Title: The Last Message

It was a cold December evening when Ayaan found an old, dust-covered phone in the attic of his late grandfather's house. The house had been abandoned for nearly five years, and Ayaan was there to collect a few of his grandfather's old sketches and journals. His grandfather, Professor Rahman, had been a famous physicist known for his eccentric theories—especially one about communicating across time using electromagnetic pulses.

Ayaan wiped the screen of the phone with his sleeve and noticed it still had some charge. Curiously, he turned it on. The phone lit up with a dim glow, and a message appeared:

"December 15, 2032 - If you're reading this, time is running out. — D.R."

Ayaan blinked. The date matched today's, but the year was exactly ten years in the future. Who was "D.R."? He navigated through the phone, finding only a single app installed called *PulseComm*. The icon was a rotating spiral. Despite his hesitation, Ayaan tapped it.

The app opened to a chat interface with just one contact: **"2032-You."** The latest message read:

2032-You: You'll be tempted to ignore this. Don't. At exactly 9:46 PM tonight, a fire will start in the old university lab. You must stop it. If not, the future changes... for the worse.

Ayaan laughed nervously. It had to be a prank. Maybe his grandfather was playing games even after death. Still, something deep within nudged him not to dismiss it. He glanced at the time—it was 8:54 PM.

The old lab was just a ten-minute walk from his house. It was where Professor Rahman had worked before retiring. Ayaan hesitated for a moment, grabbed his jacket, and left.

As he approached the lab, a strange silence hung in the air. The building stood like a forgotten monument of invention and mystery. Ayaan peeked through the window. Nothing seemed out of place, but then he noticed the electrical wires near the main fuse box sparking slightly. His heart pounded.

He pushed open the door and rushed in. Just as he reached the fuse box, a faint smell of burning filled the air. Without a second thought, he switched off the main power and used his scarf to cover the shorting wires. Seconds later, a loud pop echoed, and smoke began to rise. If he had been even a minute late, the fire would have caught.

Back outside, Ayaan looked at the phone again. A new message appeared.

2032-You: You did it. The timeline is stabilizing. But there's more. In three days, you'll find a notebook hidden behind your grandfather's bookshelf. That's your next step.

2032-You: Remember, every action now decides the world ahead. Trust yourself. Trust me.

Ayaan's hands trembled. Whoever was sending these messages knew too much. Was it really him from the future?

He went home and couldn't sleep. For three days, he avoided the attic and the phone. But curiosity got the better of him. On the third day, he returned to the house and moved the heavy bookshelf. Behind it, taped to the wall, was a leather-bound notebook titled *"Project ChronoLink."*

Inside were pages filled with diagrams, formulas, and notes—his grandfather's handwriting, mixed with another… his own.

Each page seemed to unlock memories Ayaan didn't realize he had. Childhood afternoons spent in the lab. Stories his grandfather told him about bending time. And warnings—so many warnings—about how the world could fall apart if certain events weren't prevented.

The final page had a list of dates and events. The first was marked with a tick: **"Dec 15, 2022 – Prevent the lab fire."**
The next one chilled him to the bone:
"Jan 12, 2023 – Save Maya. Do not be late."

Maya was Ayaan's best friend. The one person who had stood by him after his parents died. What was going to happen to her? And how was he supposed to save her?

His phone vibrated again. Another message.

2032-You: It begins now. The future you save is the one you'll live in.

Ayaan looked up at the sky. Everything around him seemed the same, yet everything had changed. He wasn't just a boy cleaning out an attic anymore—he was part of a mission to preserve a future only he had seen… one message at a time.

And time was already ticking.