

Benches Forward

-A story of friendship, time, and becoming

Every evening, as the campus slowed and the sun leaned toward goodbye, five friends claimed the last bench of their college courtyard. Aarav. Meera. Kabir. Nila. Rohan. It wasn't the best bench, nor the most comfortable—but it was theirs.

They were different in ways that mattered. Aarav spoke little, but his eyes noticed everything, his fingers always sketching ideas into a torn notebook. Meera talked fast and dreamed faster, believing effort could bend even the most stubborn luck. Kabir failed exams more than once, yet never failed to help anyone who asked. Nila loved silence—the kind that lived inside books and unsolved problems. Rohan laughed through stress, hiding fear behind humor, hoping no one noticed the cracks.

They weren't toppers. They weren't famous. They were just friends—sharing tea, notes, and the quiet weight of late-night worries.

One evening, just before graduation loosened everything familiar, they made a promise that felt strange even as they spoke it.

"Ten years from now," Meera said, half smiling, half serious, "we meet again. Same place. Same bench."

Aarav looked up from his notebook. "And we come only if we've built something we're proud of."

They agreed—not loudly, not confidently—but with that nervous hope only young people carry.

Half serious. Half scared.

Life didn't move together after that.



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Aarav failed his first startup and slept in his office for months, learning from broken plans instead of books. Meera worked three jobs, saving every rupee, turning exhaustion into discipline. Kabir took a job no one wanted, in a city no one talked about, quietly fixing systems everyone else had ignored. Nila disappeared into research, years passing silently as she solved problems that offered no quick applause. Rohan faced rejection after rejection, until one day he stopped joking—and started believing.

Time did what time always does.

Years passed.

Messages became fewer.

Silence grew longer.

Then, on the tenth year, one by one, they returned.

Aarav arrived first—now the founder of a design firm that helped small businesses survive. Meera came next, leading a company that trained young women to believe in their own strength. Kabir showed up quietly, recently recognized for transforming a failing public system. Nila arrived last, without headlines, but carrying a breakthrough that changed how data saved lives. Rohan came smiling—not as a comedian, but as a storyteller whose words helped people feel less alone.

They sat on the same bench.

No speeches.

No bragging.

Just five friends realizing something important.

They didn't succeed because they were the best.

They succeeded because they didn't quit—and because they never forgot who they were becoming together.

As the sun set, Aarav smiled.

"Funny thing... success didn't separate us."

Meera nodded softly.

"It just took us on different roads to the same place."

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TEN YEARS, THE BENCH FELT FULL AGAIN

