

The Forgotten letter

Ayesha carefully placed the last book on the shelf, her fingers brushing against an old envelope wedged between the pages. The yellowed paper and faded ink hinted at years of neglect. Curiosity sparked, she unfolded the letter, her heartbeat quickening as she recognized the elegant handwriting.

"My dearest Noor,

By the time you read this, I may no longer be the same man you knew. Life has a way of pulling us apart, but my love for you remains untouched. If fate ever brings you back to this house, know that I have waited, in the quiet corners, in the turning pages of our favorite books..."

Ayesha's hands trembled. This was her grandmother's handwriting. But who was Noor?

She spent the next few days unraveling the mystery, digging through old journals, photo albums, and letters hidden in forgotten corners of the house. It turned out Noor was her grandmother's first love, lost to circumstances beyond their control. Yet, her grandmother had kept his letters, tucked away in books she had read over and over.

Ayesha sat by the window, the letter still in her hand. The past had a strange way of finding its way back, whispering untold stories through ink and paper. She decided to keep the letter, not just as a relic of an old romance, but as a reminder that love, no matter how distant, always leaves traces behind.