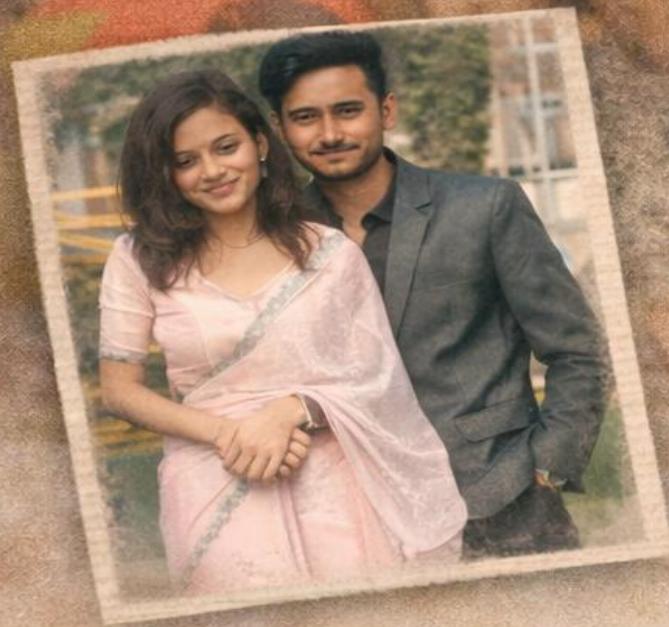


*Some stories don't end—
they just become memories we learn to live with.*



These moments may belong to yesterday,
but the feelings still
exist somewhere quietly within me.

In laughter, in silence,
in the spaces between heartbeats.

We were once a small world of our own —
carefree smiles, gentle comfort and love that felt effortless.

Time moved forward, life changed, and
paths separated... yet these *memories still breathe,*
softly and endlessly.

This isn't a goodbye to what we had.

*It's a thank you—for the love the warmth,
and the beautiful chapter that will forever remain of me.*

Some memories never leave.

While writing this, I found myself drifting back to the old days — the conversations, the laughter, the small moments that once meant everything. Remembering all of it made my heart feel heavy, because those days have passed and that chapter of us has come to an end 😔.

Yet the memories haven't faded. They are still alive, quietly breathing inside me, existing in a gentle corner of my heart. And today, on your birthday, all of those memories feel even closer.

Whether we are together or not, this day will always hold a special place in my heart 💕 🌸. Everything we built, every moment we shared, will forever belong to me in the most beautiful way. Whenever we were together, I used to silently pray, "*God, please let this moment last... let time pause right here.*" But time never stops for anyone — and perhaps that's part of life. Still, every single moment with you remains precious to me. ❤️

I miss the small things the most — our forehead kisses, our silly arguments, our endless late-night conversations. Especially those nights when you were in Banaras and we stayed awake for hours, talking about everything and nothing. Those nights felt magical.

Maybe this is my last message. Not because I don't want to reach out, but because I never want to disturb your peace. Even now, I find myself worrying about you — your health, your dance, whether you're eating properly. Being away from home

isn't easy, and you've never been great at taking care of yourself. That concern never really left me.

Chhota I miss you. I always will.

I still remember 11th grade — sitting on the last bench, silently looking at each other, as if our hearts were speaking without words. That feeling was one of the purest things I've ever known. The first time we went for tea, and I held your hand while crossing the road — you smiled in a way I'll never forget. That was, without a doubt, the best cup of tea of my life. ☕

Back then, I used to come to school just to see you. You were my calm in the middle of chaos. I never felt nervous talking to anyone the way I felt with you — and that nervousness was nothing but innocent love.

As we grew closer — holding your hand, kissing it, moving your hair away just to see your smile — those little moments became my entire world. After the breakup, life may have looked normal from the outside, but inside there has always been a quiet emptiness.

People say time heals everything. But for me, time didn't erase the love — it simply made it deeper and quieter. I still have recordings of our calls. On days when I miss you too much, I listen to them. For a moment, it feels like you're still here — not beside me, but within me.

I remember your birthday when I came with Krish and Kanak just so your day wouldn't feel incomplete. When you held my arms and said, "*Don't go... stay a little longer,*" I didn't hear "a little longer." I heard "stay forever." And that night when you

said, “*Everyone can leave, but you don’t go,*” those words stayed with me.

Maybe I should have stayed longer. Maybe I should have fought harder. I know I made mistakes, and I accept that.

Our small scooty rides, even in the rain, felt like blessings. We walked, laughed, argued, cried — all without worrying about the world around us. Those memories will forever live in a quiet corner of my heart.

How could I ever forget someone who came to the medical room again and again just to check if I was okay — even when we weren’t speaking properly? That kind of care is rare. That kind of love is real.

What we had was real. And when you said the feelings wouldn’t return, I understood that love cannot be forced. Loving someone sometimes means letting them breathe freely, even when it hurts.

So once again, happy birthday, Chhota  .

Never lose your innocence, your kindness, your honesty, or your confidence. I truly believe that whatever you dream of, you will achieve. And one day, you will definitely meet your SRK. 

Just remember — whenever you succeed, apart from your family, there will always be someone quietly smiling for you from afar. And if life ever brings you to a moment where you need me, even years from now, one word will be enough.

My future wife — I genuinely wish you a beautiful life ahead.



