hang out at home. There were about 12 of us in total, and I invited everyone from our mutual circle (“Pulshn’s” friends also knew mine). All the girls, except for “Pulshn”, were coming to my house for the first time, so they were all a little shy. However, since “Pulshn” had already been to my house twice, she felt more comfortable. So, we all

entered the house, sat around the table, and started chatting. After having some tea, the boys went outside to grill kebabs. Meanwhile, I took the girls outside to show them the garden, so they wouldn't feel left out while the boys were outside. (Just for clarification: our house has a large plot of land at the back, which is where my father keeps various animals. Among them, there are some pigeons that "Pulshn" particularly likes. That's why I decided to take all the girls outside to show them the pigeons.) While I was showing the pigeons, "Pulshn" expressed a desire to catch one. So, I immediately helped her catch one, and everyone started taking photos with the bird. At one point, the boys called me over to help with grilling the kebabs. So, I handed my phone to "Pulshn" and took them out to the pool to show them around, saying:

- "If you feel like swimming, go ahead, no one's going to bother you. If you need clothes, just let me know — I'll bring you some shorts and a T-shirt."

Although the girls were clearly tempted to swim, they felt too shy to do so. I left my phone with "Pulshn", telling her:

- "If anyone calls, just answer and say "Atu's" not available, talk to them if needed."

(Back then, I trusted "Pulshn" completely with my phone — it was as if I already viewed her as my future wife.) Later, when I checked my phone, I saw that the girls had simply stayed in and relaxed. Looking through the photos and videos, I saw how happy "Pulshn" looked, and that made me deeply content. Meanwhile, the boys and I had started grilling the kebabs, and the girls eventually came outside and

stood nearby, watching us. At that time, among everyone in my family, only my father hadn't yet seen "Pulshn" in person. The first time she had come over, my father hadn't been home — so this was the first time he was seeing her. But everyone else already knew who "Pulshn" was, at least from what they'd heard about her. That's why everyone was quietly observing her the way one would look at a future daughter-in-law. (Maybe "Pulshn" herself didn't realize it, but that's how it was — by that point, my family already saw her as someone very close.)

Since the other girls were sitting off to the side and feeling a bit shy, I went over to join them. I saw "Pulshn" sitting there with my little sister, though they weren't really talking. (That was such a beautiful moment to witness — indescribable, really.) I joined them, and we started chatting. Apparently, earlier, "Pulshn's" friends had playfully teased her in front of my sister, saying:

- "She's your brother's girl, your future sister-in-law."

After that, we all gathered to take some group photos. Taking pictures in my own home, with the girl I loved, was a unique and unforgettable feeling — something words can hardly describe. Back when we first met, I never imagined that "Pulshn" and I would become so close. But fate brought us together in an unexpected and powerful way.

Once the kebabs were ready, we all sat around the table and ate to our heart's content. After the meal, we sat down to play "Mafia". The game went on until late at night — we were having so much fun that no one wanted to leave. But unfortunately, the girls started getting calls from home, and

they had to go. We walked everyone out and finally escorted “Pulshn” and her friends home on foot, just so we could keep talking for a bit longer.

The next day, while my family members were sitting around the table drinking tea, they kept asking me about “Pulshn”, all of them laughing:

- “Is that tall, long-haired, fair-skinned, beautiful girl the one you’ve been talking to?” they asked.

I felt shy and just answered quietly. In short, it seemed that my family liked “Pulshn” based on her appearance. After all the laughter and conversation, I told “Pulshn” what had happened — that my family had said those things about her. She laughed and said:

- “Honestly, my brother, likened me to your mother as well as when I visited your house while you weren’t there, the girls were joking around, saying, ‘Maybe you’ll be the bride of this house one day.’”

So we both laughed and sat there talking about everything that had happened. (At that moment, for some reason, I had this inner feeling — as if I might really marry “Pulshn” someday.)

We continued speaking to each other every day and occasionally met up, until the university results were announced. (At that point, we had only received our entrance scores.) On August 22, when our admission mandates came out, we felt completely at ease. Both of us had been accepted into Tashkent. Both of us congratulated each other once more on our university admission and began receiving congratulations from others as well. At that time, a situation

occurred that I didn't like; I posted a heartfelt congratulatory message to "Pulshn" on an online platform, expressing sincere wishes. However, she didn't like what I wrote and asked me to take it down. I was confused and got emotionally upset. Still, I agreed and reworded it according to her preferences, then reposted it—but she didn't like that either. Meanwhile, I noticed she had posted a congratulatory message from her former waltz dance partner on her platform. What made me feel hurt was that his message was almost identical to mine, perhaps even more elaborate, yet she accepted his message while rejecting mine. That deeply affected my mood, and although I didn't like the final version, I left it up without making further changes. I felt hurt and gradually lost interest in everything, especially after that guy reappeared. (I had a feeling they might be in communication.)

The next day, to celebrate our admission, "Pulshn" and I went to the park to enjoy the rides. On the way, we were joking around, discussing which rides to go on, and started with something mild and not too frightening. While we were sitting and chatting, waiting for others to arrive, "Pulshn" suddenly grabbed my leg and then took my hand, explaining it was in relation to something she was saying. That moment, when she suddenly held my hand, made me feel butterflies inside. Then we started going on the rides. "Pulshn" wanted to try the scariest ones, while I was a bit scared of them. Eventually, we went on one ride that made me extremely nauseous. I repeatedly told the operator:

- "Bro, stop the ride, I feel like I'm going to throw up!"

(I said it about four or five times.)

But he didn't stop it, probably because he didn't hear me. When the ride finally stopped, I ran off and vomited right away—I couldn't hold it in. “Pulshn” and her little brother followed behind.

- “What happened? We thought you were joking around,” they said, laughing.

I threw up again right there. “Pulshn” brought me water, helped wash my face, and I slowly came back to my senses. Then she said:

- “Let's go home. That's enough fun for today.”

As we walked back, we stopped by a café to get something to eat. After filling our stomachs, we took photos and videos of each other, laughing about the whole park incident, especially the part where I threw up. After satisfying our hunger, we continued strolling. (The reason we preferred walking was because we genuinely enjoyed long conversations together.) Along the way, “Pulshn” was filming vlogs on my phone, and at some points we took breaks and rested. As we neared home, “Pulshn” received a call from her mother, who said she'd pick her up along the way. “Pulshn” explained where we were, and we waited for her mom. When her mother arrived, she took “Pulshn”, and I continued on to my own house.

The next day was a significant one—it was the first time in my life I was going to visit “Pulshn's” home. She had invited some of her close ones over to celebrate her university admission. I prepared carefully and went with my friend “Adil”. When we arrived, everyone seemed to be casually

mingling, so we entered quietly and respectfully. That was also the first time I met her mother in person. Her mother already knew “Adil”, since he was in “Pulshn’s” class, but she only knew my name as someone “Pulshn” referred to as a friend. Still, she greeted me warmly:

- “Atu, dear son, how are you doing...” she asked with genuine warmth. (Although it was her first time seeing me, the way she addressed me as “son” stayed with me as a deeply touching moment.)

After settling in, “Adil” and I were the only two guys among the group—everyone else was female. Naturally, we felt a little out of place. A bit later, when it was time for me to pray, I asked “Pulshn” if she could show me a quiet room and a prayer rug. She kindly showed me an empty room and gave me her grandmother's rug. At that moment, I noticed her sister began looking at me differently. After finishing my prayer and stepping out, I noticed her staring again with that same changed expression. Feeling slightly embarrassed, I quietly returned to the room where “Pulshn” and the others were sitting.

We continued talking, shared a meal, and once everyone had finished, we decided to go out again for a walk. “Pulshn”, eager to join us, so we quickly helped tidy up everything and got everything in order so we could leave. After leaving “Pulshn’s” house, we headed to the riverbank for a picnic. The same group of friends from her house gathered in one place. At one point, “Pulshn” sat beside me, leaning her back against mine. (That small gesture felt romantic to me in that moment.) We continued our walk afterward and returned

home in the evening.

Three days later, it was time for my celebratory gathering. But this time, it wasn't at home—it was held at a restaurant, as we had invited all of our relatives. On that day, all my relatives came to congratulate me, and eventually, “Pulshn” and her friends arrived too. All my cousins and aunts already knew about “Pulshn” from afar.

Naturally, they began pulling me aside to ask questions:

- “Is that the long-haired girl you're dating? She's beautiful,” they said.

I casually confirmed, saying yes, that's the girl. From that moment, they started observing “Pulshn” as though she were my partner, analyzing her with discreet glances.

After the celebration ended successfully, our next plan was to head to Tashkent. The reason being, it was already the end of August, and September was just around the corner. Our golden student era was about to begin. Before we left, on the very last day of August, we went for one final walk in Nukus, in the rain. After picking up some food to-go from a café, we strolled through the rainy streets, chatting about the weather and making plans for our upcoming trip to Tashkent. Time passed, and on September 3rd, we had tickets to Tashkent. (At that time, the group traveling to Tashkent included me, “Adil”, “Pulshn”, her brother, and Pulshn's mom—this was the group we were traveling with.) On the train, the four of us had seats together, but her mom's seat was a little farther away. Later, when her mom boarded the train, I saw her, and during the trip, I saw her 2–3 times, but other than that, I didn't see her much. Maybe her mom thought she shouldn't

interfere and let us travel comfortably on our own.

Once the train started moving, the excitement began. At that time, we still couldn't fully believe it—we were actually on our way to Tashkent to study, something we had been dreaming about for two years. During the journey, the four of us chatted. Closer to the evening, we started talking non-stop, reminiscing about funny things from the past. At one point, “Pulshn” said something rude that hurt my feelings. By then, it was already late at night. I got upset and stopped participating in the conversation, lying down and staying silent. After that, the others continued talking, and at some point, “Adil” called out to me, telling me not to sulk. Eventually, I told “Pulshn” how her rude behavior had upset me. We talked for a while that night until everyone got tired and went to sleep. In the morning, I woke up earlier than everyone else while they were still sleeping next to me. At one point, as I was awake, I noticed several guys walking past and looking at where “Pulshn” was lying. A surge of jealousy overtook me, and I grabbed the bedsheet beneath me and covered up the entire area where we were lying. I tied it up on both sides to create a kind of wall so that no one could see anything from outside. After that, I felt calm and fell back asleep. At one point, about half an hour before we arrived, “Pulshn” woke me up. We all got up, packed up the bedding, handed it in, and sat talking while waiting for the train to stop. (I really liked how “Pulshn” looked when she just woke up—her face was as soft as a baby's.) At that moment, “Pulshn” asked me:

- "Was it you who tied up the bedding while we were

sleeping? My mom came by and couldn't figure out what was going on."

I explained everything to her:

- "Yes, it was me. Otherwise, when you were sleeping, your back was slightly exposed, and all the guys passing by kept looking at you. So, I tied it up out of jealousy to keep it covered."

When we arrived in Tashkent, we unloaded our things, including "Pulshn's" big suitcases. At that moment, I saw her mom again. At the station entrance, "Pulshn" and her family left separately in a taxi, while Adil and I went to my brother's house. After settling in, we fell asleep. "Pulshn" and her mom were out looking for an apartment. There were still about one day left before university classes started. That's why one evening, while I was out walking around Tashkent with my brother (who lives there), "Pulshn" called me:

- "Atu, where are you? my brother and my mom are already leaving for Nukus tomorrow, so let's all meet up."

Since she and her brother didn't know Tashkent well, we decided to go to where "Pulshn" was. After looking at the location she sent, my brother said he didn't know the area well either, but we figured it out and went, bringing "Adil" along. Once we all gathered, we decided to eat first and went to a place to grab some food. After placing our order, we were waiting, but "Pulshn" suddenly got upset with me (I can't remember why exactly). When our order arrived, "Pulshn" was still sulking, and things got even worse because I had ordered something for her without asking. She didn't like what I ordered, and that made her even more upset. After

eating, we went for another walk. At some point, my little brother and “Pulshn’s” brother suggested:

- "There’s a park nearby; let’s go there."

We all agreed and started walking, though none of us knew the area well. After walking for a while, we realized we’d been walking too much. Our feet began to hurt, but we still hadn’t reached the park. We kept asking every five minutes:

- "Are we close? How much longer?"

Finally, we arrived at the park, but it turned out to be one of those "expectation vs. reality" situations. The location was supposed to be a park, but since it was late, most of it wasn’t open. Seeing the state of the place after walking so far made us frustrated. We got annoyed with each other while sitting on a bench, but since it was getting late, we decided to head back. Still, despite everything, we spent 5–6 hours together. “Pulshn” and her brother, took a taxi home, and since “Adil” and I knew how to use the metro, we took the metro back. (I have this habit: if I go somewhere with “Pulshn” and she doesn’t go home with me but instead with someone (either with her girlfriend or with her brother) else, I get really anxious and overthink everything until I know she’s home. I keep calling non-stop until I know for sure.)

That night, after getting off the metro, I started calling her repeatedly. “Pulshn” picked up and said:

- "Atu, we’re lost, and our phone battery is about to die."

She quickly hung up after that. I started worrying even more. When I tried calling again, she said the same thing—that their battery was low—and hung up again. After a while, she stopped answering altogether. I got really anxious, wondering

if something bad had happened. But about half an hour later, when I called again, “Pulshn” picked up and said they were home. Only then did I feel relieved.

Then came September 4th, the first day at our university. Both of us had no idea where to go and wandered around aimlessly. My dad dropped me off, while “Pulshn” took a taxi by herself. After finishing our first day, we talked at home about how our day went and shared our first impressions. That was when “Pulshn” told me she had found an apartment:

- "Today, we found an apartment. I met some Karakalpak girls at the university, and now I'll be living with them," she said. (Interesting fact: at that time, “Pulshn” was going to live with a girl who had been in my class.)

From that day onward, “Pulshn’s” family left, and in Tashkent, I was the only close person she had left. Because of this, I was constantly worried about her. That’s why I saved the location of where she was staying, where her university was, and everything else. I also found out when her classes started (she had morning classes, and I had classes in the afternoon). That’s how our first day went.

But another situation happened before “Pulshn” moved into her apartment. On the same day (on her first university day), while she was on her way to the university in a taxi, she called me early in the morning. When I answered, she said:

- "Atu, the taxi I was in got into an accident, and now I don't even know where I am. What should I do?" she asked, almost crying.

At that moment, I was still sleeping, so I didn't understand

anything at first. But when I heard her say there had been an accident, I immediately woke up, panicked, and started worrying a lot. I asked for her location because she wanted me to order her a taxi, but “Pulshn” couldn’t send her location. She was too stressed. She tried to order a taxi herself, but she didn’t have any taxi apps on her phone, and since nothing was going right, she started taking out her frustration on me. Meanwhile, I was extremely worried and getting ready to go to her. But since she couldn’t tell me where she was, I couldn’t go or order her a taxi. At one point, she told me her brother had ordered her a taxi and then got mad at me for not trying to help. (At that moment, I was already dressed and ready to go to her, but since she didn’t say where she was, I couldn’t do anything.) Once she got to her university, I finally calmed down.

From that day on, I developed a fear inside me—constantly worrying that something might happen to “Pulshn”. That’s why I started setting an alarm for the time she would leave for university in the morning. I would call her and stay on the phone with her until she said she had arrived. When she got to her university and sent me a video message on Telegram, showing she was in her classroom, only then could I sleep peacefully. From then on, I would call her every single day. After “Pulshn” moved into her new apartment, I wanted to know where it was, so one evening, after finishing my classes, I went to her apartment with “Adil”. “Pulshn” came out with her roommates to the front of the building. We greeted each other, and she stayed with her roommates while “Adil” and I sat separately. That way, I got to see where she lived and

made sure everything was okay.

Once everything settled, on September 10th, “Pulshn” and I went to the park to relax and enjoy ourselves. (Back when we first arrived in Tashkent, on the day she didn’t like the food I ordered, I learned that she really liked chicken strips.) So, before getting on any rides, we bought chicken strips to eat and, since I had also remembered that “Pulshn” liked mojitos, we got mojitos to drink. With everything in hand, we decided to ride the Ferris wheel. We got into a cabin, talked, took pictures of each other, ate the food we brought, but at one point, “Pulshn” didn’t like the taste of her mojito. Her mood totally dropped after that. After the Ferris wheel, “Pulshn” pointed to another ride and said she wanted to go on it. But it looked too scary for me, and I was afraid I might feel sick, so I refused. “Pulshn” got even angrier with me because of that. So, instead, we chose a less scary ride and went on that.

While walking around the park, we found a paddle boat and both of us immediately wanted to try it. So, we got on and started paddling together, each of us moving the pedals on our side to make the boat move. During that time, some funny moments happened. (Since this was the first time “Pulshn” and I were doing something like this together, the emotions felt extra special, and seeing “Pulshn’s” reactions made me really happy.) As we paddled around on the water, we stopped in the middle and took some pictures. Little by little, “Pulshn’s” mood started to improve.

After finishing the rides, we ordered a taxi. While waiting for it to arrive, we took some pictures. When the taxi came,

we dropped her off at her apartment. I waited outside the building until she went inside and called me to say, "I'm home." Only after hearing that did I feel at ease and head back home myself. (The distance between our homes was about an hour and a half by bus or 40 minutes by metro.)

One day, while I was on the phone with "Pulshn", she had just finished her classes for the day — it was lunchtime — whereas I was just about to head to university. I was waiting for her to get home so I could go down into the metro. As we continued talking over the phone, "Pulshn" suddenly said:

- "Atu, the men who are nearby at the university keep harassing me on my way back — they keep yelling and acting vulgar, it really gets on my nerves."

At that very moment, I could hear some guys speaking to her in the background. (To clarify: her university was only about a 15-minute walk from her house. However, there was a tire repair shop along the way where only men hung around, and because of that, they would often catcall her as she passed.) Hearing that made me incredibly frustrated, and from that day forward, I developed a habit: since I had classes during lunch and "Pulshn" would be finishing hers around the same time, I began waiting for her in front of her university. I would then walk her home before heading to my own classes. Starting the next day, I began waking up early with an alarm, talking to her on the phone until she got to class, then falling back asleep for a bit — only to wake up again and go to wait for her in front of her university when her classes ended. I would walk her home and only then head to my own university, even if that meant being 15 minutes late to class

every day. (That's how much I loved her — her safety was extremely important to me.)

This routine continued for over a month, adjusted according to my class schedule. The reason I stopped doing it wasn't because I wanted to, but because over time, "Pulshn" became more INDEPEDENT, and it felt as though I was no longer needed (at least, that's how I perceived it). During my last few visits, she started clearly showing that she didn't appreciate my presence. When she saw me, she would deliberately keep her distance and walk away.

(If you're reading this, I want you to know — your actions back then hurt me deeply. Even though I didn't show how offended I was at the time, the truth is, it was incredibly painful. I was coming from 1.5 hours away, and despite being late to my own classes every day just to make sure you were safe, I ended up feeling unwanted.)

After that, I stopped coming to meet her after class. But even then, because I still loved her, I kept calling her regularly, checking in to make sure she was okay and got home safely.

The end of the month was approaching. At the end of the month, it's my birthday (On September 27.) So, two days before my birthday, I decided to buy myself some clothes as a gift, and I went out to the store with my little brother. We walked through various stores, not knowing what to buy, and finally, in one shopping center, I found some clothes that I liked in a store. After trying on the clothes, I immediately said to my brother:

- "Take a picture of me, properly, so I can send it to "Pulshn" and ask if it looks good on me."

My brother took the pictures, and I also sent a video message to “Pulshn” through Telegram. However, since the internet connection there was weak, neither the pictures nor the video message reached “Pulshn”. At that moment, her opinion was important to me. (Because “Pulshn” was helping me change my clothing style and was someone I loved, I wanted to consult with them.)

Due to the weak internet connection, I left the store and started looking for a place with a better signal. Once the pictures reached “Pulshn”, I called her and said:

- "If you have time, check Telegram right now and give me your opinion; I'm buying clothes."

“Pulshn” agreed, immediately checked Telegram, and said that the clothes I chose were perfect:

- "Go ahead and buy them. They look great on you!"

So, I went back to the store and bought the clothes. (It was the first time I consulted a girl while buying clothes. After moments like this, I started to feel like we were a couple.) I bought the clothes, returned home happy, and on the way, I kept hearing compliments about my clothes from “Pulshn”. The next day, while we were talking, it was already my birthday the following day. The night before, “Pulshn” and I were chatting, and at midnight, she congratulated me via the internet. The next day, I planned to meet “Pulshn” after her classes at university. The next day, we had a small argument. The plan was to celebrate my birthday together. However, I was going to finish my classes late. So, I told “Pulshn” that I needed to go home to change my clothes because I couldn't go around in my university uniform. “Pulshn” didn't like that

idea when I told her. We argued, and as a result, we didn't celebrate my birthday together that day.

Even though we argued during lunch, I still waited for "Pulshn" outside their university. We met, and on the way, even though things weren't great between us, we still talked. When we arrived at the front of their apartment building, "Pulshn" said:

- "Wait here; I'll come back down in a moment."

She went up to her apartment, and I waited downstairs. 10 minutes later, "Pulshn" came down. She had a gift in her hands. At that moment, I was feeling frustrated and in a bad mood, so I wasn't expecting a gift. But suddenly, my mood lifted, and even though "Pulshn" wasn't in the best mood herself, she hugged me, congratulated me, and gave me her gift. My mood improved significantly, and afterward, I headed to university. While I was sitting at university, my friend "Adil" messaged me. It was also his birthday that day:

- "Atu, after classes, let's get together with the guys and have a meal somewhere," he said.

At first, I declined and told him the same thing I had told "Pulshn" — that I didn't want to go anywhere in my university uniform. But he kept insisting and eventually convinced me. When I told "Pulshn" that I was going to hang out with the guys, her mood dropped even further. But at that moment, she tried not to show it.

After hanging out with the guys, I came home and messaged "Pulshn". By then, her nerves were on edge. I became curious about why she was upset and kept asking her over and over what had brought her mood down. Eventually, she said:

- "You told me you couldn't go out in your university uniform because it wasn't comfortable, but then you went out with your friends anyway. Was it comfortable then? I always spend my birthdays with you, but you made excuses and ended up spending yours with your friends. You could've invited me; I know "Adil" anyway."

I explained everything to her in detail:

- "'Pulshn", I wasn't planning to go out. I wanted to spend my birthday with you, but the guys kept insisting, and in the end, they convinced me. Then, I just went out in my university uniform. You know, if I hadn't gone, they would've talked about it. And I didn't invite you because it wasn't just "Adil" there. There were two other guys with us, and I didn't want to bring you into a group of four guys. You know how jealous I get."

I explained the situation, but we still ended up arguing that day. Later in the evening, when everything had calmed down, I put on the cap she had given me as a gift (one of my favorite items is a cap) and sent her a picture of me wearing it to say thank her.

After we finished talking, my family called me:

- "So, what did you do, son? Did you go for a walk with your girlfriend? Did she give you a gift?" they asked, laughing.

I laughed and told them about the gifts she had given me (it wasn't just the cap — there were many other gifts too). Then my dad joked:

- "She gave you some nice gifts, huh?"

(My dad has a big interest in perfumes and "Pulshn" had also

given me a perfume.) When he saw that, he joked:

- "Now give me the perfume and I will say, 'This is a gift from my son's girlfriend', and I will use it proudly," he said, laughing.

And so, we all laughed and spent my birthday in a good mood.

The next day, "Pulshn" and I had a big argument and ended up fighting. Here's how it started: at first, everything was fine, and we were chatting normally, but "Pulshn" was still upset with me for not spending my birthday with her. She tried not to show it as much as possible, but it was obvious from the way she replied to messages. At some point, she went out with her roommates for a walk and to eat some ice cream. She told me beforehand, so I wasn't worried. While they were out, she sent me video messages on Telegram showing where they were, which made me feel reassured. However, after an hour or two, "Pulshn" suddenly disappeared from the internet. I started looking for her. I called her, but her phone was off. I messaged her on Telegram, but there was no reply. I started to get really anxious, and all kinds of bad thoughts came to my mind. At some point, I got the idea to call her brother, because he knew the numbers of her friends. I asked him for help finding out where "Pulshn" was.

He told me that she had already come home. My nerves were completely shot. Here I was, searching for her like crazy, and she had calmly gone home without letting me know. (Looking back now, I realize I was overreacting and way too nervous. That was my mistake—getting angry over nothing.) Eventually, "Pulshn" messaged me on Telegram, letting me

know she was home. But since I was already on edge, I didn't respond to her properly. she noticed my tone and got irritated, so she didn't respond kindly either. This led to a conflict between us.

I tried to explain to her why I was so upset, but she was calm and didn't take my feelings seriously. (At the time, I thought this: since I only talked to "Pulshn", the fact that she disappeared for even a little while made me worried and anxious, so I would start looking for her. But since "Pulshn" talked to other people besides me, for her, not answering for a while was completely normal behavior. That's why I would get upset.)

That day, we just argued, didn't understand each other, and went to bed both feeling upset and frustrated.

After that, we gradually stopped communicating properly — no matter what I did, I began to fall out of favor with "Pulshn". We started arguing daily. At the beginning of October, we had some intense arguments. Despite the tension, on October 9th, we planned an outing. But this time it wasn't just the two of us — I invited two of my friends, and "Pulshn" was supposed to bring along two of her girlfriends. Everyone more or less knew each other, so we thought it'd be fine to go as a group. We arranged everything — the location, the time, and which cinema we'd go to. But once we arrived in front of "Pulshn's" apartment, she didn't come out with her friends. Apparently, there was some issue at her apartment, but at the time, we had no idea. So we were just waiting downstairs. After a while, my friends turned to me and said:

- “Atu, what’s going on with them? Try calling “Pulshn” — find out when they’re coming. The screening time for our movie has already passed.”

So I gave her a call, but since she was already agitated by what was happening on her end, she answered me with full-blown aggression and abruptly hung up the phone. I was confused — I had no idea what was going on. I called again, and this time she picked up and snapped:

- “Atu, just wait a bit, we’re coming soon — stop calling already!”

My friends overheard her tone and were just as taken aback. My mood instantly deteriorated. I had put effort into this outing, yet she lashed out at me over something I didn’t even cause. Everything I had planned felt ruined, and suddenly nothing felt enjoyable anymore.

Half an hour later, the girls finally came out of the apartment. (According to our original plan, everyone was supposed to pair off and walk in twos.) We all regrouped and started figuring out what to do next, since the movie we originally intended to watch had already started. Eventually, we decided to go see a different movie instead. Since a taxi couldn’t fit all of us, we took the metro to the cinema. We got off at the closest station and walked the remaining 15 minutes. On the way, everyone was chatting in pairs. “Pulshn” and I were also talking, but at one point I gently asked:

- “What happened? Why were you late — is everything okay?”

To which she replied harshly:

- “None of your business, Atu. Why do you even care? I’m not going to tell you anyway.”

I didn’t understand. I was just curious because it seemed like something had clearly happened. I kept asking, assuming it wasn’t something serious she’d need to hide from me. But she kept dodging the question, responded coldly, and eventually we got into another argument. At one point, she even left my side and went to walk with one of my friends' companions.

After that, my friend “Adil” came over and said:

- “Atabek, “Pulshn” just joined the girl I was getting along with. We were having a good conversation, and now she interrupted it.”

Hearing that, I tried to call “Pulshn” back to me, but she wasn’t interested. She was still irritated and didn’t want to walk with me. (Although I genuinely had done nothing to warrant her anger — she was simply projecting her frustration from whatever issue she was having onto me.)

Just before we reached the cinema, she finally came back to my side, and even though she was still tense, we talked again — albeit stiffly. When we arrived at the cinema, we started discussing which movie to watch on the spot. We asked the girls, and they responded:

- “We’re fine with any movie.”

So, we chose a horror film ourselves. Then we went to get snacks while the girls waited for us. Once we had everything, we entered the cinema. Everyone sat next to the person they had come with. The movie had already started.

Midway through the film, when the plot escalated to scenes of people being brutally murdered, “Pulshn” turned to me and

said:

- “Atu, that’s it. I’m not watching this — I’m leaving.”

Trying my best to calm her down, I gently replied:

- “If you’re uncomfortable watching, that’s okay. Let’s just sit and talk instead — we don’t have to leave. I won’t watch it either, I’ll just sit and chat with you.”

I turned my body toward her and looked into her eyes as I said this. She didn’t respond and simply continued watching the movie. Since there were several disturbing scenes, I kept checking in with her during the film:

- “Are you okay?” I would ask, doing my best to make her feel at ease.

While eating chips, I would glance at her and hand them to her gently — a sort of silent, gentlemanly gesture, trying to make sure she didn’t feel overwhelmed or uneasy.

After about an hour and a half, the movie ended, and we exited the cinema. We stood outside the mall, talking casually. That’s when “Pulshn” really humiliated me in front of everyone, completely shattered my mood, and bruised my pride. (To this day, I still can’t forget that moment.);

- We were all chatting, and I made a lighthearted joke during the conversation. No one laughed. “Pulshn” looked directly at me and said:

- “Atu, honestly, your jokes don’t land with anyone but yourself.”

Hearing that, I was instantly filled with frustration. I fell silent and turned to “Adil” and said:

- “Adil, let’s go. Let’s head somewhere else.”

According to our plan, we were supposed to visit another

location. The day before, “Pulshn” had told me she wanted to try bubble tea from that spot. So we began walking there — it was nearby, about a ten-minute walk. I sped up and walked ahead alone because her comment had genuinely stung. I was still upset that she kept lashing out at me over her own apartment’s problem.

Eventually, “Pulshn” caught up to me. We started talking again, calmly this time. Even though I was still upset inside, I continued the conversation out of respect. As we walked, our interaction gradually became more pleasant, and we eventually arrived at the location — just a scenic spot for walking.

While we were all walking around, “Pulshn” and I stopped to get bubble tea. After buying it, we started looking for the rest of the group. From that point on, “Pulshn” began speaking to me normally again — maybe she had started to reflect on her earlier behavior.

After a bit, “Adil” called me and they had found us, and suggested we head to the metro since it was due to stop running in about half an hour. (According to the initial plan, we were supposed to go eat after the movie. We had agreed with the guys to go to “Pulshn’s” side of town and have dinner there before the metro closed, all together.)

So we paired up again and started walking to the metro station — about a ten-minute walk. On the way, “Pulshn” began explaining why she had been late earlier, going into detail as we walked. She kept talking the whole way to the metro. We took the metro and got off at the station near “Pulshn’s” place. But right after that, another

misunderstanding occurred, and my mood dropped again. The dinner plan was ruined. We ended up dropping the girls off at their place, and afterward, the guys and I went to eat on our own, without them.

While I was ordering food, I was still messaging “Pulshn”. She asked:

- “What are you doing? Are you home already?”

I sent her a quick video message showing us eating, and again, her reaction got under my skin. (Originally, we were all supposed to have dinner together — but due to her attitude, no one felt like going anymore.) She told me they had also ended up ordering delivery.

I replied:

- “Instead of sitting apart and eating like this, we could’ve just had a proper dinner together. You just shouldn’t have triggered me like that for no reason.”

And so, everyone ate separately and eventually headed home.

After that, we kept alternating between arguing and having pleasant conversations—our moods resembled the ever-changing weather, shifting daily. Understanding each other became more challenging with each passing day. This was because, during every argument, we would utter hurtful words capable of wounding each other's hearts. (Although I always tried to fix everything and make things better, I often ended up making them worse unintentionally. But deep in my heart, I genuinely wished for everything to turn out fine.)

One day, during one of these argumentative phases, “Pulshn” told me that she would be going out for a walk with her group of friends from the Lyceum, with whom she had

danced the waltz. This news immediately displeased me, as I inherently disliked that group. The fact that she spent time with her waltz partner made me feel as if the two of them were secretly communicating behind my back. That's why I had a strong aversion to that company.

When "Pulshn" mentioned that she was going out with them, my reaction was, as usual, negative, and we ended up in another argument. However, there was no alternative—"Pulshn" had to go out with that group, so even though it was difficult for me, I had to accept it. I forced myself to come to terms with it, and when it was time for "Pulshn" to leave, I called her. This was because she would be going by metro, which was unfamiliar territory for her as she rarely used it. Moreover, her house was a 15-minute walk from the metro station, and the area was notoriously unsafe, known for being full of unruly guys. That's why I called "Pulshn"—to ensure she reached the metro safely. While we were on the phone, just as she arrived at the metro, she asked:

- "Atu, I need to get to this location. From which direction should I board the metro?"

I immediately asked her which entrance she had used to enter the metro, figured out all the details in my head, and told her where to go so that she wouldn't get lost. Finally, she managed to board the correct train. At that moment, an intense wave of jealousy surged within me. (The reason? The metro is always crowded, people are often packed shoulder to shoulder, and it's inevitable that men's hands might brush against women. Moreover, some guys are nimble, trying to flirt with girls. Knowing "*Pulshn's*" *beauty*, I was certain that

someone would try to talk to her. I hated this thought—it made me jealous.) Because of this, I told “Pulshn”:

- "Let's stay on the phone until you get there. I'll keep talking; you can just listen if talking on the metro is uncomfortable for you."

But before I could finish my sentence, she abruptly hung up the phone. Already on edge and frustrated, this only intensified my emotions. So, I sent her a message saying:

- "Once you arrive, send me a message saying 'I've reached,' so I don't worry."

Then, to calm my nerves, I went to play a computer game. After “Pulshn” informed me that she had arrived, I felt relieved and continued gaming. However, to be honest, I was still overwhelmed by jealousy, imagining her not walking with just anyone but possibly with *him*.

After playing for 3-4 hours, I called her again, only to find out that she was still out walking. By then, it was already 10 PM. I was perplexed—they were heading to another location for an extended walk. This meant that by the time she returned, it would undoubtedly be midnight. Infuriated, I lashed out at her over the phone, questioning why they were staying out so late and why they needed to go somewhere else. “Pulshn”, feeling upset, hung up on me.

I didn't call her again, but I sent another message:

- "Call me when you leave the metro. We'll talk while you walk home."

After an hour passed, I couldn't hold back any longer and called her again. This time, she said she was finally heading back and about to take the metro. I waited, expecting her to

call me once she got off the train. Unfortunately, “Pulshn” didn’t call. It turned out that her group of male friends from the waltz had accompanied her all the way home, and because of that, she forgot about my request.

Naturally, this made me furious, and we ended up arguing again when she got home. She expressed her displeasure:

- "You’re always like this, Atu. Every time I go out with someone, you ruin my mood with your harsh words."

I tried to explain why I had spoken so harshly, but “Pulshn”, already vexed, didn’t want to listen. At one point, in the midst of my anger, she said:

- "Atu, why are you always so jealous? For your information, my waltz partner didn’t even come today. If you’re upset because of him, then stop; there’s no reason to be."

That evening, we argued yet again and eventually calmed down while talking. (But these constant arguments were slowly causing us to drift apart emotionally.)

(It slipped my mind to write this down earlier, and now, as I recall, the moment to write about it has passed; this incident took place on September 17th.)

One day, I went to my friends' apartment, where we all gathered to have a meal. (That day, for the first time in my life, I attempted to cook a proper meal.) While we were preparing food together, it started getting late. At that moment, “Pulshn” messaged me to let me know she was going out for a walk with her roommates. Knowing that she was with girls, I felt reassured and continued cooking with the

guys. It was already night progressed, after eating our cooked meals, it got quite late—past 11 PM—but “Pulshn” still hadn’t returned home. I started to get concerned again and called her. She told me she was still walking in the park with her friends but would head home in about 30 minutes. Hearing this, I felt calm once again. Meanwhile, as we were finishing for the food, we decided to order some fast food since we were starving. Just as we completed the order and were waiting, “Pulshn” called me. When I answered, she sounded as though she was running and trying to escape from someone. My heart immediately sank into my stomach, and I anxiously asked her what was going on. “Pulshn”, crying and panicked, told me she was scared. When I asked her what happened, she said that some suspicious guys at the park had made inappropriate compliments toward them and followed them in a car even after they left the park. The guys were swearing and shouting. Frightened, “Pulshn” and her friends had rushed into the entrance of an unfamiliar apartment building and had called me. Hearing this, my nerves were completely on edge, and I quickly shared the situation with my friends. I asked them to come with me to confront those guys and ensure “Pulshn’s” safety. My friends agreed without hesitation and started getting ready immediately.

I called “Pulshn” back and told her:

- "Stay where you are. I’m coming with the guys right now."

But she, crying and scared, kept telling me not to come and hung up on me. (The journey to “Pulshn’s” area would have taken me roughly an hour by taxi.) Because of this, I shared the situation with one of my friends, who knew people living

near “Pulshn’s” house. I asked him to contact his friends so they could reach her before we got there. My friend began calling his contacts while we were on our way in the taxi.

During this time, she kept calling me, crying and panicking, which made it impossible for me to remain calm. Seeing her in such a state always unsettled me. Sitting in the taxi, I was seething with anger, ready to confront and possibly fight those guys if necessary. After 30-40 minutes, we finally reached “Pulshn’s” area. (The taxi driver, understanding our urgency, drove quickly and got us there as fast as possible.) While still in the taxi, I called “Pulshn”, but she, still upset, picked up and said:

- "It's fine now; we've already gone inside. Don't come!"

But by then, we were already outside her house. I called her again because, after coming all this way, I needed to see with my own eyes that everything was okay. “Pulshn” refused to come out and told me to go back. Frustrated, I decided to go to her building regardless. I knocked on the door, and when it opened, I saw that all the girls were visibly shaken, some even crying. I asked them to call “Pulshn” out. When she came out, I talked to her briefly to help her calm down, even just a little. After a short conversation, she looked at me and said:

- "It's okay, Atu. You can go home now; we've gone inside the apartment."

She went back inside, and the other girls thanked us for coming, but not she. Afterward, we went back downstairs and waited for a while, just in case those guys returned. When it became clear that no one was coming back, we called a taxi to go home. While we were riding in the taxi, my friends said:

- "We came all this way, and it's already the middle of the night. But she didn't even thank you for coming to check on her."

Even though I was burning with frustration inside, I kept quiet, reasoning that maybe she was too scared to express her gratitude. I told my friends the same, trying to excuse her behavior. During the ride back, we got a notification that the fast-food order we had placed earlier had arrived. Unfortunately, there was no one at the apartment to take it. The delivery driver also informed us that he couldn't wait for long. Frustrated, one of my friends called his sister, who was nearby, and asked her to take the food for us. About 30 minutes later, we returned, ate our food, and finally got some rest. The next day, when "Pulshn" was returning home from the university, I went to meet her. I waited for "Pulshn" outside the university, and at some point, she came out after her classes. As usual, we were walking and talking on the way, and I was asking her about the situation from the day before in detail. At some point, she mentioned what kind of car they were in, and when we got near "Pulshn's" house, we saw the exact same car parked nearby. I immediately pointed it out to her:

- "Isn't that the car?" I asked.

"Pulshn" was startled and said,

- "Yes, that's the one."

We walked past it together, and I carefully observed them. At some point, I glanced back and saw that they were still watching us. I quickly dropped "Pulshn" off at her house, waited until she went inside, and then left for my university. I

walked to the metro from “Pulshn's” house, which took about 10–15 minutes (along the sidewalk). At some point, I looked towards the road where the cars were passing and noticed that the same car was following me. I immediately took out my phone and called her:

- "The guys from that car are now following me. They followed me all the way to the metro," I said, explaining everything that had happened.

Once I entered the metro, the car finally left, but it had been following me until then. Afterward, I started worrying about “Pulshn” even more and texted her during class:

- "Let's report this to the police station near your house, or I can go myself and explain everything," I told her.

“Pulshn” and her roommates were already scared and had informed their landlord about the situation. After that incident, I became very anxious and started worrying deeply about “Pulshn”.

Over time, everything returned to normal, but our relationship wasn't great. Day by day, we started growing distant from each other. One day in November, I began to feel that we were drifting further apart, and we had a big argument. To resolve things, I invited her to meet and have a meal together. “Pulshn” agreed and came. I waited for her near her house, and we went to a nearby café to eat and talk. (Even though I had a lot of resentment inside me, for some reason, whenever I saw “Pulshn”, I would forget everything and fall in love with her all over again.) That day was no different—I forgot about our argument and just enjoyed being with her.

In November, as I felt the distance growing between us, I started making extra efforts to improve things (although I had been trying before, in November, I made even greater efforts to turn everything around positively). On days when she wasn't feeling well, I would go 1.5 hours to bring her the snacks she liked and leave it near her house. (These might have been small things, but to me, they were romantic gestures.) One day, while we were talking and I was at home, "Pulshn" said:

- "One of the girls in the apartment bought croissants but didn't leave any for me; they ate them all," she said angrily.

I took her words seriously, got dressed immediately, and left while continuing to talk to her. I went 1.5 hours and bought a big croissant from a shop near her house. "Pulshn" didn't know I was coming because I wanted to surprise her. (*At that time, I had a principle: the girl I love should never feel left out or inferior. If she wants something, and if it's within my means, I must get it for her. She shouldn't just sit and watch others enjoying something.*)

When I arrived outside her house, I called her:

- "'Pulshn", come outside for 10 minutes; I'm here," I said.

She told me she couldn't come out right now because the landlord was there and was about to take all of them somewhere. I couldn't just leave without giving her the croissant, so I called her again:

- "At least come out for 5 minutes; I'll give you something quickly, and you can go back inside," I said.

She asked me to wait a little longer, and eventually, when they were about to leave, she called me:

- "I'm waiting with another girl in the staircase. Just come in casually, as if you're someone who lives here," she said.

So I rushed in, and when I saw her, I handed her the croissant:

- "Here's the croissant you couldn't have earlier. As soon as you mentioned it, I left my house and came all the way here to bring you a big one," I said, laughing.

She thanked me, and they left. I also went back home.

So, towards the end of November, "Pulshn" got sick because their apartment was cold. When I found out, I couldn't just stay at home doing nothing. Even though we'd been arguing and upset with each other, I still wanted to visit her and help her out because I loved her deeply. That's why I went to her place again, bringing the necessary medicine and some spicy instant noodles. At that time, she didn't want to come out and take what I'd brought either, but I was ready to wait until she did because I wanted her to recover—it was important to me. Despite all the arguments and stress between us, I kept thinking about her and worrying for her.

Time passed, and December arrived. On December 3rd, couples who loved each other typically gave their hoodies to their partners as a gesture of love. With that in mind, I also decided to give "Pulshn" my hoodie. On December 3rd, I went to the market early in the morning and bought a hoodie identical to mine. I wore the new one myself and decided to give "Pulshn" the original one I had been wearing because, according to tradition, you're supposed to give your own hoodie. I went to her house with the hoodie. Standing outside her building, I called her:

- "'Pulshn", come out for 10 minutes. I'm here," I said.

She didn't understand what was going on but opened the door and came outside. When she saw me, she walked over. I hugged her and handed her my hoodie:

- "Today is December 3rd, so I've come to give you my hoodie. And let's go out for a walk and have a meal together," I said.

"Pulshn" was overjoyed, hugged me, and thanked me, saying:

- "I just woke up, so let me wash my face and hair first. Wait for me downstairs for a little while," she said.

I agreed and waited for her outside. About an hour later, "Pulshn" came out, and we went to eat together. We had a great meal, enjoyed our time together, and went for a walk. In the evening, I walked her back home, and after dropping her off, she thanked me again, and we said goodbye. I then went back to my home.

Everything seemed to be going well between us, but unfortunately, our happiness didn't last long. On December 7th, we had another argument. We spent the whole night conflicting, and during the argument, "Pulshn" said something without thinking that made me cry. (What she said hit my weakest spot, and even though she might have said it accidentally, it hurt deeply because she knew how sensitive that topic was for me.) After that, I was deeply disappointed in her because I never expected her to say something like that. My feelings for her instantly cooled down. That night, the argument ended abruptly, and everything between us was left unresolved.

The next day, after we'd both calmed down, I thought we

could talk things over and make up. I suggested meeting in person, but “Pulshn” refused. She told me she didn’t want to meet me anymore. Hearing that made me lose my temper, and I said:

- "Let’s act like adults and meet to talk things out. We can’t just end everything over the internet like this. If we’re going to end things, let’s meet and talk properly," I said.

Even then, “Pulshn” refused. I got even more frustrated and spoke harshly:

- "If you’re not going to come out, I’ll come to your house right now," I said.

After I said that, “Pulshn” also responded harshly and firmly told me she wasn’t going to come out. She said it was over:

- "That’s it, Atu. I’m not going to talk to you anymore. Everything is over between us. Don’t come here again," she said.

Despite all the harsh words, I kept pleading with her, trying to save our relationship. At first, I was angry, but later, I tried everything to make things right. However, it was no use. “Pulshn” was upset and said many things out of frustration. That’s how we ended up speaking harshly to each other, and our feelings for one another were completely hurt. (That day, I cried a lot because I couldn’t accept the situation. All the memories we’d shared made it hard for me to let go, and I just wanted to see her one last time, hug her, and thank her. But those words remained inside me, unspoken.) Despite how painful it was, we stopped talking to each other. I fell into a deep depression, constantly thinking about the past and crying almost every day. It was then that I realized how much

I truly loved her. I even started praying every day, wishing we could get back together.

But after struggling like that for some time, 22 days later (on exactly January 1st), I messaged her to wish her a happy New Year. At that time, we were both in Nukus. After sending her my wishes, I begged her again to give me another chance. I pleaded with her for five days straight, doing everything I could to convince her. I thought if she was going to forgive me, it would happen then. But she didn't give me another chance. On January 5th, 2024, our story officially ended between us.

(When I asked for a last chance to meet and talk, I couldn't say everything I wanted to say, so now I'll leave those words here.)

"I don't regret anything. Thank you for the 2 years 117 days (Wonderful 28 months, memorable 121 weeks, marvelous 847 days, remarkable 20,328 hours, incredible 1,219,680 minutes, extraordinary 73,180,800 seconds) we spent together; every single day was truly meaningful for me. I'm actually grateful that someone like you was part of my life. Of course, we had lots of plans for the future, but not everything turns out the way we imagine. It seems our destiny was meant to end here, unfortunately. During those two and a half years, I can say that I loved you wholeheartedly. I tried my best to make you happy. Yes, I know that sometimes I spoke harshly and hurt your feelings or crossed your personal boundaries too much, but please understand that all of it came from love. I was so afraid of losing you, and because of that, I sometimes treated you in ways I shouldn't have. If I ever went too far or hurt you in any way, I sincerely apologize.

It seems this is where everything ends for us. All I can wish for you now is happiness. Wherever you go, may your face always shine brightly. I hope you find someone who truly understands you and supports your plans. May your steps toward the future with that person be firm, and may your life together be filled with happiness that makes your head spin. Never forget this! If you ever need my help, feel free to reach out. (You have all my contact information.) I will try my best to support you in any way I can. That's why I hope we can treat each other not as

enemies in each other's lives but as people who were once very close. Wherever you are, the most important thing is for you to be happy!

I know that at that time, it was incredibly hard for me to let you go from my heart. I was so deeply in love with you back then, a love that words cannot describe. For that reason, I hope you can accept everything as it is. And I wish I could hug you one last time and say this to you.

Of course, even now, after time has passed, all I wish for you is goodness and happiness. And one more thing I want to say: I never regret the time I spent with you, and once again, I'm glad that someone like you came into my life, even if it ENDED tragically."

The End.

My MISTAKES that made me LOSE the GIRL of my DREAMS:

1. I showed my weakness

I showed too often that I was struggling. Too often, I shared my feelings and worries. Psychology says that a woman wants to see not just a partner in a man, but also a pillar of support. And instead of being strong and supportive, I was often in a "hard state" myself. This made me vulnerable in her eyes.

2. I projected dependency

I realized that I was too attached. All my actions, decisions, and even mood depended on her. I missed her too much, texted her too often, and so on. A woman loses interest when a man stops being independent. This wasn't love; it was emotional dependency, and that's what I projected. Instead of a confident partner, she saw someone who loved her so much that he "clung" to her, afraid of losing her.

3. I lost myself

I tried so hard to be good for her that I forgot who I was. I adjusted to her desires, forgetting about my own. Women can sense when a man loses his individuality. This kills respect. After all, interest in a partner is largely tied to their personality, goals, and passions. And I had less and less of that.

4. I abandoned my goals

At some point, I stopped thinking about my ambitions. Everything I did revolved around us as a couple. But a man without goals loses his attractiveness. A woman is inspired by a man who strives for something greater, who is passionate about his dream, who knows what he wants. And I extinguished my own fire for the sake of the relationship and the search for stability.

When I realized and analyzed all of this, I understood that I needed to change, to work on myself, that I had to become a completely different person.

This breakup completely changed my mindset and made me stronger. My eyes were opened, and I understood EVERYTHING.

Now I'm working on myself harder than I've ever worked before. And I'm very grateful that everything happened the way it did. Because if it weren't for this situation, I would have never become who I am now.

Pain that made me stronger and a hundred times better.

Author of the book

I'm Ataubaev Atabek Maksutbaevich, born on September 27, 2005, in the Republic of Karakalpakstan, in the city of Nukus. Since childhood, I wasn't interested in reading books; instead, I was more fascinated by writing. I want to express my thoughts and experiences through writing, and my goal in writing this book is to document my time dedicated to one person and the meaningful memories we shared.

Regarding myself, I am someone who is deeply connected to love, which is why the theme of my book "After" revolves around relationships. It took me 3 months and 1 week to complete this book. During the writing process, I realized the mistakes I made in life, particularly in my interactions with girls. In this book, I talk about being genuinely in love with a girl, but as the saying goes, true lovers may never unite in life. Unfortunately, this was true for us; we couldn't be together.

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