

Dear me:

Dated back: 22 January 2014

To the sweet 17-year-old sweet heart,

Dear cutie pie,

I won't start this letter with 'I hope you are doing great. Blah blah ...' because I know you are doing great. And trust me this will surely reflect in your 10<sup>th</sup> grades. Actually, you are overdoing it a little but do it anyway if that is what you find peace in.

I will tell you a story. And not everything I say is true because I can't give away all the spoilers but I'll surely let you know a few things here and there so that you don't cry when you are in a *mess (That's the first spoiler. Yes, you will be in big messes)*. So, you want the sad spoilers first or the happy spoilers? Never mind, let's go in the chronological order.

You will pass class 10 (*obviously!*) with amazing-amazing grades. Enjoy the holidays to the fullest because they will be your last legitimate holidays at home. Meanwhile, you will pass a very dumb test (*off academics*) and *Ma* and *Pa* will think you are extra-ordinary and hence, you will go join a coaching institute that is very far from home to get into your to be dream college. You will fail (*I know that the class 10<sup>th</sup> B topper has never experienced a failure ever before but many things happen for the first time and that is life*) but then, pick yourself up, you can do it (*I know you can because I did*). Do not shatter. You are not worth it. But then there will be one guy (*who will give you butterflies in your stomach*) who'll be damn smart and will help you along. Your grades then will eventually improve because you will start working hard to impress him. Confess to him then and there! Hold his hands, look into his eyes and tell him that you like him. I couldn't do it because I had no guts. I wish you do. Your life will be way different if you listen to me.

Anyway, going ahead You and him part ways and get into your dream colleges. Don't worry he is still in touch with me. I'll tell you a secret. This should only be between you and me. Okay? And trust me even if you understand the meaning of it properly and tell people around, nobody is going to believe you. You will end up in India's best engineering college. And there, you will take part in a lot of fun events, make a lot of friends including - some who will betray you and some who will stay by your side all the time, party all night on some days, sleep late on almost all the days, join guitar classes, study the previous night before the exam (*I know honey, right now, you think this is a sin but then, you won't*) and get good grades too. Here is another big secret. You will reject multiple boys. And then you'll know you are pretty too. Yes, you are. You will know when they'll tell you. Then, there will be this one guy whom you will fall for. He is too cute, trust me. I have been on 3 dates with him. I tried confessing all 3 times. I couldn't. The next time we go out, I will. Promise. Pray that he says that he likes me too when I confess. You will, right? I am counting on you. But you try and confess the first time you go out. It will make your life easier. You will get a very cool internship after you put in a little effort. But it is worth it. Don't worry about it too much. Just give it your best. I have got to go now. I am sorry for not revealing the details. I just can't, sweetheart. Like *ma* says, what's the fun of it if you know everything beforehand?

**PS:** Your college friends will give you a very cool nickname. You will address yourself with the names you totally deserve like sweet heart and cutie pie. You will be mentally very strong. You will know the real world. You will know that back stabbers are for real and you will also know favouritism exists.

**PPS:** That dumb best friend of yours from school is still my best friend. I still talk to her for hours almost every second day. Listen to *Ma* and *Pa*. Quarrel more with that bugger. He's 16 now. He's much cuter. Guess what!?! He listens to me now a days. He's now being a very good brother. I know you won't believe it anyway. You will have a Persian cat later. Its name is Oreo. I'm sorry for telling you that. I know you are very desperate to meet it. Be a very good listener but do what your heart says. Don't cry too often. Like *Pa* says, every tear drop is expensive and every drop counts. Live life to the fullest.

'You' forever,

**(Don't dare correct me, idiot. It's not 'yours' in the line above. I am 'you'. Remember?)**

Future self

Pooja (in her tantalizing 22s)