

The prospect of seeing his old schoolmates after a quarter of a century brought a rush of emotions that he had long suppressed. He knew that the reunion would be a bittersweet experience, filled with both joy and nostalgia. These thoughts filled Rishi's heart with a mixture of anticipation, excitement, and nervousness. He knew that the reunion would provide an opportunity to confront the emotions he had buried deep within his heart. It would be a chance to reconnect, to finally express the feelings he had held onto for so long, or perhaps find closure and acceptance.

Feeling edgy with mixed emotions and the conversation he had with Nasim, he was overwhelmed and he allowed himself to think about Hrishita, about whom he always thought about every single day.

Amidst the flood of memories, Hrishita's face emerged vividly in Rishi's mind. He had never stopped thinking about her, even though they had drifted apart over the years. Her presence had always lingered in the corners of his thoughts, an unfinished chapter in his heart. He allowed himself to indulge in the memories they had shared—the stolen glances, the shy smiles, and the unspoken connection that had blossomed between them.

Rishi recalled the school annual festival, where their paths had crossed for the first time. The innocence of their teenage infatuation had slowly transformed into something deeper, yet they had never voiced their feelings for each other.

He wondered how life had unfolded for her, whether she had found happiness and fulfillment. Would their paths converge again, or had their lives taken separate trajectories, forever leaving their story as an unspoken whisper in the past? In the stillness of the night, Rishi allowed himself to imagine what it would be like to meet Hrishita again. Would they be able to bridge the gap that time had created? Would they still share the same connection they had felt all those years ago? Or had life transformed them into mere strangers, leaving their shared memories as remnants of a bygone era?

Memories of his first love from his school days however lingered. He never expressed his feelings and kept it well hidden, a silent longing etched deep in his heart. The nostalgic reminiscence of his time with Hrishita stirred a bittersweet feeling, representing a path not taken and an unfinished story.

He wondered whether Hrishita was still in Bangalore or had moved to a different city. Would she remember him? Would she talk to him?

He wondered if she was married, if she had children, if she was happy. He wondered if she still thought about him, if she still cared for him, Did she still feel the same way about him? Did she still have the eternal spark for him?

He wondered if he would ever find out.