

The River Between Us

Because Even Rivers Choose Love



RAVIN KUMAR

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BY RAVIN KUMAR

Ravin and Pooja, though from two different worlds, shared a connection that neither could understand at first. Their paths, intertwined by destiny, would soon reveal that no distance—no matter how far—could keep them apart.

Childhood: The First Seeds of Fate

Pooja was born in a small, serene village where time seemed to move slower. Her family lived in a large ancestral house perched gracefully by the banks of a calm, winding river. The house stood proudly among the village's modest homes, with wide verandas, wooden doors that creaked with stories, and a stone path that led directly to the riverbank.

Evenings were Pooja's favorite. After her studies and play, she would sit alone near the water, her legs gently swaying off the edge, listening to the soft gurgle of the river. The sky would melt into hues of orange and lavender as birds returned to their nests, and the wind whispered secrets through the trees. There, in the quiet hush of dusk, her heart would wonder about the world beyond the hills.

And then, there were the boats.

Each evening, a paper boat would drift to the riverbank near her home, always carrying a small gift: sometimes a plump grape, sometimes a bright flower, or a piece of sweet jaggery wrapped in a leaf. To a child's heart, they felt magical—tiny offerings of kindness and joy that floated in with the current, always unexpected, yet deeply awaited.

She never knew who sent them, but each one filled her with warmth, as if someone unseen was gently saying, "You are not alone."

Each boat bore a single mark: the letter "R", written in a flowing, unfamiliar style. It wasn't just an initial—it was a symbol that etched itself into her young heart.

On the other side of the river, Ravin spent his childhood summers in his grandparents' home. Though born in the city, his soul belonged to the countryside. His days were filled with wild grass, river stones, and evening stories under the open sky. His grandmother would narrate tales of gods and heroes, especially the story of Hanuman carrying Lord Ram's ring to Sita—a symbol of faith, love, and eternal connection.

That story lingered in Ravin's heart.

The very next day, as he watched his grandfather repair a motor pump, Ravin noticed a leftover piece of copper wire beside the toolbox. Inspired, he twisted the wire into two small rings—rough and imperfect, but made with care and hope.

He kept one for himself.

The second, he placed it on a paper boat.

Beside the ring, he set a grape, fresh from the vine, and wrote his special “R” on the boat's sail.

Then, kneeling by the river, Ravin gently placed the boat on the water and whispered,
“If you're out there... you'll understand.”

Pooja saw that boat arrive as twilight dipped the sky in gold.

It was different.

It carried the familiar grape—and something else.

A copper ring.

Small, looped with care, warm to touch. She placed it on her finger, and though it didn't quite fit, she felt something stir. A strange comfort. A sense of being known.

As years passed, the ring no longer fit her fingers. So she slipped it onto a gold chain—one her father had gifted her on her first birthday. Back then, it was too large for her tiny neck, but now, as she grew, it fit just right. She wore it around her neck, hidden beneath her clothes—a quiet secret, glinting softly with memory.

A secret she carried close to her heart.

The Years Apart: A City's Silence

Eventually, Pooja's parents—wanting her to grow beyond the village—sent her to a girls' hostel in the city. She excelled in her studies and found a promising job, but the city never felt like home.

In the quiet of her apartment, beneath the city's blinding lights, Pooja often missed the sound of the river, the scent of village soil, and those mysterious paper boats. She longed for a feeling she couldn't name—a presence she once felt.

Ravin, on the other hand, grew into a brilliant mind. A self-made tech genius, he earned a fortune by his early twenties through ethical hacking and cyber defense. He had everything—money, respect, freedom—but his heart often returned to the riverbank, to the story of Hanuman, and to the ring on his keychain.

The one he never wore.

The one he was saving.

The Ship: A Journey of Fate

With the weight of success came exhaustion. Ravin decided to step away from the chaos and purchased a private luxury ship, his dream floating sanctuary. He designed every part of it, including the emblem etched into the swimming pool floor—his unique “R,” written exactly as it had been on that paper boat years ago.

At the same time, Pooja, awarded Employee of the Year, received a week-long cruise as a reward. She welcomed it—not as a luxury, but as an escape from the city’s hollow brilliance.

The Letter in the Water

On the second day of the voyage, Pooja wandered to the top deck, where the ship’s open-air swimming pool shimmered under the sun. Nearby was a peaceful cafeteria—quiet, breezy, filled with the sound of ocean waves.

As she walked by the pool, her eyes caught something on the bottom.

A letter.

Not just any letter. “R”.

Her breath caught.

Drawn in the same unique, unfamiliar style she had seen as a child. Her fingers instinctively moved to her chest, to the copper ring hanging gently on a string around her neck.

A flood of memories overwhelmed her.

The Paper Boat Returns

Sitting alone at a café table nearby, her hands trembling, Pooja picked up a napkin. With the same reverence of a child folding dreams, she crafted it into a paper boat. She placed a single grape on it.

And quietly, lovingly, she set it afloat in the pool.

The Boy Who Remembered

Later that evening, Ravin stepped onto the same deck, seeking only the breeze—but found a piece of his past instead.

There, floating gently in the pool's calm water, was a paper boat.

And on it—a single grape.

His heart skipped.

He moved closer, eyes locked on the boat. On its sail, faint but clear, was written a letter.

R. His R.

In that single moment, the years melted away. His breath caught as his mind raced back—to the soft murmur of his grandmother's voice, to the quiet riverbank, to the copper wire that once sparked hope in a little boy's chest.

The memory of folding boats with trembling hands.

The feeling of believing—truly believing—that love could float across a river.

That someone out there might hold his offering and smile.

His eyes, wet now, searched desperately across the deck. Not just looked—but searched, the way a fish flails for water, the way stars search for night.

And then—sunlight, fractured through the ripples of the pool, caught a glimmer of gold. A delicate chain shimmered at her neck, and from it hung a small copper ring—aged, simple, and yet to her, as precious as gold.

His ring.

Hanging around the neck of a girl standing at the edge of the deck, unaware that she was being watched by the boy who had once whispered his heart into a paper boat.

He knew.

It was her.

The Recognition

He walked toward her, almost in disbelief. She turned slowly, sensing something.

Their eyes met—and the universe paused.

Pooja gently touched the ring on her necklace and asked,

“This... is yours?”

Ravin smiled, heart in his throat. He pulled out his keychain.

“And this,” he said, showing the matching ring,

“is yours.”

He placed the ring softly into her hand.

She looked at him—not with surprise, but with recognition.

A truth finally realized.

A New Beginning

The ship, glowing under the setting sun, carried them forward—two souls once separated by a river, now reunited by destiny.

It wasn't a coincidence.

It was faith.

It was a memory.

It was love that had always been there.

The river—ever flowing—had once seemed to divide them. But perhaps it was never a barrier. Perhaps the river was a messenger. A witness. A silent guide.

After all, rivers carry many things.

People come and go.

Faces pass like driftwood.

Moments dissolve like foam.

Yet in this flowing crowd, hope, heart, and destiny found a way to connect the soulmates—or perhaps... they were always connected, and time simply revealed it.

Sometimes disguised as a paper boat.

Sometimes folded into a napkin.

Sometimes hidden in a copper ring.

But always present.

Always searching.

Always waiting.

This is the romantic, faith-binding story of Ravin and Pooja—two hearts bound by symbols, stories, and silence...

reminding us all that the heart never forgets,

and that love—true love—always finds its way home.

About The Author

Ravin Kumar is an artist, engineer, researcher, inventor, mathematician, and writer whose work bridges the precision of science with the depth of human emotion. He is the author of *The Engineer's Plan*, a self-help book for aspiring engineers, and the creator of the APTx Neuron and APTx Activation Function in deep learning, as well as the Adaptive Base Representation (ABR) Theorem in mathematics.

His contributions span artificial intelligence, pure and applied mathematics, theoretical economics—including the concept of Addictive Auctions—quantum computing, operating systems, and algorithm design. With several patented inventions, published research, and over 50 software projects, he continues to explore the boundaries of what is possible—blending logical emotion with emotional logic.

The River Between Us is his most personal work yet, blending memory, symbolism, and silence into a story that reminds us love is never truly lost.

You can learn more about his journey at: <https://mr-ravin.github.io>