I weaved through the crowded cafe, my latte in hand. A new singer’s name was announced. I tried to make my way to my usual table. A girl with a laden tray hurried past me. In the process of avoiding her, I tripped and my latte got sloshed on a guy. “HEY!! Watch where you’re going!” “I’m sorry”, I apologized. “I’m due on stage now and you’ve **ruined** myjacket!!” he complained. My temper flared now. He wasjust **so** annoying. “I said I’m sorry! I didn’t do it on purpose!!” “Whatever,” he said waving me off scornfully. I turned away in a huff, my mood aggravated by the idiotic stranger. I had come here to forget my bad day at work and he just had to ruin my peace. There was no use staying now. I decided to call it a day. My hand was on the door handle when the music started; a melodious guitar riff. And then........he sang. I froze at the doorway and my head turned. His voice reverberated throughout the room, so melodious, so beautiful that I could only stare at him. It was mesmerizing -there’s no other way to describe it. The song sounded magical, every note, every lyric perfectly rendered in his exquisite voice. When his song ended, I found myself in front of the stage having no clue when or how I got there. As the audience applauded, he stepped down and walked up to me. “I take it you liked my song,” he smirked. I noticed that he was very handsome, the smirk making his features more pronounced. He had dark brown hair that swept his forehead, strong, sharp features and hazel eyes that now held a playful twinkle. “Um.........It was nice,” I stammered. Gosh! Why am I blushing?! ”Would you like to have coffee with me? Since my jacket finished your latte,” he asked. I examined his face suspiciously. Why was he being so nice all of a sudden? But his face was open, the smirk replaced by a genuine smile. I agreed.

We talked late into the night. I found that we had many common interests. He told me that he was new in town, trying to start a career in music. I told him that I was working in Hell a.k.a Wall Mart juggling studies and job. I found it very easy to converse with him. After that night, we started meeting often, mostly at the same cafe. Sometimes we would go to the park near the cafe. We talked about almost everything, our likes, dislikes, our pasts, our dreams, aspirations and music—endlessly music. We would sing together often when no one was around. It was a different feeling to have someone to talk to. Someone who I could tell anything- my successes, my failures, my problems and my wishes. Not that I mean to treat our talks like a warm glass of milk. They weren’t so soothing as to become boring. There were times when we would razz each other like a couple of prizefighters. But there was something about our conversations, the way words would flow naturally, effortlessly. Without realising I started falling for him, but wasn’t sure what he felt for me. I was too afraid of ruining our friendship by revealing my feelings for him.

He called me one evening to the park. I waited at our usual place- the bench near the pond. He was carrying his guitar when he walked in. He looked nervous somehow, not his usual carefree self. He wasted some time on small talk reluctant to come to the point. “You remember I told you about the recording studio I had auditioned for?” “Yes” I prompted. “Well they ......... they’ve signed me for a tour. I’ll be gone for four months,” he finished in a rush. Four months! How will I survive without him for four months?! Will he even come back after that?! If he is received well, which he will be, wouldn’t they send him to a big city and make him stay there? All these questions swam in my brain as panic took over but I tried to make my smile genuine. “That’s great! I’m sure this break will bring you success. This is your dream break. I’m so happy for you.” I tried to bring enthusiasm into my voice. I couldn’t fool him though but whatever he saw in my face seemed to make him happy. He handed me his guitar and said, “Here, I want you to keep this for me. I’ll be back for this. He smiled at me before walking away. Taped to the bottom of the guitar was a note that said, “***I love you, Tanya***. Be mine. I’ll be back to make ***you mine***.” My eyes glistened with tears of joy as I read it. During these months, his songs started becoming famous. The people loved his music & he got more exposure. Often, I would look at his guitar and wonder if he would forget me, a small town girl, in the glitz and glamour of fame. Would he really come back?

But my fears were unfounded. True to his words, He arrived at my door step after four long months. He took back his guitar and handed me an envelope. “I’m going on a tour across America next month. Would you like to join me?” he asked. Inside the envelope were 2 tickets of Lufthansa airways & ***a diamond ring.***