Once upon a time in a quiet town, a boy named Aarav sat near the window of his tuition class, staring out into the empty basketball court. His heart skipped a beat every day at 4:15 PM - the exact moment when a girl named Riya, a junior in school, walked by holding her art notebook.

He didn't know her name, but her quiet smile and the way she tucked her hair behind her ears moved something in him. One day, he found her sketchbook on the bench she always sat on. He picked it up, flipped a few pages, and saw a sketch of him. He smiled.

That evening, when she returned looking for the book, he handed it to her, smiling gently.
"I think you draw beautifully," he said.

She blushed. That was the beginning.

- Sample typed by Ayush Karn