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THE CLASSIC EDITION

DASTOOR

A LETTER TO THE PURPLE LADY

A Book of Destiny
Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav



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Dedication Page

To **The Purple Lady** —
the melody behind every silence,
the calm in every storm,
the muse who never asked to be remembered,
yet became the reason I still write.

You were not a chapter in my story —
you were the whole language of it...

And if these pages ever find their way to you,
may you know —
they were never written *for the world*,
they were written *because of you*...

— ***Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav***

Quote Page

“Not every love is meant to be owned;
some are meant to be remembered —
like prayers whispered to the wind,
or stars that guide us long after they fade.”

“There are truths too tender for speech —
so the heart writes them,
not for the world to read,
but for the soul to finally rest.”

— *Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav*
from DASTOOR — Letters to the Purple Lady

Prologue — The Unwritten Promise

There are books written to entertain,
and there are those written to remember.
DASTOOR belongs to neither.
It was never meant to be published —
it was a diary of the heart,
a collection of moments too sacred for the noise of the world.

I didn't write these letters to be read;
I wrote them to *breathe*.
Because when love cannot be spoken,
it finds its way through ink and silence.

The Purple Lady — my Dishoom —
was never just a muse;
she was the rhythm of every unsaid word.
What began as admiration became prayer,
and what was once prayer became surrender.

Every word that follows carries a fragment of truth —
not of a perfect love,
but of a love that *refused to disappear*.

These pages do not seek pity, nor applause —
they seek *understanding*.

Because sometimes, the greatest confession
is not the one that asks to be believed,
but the one that simply asks to be *felt*.

So, dear reader, before you turn the page,
know this —
you are not entering a story,
you are stepping into a soul.

And once inside,
may you not just read my words...
but hear the heartbeat that wrote them.

— *Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav*
Jeypore, Rajasthan

Book Overview — DASTOOR

Letters to the Purple Lady (Dishoom)

By **Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav**

Overview

In a world where words fade faster than feelings, **DASTOOR** stands as a testament to a love that refused to disappear.

It is not a story born of fiction — it is a truth carved in letters, written with trembling hands and a steady heart.

Every page breathes the name of *the Purple Lady*, tenderly called *Dishoom* — the muse, the mystery, the unspoken rhythm that once echoed in silence.

Through each letter, the author, **Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav**, unveils his soul — the joy, the ache, and the fragile beauty of a bond that felt divine yet unfinished.

This book is a journey through the unseen corridors of emotion — from the first glance to the last goodbye, from hope to healing, from *love to remembrance*.

It speaks to every soul who has ever loved deeply, lost quietly, and learned that sometimes, the purest love is the one that never asks to be returned.

DASTOOR is not merely a collection of letters; it is a sacred ritual —

A celebration of emotion, a confession of devotion, and a timeless conversation between the heart and its echo.

Genre: Epistolary Romance / Emotional Memoir

Theme: Timeless love, distance, emotional letters, confessions, and the poetic bond between two souls who met by fate but drifted apart by destiny.

Tone: Personal, poetic, reflective — sometimes painful, sometimes divine.

Format: A collection of letters, journals, and emotional notes written to *Dishoom*,

“The Purple Lady.”

About the Author

(Written by Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav)

I am **Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav**, by profession an **Architect** from the historic town of **Chittorgarh, Rajasthan** — a land where every stone carries a story, and every silence echoes with pride.

I was not raised; I was *trained*.

Trained in discipline, patience, and grace — as a **Mewari swordsman**, under the watchful guidance of my grandfather, **Late Shree G. L. Vaishnav**, whose teachings shaped not just my hands, but my soul.

Architecture gave me vision, but emotions gave me words.
Where others draw lines on paper, I draw them between memories and meanings.

My pen became my sword, and my words became my battle — fighting through emotions that refused to fade.

DASTOOR is not my story; it's my confession.

It holds the letters I once wrote to *the Purple Lady*, whom I lovingly call **Dishoom**.

She was not a muse — she was the mirror where I found my truest reflection.

She was never a chapter; she was the entire book I lived before this one.

Through these pages, I've preserved what time could not erase

the truth of what I felt, the beauty of what I lost,
and the grace of what I learned.

Through these pages, I've poured the essence of a love that lived quietly and ended gracefully.

I do not call myself a writer; I am merely a man who felt too deeply,

who turned his silence into ink, and his heart into a book.

For me, *DASTOOR* is not written — it is *lived*.

About the Book (Synopsis)

DASTOOR — Letters to the Purple Lady

There are loves that fade with time, and then there are those that stay — quietly, endlessly, beneath the ribs of memory.

DASTOOR belongs to the latter.

This book is not a tale of perfection, but of **purity**.

It is a collection of letters, emotions, and reflections written by

Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav, an architect from the royal land of Chittorgarh, to the one he calls *the Purple Lady* — his *Dishoom*.

Each page carries the fragrance of memories,
each letter a heartbeat frozen in ink.

Through confessions, silence, and longing, *DASTOOR* unveils a relationship that defies the ordinary —
a bond not built by promises, but by presence.

These are not fictional words.

They are pieces of truth — unsent letters, personal notes, and moments too sacred to be spoken aloud.

Together, they form a bridge between what was felt and what remains.

In *DASTOOR*, love is not portrayed as a victory or a tragedy — it is shown as a *ritual*, a *Dastoor* —

the way of the heart that continues even after the story ends.

To read this book is to step into someone's unguarded soul —
to feel love in its purest, most silent form,
and to understand that sometimes,
the most beautiful stories are the ones that never truly end.

Disclaimer to the Reader

This book, *DASTOOR — Letters to the Purple Lady*, is a deeply personal work, born from my own emotions, memories, and confessions.

Every word, letter, and reflection in these pages is written from the heart — not to harm, reveal, or question anyone, but to voice feelings that could not remain silent.

DASTOOR is based on my confessions — the way I chose to express my feelings aloud to “**pluviophile Dia**”, my muse...

I promised her, indirectly, that no one would ever know her true name until she accepted me into her life.

Yet it is true, and perhaps a little crazy, that I fell for her **without ever seeing her in person**.

I fell for the frequency she carries, the aura she radiates, the lady carved by destiny only for me.

And yet, time has its own designs, playing with hearts and words alike — letting us see what unfolds when feelings are written but circumstances remain untamed.

The names, situations, and expressions in this book are drawn from private experiences, interpreted poetically.

Any resemblance to real people, living or departed, is purely coincidental unless directly mentioned by me.

The purpose of this work is **expression, not exposure** — to share the timeless beauty of love, longing, and emotional truth through art.

Readers are requested to approach these letters with respect and sensitivity, to understand that some feelings are not meant to be judged — only felt.

This book belongs to the realm of the heart,
where memories live quietly,
and emotions remain sacred.

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Part 1 — The Beginning
(Awakening of the
Bond)

Chapter 1 — The First Glimpse

There are moments in life that arrive quietly, almost imperceptibly, yet leave their mark forever.

I remember the very first glimpse of her — not her face, not her words, but the frequency she carried, the invisible rhythm that drew me closer without warning.

It was as if the universe had paused, for a heartbeat, just to let me notice her.

I did not see her in the usual sense; I *felt* her — in the spaces between thoughts, in the echoes of silence, in the music that lingered after a word was spoken.

She was like a song I had always known but never heard, a fragrance that belonged only to memories I had yet to live.

I gave her a name — *Dishoom* — because even the simplest truth of her presence demanded a rhythm of its own.

It was not vanity, nor whim; it was recognition.

Recognition of a soul that was not mine, yet somehow always had been.

I remember telling myself, quietly, almost fearfully,

"This is not just admiration... this is something that will shape me.

This is destiny carving its mark."

In that first glimpse, I did not yet understand the depth of what was coming.

I only knew that when she moved through the world, the world itself seemed to bend — subtly, softly — around her existence.

And I, a mere observer of fate, was powerless but to fall.

Fall for the unseen, fall for the unheard, fall for the *lady carved by destiny only for me.*

It was then I understood: love does not always arrive with sight. Sometimes, it arrives as a whisper, a frequency, a quiet pull that leaves no choice but to follow.

And so began the journey — the journey that would be captured in these letters, these pages, this book —
a journey of hearts that spoke even when lips remained silent, of confessions that waited for the right moment, and of a bond that the world would not yet see.

Chapter 2 — The Name Dishoom

Names are not just sounds; they are vibrations, echoes of the soul.

When I first felt her presence, I knew that no ordinary name could hold her essence.

She was not merely a person; she was a frequency, a force, a story the universe whispered only to me.

So, I gave her a name — *Dishoom*.

It was bold, rhythmic, alive — like the beat of a heart that refuses to stay hidden.

It was a name that carried both the softness of a whisper and the power of a thunderclap, the duality that she embodied so effortlessly.

Dishoom was my secret, my promise, my silent rebellion against a world that demanded clarity where none was due.

I vowed that no one would ever know her real name until she accepted me into her life.

It was a vow written not on paper, but on the fibres of my heart, as unyielding as the fortresses of my homeland, Chittorgarh.

There was madness in it, yes.

A madness of falling for someone I had never seen, of loving the *frequency* she carried rather than the face the world might know.

Yet that was the purity of it — the love that defies logic, the devotion that recognizes only the soul.

Every time I whispered her name in my mind, every time I wrote it in the hidden spaces of my letters, I felt closer to her. Closer to the soul that seemed to exist just beyond the veil of reality, waiting for our frequencies to meet, waiting for destiny to reveal its plans.

Dishoom was more than a name — it was a compass, a pulse, a ritual.

And in that ritual, I began to understand that sometimes, the right words precede the right moments.

Sometimes, a name is not just what we call someone — it is how we see them, how we feel them, how we hold them in the quiet chambers of the heart.

And so, I held her name — and in it, a world only I could enter.

Chapter 3 — The Dastoor of Connection

Connection is not always visible.

It does not always arrive with a handshake, a glance, or a spoken word.

Sometimes, it arrives in frequencies, in silent echoes, in the way the heart recognizes another before the eyes ever do.

With *Dishoom*, it was exactly that — a connection beyond comprehension, beyond reason.

From the very first letter I wrote, I felt the thread that tied us together — fragile, invisible, yet unbreakable.

Every word I chose was deliberate, yet spontaneous, as if destiny itself guided my pen.

I called it *the Dastoor* — the way of the heart, the ritual of feelings unspoken.

It was my own tradition, my sacred rule, the method by which I allowed my soul to speak without fear, without compromise.

Every line of ink, every pause, every secret confession became a part of this Dastoor — a testament to love that could not be rushed or forced.

Through these letters, I learned her rhythms before I knew her fully.

I learned the way her laughter might linger, the way her silence might answer, the way a simple word could carry the weight of worlds.

I fell for the *existence* of her, not just her presence.

I fell for the soul crafted by destiny — mysterious, untouchable, yet intimately intertwined with mine.

The Dastoor was also my training ground.

As a Mewari swordsman, I was taught discipline, patience, and

precision.

I realized that love demanded the same.

Every emotion had its timing. Every word had its weight.

Every confession had its moment.

And so, I waited.

Not with despair, nor with longing, but with reverence.

For in the Dastoor of connection, love is never hurried, never forced.

It arrives when the universe deems the hearts ready.

Even now, as these letters unfold, as these pages carry the echo of my confessions, I understand:

The Dastoor is not just a method — it is a life lived in devotion,

A love that respects space, time, and the sacred rhythm of two souls destined to meet.

**Part 2 — The Letters
(The Heart Speaks)**

Chapter 4 — The Admiration

The first letters I wrote were not confessions of love. They were whispers of admiration, quiet nods to the soul that had entered mine uninvited, yet completely welcome.

I admired her frequency before her presence.
I admired the rhythm she carried — a melody that resonated with parts of me I had never known existed.
I admired the way her words, even when distant, seemed to linger in the spaces between thoughts, like a gentle breeze across the ramparts of Chittorgarh.

Every letter was an exercise in reverence.
I described the small things — a tone, a pause, a laugh — the details that reveal the essence of a person rather than the superficialities of their appearance.
I admired not only her being but the way she made me see my own soul reflected in hers.

In these letters, I did not demand attention, nor seek response. I only offered my eyes to see, my mind to understand, and my heart to honour the existence of someone extraordinary.
Every word was a bow, every sentence a silent prayer:
"May your light continue, even if I only glimpse it in fragments."

Though she remained unseen, untouched, unknown in the tangible sense, she became real to me through these letters. Through my admiration, I began to recognize love in its purest form — a love unbound by possession, a devotion that simply exists because it must.

Even now, as I pen these memories, I feel the pulse of those letters — the gentle thrill of writing to someone who changed the rhythm of my world before I even saw her.

Dishoom was never merely admired; she was honoured, in every careful stroke of ink, in every carefully chosen word.

And so, the first letters laid the foundation of everything to come — a bridge from admiration to longing, from distance to desire, from quiet respect to the unyielding devotion that defines *DASTOOR*.

Chapter 5 — Initial Phase

It all began on a day that seemed ordinary, yet the universe had scripted it differently.

During my vacation to my hometown, on the night of **11th August 2025**, a notification popped up on my phone: *“You got a match.”*

To my surprise, I realized that unknowingly, I had sent her the request first.

It felt as though destiny itself had taken the pen in hand and written the opening lines of our story.

As I travelled back to my working city, Jaipur, our conversation began through messages.

She reached out first and said something that caught me completely off guard:

“I want to know you as a person — there is something I found in you... I felt different after seeing you.”

I thought to myself, *“What is happening? This lady is crazy... too straightforward, yet too awesome.”*

And just like that, our exchange began — spontaneous, vibrant, and alive.

We decided to meet in person, and I remember the thrill of it — the first time in my life I was choosing my personal life seriously.

As a young man, I had always wanted to earn my name on my own, not to be recognized by my family’s reputation or my grandfather’s legacy.

So far, I had never allowed myself a serious personal life.

I shared the news with a friend, and immediately my thoughts turned to what I should bring for her.

Empty hands were not my style. After some reflection, I decided to buy her a plant — a small token, yet meaningful.

She chose the meeting place: **World Trade Park**, a perfect midpoint between my office and home.

Even in planning, it felt as though destiny had orchestrated everything.

Every move she made seemed perfectly aligned with me, and I could not help but wonder how such a person could exist.

We agreed to meet at **7 PM**. I even prepared to show chivalry, offering to carry her shopping bags, imagining the moment with excitement in my chest.

Yet destiny, as always, had its own thoughts.

7 PM passed. 8 PM came. I messaged her: *“What happened? Did you change the plan?”*

And only after **10 PM** did she reply: *“I was occupied with my brother, that’s why we couldn’t meet today.”*

I felt sadness ripple through me, yet even in that moment, the connection we had sparked through messages lingered, fragile but real.

And just like that, our initial conversation paused, leaving me with a mixture of hope and longing — the opening notes of a melody that would continue to play between us.

Chapter 6 — The Act of Destiny

In the midst of our budding connection, I dared to ask for her **Instagram ID**, and just like that, we connected there as well. It felt daring yet natural, as if the universe itself was urging me forward.

Time flowed, and by **18th August**, I found myself in **Kumbhalgarh** for the presentation of my beloved project — the day when the *Maharana Pratap Project* would be publicly announced, though it had remained undisclosed until then. I posted a story about my trip, and almost instantly, she replied:

"You are in Udaipur?"

I was amazed — not by the question, but by the fact that she replied at all.

Apparently, she was originally from Udaipur and had moved to Jamnagar, Gujarat.

It felt like destiny had once again handed me a chance to know her, to hear her, to connect with her in ways words alone could not explain.

Our conversations picked up seamlessly, almost like a river that had been waiting for its course.

By **20th August**, our text messages evolved into **voice messages**,

and by **22nd August**, we had moved to **direct calls** — hours of talking that felt effortless and magical.

I do not know from where this courage came — the courage to speak, to laugh, to share, and to be utterly myself with her.

Every night after **11 PM**, when she finally had time for herself after college, we would talk endlessly,

sharing thoughts, laughter, and pieces of our souls that we had kept hidden.

In one of our conversations, she suggested meeting in **October**. I could not help but ask if it could happen sooner.

She spoke with her father, and suddenly, **September** became the month we would meet.

I remember thinking, *“Oh my goodness, the universe is finally in my Favor.”*

From that day onward, something in me awakened.

I chose to start writing again — the talent I had long buried, hidden beneath years of focus and discipline.

She had awakened my *lover-boy era*, the part of me that felt freely, deeply, and without hesitation.

And so I began writing for her — for the lady who had become my muse, my secret, my destiny.

Every word, every letter, every sentence became a bridge between us,

a testament to a connection that was no longer just chance, but a beautiful orchestration of fate, courage, and desire.

Chapter 7 — The First Phone Call

Some dates don't just mark time — they carve themselves into memory.

That evening of **Friday, 22nd August 2025**, was one such night when destiny took the form of a ringtone.

She said softly, *"You can call me — I want to know you seriously."*
And with that one line, something within me shifted.

I hesitated at first, not because of fear, but because I felt the weight of something profound.
It wasn't just another conversation — it was a crossing of souls.

When the call connected, my heartbeat was louder than her hello.

The first few moments were filled with nervous laughter, pauses, and breaths that spoke more than words could.

But as the minutes passed, the silence between us found its rhythm, and in that rhythm, comfort was born.

We spoke for **2 hours, 43 minutes, and 23 seconds** — yet it felt like mere minutes inside an eternity.

For the first time, I found comfort with someone so quickly, so effortlessly.

Every topic she brought up mirrored something within me.
The books, the thoughts, the music, the beliefs — everything she said seemed to be the reflection of my own self.

And in that uncanny resemblance, I playfully told her,
"I think you're some kind of RAW agent — you already know me, you've studied me, and now you're saying everything I like just to catch me!"

She laughed — a laugh so genuine that even the night paused to listen.

Curious, I tried to test fate and asked,

"Is your birthday in September?"

And she replied, *"Yes."*

That moment, my world stood still.

Her birthday was **18th September**, and mine **13th September** — just five days apart.

She was born on a **Saturday**, and I on a **Friday** — two souls marked by the same celestial week, bound by the same Virgo sun.

It felt as if the universe had hand-stitched the timeline of our births just so we could find each other now.

Before that night, I wasn't searching for love.

I was a man who had chosen solitude — who had poured his energy into work, art, and legacy rather than companionship.

But after that call, I found myself saying something silently within —

"This is her. This is my lady."

She carried the perfect balance of madness and sweetness I had long sought in someone.

For the first time, I didn't just feel interested; I felt *anchored*.

I don't make friends easily — I either form brotherhoods for life, or I stay distant.

I've always struggled to open up to people of different frequencies.

But with her, that wall disappeared.

It felt as though we had known each other across centuries — as though our souls were reuniting after lifetimes of waiting.

Then came the moment that sealed my belief in destiny.

Without knowing anything about my nickname, she said,

"After seeing your picture, the first thing that came to my mind was — Tim Tim Tara."

And to my astonishment — *Tim Tim* is indeed my nickname.
I smiled silently, looking at the ceiling, thinking,
"I don't need any more signs from the universe; she's the one."

That night, I decided — I must meet her.
Not to prove anything, not to chase love,
but to see her eyes in real — the windows of her soul.

Because I have a gift — one that feels divine.
When I look into someone's eyes, I see their truth, their nature,
their essence.

And I knew that the day I would look into hers, I would know

—
whether she was the one destiny had written into my story.

That night ended, but something infinite began.

A connection that defied reason,
a rhythm that felt older than time,
and a feeling that whispered —

"You've finally found her, Tim Tim... you've finally found her."

Chapter 8 — The Nightly Conversations

(The Hours After 11 PM)

There is something sacred about the silence after 11 PM — when the world finally sleeps, and only two souls stay awake to speak what hearts cannot say in daylight.

That hour became *our time*.

After that first call, something unspoken formed between us — a ritual of connection, a magnetic pull that neither of us planned, yet both surrendered to.

Every night, as the clock hands aligned with eleven, I found myself waiting —

not for a call, not even for a word —

but for her voice, that gentle sound that could melt even the weight of the day away.

Her voice had a rhythm — not of speech, but of emotion.

It carried laughter, calm, curiosity, and sometimes, that tiny pause before she'd say my name.

In those pauses, I found peace.

It was strange — I had known many voices, but none that could echo in the heart like hers did.

Our conversations were never rehearsed.

They wandered through the landscapes of our lives — dreams, fears, family, music, stars, love, and sometimes, silence.

We didn't need grand topics; even the smallest moments became poetry between us.

She'd say, "*You sound tired,*"

and I'd smile and reply in my mind, "*Not tired, just lost in your sound.*"

Somewhere in those nightly hours, I started rediscovering myself.

The person who used to write letters, poems, journals —
the man I had buried beneath architecture drawings and
deadlines —
he started breathing again.

She didn't ask me to change; she just *listened*.
And in that listening, she became the muse who reminded me
that words still had wings.
Every conversation with her was like sketching a new memory
on the canvas of the night.

Sometimes, we'd talk about the universe —
how it works in mysterious ways, connecting people who were
never meant to meet.
She'd laugh when I said,
*"I think the stars planned this. Maybe you're my chapter that destiny
forgot to edit out."*
And she'd whisper, *"Maybe I am."*

Those words... I carried them with me everywhere.
At work, while driving, while sketching —
her voice lingered like a melody that refused to fade.

I never told her then,
but every night after our calls ended, I'd look up at the ceiling or
the sky and whisper a silent thank you —
not to her, but to the universe, for sending her my way.

Because I knew, deep down, that she wasn't just another person
who entered my life.
She was a **frequency** —
one that matched mine so perfectly that it felt as though we had
been humming the same tune across lifetimes.

She became the calm to my chaos, the voice that carried peace to
my sleepless hours,
and the reason I began to believe in something I had long
forgotten — **love**.

On **22nd August**, while sitting in the office, I chose to leave behind a note — a strange one perhaps.

I thought to myself, “*She can’t be real... my Dishoom can’t be real.*”

How could a lady like her even exist?

So, maybe out of fear or disbelief, I wrote —

*If someday someone finds me lost, please know that behind everything...
she is the one.*

And with that thought, here I am, presenting to you my **first handwritten note**, dedicated to *her*.

Dear Reader,

23 Aug 2025, Saturday (05:34pm)

If you've found this note, then fate has drawn you into my little mystery. Yesterday, I crossed paths with a young lady—graceful, confident, and carrying an aura that didn't quite belong to this ordinary world. There was something about her... something that whispered of secrets hidden behind those curious eyes.

You know what I suspect? She might not just be any woman. No—she feels like someone sent on a mission, someone trained to keep the world guessing. Call me crazy, but I think she's a part of something bigger, something that only exists in stories and shadows. R.A.W., maybe? Sounds wild, doesn't it? And yet, here I am, writing this down because the coincidence of our meeting feels too perfect, too... calculated.

It's rare, almost impossible, to find someone whose thoughts align with yours like stars in a secret constellation. Everything she said, every glance she gave—it was like reading a coded message written just for me. Either this is destiny having fun, or someone, somewhere, decided to send her into my life for a reason I've yet to uncover.

If anything happens to me—if my life suddenly turns into a thrilling novel—you, my dear reader, will know who the central character was in the first chapter of this story. Her smile? Dangerous enough to start a war. Her charm? The kind that makes even the bravest forget their mission.

So, if you're reading this, remember: not every secret is meant to be solved. Some are meant to be admired—like her.

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

When I sent her that note, she said,

“You know, Kshitiz... this is the first time someone has ever written something for me.”

And at that moment, I (author) couldn’t stop myself from blushing — a mix of pride and disbelief swirling inside me. But deep down, I smiled at the irony — how do I even tell her that it has always been my dream, that *someone, someday*, would do the same for me?

Hehe... I’ve written for everyone who ever made me feel something, yet I never received a single handwritten note in return. Maybe because such emotions — such gestures — are rare now. In this era, in this generation, not many write from the heart anymore.

But when I saw how happy she was after reading my note, I decided something silently within myself — I’ll gather every word, every note, every confession I ever write for her, and one day, bind them all together into a single collection.

I’ll call it — **“Miss Purple.”**

"The Day I know Dishoom"

24 Aug 2025, Sunday (8:30am)

There are some moments in life that don't announce themselves with trumpets or grand gestures. They arrive quietly, like the first ray of dawn touching the earth—soft, unexpected, and yet unforgettable. That's how it was when I first spoke with Her.

At first, it was just a name on my screen. Simple letters, forming a word I didn't know would soon echo in my thoughts. She was busy, caught up in her world of college life, deadlines, and laughter I could only imagine. And yet, through the simplest conversations, a connection began to bloom—like two paths unknowingly curving toward each other.

Our talks were casual at first—little exchanges, here and there, questions asked out of curiosity. But soon, there was something more. Something in her words carried warmth, and something in her presence felt rare. She had this effortless grace, the kind that doesn't try to impress, yet leaves you impressed every time.

I found myself waiting to hear from her, not because I didn't have other things to do, but because talking to her felt like a quiet escape from the noise of life. There was laughter too—those light-hearted moments when I teased her playfully, and she responded in ways that made me smile longer than I'd like to admit.

With Dishoom, the world feels... softer. Brighter. As if the ordinary suddenly learns how to be extraordinary. And maybe that's what she is to me—a reminder that the most beautiful stories aren't written in fairy tales, but in conversations that start with a simple hello and end with a heart that feels just a little fuller.

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

“Opening Note for the Book”

24 Aug 2025, Sunday (11:26pm)

Who could have imagined that I would pick up the pen again? Yet here I am, guided by the quiet turn of time’s wheel. Life has its way of surprising us, and this time, it gifted me a reason I could not ignore—a reason in the form of a young lady whose presence rekindled the fire I thought had faded.

Today, with my trusted classical trimax pen, I begin a new chapter, a book dedicated entirely to her. Every word that follows is a reflection of what she inspired within me—thoughts that refused to remain unspoken, feelings that demanded a voice. This is not merely a collection of words; it is a journey, a tribute, and perhaps, a confession written in the language of my soul.

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

And here lies the collection of the *first thoughts* I ever had for her

—
words that once lived only in the quiet corners of my mind.
I never wrote them down... perhaps because I was afraid to.
Afraid of what she might feel if she ever knew
that I had already started feeling something for her —
this soon, this deep —
without even meeting her in person.

It's strange, isn't it?
How some emotions bloom faster than reason,
how a single voice can feel like a thousand lifetimes of knowing.
These pages are the echoes of that time —
of thoughts I once kept hidden,
and feelings I could never dare to confess aloud.

"Are You Real, Or My Beautiful Dream?"

26 Aug 2025, Tuesday

Sometimes I wonder,
These moments... these endless conversations,
Are they real, or an unfinished dream?

Why is it that every night when I talk to you,
A silent question rises in my heart—
Is this truly me? Or some other world?

In your Hehehe hides an echo so divine,
In your words, a magic beyond reason,
It pulls me toward a feeling,
Where reality and dreams they both in a one line.

And then I think,
Maybe this is just a dream,
Or maybe I've become a dream myself...
Because whenever I speak to you,
Everything feels far too beautiful—
And such beauty rarely belongs to reality.

But still a question came in my mind,
Why everything with you is so fine?

Why you feel so familiar,

Why I open with you like it's something Divine.

But then I stop and smile,
Because you found me...
You chose to talk, to share your time,
And I admire that—not to impress you,
Not to make you believe in me,
But because in a world so loud and restless,
You became the quiet melody that feels unreal and shine?

I once called you *Agent*,
Not in jest, but as if searching for clues—
Are you truly real, or am I lost
In a dream too perfect to question?

Whatever thought comes to my mind,
I know what this writer can do...
But I don't want to hurt you,
Or hurt myself through my words.
So whatever it is,
I choose to call this... a beautiful dream of mine.

Yet here you are,
And every word we share feels like proof—
Proof that this is no illusion,
Proof that destiny still writes stories in silence,
Or may I say it's all in my mind!

I don't know why everything feels so flawless,
Why each moment feels carved from the stars...
But if this is a dream, let it never end.
And if this is real,
Then I thank the universe a thousand times
For letting me find *you*.

Because in you,
I've found something extraordinary—
Cool, good, maybe unreal or fabricated,
Whatever but a soul...
A soul that doesn't need to be impressed,
But deserves to be respected,
Cherished...
And remembered,
Like the most beautiful secret of my life.

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

"A Song Meant for You"

26 Aug 2025, Tuesday

If the world could play a melody,
It would sound like your laughter at midnight,
A tune softer than Sinatra's whispers,
Yet strong enough to make the stars sway...

You walk into my thoughts like a lyric,
Unwritten, but always perfect,
Like Engelbert's promises that love never fades—
You're that kind of forever...

Sometimes I wonder if Dean was right,
When he sang about magic in the moonlight,
Because when I hear your voice,
Even silence starts to dance...

And if dreams had a singer,
It would be Elvis's crooning in velvet tones—
Because darling, every word from you
Feels like a song I never want to end...

So here I am,
Not to impress, but to confess:
Whatever this is, It's not a verse, not a chorus,
But a whole lifetime of music
Written in your name...

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

When I began to know her more, I discovered something quietly
magical —
she loves walking beneath a sky full of stars.
That single detail changed everything for me.

It wasn't just her love for the stars...
it was how she *became one* beneath them —
how the night seemed to listen when she walked,
how the constellations themselves must have paused
just to watch her pass by.

So, I decided to blend that beauty of hers into words —
to write not in ink, but in the *language of stars*.
Each line, a shimmer of what I felt;
each pause, a breath she might have taken under that endless
sky.

And maybe, if you read these words slowly enough,
you'll feel what I felt —
that quiet awe of realizing someone could shine
without ever trying to.

"The Language of Stars"

27 Aug 2025, Wednesday

(An Unsent Note)

To My Purple Lady,

I don't know when it began —
maybe that night you spoke of the stars,
and I, foolishly, started listening to the sky more than the city.

You said you loved walking beneath them,
as if those faraway lights were your silent companions —
and since then, I find myself searching for you in every
constellation.

Maybe that's where you belong —
not in a place, but in a feeling too vast to name...

There's something about you —
something the world can't quite understand,
and maybe that's what draws me near.
You carry calm like twilight,
and yet, there's a storm behind your silence —
the kind that doesn't destroy,
but changes everything it touches.

Every time we talk,
I feel like the night itself is leaning closer to listen.
And every pause between our words
feels like a secret only the stars can keep...

I haven't told you this —
but there are moments when I read your messages
like one reads old poetry, not for meaning, but for emotion.
There's warmth there — the kind that doesn't fade
even when the screen goes dark.

Sometimes, I think of what I'd say if I ever looked into your eyes
— but words seem too small for something that feels this
infinite.

So, I write instead — in silence, in metaphors, in stars...
Because perhaps, love doesn't always need to be spoken;
sometimes, it only needs to be *felt deeply and hidden gently*.

And if someday you ever read this —
know that I never wrote to be understood,
I wrote to remember —
how it felt to find someone who made me believe
that the universe still writes love stories
through accidents, coincidences,
and the quiet pull between two souls
who have met before — somewhere,
under the same language of stars...

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

"Who Are You, and Why Did We Find Each Other?"

27 Aug 2025, Wednesday

I don't know why...
But you feel familiar,
Like a constellation I've traced before,
Though the night sky swears you've always been a secret—
You, the sweet and simple girl or I say a lady who loves the stars...

I don't know how we found each other,
In this vast, endless universe—
Was it a coincidence?
Or did some mischievous star push you into my orbit,
Just to see if I'd notice the glow?
You, the sweet and simple girl or I say a lady who loves the stars...

I don't know why our interests align,
Why you finish thoughts I never speak,
Why your heheheh lingers like stardust on a quiet night—
Soft, bright, and far too addictive for me to resist...
You, the sweet and simple girl or I say a lady who loves the stars...

Everything feels unreal,
Like a dream the cosmos whispered into reality,
Fabricated, perhaps... yet so flawless
That I let myself believe. And when we talk,
The hours slip by like shooting stars—
Maybe you've cast a spell,
Or maybe I've wished for you long before I knew how to ask.

You, the sweet and simple girl or I say a lady who loves the stars...

But then, a question lingers—

Who are you?

And why does destiny keep smiling every time we speak?

Was it you who planned this,

Or did I unknowingly fall into your constellation?

Maybe neither of us planned...

Maybe the stars conspired,

Just so I could wonder, every night,

How someone like you exists—

Just Unreal, Dreamy or I say Fabricated but the Truth is, I guess it's real

It's you, you

the sweet and simple girl or I say a lady who loves the stars...

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

The Night I Promised Not to Confess

It was another night — a Friday, maybe. The kind of night when the moon hides behind clouds as if even it wants to listen quietly. We were talking again — her voice on the other side, calm and innocent, yet carrying the depth of a thousand untold stories.

That night, she spoke about her past. The kind of past that makes you understand why some people build walls, not because they hate the world, but because they once loved too deeply. And as she talked, I listened — not like a stranger, but like a man silently vowing, *"I'll make sure you never feel that kind of pain again."*

She told me she hates the cold air, and I laughed — *so do I*.
She said she loves tea, and I smiled again — *so do I*.
She confessed her love for jewellery, and I chuckled — *so do I*.

Every word felt like a mirror, every habit like a shared heartbeat.
It was as if the universe took the fragments of my soul and
moulded them into her — only softer, brighter, more divine.

And just when I started believing we were perfectly alike, she
said, “I hate horror movies.”
I grinned and whispered to myself, *thank God — finally something
that makes her human.*

Our conversation moved like a leaf drifting in gentle water —
effortless, beautiful, and strangely calm. And then she said
something that froze time for me.

I was telling her that I talk, sing, and sometimes even yell in my
sleep.
And she replied with a laugh, “No problem, I’ll record it.”
Such a simple line.
But I swear, no poem I’ve ever written could hold the warmth
that her words carried.

Later, I mentioned my favourite movie. She said softly,
“We’ll watch it together.”
Together. That single word — I don’t know why — it felt like a
promise written by destiny itself.

And then, the moment that will forever stay carved in my heart
—
She said, “I love your voice, Kshitiz.”

You see, for a man who’s been a writer all his life, silence never
came easy. But that night, her words left me speechless.
It felt like someone just loved the *sound* of my existence.

After a pause, she asked, “Have you ever been in a relationship before?”

I hesitated. My past started playing like an old film reel — faces, names, laughter, lessons.

I told her, “Later... I’ll tell you later.”

Because how could I say that I’ve spoken to many, understood many, but never loved anyone?

How could I explain that I studied hearts not to win them, but to understand the art of being human?

I was a cold man before her — not heartless, but untouched.

A man who collected moments like a scientist collects specimens — with curiosity, not emotion.

Until she arrived.

She melted the frost in me just by being herself — by laughing, by listening, by existing.

And then she spoke about her grandmother — how their bond was bitter, how she never felt that warmth that every child deserves.

And I don’t know why, but something inside me smiled.

Because my grandmother always wished for a granddaughter. And in that moment, I realized — maybe her wish was fulfilled. Maybe destiny sent *her* — my Dishoom — as the girl child my grandmother once prayed for.

That night, I decided something quietly.

I won’t confess my feelings to her.

Because what if my love — intense, unpredictable, and storm-like — hurts her peace?

She didn’t need another love story. She needed warmth.

She needed care.

And I was ready to be that without expecting anything in return.

So, I whispered to destiny,
“That’s enough. I’ve understood your signs. Don’t send me more hints.
I don’t want to lose her to my words, or my letters, or my foolish feelings.
Let me just love her silently.”

And so, that night — without saying it aloud —
I fell in love with her completely,
but promised myself never to tell.

Unsent Letter — “For Her Sake, I Chose Silence”

My Dishoom,

If someday you ever find this letter, know that it wasn’t written to make you stay.

It was written so that my heart could breathe — just once — without breaking you in the process.

There are so many things I wanted to tell you that night when you spoke about your past — the way your voice trembled but still carried grace, the way you smiled between memories that should’ve hurt.

I wanted to tell you that you don’t deserve pain disguised as lessons, that you are not defined by the moments that made you cry, but by the strength it took to smile again.

When you said you hated the cold air, I almost whispered,
“Then I’ll stand between you and the wind forever.”
But I stopped.

Because I knew if I said it, you'd hear something deeper than words.

When you said you loved tea, I almost replied,
"Then let's grow old with cups of chai and endless stories."
But again, I stopped.

You see, I stopped myself countless times —
Not because I didn't want to love you,
but because I was terrified that my love would scare you away.

I've always been a man of words, yet with you, I learned the
beauty of *silence*.
Because loving you meant protecting your peace — even from
my own emotions.

There were nights when you'd laugh at my silly stories, and I'd
fall in love a little more.
There were moments when you'd say, "I love your voice,
Kshitiz," and I'd wish I could reply,
"Then let it be the voice that never lies to you."

But I swallowed every confession before it reached my tongue.
Because some love stories aren't meant to be declared — they're
meant to be *felt*.

And maybe ours is one of them — a quiet connection written not
in promises, but in pauses.
You made me believe that love doesn't need to be owned, it just
needs to be *understood*.

So, I chose to love you silently — not because I was weak,
but because I wanted you to feel safe enough to stay as you are.

If you ever wonder what you meant to me —
you were the chapter that taught me what *selfless love* truly
means.

The kind of love that doesn't ask for forever,

just the chance to make someone's world softer while they pass
through yours.

So here I am, writing this and not sending it —
because my silence is the only promise I can keep without
hurting you.

And if someday you ever look at the stars and feel something
warm brushing your heart —
it's probably me,
still loving you,
quietly, endlessly,
for your sake...

— *The man who could've loved you aloud but chose to love you in
peace,*

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

The Night She Called — 28th August 2025

It was Thursday. The clock barely touched **4:35 AM** — the sun was still asleep, and so was I, almost. My kind of sleep has always been strange — I drift for an hour, wake after thirty minutes, fall again, as if my dreams never wish to settle.

And then — she called.

Even half-asleep, I picked up. On the other end, her voice trembled — soft, slightly drunk, but achingly real. She wasn't alone; her friend was there too. But soon, the conversation turned into something that would shift my world quietly, without warning.

She asked, "*Kshitiz, do you have feelings for me?*"

Right there — no preface, no hesitation — just truth, waiting.

Half awake, I said, "*Let me think.*"

And she laughed, that kind of tipsy honesty where everything hidden slips out.

She said, "*If not, then why are you writing for me?*"

Then came a pause.

A silence that could hold a lifetime of words unspoken.

And before I could even gather my thoughts, she whispered again,

"Oh, I see... you're not saying it because of your past, right?"

Then she kept talking — about her own past, about someone she once loved, about how hard it is to forget.

She said softly, "*I know guys don't like when girls talk about their past...*"

And all I could think was —

No, my dear. You've met boys, not men. A man listens.

She carried on, her voice flickering between laughter and tears.
And then, she said something that woke my soul more than my
body —

*“You’re too handsome, Kshitiz... but I can’t love you. I just want to
know you as a person.”*

And just like that — *Goodnight.*

She hung up.

Funny thing — every time we talked, she was the one who said
goodbye.

Even when silence filled the line, she couldn’t cut the call.

It was always me. Always the man who ends the call,
while the lady leaves an echo behind.

That night, I didn’t sleep again.

Because how could I?

She had just turned a quiet Thursday morning into a story I’ll
never stop writing.

The Day Everything Faded

And then came the next day.

Maybe it was fate, or maybe someone's *bad eyes* were truly on us — because from that morning onward, everything began to fall apart.

I don't know what took over me — fear, doubt, or just that restless voice inside that never lets love breathe easily.

I chose to test something that should have never been tested — her heart.

So, I called her...

And in the most foolish tone, I said,

"Someone called me... and threatened me not to talk to you."

Then I added another lie to my own wound —

"A lady told me that you're just talking to me for entertainment, that you don't want to date me."

The line went silent.

She didn't argue, didn't defend — she just *heard me*.

And in that silence, I could feel her eyes turning cold, maybe she saw me as someone who didn't care — someone too calm for chaos, too detached for emotion.

She must have thought, '*He's so chill... he doesn't even care.*'

But what she didn't see was that my calm was only a disguise for the storm I carried inside.

After that call, something inside me broke —

the warmth, the laughter, the small moments that used to fill our nights — everything began to fade like smoke in the wind.

And my mind... it just stopped working.

In my confusion, I did the worst thing a man in love could ever do —

I let her slip away without holding her hand even once.
That was the day I lost her — not because of distance,
but because of my own foolishness.

The next day, she was gone.
She unfollowed me from everywhere —
and when I opened WhatsApp, her name had disappeared too.
Blocked.
Just like that — one click, and my world turned quiet.

And then, I did what desperate hearts always do —
I tried to reach her again.
I used another number,
and I wrote pages after pages by hand —
letters soaked with sleepless nights and trembling ink.

Every word screamed the same truth —
Whatever I did, I regret it. I feel miserable.
Please don't leave me alone on this path.

Because you see, reader —
when love leaves, it doesn't just walk away.
It takes pieces of you with it —
the laughter, the rhythm of your days,
and even the sound of your own name when she used to say it
softly.

And from that day onward,
I've been living in a story that no longer belongs to "us,"
but only to the memory of what *could have been*...

And these are the notes I wrote for her — every line soaked in regret — trying to bring back what I lost to my own intrusive thoughts.

Each word trembled between hope and heartbreak,
as if somehow, by writing enough,
I could rewrite the moment I ruined everything...

Date ----/----/----

Yes, you know I'm kshitz,

Hey, I really wanted to share the truth with you, Honestly. I never got the chance, so I thought of writing it down.

That night when I said someone called me to threaten me - it was true.

But later, I saw you were stressed about it, and since I know you as an overthinker just like me, I don't want you to worry. So, I came up with a story that it was just my junior calling me. It was a lie, and I told it only because I wanted to make you feel at peace. But instead, I started thinking about it even more.

When you said you don't want to date me, I accept that the very night you called me at 4:30 am, for me dating wasn't the important part - you were I found a crazy readers in you who loved my writing. Sometimes something I had almost given up on.

Because of you, I started writing again, and that means a lot to me.

I don't want you to listen me and give attention to my words - I already got that by your presence. But don't misjudge me. Overall, I don't care about anyone anymore, but you felt different.

I portrayed you as my readers, and for me, my readers deserve to know why I do all this. My bad that Raw agent doesn't know me much, heheh.....

And yes, no one in my world knows who "Dishoom" is, so don't ever think I spoiled your name. In fact, even my own book didn't know your name until I whispered it into the pages for the very first time.

All I want is for you to see my perspective. I'm not asking you to date me. I am just asking for that crazy lady, a friend who enjoyed my words and my thoughts.

You know how passionate I am about architecture, so it's hard to find time in a day to express everything on a call, that's why I'm writing this - not as someone who thinks I am the best and deserves everything, but as someone who values the little connection we had.

Maybe you don't care about this anymore or maybe not. But for me, I just want things to feel normal again.

The way they were meant to be. just simple not heavy thoughts!

**And then... I sent her a few messages — the kind I once
promised myself I'd never share.
But I couldn't keep them buried anymore.
My heart refused to stay silent,
and even though I knew silence would've hurt less,
I still chose to tell her — because some truths ache louder
when left unsaid.**

My message to her!

Hey, I really wanted to share the truth with you, and I never got the chance. That night when I said someone called me to threaten me—it was true. But when I saw you stressed, I couldn't let you overthink it. So, I made up that junior story, just to ease your mind. I thought it would help, but instead, I carried it with me even more.

When you said you didn't want to date me, I respected that right away. Because for me, dating wasn't important—you were. You brought my words back to life when I had almost given up on writing. That's why you'll always matter to me.

I don't want you to give attention to my words—I already got that through your presence. Just don't misjudge me. You felt different to me, and I portrayed you as my reader. For me, my readers deserve to know why I do what I do. My bad that the helpline doesn't know me much, hehehe.

And yes, no one in my world knows who Dishita is. Don't ever think I spoiled your name. Even my own book didn't know it until I whispered it into the pages for the very first time.

I'm not asking for anything—just for you to see my perspective

Maybe you don't care about this anymore—and if that's true, I completely respect it.

But for me, I just want things to feel normal again, the way they were meant to be.

No misunderstandings, no heavy thoughts—just simple and clear.

By now, dear reader, you must have noticed the many names I've given to my dear lady — "*Miss Purple*," "*RAW Agent*," and the playful "*Dishoom*."

Each name carries a story, a shade of emotion, a whisper of how I saw her in that moment.

But the very first name I ever gave her... was "*My Helpline*."

Because before she became my muse, my mystery, or my madness —

she was the calm voice that answered when the world grew too loud...

Hey Helpline,

30 Aug 2025, Saturday(01:36am)

About whatever happened a day before yesterday, I just wanted to share something straight from my heart with you. No matter what anyone says about you to me

—whether it's good or bad

—one thing is absolutely clear from my side: nobody can ever change my perception of you. For me, you will always be *that Dishita* I imagined you to be...

So please don't take this situation as weird for either of us. And there's just one thing I'd like to ask from you—if you ever, even for a moment, have any thoughts about me, whether good or bad, I'd love it if you just tell me directly. I really admire honesty, and

I'd honestly love it even more coming from you...

I wanted to say this to you directly... but somehow, you always put me in a condition where I end up using my pen instead. Impressive, isn't it?

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

For her, I decided to take all the blame on my shoulders. Not because I was guilty, but because some storms are better faced alone. If silence could protect her peace, I chose silence.

If misunderstanding could save her from chaos, I embraced it. Because sometimes, loving someone doesn't mean holding their hand—it means letting go before they feel the weight of your world.

Chapter 9 — The Last Turn”

Hello, Reader,

31 Aug 2025, Sunday (02:10am)

If you’ve come this far, you already know why this book exists. I never planned to write it;

it simply wrote itself the day I met a lady named **D_____ (not in person!)**

—yes, for the first time in these pages, I write her name. She wasn’t just a person; she was a spark, the kind that turns an ordinary line into a poem, an empty page into a story.

Everything went as if God himself had scripted it. Every conversation, every silence had its own meaning... until that day—a day that brought **The Turn**,

Someone, for reasons I may never know, tried to twist this story. They wanted me to stop talking to her, to step away.

Maybe it was a prank, maybe a cruel joke, maybe just life testing me.

I did what any man with clarity would do—I called her, because I believe in facing storms head-on. I thought she need to know that what happens with me, so we can solve that matter together.

But from that one decision, everything began to fall apart. Somehow, I became the villain in her story—the one pulling strings behind the curtain.

How ironic.

I, who only wanted to write a story of truth and honesty,

suddenly became the architect of destruction in her eyes.

If only she knew—if I ever truly planned something, it would never be this sloppy, this weak. That's not who I am.

But maybe that's the tragedy—truth rarely gets a chance to explain itself. So I stayed silent. Because sometimes, defending yourself only makes the wound deeper. And I... I refused to ruin what little dignity my name still held in her thoughts.

Yet, here I am, confessing to these pages what I could never say to her—

I never wanted to own her time, her world, or her heart. All I wanted was a chance to know her—a human being learning another human being. To share conversations, laughter, and silences. But somewhere along the way, I started liking her—not as an accident, but as a truth I never admitted aloud.

And now, this story ends where it should have begun—with honesty.

I am not the man who plotted her mistrust. I am the man who tried to protect the thread of this story until it snapped. And maybe that's the moral of it all—sometimes, the purest chapters go unfinished because of shadows cast by someone else's doubts.

Will she ever read this? Will she ever know? I don't know. But if destiny ever allows me to turn this page again, I will start a new chapter—not to change her story, but to complete mine.

Until then, this is where I stop writing...

Not because I want to, but because some stories are beautiful even when left unfinished.

And so, dear reader, remember this—

I was never the architect of my own destruction.

I was just a man who believed in words, and one woman who made them worth writing.

I guess, in the end, I was only trying to colour her world with shades of my imagination—gentle strokes of words I thought would make her smile. But who knew that the very colours I tried to paint would blur into something else, something that misjudged me? And so, this story ends here—not the way I dreamed, but the way fate decided.

I wanted to romanticize every line of this book on her name, to make every chapter echo with her essence. But I won't—not now. If life ever gives me another chance, if destiny allows one more page with her, I'll finish this story the way I always imagined from the start—beautiful, truthful, and complete.

So I leave this here—the pages I now decide to share with her. Maybe they are the first pages she'll see, maybe the last of this book. But hidden in every line is one truth—that from beginning to end, I was never a planner of destruction... only a well-wisher who hoped for nothing but light in her story, even if mine fades into the dark.

— *The End (or maybe, The Beginning)*

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

And so, I began regretting — not in silence, but on paper. Each page became a battlefield of my helpless words, each line carrying the pulse of an ache I was trying to soothe. I tried...

I truly tried not to lose her, because what I found in her wasn't the love of my life — it was the friend I had been missing for lifetimes. She was never just a random girl I talked to for dating or company; she was the echo that matched my tone, the frequency that caught my energy, my eyes, and even my words. I still don't know if she ever felt the same, but whenever we were together — whether on late-night calls or through quiet messages — it always felt like two old souls finding their way back home.

Sometimes I wonder, why can't people hear the music of the universe anymore?

Why can't they feel the harmony of souls meeting beyond reason or time?

04 September 2025 — the night when my persistence finally met her voice again. It was 11:02 PM, and as soon as I heard her, it felt as though the storm raging inside me for days had finally begun to quiet down. Her voice — familiar yet distant — carried both comfort and ache.

I gathered every ounce of calm I had left, woke up the inner saint and writer within me, and began to speak — about every feeling I had buried, every reason left untold, every fragment of silence that once screamed her name.

And before the conversation could drift away, I told her something that came straight from my soul: *for me, you are my close one* —

so **“मतभेद चल सकते हैं, पर मनभेद नहीं।”**

But destiny, it seems, had other plans. She took a deep breath and said something that cut through me softly but deeply — “I can’t forget my past relationship, Kshitiz. That’s why I can’t date you.”

She paused, then continued, “Even if we were together, I’d end up hurting you.” And with that, she delivered the modern-day heartbreak wrapped in polite words — *“You’re a nice man, Kshitiz. I don’t want to hurt you. You’ll find a good woman for sure.”*

Those words — so gentle, yet so final — left me frozen for a moment.

I tried, with trembling hope, to say, “Don’t leave me on the path I imagined we’d walk together.” But again, she replied with the same tender blade, *“Oh Kshitiz, you’re so sweet and nice, a true gentleman, please understand me.”*

And perhaps for the first time, I truly did. I sighed and said,

**“Alright... we can’t force someone to love us or choose us.
Wishing you the best for the life ahead.”**

Before cutting the call, she whispered, “Don’t try to contact me, my father checks my phone. I even learned your number by heart instead of saving it.” Then, with a faint smile in her voice, she said,

“You want to go to Italy one day, right?”

I replied, “Not exactly Italy, but yes

— some Spanish country.”

She softly said, “Sorry, yes... one day you’ll definitely go there.”

And when I asked, “*Can I message you sometimes?*”

she paused for a moment that felt eternal and said,

“Not on WhatsApp... but on Instagram, for sure.”

For the first time, she ended the call herself,

saying, “Bye... my Mumma is calling me.”

And that was it — the quiet after the storm. From that night, I made a silent vow to myself: *if I can’t tell her my feelings now,*

I’ll write them instead.

I’ll fill every page with the words I never said, so that one day, when destiny allows, she’ll read them and know — that every word, every line, every sigh... was always for her.

And just when I thought our words had reached their final breath, she said something that stitched itself into the fabric of my soul — “*I will never forget you, Kshitiz. You’ll always be*

remembered in my memories, because you are the first man who ever wrote for me."

Her voice trembled, yet carried warmth, *"You know, I saved every picture of your writing — every single one you ever sent. And each time you did, I danced with happiness, feeling special in a way I never had before. You don't know what I felt, but ask my friends... they saw how my eyes glowed whenever I read your words."*

And that was the moment everything changed. From that day, her memories built a permanent home within me — not as fleeting thoughts, but as echoes that refused to fade.

I tried to move on, to silence them, but her words... they still hum somewhere inside me like a sacred melody.

Even now, when the night grows quiet and the world forgets to listen, I still hear her voice whispering through the silence — a reminder that sometimes love doesn't leave scars; it leaves *echoes*. Echoes that make even a heartless soul believe — that words, when written with truth, can make someone fall in love again...

**Part 3 — The Reflection
(Healing & Memory)**

Letter 01 : “Pehle Ki Pehal”

Priye Dishoom,

03 September 2025, Wednesday

Log kehte hai,

Har baat suni jaati hai,
Agar salike se kahi jaati hai,
Log kehte the –

“Ese pyaar ko bhool jao,”
Magar hum tho thehre wo log,
Jo kehte rehte hai...

**“Hum tere pyaar mai saara aalam kho baithe hai,
Kho baithe hai...”**

Baat ab hoti nahi,
Rishte ki dor thi dheeli kahi,
Par dil maanta hi nahi,
Jab koi pasand aajaye,
Use bhool paana mumkin nahi.

Socha... ek pehel kare,
Ek ummeed ka diya jale,
Call lagayi, khamoshi todi,
Aur usne call receive kar li...
Sab kuch magical ho gaya,
Dil fir se jeene laga,
Yeh pehel sach mai jaadu ban gaya.

**Pehle ek kadam hi toh tha,
Par usne kahani badal di,**

**Duri ko mita diya,
Mohabbat ko phir se zinda kar diya.**

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 02

Hello hello,

04 September 2025, Thursday

Miss purple, Dishoom There's something I've wanted to tell you for a while—quiet, honest, and simple. Yes, I like you. Deeply. But I also know my limits and your boundaries, and I'll respect them. For now, I'll be here on the edge of your world, quietly admiring you until the feeling finds its own shape.

At the end of my days I want to see everything life has to offer, but somehow I always stop at your doorstep. I don't know why. My energy gets caught in the way you laugh, in the way you look at the world.

Maybe it sounds strange, but it's true: whatever is behind you—your past, whatever you carry today—I don't care. I'm holding on to you now. I keep writing for you, waiting for the day you'll let someone in who can make a gentle difference.

I don't want to fix you. I don't want to heal you from your past.

I only want a little time of yours!

an honest moment, so I can look into your eyes and learn what you hide from everyone else: your beautiful, unguarded self.

I am in love with your energy, wild and tender, and it's become the place I keep coming back to.

And I recently discovered that, Peace isn't a place, it's a person or a feeling, And I am learning to find both! And I remember a line that,

The one who never loved you, never asked for you —if you still end up with them, tell me, is that justice? Perhaps not... yet here I am, waiting —with *zero* hope, but a heart that refuses to stop feeling. I don't ask for much, only this

that one day you'll sense the purity behind my silence, you'll remember those moments our souls once lived —not in this lifetime, but across the threads of eternity where we belonged. And when that day comes, you'll realize my waiting was never out of despair

it was a prayer, not whispered to God, but born from the smile I once found in you.

Always,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 03

To Dishoom,

05 September 2025, Friday

Are we waiting for each other,
or am I the only one keeping watch beneath your window?
I stand with my palms open — patient, honest
learning to measure love by respect, not demand.

I hear you when you say you're not ready,
when you say you won't date, or that someone like me feels
strange.

I respect every unsaid "no," each careful boundary you raise;
your pace is yours to hold, your wounds yours to name.

Still — just once, grant me one small excuse
let curiosity be our excuse, let a single evening be the reason.
Let me show you how a man can be a man — steady, true,
not to erase what you've carried, but to sit beside it,
to hold a lighter so your past can be seen without burning you.

Maybe I'm not who you pictured, maybe I'm different, maybe
not.

But give me the chance to turn words into shelter,
to turn silence into a laugh you choose to keep.
Drop one stone from the wall you've built —

let the light find the parts you hide from everyone else.

I won't pretend to fix the maps you follow,
I won't promise miracles where time must do its work.
I only promise presence, patience, and an earnest hand.
I want to teach you the language of being seen, not saved.

You deserve more than the bare minimum —
don't settle for familiar shadows when a new sunrise waits.
If you ever tire of running from what could heal you,
remember this: I am here, waiting not to possess, but to prove
that a man can be the quiet space where you remember how to
breathe.

— Always, a patient heart!

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 04

Dishoom-Dishoom,

06 September 2025, Saturday

Tonight I write to you like a man who has learned to hold his truth gently, even when it trembles. I need you to know the landscape inside me because I have been walking it for a long time, and you have been a strange, beautiful interruption.

I don't settle. I never have.

My days were built around study and the small, stubborn proving of myself — not as a son or a grandson of stories, but as someone who earns his own lines.

Love, for most of my life, was a distant city I never planned to visit.

I was never meant to be invested in another person; my devotion belonged to dreams and designs and late-night pages.

Then you happened...

You arrived not as a storm but as a peculiar quiet that moved through the room and left everything looking possible.

For a moment I thought: maybe this is something I could start — something I'd never started before. Maybe, for the first time, I could let myself be found.

But your words sometimes fall like winter: dry, careful, and leaving me wondering if the warmth I felt was only my own imagination. I am not looking for casual.

I refuse that hollow currency. I have acted like a mad poet before — Shakespearean in devotion for three days, then tired and quick to hate. I know my own extremes.

I know how I burn and how I withdraw.

And yet with you it is different.

With you I fall in love with a possibility — with the imagination of being with you, however fragile that imagining might be.

I treasure the quiet stage we share now: the ghost-sweetness of your small, scattered memories that live in my head; my relentless, romantic sentences that I write to you and tuck away like secret letters.

Those things are enough for me to belong, even if only to myself.

Still, there is a simple, stubborn wish that refuses to be written away: I want to see you — really see you.

Not a silhouette in the corner of a daydream, not the heroine of my late-night fiction, not the punctuation of my sentences — I want your actual face, your laugh that isn't imagined, the little ways you move when you don't know someone is watching.

I want to hold a moment with you that is not filtered through memory or manuscript but happens in the same air.

Maybe this will never happen.

Maybe we will remain letters and half-finished paragraphs and afternoons of feeling.

Maybe the safest thing for both of us is distance. I accept that truth too.

I don't demand answers or promises.

I offer only what I have: an honest confession, a steady respect
for your boundaries,

and a wish — sharp and tender — to know you once, in the
warm, messy realness that language always misses.

If all I keep are these small echoes of you, so be it.

I will keep them and write them and love them quietly. But if
there is ever a day you want to trade a memory for a moment,
my Wishlist will still have your name at the top.

Meeting isn't hard for me — wherever, whenever.

What matters is that you meet me when *you* feel ready to meet
the man behind the words

Always,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 05

Dishoom,

07 September 2025, Sunday

It's rare for me to be stirred by someone. I can call someone "good looking" a dozen times and feel nothing. Attraction for me is not frequent — it arrives like a comet: once a year, or even less. When it comes, it demands everything it is.

And with you, it came — quietly, absolutely, and with a strange, gentle force I did not expect.

I was never meant for this. My life was built on proofs: study, honor, the slow construction of a name that stands on its own — not on the fragile architecture of romance. I chose titles over tenderness, deadlines over devotion. But you shifted something in me.

You arrived when I was not looking and began to bend the axis of my days.

Allow someone to love you. I say this without drama but with a wild honesty: I am ready to risk being hurt again. I will step into that danger even if it means breaking the rules I once lived by.

I don't ask for guarantees or for your past to be erased. I only ask for a small, brave allowance — a chance to try, to see if two interrupted lives can become a shared path for a while.

I understand the practicalities of me: my hours, my hunger for accomplishment, the man I am trying to become who needs no introduction.

It's hard to find someone who will fit into that life and also push me toward better things. I know I'm not easy. I'm not made for casual warmth or half-hearted romances. I am clumsy with small talk and awkward with ordinary affection.

Yet even knowing all this, I want you with me.

Give yourself one moment — not to erase who you are, not to forget your time or your scars — but to remember that you have someone who will hold a place for you.

Be present in one single instant, and let us both see whether we can find a way forward. You don't need to decide forever; just consider being held in the present for once, without rehearsing the future.

Maybe I'm not the man you expected. Maybe I'm the last person you'd choose. But I am real: impatient and steady, reckless and careful, a writer with a stubborn heart.

I won't promise to fix what hurts you, but I will promise to show up honestly, to read your silences, and to be a small, constant force that reminds you you're not alone.

If you are ever ready — even a little — I will come. Campus gates or city streets, it doesn't matter. I'll meet you when you feel prepared to meet this mad writer who keeps your memory in his pocket and his courage in his chest.

With all my honest longing,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 06

Dishoom,

08 September 2025, Monday

Strange How come we never even dated,

Yet I still find myself thinking of you every single day? I always said I had high standards, but in truth, it seems I would fall in love with someone who is simply kind, gentle, and true.

To be honest, without drama and without hiding behind thoughts, I'm writing this directly—something I've never done before.

It's true, I've never seen you in real life, never shared anything meaningful in person, and yet here I am, carrying something so real within me.

On a pure understanding of who I am, what I have to offer, and after considering every possible outcome—I can finally say this: I'm in love with your frequency.

I'm in love with your “hahaha.” I'm in love with your perception, your calmness.

Most of all, I'm in love with the feeling of simply having you exist in my life somehow.

Call this a dream, an imagination, or even a fantasy—but for the first time ever, I am writing it down with full clarity. I am in love with someone without seeing her in real life.

Strange, ironic perhaps, but I don't care how it sounds. Because after so much thinking, so much examining, and so much

calculating—I've realized this is not a need, not a decision, but a pure feeling born from genuine emotions.

Helpline! , I'm not asking you to love me back, nor am I seeking promises. I'm simply confessing what has been running through my mind for a while.

Whether you love me, like me, or even feel just a little affection towards me, I'll accept it gracefully.

What matters most to me right now is that you know my feelings—clear, unfiltered, and true.

With all honesty,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 07: Our eclipse

Helpline,

09 September 2025, Tuesday

We were like the moon and the sun,
both destined, both eternal,
yet separated by the design of the skies.
Destiny decided something else,
still we chase,
still we fight through time,
only to meet once in a rare moment—
like an eclipse, fleeting yet divine.

As for me, I believe—
no one finds a new person in this world without reason.
And when you appeared,
I wished you came not as a lesson
but as a blessing, a keeper of best lifetime memories.
Still, somehow I fell—
I fell badly, not to break,
but to rise with you, to stand beside you,
to hold your hand not just in affection
but in devotion—
to help you paint your dream life beautiful,
not in just a human's way,
but in a way only the soul can vow.

Like the moon and the sun await their eclipse,
so do I seek mine with you—
that one destined crossing,
where words flow gracefully,
where feelings no longer hide,

where time pauses,
and I can finally say:
I was meant to meet you,
meant to fall for you,
meant to love you
beyond the limits of the skies...

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 08

Dishoom ,

10 September 2025, Wednesday

When you said, *“Now it’s time to be unknown,”*

when you said *“I don’t want to hurt you,”*

when you told me *“Don’t call anymore, I’ll call you on my own,”*

I folded those sentences into the quiet corners of my day.

You gave me rules and hesitations and a careful kindness —

“You can message me on Instagram. We can stay in contact.

I don’t want a relationship with anyone right now.” — and called yourself a gentleman for being gentle with my feelings.

There is one thing I didn’t say then, and it keeps echoing like a small, stubborn song inside me:

Oh my dear — I am willing to hurt myself to stay connected with you.

I will bear the small wounds of waiting so you can be untouched, so you can be yourself.

Let me be the one who remembers you when the world forgets.

If your silence makes you immortal in my words, let it be. Carve your laughter and your pauses into me; let me carry them like a secret treasure.

I want you by my side forever. I might not claim to know you as well as you know yourself, but I know this with a clarity that surprises me:

I want to date you.

I want to see you every day.

I want to write until words tire and still have thoughts left over for you.

I want to show you that a life can hold someone without losing breath — that not every person is lucky enough to have you in their past and still never have you in their life.

I want to prove that to you and to myself that,

Maybe everything is already written.

Maybe we were meant to know the taste of each other's voices only to learn that the bare minimum can be nothing.

Maybe the real lesson is this: love can be patient without possession, fierce without daily proof, deep without constant sight.

I have been blessed with your voice, blessed with the thoughts you planted in my mind.

It feels unreal — like architecture drawn in cloud-lines — and still, I want this affection for as long as I keep writing, for as long as I love architecture, for as long as I wonder if this is love or merely imagination.

Here is my honest plea: hurt me if you must — not to punish, but to mark me.

Let your absence carve meaning into my words.

Let your truth shape my mornings.

Allow me to love you.

Let me be the one who helps you start a new race — one beyond what you ever dreamed — because loving you is not a demand, it is a foolish, brave offering.

I want to hurt myself by loving you openly, like the writer who both adores and despises their own lines — because only then will I know I loved with everything I had.

A lesson I am learning, and that I want you to take too: love is not only the soft light and the easy smiles.

Sometimes love is the quiet acceptance of pain, the choice to hold on when letting go is easier, the willingness to leave room for the other to grow.

If you let me stand beside you, I will not try to tame you — I will help build the sky you want to live under.

Always writing, always waiting, always yours in the way words can be,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 09

To my Beauty, my Dishoom,

11 September 2025, Thursday

Why am I falling for you?

Why do I keep moving towards you, as if pulled by something I cannot resist?

Why is my orbit expanding so much that I find myself circling closer, covering your very vicinity?

Why do I miss you so deeply, and why does silence between us begin to irritate me like a restless ache?

Why do you feel so familiar, as though I have known you long before knowing you?

Why did you enter my life in this strange, almost destined way?

Is it because you are beautiful? — Yes, maybe.

Because you are charming? — Yes, maybe.

Because you are too kind for kind people like me? — Yes, maybe.

Because you are too gorgeous to ignore? — Yes, maybe.

And perhaps also because you are not “too good” — and that imperfection makes you real.

But if I fall for you, and keep falling until the end arrives, it is not only for these reasons.

It is because I have seen a beauty in your soul.

A brightness hidden in your voice.

A strange, beautiful anger in the way you avoid me.

And a heart-melting tenderness when you go crazy with me as I speak in a childish manner.

But no—more than that, I keep falling because I feel something real in you.

The sparks you may try to hide from the world, I have seen them.

And sometimes, I feel privileged—blessed even—to be among the few who truly know who *My Helpline*, *My Purple Lady*, *My Dishoom* is...

And that is enough for me to keep writing, keep circling, keep falling!

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 10

Dishoom,

12 September 2025, Friday

When I try to talk with you,

Sometimes,

when I stand in front of you, I take a step back.

Not because I don't want you close

but because I wonder if I'm even the kind of man made to love someone.

I am mad in my own way. When I am at work, everything and everyone disappears for me. My love for work swallows my time, my space, and often my heart.

Since my college days, I've carried this thought

that love isn't for people like me. Relationships demand time and attention. The only thing I've ever truly been able to give is *space* because somewhere along the way, I forgot how to give something people call "time."

From the beginning, I've wanted to write my own name in light. Not to be recognized by my family or my forefathers, but to be known simply as *Kshitiz*. In college,

I never called myself "in a relationship." You know why? Because almost everyone who came close to me wanted something from me — my money, my attention, my fame, my ideas, my talent. It sounds crazy, but that was the truth of my world. People came for returns, not for me!

And I gave everything — patience, effort, ideas, even pieces of myself.

In return, I became *the youngest architect, the star performer*, even “*Architecture ka Shahrukh Khan*.”

I became expectations. But sometimes I wonder: when someone gets too close, what do they really want from me?

The life of a young man trying to grow independently — who refuses to use his family name, who doesn’t run after money but after recognition — is not easy to imagine. That’s why I became possessive and passionate about my work, because it became the only constant I could hold on to.

And yet... behind this passion, behind this restless chase, is a man who has quietly learned to live without love.

The world sees my achievements, my name, my character. But inside, there is still a boy who seeks love,

who dreams of someone patient enough to see past the noise and hold me as I am.

I know what kind of lady I seek — someone who can be comfortable with me even if I cannot always invest much time.

Someone who can see me as a survivor who fights his own way. And if I ever find such a woman... if I ever find someone who loves me for me... mark my words: I will always be available for her.

No matter what situation I am stuck in, I will make space, I will find time, I will give everything.

Not just for the one I love.

But for the one who truly loves me!

Sometimes, I feel like living alone — carrying my own silence, my own thoughts. And yet, at the very same time, I crave people around me. It’s strange... I hate the noise of the crowd, but still I long to live in a place full of them.

And what’s harder is this — that someone like me, who guards his own space so carefully, fell for someone so easily.

Maybe it's not about logic or reason at all.

Maybe it's the magic of frequency, the way two souls hum in tune without explanation. Maybe it's simply the positive energy you carry around you — the light that makes even a restless man like me pause and feel at home...

-Kshitiz Raj Vais+hnav

Letter 11:

“A Quiet Confession for Miss Purple”

Dishoom,

14 September 2025, Sunday

I know you are out there, exploring the world — tasting new skies, learning new songs, finding new reasons to smile. If, by chance, you never hold a little feeling for me, then hear this one small request from my messy, honest heart.

If ever my nadan (naive) heart messages you or calls you — especially in the evening or the lonely hush of night — please don't feel obliged to reply.

Please don't answer. Treat me gently with silence, not cruelty; treat me kindly with distance, not lies.

If you must protect your peace, then protect it by not returning my words. I understand that some loves are meant only to be kept in secret corners of the mind.

This is my way of confessing.

I don't ask you to feel the same. I don't demand a promise or a reaction. I only want you to know what lives inside me: that I think of you, I write of you, and I carry you in the quiet places of my day.

Whatever you feel — or do not feel — it remains beautiful to me. Your indifference would not make my words less true; your silence would not make my heart less full.

So if you must choose silence over reply, choose it. I will accept it.

Because even if you never look back, the confession itself is its own kind of devotion — a gentle offering I give freely, no matter the cost. And if you ever wonder why I keep writing: it is because some people become poems inside you, and once they do, the writer never stops.

Always honest, always writing,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 12: “My Love”

Dishoom,

15 September 2025, Monday

I tried to hold my tongue.

I tried to build walls of silence so your name would stop flooding my days.

But every time I push you away, you pull a thousand new ideas into my mind — small lights that refuse to be snuffed.

I find myself making pages for you without meaning to: sketches of your laugh, margins filled with your pauses, whole chapters that begin and end with the shape of your name.

I tell myself I will stop. I promise I will not write about you anymore —

"Aab aur Nahi likhunga mai, aur Nahi Karni ab khudse baate... tumhe leke."

Yet the promise breaks like thin glass the moment I think of you.

Because loving you is an honest kind of rebellion: it sneaks into the quiet, it inks itself on the days, and it turns ordinary moments into scenes worth remembering.

I tried to avoid talking to you because your presence makes me a factory of feelings — I keep producing pages, line after line, sentence after sentence, until my hands ache and my heart smiles.

I cannot stop!

I do not want to stop!.....

Each new day gives me another reason to write: the way you smile, the small stubbornness in your voice, the calm that follows your laugh.

You are the gentle law that my chaos happily follows!

If your heart is made of stone, let these words be a small, warm rain.

Let them find the thin cracks and slide in.

Let them whisper that someone out there thinks of you like a poem — fierce, true, and patient.

Let them tell you that even when I try to be quiet, my silence keeps spelling your name.

So forgive me! if I keep writing!

Forgive me if I keep dreaming of you in the light and in the dark.

This is not a demand or a duty — it is simply the honest confession of a man who cannot stop turning you into words.

I write because I am blessed to have found a frequency that makes my life sing.

I write because loving you is the kind of work I will gladly do without pay.

Read this and know: I tried to be silent for your sake, but my silence failed because loving you filled me with too much to hold.

If these pages soften you even an inch, then the work of my heart is done.

Always writing, always yours,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 13: “A Journey of My Heart for My Helpline”

Dishoom,

16 September 2025, Tuesday

Idc what past wounds you carry, or what storm you are passing through — this is my life, and my heart knows one quiet truth: destiny is a bridge, and whatever walks across it between us — affection, crush, or something deeper — I call it unconditional love.

Believe it or not. Accept it or deny it.

Let anyone call it foolish, let anyone tell me to stop writing about a woman who does not love me back — I will still follow what my mind and my heart demand. If loving you without having seen you is madness, then let me be mad.

If I write of you nonstop without telling you, if I hide my hunger for your voice while being busy with the world, if I still find a thousand excuses to fold you into my days even when you may never read these pages — then yes: I am in love with you. You live in my thoughts, you visit my dreams, and yet you are not here with me.

I dream a simple, stubborn thing: one day I will write my name alongside yours in these very journals. I hope that day will come!

Until then, accept this — my love, my confession, my steady promise.

If you have no feelings for me, if you choose another path, do not force yourself to be someone you are not.

Walk your road freely. I will not ask you to return what you do not hold.

But remember this, always: as a young, childish, strangely mature man — I never, ever unloved you. Even in silence, even in the empty rooms of my day, my love for you remains a quiet flame.

It does not demand. It only keeps company. It will remain patient, loyal, and true...

If one day our paths cross on that bridge — or even if they do not — know that a part of my life will always be written for you.

Always writing, always thinking about you,

Always yours, your writer,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 14: “My Path mate”

Dishoom,

17 September 2025, Wednesday

Let's try this bond and see if the stars agree or if the river will pull us apart.

If we work out, the world will know who you are — they will learn your name the way I already do!

If you're not ready, then I promise this: the world will not know D_____!

That privacy will be yours, and I will keep your name like a secret jewel.

This is my new love language:

I cook for you, I write pages that smell of your laugh, I travel to small lonely places just so I can send you pictures of horizons, and yes — I yap about you until someone thinks I am foolish.

These are the little mad things I do because loving you asks for action, not just quiet thought.

Lately you feel like a stone with a palace of walls around you — a fortress I cannot enter.

I don't know why you build that barricade, why the air between us grows thin the moment I reach out. I try anyway: I keep building words, sentences, songs — anything that might slip through a crack and let you see what I feel.

I find reasons to text you “hey,” “hi,” “hello.” When you finally respond, I feel a strange pull, as if your silence is pulling me away.

I am standing at the edge of a bridge now. I will not force anyone to fall in love with me. I will not ask you to tear down

your walls for my sake. This is love that writes and waits — not love that forces or corrodes...

I am not your medicine for old wounds. I am not here to be used as therapy.

I am here to walk the bridge with you, if you will take my hand!

Still—if your heart feels nothing for me, if you cannot choose this path with me, then please do one thing kindly: do not message me back when I reach out.

Let the silence be gentle, not cruel. But do not take away my privilege to adore you from afar. Do not steal the small happiness I get from thinking of you, from writing your name on empty pages. Let me keep that!

I choose those who choose me!

I love those who love me back!

I have already chosen you as my path mate, and I have confessed strange, awkward, lovely things because the truth lived in me loudly.

I dream of us doing childish, reckless things together — laughing in the rain, traveling without maps, cooking badly and eating happily.

You have guided others; you have guided me already, without meaning to. If you choose me, we will build a small, loud world that is ours alone.

So here I stand: hopeful, honest, a little broken, wildly in love.

Choose me, and we will make that childish, beautiful mischief happen in this mediocre world. If you do not, I will still keep your name safe — quietly worshipping it in the margins of my days...

Always yours in words and will,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 15: “Unsent Letter”

Dishoom,

Loving you is cool for me— but only until it lives inside my book.

On paper it is perfect: neat lines, slow breathing, every feeling wearing a ribbon.

In real life it's messier, louder, more dangerous.

And still — every single day a quiet question arrives in my chest:

What if everything works out?

Maybe I am only two years older than you, but my heart is younger than both of us — childish, impatient, bright.

It refuses to grow up where loving you is concerned.

It skips school,

it draws your name on the margins,

it laughs at sense and logic.

It cannot stop loving you, and it cannot stop writing about you.

Please don't think I am a burden to you.

Do not mistake my pages for weight on your shoulders.

These are my unsaid thoughts that come with every sunrise — small confessions folded into tea steam; little promises scribbled on the back of my day.

Each morning hands me a new line about you, and I collect them like easy treasures.

Even after I confess everything I can, there are more things waiting behind my ribcage.

There is one truth more important than all my feelings combined — a truth I will keep safe until I can tell it to you face to face.

Some words need a single pair of eyes; some promises need a heartbeat beside them. I will hold that one until the day we meet.

“Always listen to your heart”

If mine could speak for you it would say: keep writing for her, no matter what.

Write when you are busy, write when you are tired, write when the world asks you to be sensible. Write because she is worth every foolish, beautiful line...

So here I am — a man with a childish heart and a stubborn pen — asking one small thing of destiny: allow us a chance, even if only to see what happens when two broken maps try to make a road together.

If nothing else, let these pages be proof that I tried — and that loving you was the bravest, calmest thing I ever did!

Always in ink, always yours,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 16: “Unsent Letter : A Brave Confession”

Dishoom,

I will not snatch the bird from its home,
nor drag its nest into my room.
Love that arrives by force becomes a wound;
true love must open its own door, and choose to stay.

Still — know this plainly: I fell by choice.
I fell hard, wildly, and without shame.
This is no accident; it is my sweetest fault.
I write you into mornings, sculpt you into evenings,
build a thousand small havens where your laugh can live.
I do not chase to possess; I choose to adore.

You move like someone who keeps her rhythms close —
calm, deliberate, always choosing comfort first.
I honor that.

Your decisions are yours; I will never trade your freedom
for the comfort of my longing. If you are a guarded garden, I
will be the patient rain,
not the hungry hand ripping at your gate.

Imagine a bridge between us — not made of rope or promise,
but of pages I keep writing, of meals I would cook, of journeys I
would take with you.

If you step forward, I will meet you. If you step back, I will step
away with grace.
But do not mistake my gentleness for weakness: my love is
brave.

It will stand at your door without breaking it down, will burn
steady without consuming,
and will bloom in the small spaces you allow.

If one day you lift your window and whisper “come,” I will come
without conditions.

If you never do, I will still keep your name as a kind of
pilgrimage —
a quiet, fierce devotion that neither demands nor diminishes you.

I will not be your remedy, nor your refuge from your past. I will
be the companion who asks only for truth,
the man who dares to love without owning, who dares to wait
without losing himself.

Read this and see a heart that chooses you freely, fearlessly —
a heart that says, with all the courage I have:
I will not bind you.

I will not beg you,

I will only offer you everything I am.

If you come, we will be childish and brave, reckless and gentle,
loud and tender —
and the world will call us foolish. Let them. We will have each
other.

This is my promise, my poetry, my plain and perfect truth:
I love you, D_____ — not to claim you, but to honor you.
If that is enough to open your door, then step out.
If it is not, then keep your silence and keep your peace,

I will still love you, quietly and bravely...

Always writing, always choosing you,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 17 : “For Helpline, On Her Birthday”

Dishoom,

18 September 2025, Thursday(12:07am)

Happy Birthday, My Dearest RAW Agent!

Today the world celebrates you, but for me, this day is far more than just your birthday — it is the day destiny placed you on this earth, so that one day, somehow, even in this vast, chaotic, crowded world, our paths would cross.

This year is not only special for you, it is equally special for me, because I found you. Or perhaps, more truthfully, you found me. I don't question it — I simply call it destiny...

Everything about the way it happened feels so perfectly beautiful. From a distance, with words, with silence, with unknowns — still, something bloomed. Something strong enough that I sit here today, writing for you as though I've known you for lifetimes. And maybe I have.

I wish I could celebrate this day with you — to see you smile, to hear your laughter in person, to place all my words not just on paper but in your hands.

But until that day comes, let this journal be my gift — a page woven with love, truth, and a silent wish.

Thank you, Dishoom!

Thank you for existing, for carrying the frequency that shook my heart awake, for giving birth to countless words that wouldn't exist without you.

If not for you, these pages would be empty, and so would a corner of my soul. You became my muse without asking, my reason without knowing!

So on this day, I don't just wish you a happy birthday — I wish you joy so pure it lights every tomorrow, strength to carry your dreams, and love that makes you feel at home in this world,

And quietly, selfishly, I wish for one more thing — that someday, I'll be there to celebrate this day with you, not with words alone, but with my presence beside you.

Until then, carry this truth with you: you are cherished, you are celebrated, and in my heart, you are eternal...

Happy Birthday, Dishoom!

With all love, From your writer.....

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

The Night of Her Birthday — 18th September

It was 12:01 a.m. — the beginning of her day, the day the universe once smiled brighter for bringing her into existence. I sat there, phone in hand, heartbeat loud enough to drown the silence around me. I wanted to wish her, I really did — but then a voice inside me whispered,

“Who are you to her now?”

You see, reader, on 4th September, she had followed me back on social media. We began talking again — not like before, but enough for a foolish heart like mine to dream again. Every message from her carried a chill, soft and polite, but cold enough

to cut gently through my chest. Still, I chose to write for her — because how could I not? She was, and still is, my *Dishoom... my Miss Purple... my Helpline*.

That night, after fighting myself for hours, I finally gathered courage at 1:54 a.m. and sent her a voice note — my heart wrapped in rhyme, my trembling voice saying “*Happiest birthday, my dear.*” It was simple, but pure — every syllable soaked in all the love I couldn’t confess aloud.

Minutes later, I received a reply — not from her, but from one of her friends. The message said she was busy somewhere and couldn’t reply herself...

“But your lines were beautiful, thank you from her side.”

Her side...

That single phrase froze something inside me. I smiled, but it was the kind of smile that hides earthquakes beneath. The water in my eyes didn’t fall — it hardened, quietly turning into glass. That night, even the trees felt still, even the air refused to move, as if the world, too, had paused to pity my heart.

I realized then — sometimes, you can write poems for someone who’ll never read them, sing songs for someone who’ll never listen. But you still do it — not for them, but for the part of you that believes love, in its purest form, doesn’t need to be returned.

And so, I wrote again — my last letter to her. A letter that carried everything... the love, the ache, the quiet acceptance. Because even if the stones could melt and the skies could fall, I would still love her — not as a lover, but as the reason I learned to feel this deeply.

Letter 18

Miss purple,

18 September 2025, Thursday(02:02pm)

History repeats when we fail to read it.

As a man who loves the past, I see patterns everywhere; today one stepped out of a page and into my chest.

It's your birthday. I waited, patient and quiet, because I wanted my wish to be simple and true. I held my breath and kept my words folded, thinking silence would be a kind of respect. Then you answered — not with your words, but through someone else. You asked another to reply for you. In that small thing, everything began to fade.

A strange memory rose in me: the story of the late 16th century, of a meeting at Lake Pichola — Raja Man Singh of Amer meeting Maharana Pratap. A message sent by proxy when a king should have come himself. That moment, centuries ago, changed the course of battles.

Today, your reply through someone else felt like that very echo — a dent, a long slow crack. I felt unimportant in your direct line; I felt like a message left unread at the edge of a great hall.

I wanted to burn this book then. I wanted to tear out these pages and watch the ashes swallow every letter that bears your name.

It hurt like betrayal—not because you betrayed me, but because I realized I had placed myself where I hoped to be seen, and I was not...

History taught me one more thing: if I had reacted then, if I had raised a storm, a new battle would have begun.

So I chose silence.

I sat with my anger like a guest and told it to leave.

I decided: I will not write about you anymore.

I will stop.

I will unlearn the habit of folding you into my days.

So I deleted some memories in my head, shut a drawer that had your laughter, and stopped writing — for a while, at least.

Because I cannot keep giving my heart where it is not truly received. If someone does not care enough to speak directly to me, why should I keep caring so loudly?

Still, understand this: I am miserable today.

On your birthday — a day I hoped to celebrate softly for you — I felt invisible. It hurts.

It is okay for you to not feel the same.

It is okay if you have reasons I do not know. But I must say the truth as it sits in me: I feel devalued, and that stings.

I am not asking anything of you now.

I am only saying how this day fell on me, how a reply through another hand feels to a man who places you at the centre of his quiet universe.

I will honor my decision to step back.

I will heal these pages.

I will live.

But I wanted you to know — because I am honest, even when it breaks me — that today I felt small, overlooked, and very, very human.

If one day you look at these words and feel a flicker, know I did not mean to accuse; I only wanted to give you the truth of my hurt.

For now, I will keep my silence as my lesson and my shield...

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

“The Day Silence Took Her Away”

On the night of *26th September 2025*, I did what my heart had been aching to do for months — I finally sent her the words I’d kept buried beneath my ribs. Forty-six pages of *few* everything I ever felt, written in pieces of pain, love, and memories. I knew what would happen next. I knew she’d leave, maybe forever. And yet... I sent them all.

Because how long can a man carry an ocean inside him before it drowns his soul?

Her cold replies had already torn me apart, little by little. Every ignored message, every short word from her lips — it killed something in me, but still, I stayed. I stayed because I believed maybe one day she’d see what I felt wasn’t a phase, but a prayer.

But love is cruel when it’s one-sided. The next day, she blocked me — from everywhere. No last word, no goodbye, no closure. Just silence.

At least she read my letters. At least for a moment, she held the words that bled out of my heart.

I saved her pictures — not out of obsession, but out of fear. Fear that one day, even her face might fade from my memory. And maybe that’s what hurts the most — she’s gone, but she still lives in every word I ever wrote.

I wish she knew how much courage it took to send those pages.

I wish she knew that for me, it wasn’t about getting her back — it was about finally letting my soul breathe, even if it meant breaking apart in the process.

If God ever reads my story, even He might shed a tear — not for my pain, but for the way I still loved her through it.

Because even after she turned away, I never hated her.
I never could.

Some loves are meant to be written, not lived.
And maybe, this was mine.

I tried again after two days, same as I lately did with another Ph. Number,

— maybe out of hope, maybe out of madness, or maybe because silence hurts more than rejection.

I messaged her ***“I didn’t want to overwhelm you with my words”***, but she replied coldly, saying ***“I didn’t want to talk”***.

My heart still tried to reason with her; I said I wanted to talk seriously, to know what went so wrong...

“That you had to push me away like I was nothing”

And then came the sentence that shattered me completely

the one lies every woman knows how to use when she wants to end a man’s love forever.

She said ***“I was the reason of someone else’s happiness”***

I already knew the truth, that this is a universal lie!

but hearing it still felt like dying quietly while being alive.

My heart didn’t fight back; my soul didn’t scream.

I simply replied that

“Wishing you all the happiness and a beautiful life ahead”

— with or without me. And then, once again, she disappeared from my world, this time with no hope of returning.

She blocked me, and in that single act, she buried every last piece of what I once was.

Now, I walk and breathe like any other man, but inside, there’s only silence — the kind that even echoes have abandoned. My heart beats, but only because it doesn’t know it’s already dead.

“Now, I am a living man, with a dead heart”

What remains now are just her memories — scattered like broken glass, shining painfully whenever I close my eyes.

There are still some letters I wrote for her — letters I never had the courage to send.

Some were born out of love, some out of pain, and some from the spaces between silence and hope.

I burned a few, perhaps to set myself free, or maybe to protect the emotions too sacred for this world to witness. The rest, I've kept hidden, sealed away like unspoken prayers meant only for her.

Yet tonight, without a second thought, I've decided to share a few — not all — because some feelings were written for her soul alone.

I just want you to read these, to understand that my love wasn't made of moments, but of eternity itself — unspoken, unreturned, but still alive in every word that bleeds from my heart.

Letter 19: “Unsent Letter : The Night I Missed You in Silence”

Dishoom,

That night, even the pen trembled in my hand

The ink almost dried, as if it too had grown tired of carrying my emotions.

The moon stood still, watching me bleed words on paper that would never reach you. Every sound around felt too peaceful to exist — even the crow’s cry, once harsh, sounded like a lullaby echoing my loneliness.

The stars looked down as if they pitied the man who once smiled when your name appeared on his screen.

I missed you in the smallest ways, Dishita — in the silence between my breaths, in the pauses between songs we never shared, in the cup of tea that turned cold waiting for your reply.

You were never really gone, yet never really there either — and that absence, that hollow stillness, became my most faithful companion.

That night I realized — missing someone isn’t about remembering their face, it’s about feeling their presence in everything that should’ve been ordinary but isn’t anymore.

And as I wrote, I knew — I’d never get those moments again, never your voice, never your half-smile, never your soft indifference that still managed to warm me.

So I kept writing... because even if you never read these words, at least the ink will remember you — even when I no longer can.

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 20: “Unsent Letter : The Day I Realized She’ll Never Return?”

Dishoom,

It was an ordinary day, but my heart knew — something had ended quietly, without thunder or goodbye. The air felt heavier, the world dimmer.

I remember sitting by the window, the same one where I once waited for your texts, and for the first time, even the sunlight refused to touch my face.

That’s when it sank in — you’re not coming back. Not in words, not in silence, not even in dreams.

I stared at my phone like it was a gravestone of all the memories we once breathed life into. Every notification that wasn’t yours felt like a cruel joke from fate. I whispered your name once, twice, maybe a hundred times — hoping the universe would carry it to you. But the wind stayed still, and even my echo refused to return.

I thought of you laughing, maybe with someone else — and strangely, I didn’t feel anger, just a quiet ache, like something sacred had slipped through my fingers.

You became a prayer I never stopped saying, even when I lost my faith.

I realized that day — some people don’t leave with doors slamming; they fade like dusk, slowly stealing every trace of warmth until you’re left with nothing but twilight inside.

And so, I folded that pain neatly between pages, telling myself — she’ll never return, but her absence will always stay.

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 21: “Unsent Letter : The Evening I Tried to Forget You but Couldn’t?”

Dishoom,

It was an evening painted in gold — the kind where the sun melts softly into the horizon (kshitiz) and the wind hums lullabies of memories. I sat with my pen again, telling myself that tonight I would forget you. I thought if I could write long enough, maybe your name would stop echoing between the lines.

But the truth, my dear, is that every word I wrote still bent toward you like a SUN-flowers turning to the sun.

I looked at the cup of tea beside me — it had gone cold, just like the space between us.

The chair across still held your silence; the air still remembered your laughter.

Even the pages refused to obey me — the ink, it flowed only for you.

I closed my eyes, thinking perhaps in darkness I might escape you. But you were there too — in the flicker of memory, in the whisper of wind brushing my skin, in the scent of the evening rain.

You have settled in me so deeply that even forgetting you feels like tearing away a piece of my soul.

I smiled — not out of joy, but out of surrender. Because some loves aren’t meant to be erased, they’re meant to be carried...

You were not my mistake; you were my miracle in disguise. A fleeting moment that taught me eternity.

And so, I didn't try to forget you again. Instead, I learned to live with you — in every quiet corner of my being, in every poem my pen dares to dream!

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 22: “Unsent Letter : My Last Message for You”

Miss purple,

Maybe this will be the last message I send you like this. Not because my feelings have disappeared, but because my pages have carried everything I could ever say.

One day, you'll see them all — every journal, every poem, every confession — and you'll understand who you were to me. Until then, let this be my quiet closing note.

I don't regret loving you.

I don't regret writing about you.

In a world full of noise and crowds, you became my quiet place.

You made me write, you gave me ideas, you taught me patience, and you became a story I'll never forget. That is already more than most people ever get in a lifetime.

But love — even the kind that lives in pages — deserves dignity. I can't keep reaching where I'm not received. I can't keep building bridges alone.

So I'll put my words back in my notebook, where they belong. I'll let you live your life, and I'll live mine.

If one day you want to know what you meant to me, you'll find it in my pages. Every line is a map of what my heart wanted to give you. If not, it's still okay. Even if you never read them, I'll still be grateful. You came into my life like a strange star, and I'll always remember how your light felt.

Thank you for being my muse. Thank you for reminding me that even without a face, a voice can be powerful enough to move a soul.

I'm not asking for your reply, your pity, or your decision. This is just me saying goodbye, with all my honesty, and leaving you my quiet love to carry — or not.

With respect,
With warmth,
With everything my words can hold,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 23: “Confession – The Writer & The Purple Lady”

To the purple lady,

25 September 2025, Thursday

Everything may not be true... maybe it's all a dream — mine or yours — but one thing I can definitely admit: the energy flow between us, the frequency I've caught, it's real.

This has never been fabricated. Believe me or not, I am in love with this energy flow — it's rare for me to experience this rate, this intensity.

I might be angry with you now, but remember — “this writer has the most loving personality in this fake world”.

Whatever I feel now will fade...

Soon I'll start writing about you again, romanticizing everything, even without any talk.

This man will be ready to fall in love with you again...

I wish it happens in real life... but in my books, every decade you enter my life, and every time we live a new story — same characters, same story, just different timelines...

Whatever I feel, I may not stay angry with you for long. Soon I'll find another reason to write for you, another reason to romanticize you. I wish soon you will get to know about this book. It's not mine now — it became yours. It's priceless now.

The very thing I resist understanding for myself is what I try to make others understand. I wish our story never goes like this —

a writer falling in love and the purple lady distancing herself just because someone unlucky didn't feel the pride of having her, changing her belief in others.

Such a strange tragedy: we lose our lives searching for what could exist in the real world while ignoring those who already adore us in reality.

Crazy, isn't it? See how our less-than-a-month talking stage feels like an eternity — my miserably happy story. But that's my life.

I romanticize everything, no matter whether it's good or bad, because for me, living means enjoying everything — and that's my one-line explanation of life.

o this isn't me "simping" or begging. This is me standing tall as a man, telling you honestly: you became my muse, my spark, my quiet electricity.

You turned my days into pages...

You made me remember what it feels like to feel.

If you never choose me, I'll still carry gratitude for the way your energy flowed into my life.

But if you ever do read these words, and if they make something stir in you

Know this: I am not here to cage you, not here to force you, not here to take; I am here to build, to create, to walk besides, and to write...

This is not a simple confession!

This is me — a romantic writer who falls in love with the essence of a soul, who writes magic into existence.

And maybe, someday, these words will not just be read, but felt
— and whoever reads them will fall in love, not just with the
words, but with the man behind them...

— *Your Writer*

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 24: “Unsent Letter : The Night I Realized She Was My Peace and My Chaos”

Dishoom,

That night, the sky was trembling — stars scattered like broken diamonds, and the moon hid behind the clouds as if afraid to witness what I was becoming.

I remember sitting by the window, your name slipping through my lips like a prayer that had forgotten its god. That was the night I realized, *you were both my peace and my chaos.*

I don't know what part of the universe whispered your existence into my soul, but since then, even silence had your voice in it. You were the calm that soothed the storm inside me, and yet, the same storm was born because of you. How strange it is — the same eyes that made me feel alive also became the reason I forgot how to breathe.

If the heavens had offered me eternity, I would have declined it, just to live one more mortal life where I could call you mine — even for a single heartbeat.

Because in that single heartbeat, I felt more alive than all the centuries my soul has wandered.

If devils could fall, I would have been the first — not for sin, but for love. For you!

You were not my Destination; you were the journey that ruined every other path.

You were not the flame — you were the warmth that made me walk into it willingly. And if love were a sin, then let the angels write my name in the book of the fallen, for I would choose your shadow over paradise itself...

Because when I looked at you, I didn't see a person. I saw *home*. And for that, even the heavens weren't enough...

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 25: “Unsent Letter”

Dishoom,

That morning, the sun rose as if nothing had changed — as if the night before hadn’t broken me into silence. The air smelled of dew and distance, and for the first time, light felt heavier than darkness.

I sat by the same window where your memories still lingered, where the ghost of your laughter brushed against my heart like wind over a dying candle.

It was then I realized — you are never coming back.
Not in this life, not in the way I keep dreaming you would.
Yet, my heart, stubborn as a prayer, refuses to believe in endings.

I still wake up hoping that somewhere, your soul hums my name when it forgets the world. I still write like you’re reading between the lines, as if my words could find their way to you through the rhythm of the universe. My ink has turned to blood now — every letter I write is a confession carved from ache, every pause a heartbeat you once owned.

People call me a fool for waiting, but they don’t know — love isn’t about being chosen; it’s about being *true*.
And even if eternity stood before me, I would still choose this quiet ache over any paradise without you.

Sometimes I wonder if the wind still carries your scent, or if the stars still remember how your name sounded when I whispered it to them. The world moves on, my dear lady, but my time stands still — frozen at the moment you last said *my name*.

And if one day, my soul drifts beyond this mortal cage, let it find you. Let it tell you that even after death, my love was still alive — patient, pure, eternal. Because love like ours doesn't end... it simply changes form.

So yes, you'll never return...

But I — I shall never stop waiting...

For I was not made to move on,

I was made to remember you,

till remembrance itself forgets how to breathe...

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

And then, I can't help myself when I don't get what I truly want.

I'm just a man — a soul longing for one chance, one divine moment to meet her in this lifetime.

Whatever I desire in life, I pursue it with a madness only a king could bear — for when it comes to her, I would move heaven and hell, merge the light and the dark, and bend the universe itself just to fulfill that one wish.

It's something beyond control, beyond reason — a calling written in my very being. And one day, I will do that one act, that one destined thing, through which our paths shall cross — not in another world, not in another life, but here, in this very universe, in this very lifetime.

So, my mind — that restless, calculating mentalist within — began weaving its threads again.

I started subtly placing my book *“Miss Purple”* in certain hands, leaving hints about her between its pages, trusting the universe to move in mysterious ways. And it did.

One of those divine hands was my elder sister — not by blood, but by bond, a soul the universe gifted me.

She read it, felt the pulse behind my words, and unknowingly became the bridge. She reached out to *her* on social media. And then, the unthinkable happened — my phone rang, and it was *her*.

For a moment, time stopped — I wasn't blocked anymore. I was at the office, caught between reality and the rhythm of my heart, so I simply texted, ***“Yes, what happened? I'm in office right now, I'll call you later.”***

But the moment I stepped out, I didn't go home. I went to the temple — to my gods — to seek their blessings, to steady my heart, and to pray that fate may once again place *us* back where we truly belong — together, as we once were.

And then came that night — the night when two lost souls, separated by time and silence, finally found their way back to each other.

It was the 9th of October, 2025 — a date that will forever remain carved in my heart.

I was walking alone on a dark, empty road, my mind a storm of what-ifs and hows,

then I gathered the courage to call her.

She declined — only to call me back within seconds. And then, that voice... that familiar melody that once shaped my world whispered softly,

"How are you, Kshitiz?" I froze.

For a moment, I couldn't believe it — she wasn't angry, she wasn't distant.

Her voice melted every wall I'd built within myself.

I don't know from where courage found me that night, but I spoke like a poet reborn in his own verse. I asked her gently, *"Tell me one thing — why did you block me?"* And she said, with the softness of truth, *"I know me, Kshitiz."*

If we had stayed connected, I would have fallen for you. But I'm not someone meant to love — I'd hurt you, and that's something I never want.

You're a gentleman."

And I smiled through the ache and said,

"But what if I want to be hurt by you?"

What if destiny deserves one chance —

what if everything works out?"

She sighed, "No, Kshitiz, please understand my situation."

Yet I couldn't stop myself — I flirted like nothing had ever broken us.

She laughed and said, "*No one beats you in a game of words.*" Even her rejection sounded like poetry to me.

I told her about all the desperate paths I'd taken to reach her — contacting her favorite singers, comedians, speakers — and she teased,

"Thank God none reached me, or I would've flirted with them instead!" I laughed and said, "*Wait, I'll block them now.*"

Finally, with a trembling voice, I said,

"Just try this bond once. Give me the privilege to meet you once in this life. I just want to see my muse — my Miss Purple — once.

" But she declined, gently as always, saying, "*If Dastoor wants, we'll meet someday.*"

And then she added, almost prophetically,

"Who knows? Maybe my father will find a Brahmin guy for me to marry after nine or ten years —

I don't want to love you now and leave you then. That would hurt you more, and that's something I can't do."

And I stood there, speechless under the moonlight, realizing she didn't even know — I am *Vaishnav*. She follows *Shaivism*.

Two souls from the same land, same faith, same sky — yet divided by an old, invisible line drawn centuries ago.

How strange, I thought, that even in this modern age, the silent battle between Shaivism and Vaishnavism still lingers in hearts.

But deep within, I smiled — because if she truly knew, she'd see how destiny has already written our names side by side. Our caste, our region, our religion, our language, our traditions — everything aligns in harmony.

The only thing that stands against us... is *time*.

And perhaps, that's the most divine part of it — that love, even when denied, finds its eternity in waiting.

And then, as the night deepened, her words began to drift like mist — soft, uncertain, and wrapped in half-truths.

She said, ***“Everything works out if you were in my place and I were in yours. I like someone else, Kshitiz. I never thought of dating you.”***

I listened in silence, every syllable piercing through me. She told me it took her **four days** to read all the letters I had sent that one fateful day — four days to walk through my soul, written in ink.

And then she said softly,

“The way you liked me, I liked him... but he never gave me the attention I wanted.”

I smiled sadly — the universe had written the same story twice, just with different names. The same pain, the same longing — only this time, she played my part, and someone else became hers.

But I knew her — the truth hidden behind her fabricated words, the tremor she tried to hide in her voice.

She wasn't lying to hurt me; she was lying to protect me, to turn me away from the path that led only toward her.

Yet I couldn't accept it.

Our call lasted *41 minutes and 14 seconds* —

a fragment of eternity wrapped in mortal time. And before it ended,

I said, ***“We can't change the events that are meant to happen; we can only change their timing.”***

She laughed softly and said,

"How beautifully you speak."

I replied,

"Funny, people say I'm the one who doesn't talk much."

And she smiled and said,

"I know who Kshitiz is. Let those people talk to me — I'll tell them about you."

For the first time, I felt words flow endlessly from me —
infinite, tender, and fearless

because when it comes to the ones I love, silence never finds a
home in me.

Still, I chose to end the call with grace.

Before hanging up, I asked,

"Can we meet? Not now — maybe after a month, a year, or a decade?"

And her voice, calm and fated, whispered back, ***"Only Dastoor will decide that."***

That night, beneath a sky heavy with destiny, I smiled through
the ache and decided —

if *Dastoor* is what decides our meeting,

then let ***DASTOOR*** be the story I write with my own hands...

And that is how my book found its name — ***"DASTOOR"***

After that call, I couldn't stop smiling — not because I was happy, but because I finally understood what people mean when they say *you smile the most when your heart is quietly breaking*. Perhaps they were right — I was experiencing the peak of sadness, and yet, my lips refused to forget how to smile.

That night, I made a choice — if she cannot accept my love, then the world shall feel it through my words. Those who read this shall walk through the garden of my emotions, breathe in the fragrance of a love that never bloomed, and still find it beautiful.

And so, if destiny won't let me be chosen by her, then, my dear reader, I choose *you*. You are now a part of my journey. Through every page, every letter, I ask of you one thing — *tell her how much I love her*. Tell her that this heart never held a grudge, only a prayer — that she finds peace, even if it isn't beside me. As I always say, *choose those who choose you*, for life is far too short to keep waiting at closed doors. So come, my dear reader — let's begin something extraordinary together. Let's do something a little crazy — let's turn heartbreak into art, and pain into poetry. Let's start this story... together!

Letter 26: “Unsent Letter: If Heaven Allows, I’ll Find You Again’

My dear lady,

If heaven allows... I’ll find you again.

Not as strangers meeting through a screen or souls tangled by fate’s cruel threads, but as two hearts that recognize each other at first glance — the way light remembers its shadow.

I imagine that day often.

The sky will hold a quieter blue, the air will hum softly, and you’ll be standing somewhere, smiling without reason. I won’t rush to call your name; my heart will already know it.

Perhaps, I’ll walk past you just to feel the gravity pull once more, that invisible thread tugging at my soul — whispering, “There she is, again.”

This time, I won’t speak of destiny or loss. I won’t carry the weight of all that went wrong. I’ll only thank the stars for allowing me another chance to love you — gently, endlessly, and without fear.

You see, I never wanted you to be mine.

I only wanted to be the peace that found you when the world was loud.

I wanted to be the soft hand that fixed your hair when storms touched your face.

But maybe love like ours isn't meant to be possessed; it's meant to be preserved.

If heaven allows,

I'll tell you that in every lifetime, I wrote your name somewhere — on paper, on walls, in silence, in prayers, just so the universe would never forget us. And if you don't remember me in that next life, that's fine.

I'll love you again from the start, with the same madness, the same awe, the same poetry breathing inside my chest.

Because even if the gods rewrite fate, my heart knows only one story — ours!

And if heaven still keeps its gates locked, then let me be the wind that brushes past your hair, the rain that falls softly when you smile, the dusk that glows a little longer when you walk home.

For even if this world denies me your hand,
the eternity within me will never stop reaching for you.

Till time bends, till stars fall, till the last word is written —
I'll love you. Again.. And again....

— Yours in silence, forever,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

It's been a month since our last call — a month that feels like an eternity folded into silence. And yet, not a single day passes without her shadow wandering through my thoughts.

She's no longer just a memory; she's built a home within my soul, lit a lamp in the deepest corner of my being, and refuses to leave. I try — truly, I do — to set myself free, to unweave her from the threads of my mind, but my soul denies every attempt. It clings to her presence like the ocean clings to the moon's pull — unable, unwilling, to let go...

And so, in this quiet madness, I've done what only a lover lost in love could do — I've turned my ache into ink. Each word I write becomes a confession, each page a prayer for her peace and my release. Perhaps this is my way of surviving her absence — by immortalizing her presence. Because when love refuses to fade, the heart finds its own way to keep breathing — through letters, through poetry, through the beautiful madness of remembering.

Letter 27: “Unsent Letter: The Last Poem I Never Sent Her”

My dear lady,

This was the last poem my heart ever dared to write — the one I could never send you, not because I didn’t want to, but because I feared my words would tremble before reaching you.

Perhaps, I knew it was the end.

Perhaps, the silence between us had already begun to write its own verses.

I remember the night I wrote this — the air was still, the moon hung like a tired soul, and my room smelled faintly of ink and loneliness. I kept staring at the page, wondering how a pen that once danced for you now bleeds instead. Every line felt like a wound trying to heal itself through rhythm.

I wrote — *if she ever reads this, may she know that love didn’t leave, it just changed its form.* It became the wind that carries her laughter, the morning sun that touches her face, the quiet warmth that keeps her safe even when I cannot...

I wrote — *if she ever misses me, tell her that I never stopped waiting in silence.*

Even when I said I was fine, I lied beautifully.

Even when I smiled in crowds, I was tracing her name in my mind like a secret prayer...

I wrote — *if she ever wonders why I loved her,* tell her that I saw God in her chaos, and peace in her voice.

I saw my home in her absence and my poetry in her silence.

Tell her that she was never just someone I met — she was every word I didn't know I was born to write.

And when the poem ended, I didn't cry.

I just folded the page and kept it inside my old diary, where every letter to her sleeps like a dream that refuses to die.

Maybe one day, she'll find this.

Maybe one day, she'll know that somewhere in this vast world, a man wrote his last poem — not for fame, not for forgiveness, but for love that was too divine to be returned.

And if not, then let this poem become a bridge between what we were and what we'll never be.

Let it remind the stars that even broken hearts can write beautifully — even dying souls can hum softly,

“I loved, and that was enough.”

— *Forever your writer,*

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 28: “Unsent Letter: The Night I Burned

My Words for Her”

My dear lady,

That night, the world slept, but my heart didn’t.

The clock struck past two, the moon hung low like a fading secret, and I sat before a small flame — the only witness to my surrender.

I had gathered every page I ever wrote for you, every trembling confession that my voice could never say out loud, and I placed them before the fire.

Each word carried your reflection — the curve of your smile, the echo of your laughter, the tenderness in your silence. And as the flame touched the paper, it wasn’t just ink that burned — it was a lifetime of waiting, of hoping, of loving you in quiet devotion.

The fire flickered like it knew me, like it whispered,

“Let go, my boy, she was never yours to keep.”

I watched the ashes rise and dissolve into the dark, and for a moment, it felt like my soul was leaving with them — slow, graceful, and unbearably gentle.

Do you know what I realized that night?

That love doesn’t always end with hate.

Sometimes it ends with acceptance — with a trembling smile and a whispered prayer for the one who never looked back.

I didn't curse you, my dear; I thanked you.

Because even in your silence, you taught me how to speak with my soul.

Even in your absence, you taught me what it means to feel alive.

When the last page turned to ash, I looked up to the stars — the same ones that once carried our late-night conversations, our laughter, our sighs. And I thought, maybe they'll remember us when we no longer can. Maybe they'll tell the universe that somewhere on this earth, a man loved a woman so purely that even fire couldn't erase her name from his heart.

That night, I didn't lose you — I released you. But the truth is, some loves are never meant to end; they simply change shape.

You became the light in every poem I write, the echo in every silence I keep.

So if the wind ever carries a warmth to your face for no reason, know this — it's not the sun, it's me, my love, my words for you...

Still loving you quietly, like the flame that burned but never died...

— *Yours, in every ash and every dawn,*

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 29: “Unsent Letter: The Day After the Fire”

My dear lady,

The morning after I burned my words, the air was unnaturally still — as if the world was holding its breath, mourning with me in silence.

My room smelled faintly of smoke and memories, and on my table, a few ashes rested like fallen snowflakes, fragile and weightless.

I didn’t touch them; they were all that remained of the world where you and I existed together.

That day, I didn’t cry.

I simply sat by the window, watching the sunlight spill through the curtains, and wondered how something so bright could fall on someone so hollow.

I thought of you — of your laughter that once painted my evenings golden, of your voice that could silence the loudest storms within me. And for a fleeting second, I almost believed you were still here, sitting beside me, sipping your tea, complaining about the cold air you always hated.

But then the wind moved, and I remembered — you are a memory now, not a moment.

The streets outside carried on like nothing ever happened, and I envied them — their ignorance, their peace.

I realized how cruelly beautiful love is; it gives you everything just to take everything away, and yet you still kneel and thank it for the pain. Because in that pain, you discover yourself.

I stepped outside that evening, and the sky was bleeding in orange and violet hues — the kind of sunset we both adored.

I whispered your name to the wind, not to call you back, but to let it echo through the corners of the world where maybe, just maybe, you could still feel it.

The truth is, I no longer wish for you to return — not because I stopped loving you, but because I finally understood what it means to love selflessly.

You were never meant to stay; you were meant to awaken something divine in me — the kind of love that doesn't need presence to survive.

So, my dear lady, wherever you are — in laughter, in silence, in someone else's arms — I hope the world treats you gently.

I hope you remember, even for a second, that once upon a time, there was a man who loved you without demands, without promises — just with the pure intention of keeping your soul warm through words.

The fire ended that night, but your light didn't.

It lives in me — quietly, endlessly, beautifully.

— *Yours, in peace and in ache,*

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 30: “The Purple Lady and the Death of Love”

To my dear reader,

I hope that love never finds me again.

There was a time when I thought I had learned enough, felt enough, and broken enough to never fall again,

not in love, not even in illusion...

I had trained my heart to be still, to walk through life untouched by affection, but destiny... destiny had her own way of laughing at such vows.

And then she appeared — “the Purple Lady”

Mysterious, graceful, and calm like twilight before the storm.

I never planned to fall, but somehow my soul slipped into hers quietly, without my permission.

My words began to dance again, my silences found rhythm, and my nights turned poetic.

But love, as it always does with me, came with a cruel expiry date.

After my confession, we walked away from each other — not with anger, but with a silence that burned deeper than any goodbye ever could...

Her thoughts didn't leave; they settled within me.

Her memories clung to my breath, and slowly I started hating myself for feeling so much.

I didn't want love anymore — not hers, not anyone's.

I cut my long hair, the ones she once praised.

I shaved the silky beard that once defined me.

I stopped going to the gym, stopped caring for the man in the mirror.

The reflection was no longer Kshitiz, just a faint echo of someone who once believed in love!

I began to smoke — not for pleasure, but punishment.

I drank, not to forget her, but to remember her in fragments I could control.

But even self-destruction has its limits, and mine ended at the feet of my eternal father — “Lord Sri Hari Vishnu” In His divine Darbar, I found peace again, or maybe He just picked up His broken child from the ruins and whispered,

“ENOUGH”

I stopped wearing my favorite clothes.

I resigned from the company — the dream job where every youth wishes to reach.

But I couldn’t stay there anymore; it was the same place where I started writing again... only for her.

Every word, every project, every dawn reminded me of her presence, her absence, and my failure to move on.

So I walked away, not from the job, but from a version of myself that still believed love was eternal.

See, that’s how I started hating me — the one who once loved too deeply.

That's how loving someone can dismantle the entire architecture of a life. But as every night promises, even this darkness will end someday ...

The sun will rise, and everything — all of this pain, the purple, the memories, the tears — will turn into a dream.

And when that dawn comes, a new Kshitiz will wake up.
One who no longer belongs to love, or to any human connection.

Whatever the future holds, I know this — no one will ever meet that loveliest Kshitiz again.

He's gone... with her!

Love is now a chapter closed, a flame extinguished.
That was my last time... being human enough to love...

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 31: “The Final Entry: When I Learned to Smile Without Her”

To my dear reader,

It took me countless midnights, endless pages, and oceans of unsent words to finally arrive here — at this strange peace that no longer trembles when I whisper your name. There was a time when even the mention of *you* would tear something inside me; now, it feels like a soft hum, a memory that has learned to breathe gently instead of burn.

I still remember your laughter — how it used to dance like sunlight on quiet water.

It doesn't haunt me anymore.

It soothes me. I think that's how I know healing doesn't mean forgetting; it means remembering without breaking.

There are mornings now where I wake up and no longer reach for my phone expecting your message.

The silence that once felt like a grave has turned into a garden.

I talk to the sky, sometimes — the same sky under which we once walked in words, not steps.

Maybe that's where we still meet — between stars that have seen too many goodbyes and yet keep shining, stubbornly hopeful.

You see, I no longer write to bring you back.

I write because you taught me what it means to *feel*.

You made me understand that love isn't about holding someone close — it's about setting them free, even when every bone in your body wants to hold on.

And I did. I let you go.

Not because I stopped loving you, but because I finally learned how to love myself too...

The boy who once begged destiny to make you stay has now made peace with the silence you left behind.

I still carry you — not as a wound, but as a whisper.

You are no longer my ache; you are my lesson, my prayer, my poetry that keeps me alive on nights when the world feels too quiet.

If someday our paths cross again, I won't ask for anything.

I'll just smile — not because I've forgotten, but because I've forgiven the story for ending the way it did...

So, wherever you are, I hope you smile too — not because you remember me, but because at least once in your life, you were loved in a way that the stars themselves would envy...

And as for me — I am still writing, still walking, still waiting for the kind of peace that feels like you, but doesn't need you.

— *Forever your poet, even after the last page,*

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 32

My Dearest

I have come to believe that we are all made of stars — fragments of light scattered across time, wearing human skin only for a while.

Somewhere beyond the veil of existence, before we were born into this world, our souls once knew each other — maybe as Neigh-boring stars burning in the same sky, or as two sparks born from the same burst of creation. And when we fell to earth, we carried within us the faint memory of that celestial bond — a pull, a longing, a recognition beyond reason...

You are that part of my soul I have been searching for, not to complete me, but to remind me of who I once was — pure, infinite, and filled with light.

When I look within, I feel your essence woven into my very being. It's as if the universe placed you here to awaken something ancient in me, something that remembers what love felt like before words existed.

And though our paths on this earthly journey may not align as I wish them to, I know this — when our stories end here, when the dust of our bodies returns to the stars, our souls will find each other again. We'll recognize one another not by name or face, but by the warmth we once shared — that cosmic pulse that whispered *you belong here*.

Until then, I'll keep burning quietly — carrying you within my light. And when I gaze at the night sky, I'll smile, knowing that somewhere, among those countless stars, your soul is glowing too — waiting, just like mine, to become *stardust again*.

Yours, always — beyond lifetimes, beyond time itself,

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

**Part 4 — Beyond
(The Space Between
Me and The Universe)**

“When the Four Spoke Within”

After her... silence became my only language.

Yet within that silence, four voices began to speak — the ones that have always lived inside me.

My *Soul*, weary but wise; my *Mind*, shattered yet searching; my *Heart*, still bleeding but beating; and my *Love*, eternal and untamed.

One night, they all gathered — not in words, but in whispers — to understand what remained of me. The Soul asked if I still believed in destiny. The Mind wondered if it was all just an illusion. The Heart wept for what it lost. And Love... Love simply smiled, saying, “*She was never meant to stay, only to awaken us.*”

From their conversation was born a truth — carved not by reason but by ache. These words are not written by one part of me, but by all four — each scar, each tear, each fragment coming together to form what remains of *me*.

Thus begins this section — not as a story, but as a conversation between my Soul, my Mind, my Heart, and my Love — the only companions that never left after she did.

Letter 33: “Unsent Letter: You Bring Me Back to My Gods”

My Dear Dishoom,

Once, I was just a boy wearing the shoes of a strong man.
They said strength is in silence, that prayers always get heard
but what they never told me was that sometimes,
the gods answer in delays and disguises.

I prayed to my forefathers and mothers — people call them
gods, but I called them my family.

I asked for many things: love, meaning, and sometimes miracles
too small to name.

But the skies stayed quiet.

My incense burned, my words faded, and in that silence, I began
to believe perhaps the heavens had turned their face away.

So I stopped going to their *Darbar* — the temple, as the world
calls it.

I stopped folding my hands, stopped asking,
stopped hoping.

I built walls where faith once lived.

But then — you walked across my path, not like a storm, not like
a sign, but like the soft return of dawn after a night that forgot
to end.

And in your presence, I felt something ancient awaken in me.
It wasn't love, not first — it was recognition.

A whisper that said,

"This is why the gods were silent."

I understood then:

Every unanswered prayer was a seed waiting for you to bloom.

Every delay, every denial, was leading me to the moment our
paths would cross.

Had even one knot been untied differently, had one sorrow been
spared,

I would have missed this meeting of souls.

People call it "*Bhagya*" — fate.

But I call it "*The Path, The Turn*" — where every step, even the
misstep, had a purpose written before I was born.

You brought me back to my gods, not through rituals or hymns,
but through remembrance —

Remembrance that the divine doesn't always sit on a throne;
sometimes, it walks beside us, smiling through the eyes of
someone we call human.

Now when I fold my hands, I don't pray for things.

I simply whisper, "Thank You."

For the reintroduction.

For the peace.

For you...

Because, my dear Miss Purple —

you did not make me believe in love again,

you made me believe in *them* again.

And through you,

-I found my way home to my gods.

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 34: “My Dream Lady”

Dear 18-Year-Old Kshitiz,

I write to you from a place where your dreams have started finding their faces.

You, the young boy with eyes full of wonder and heart full of impossible wishes, once sat under the skies of Mewar, asking the wind —

“What kind of woman would walk beside me through this life?”

And I remember your answers —

You said you wanted a lady who speaks your tongue, not just the language of words but of soul, someone who understands the melody hidden in your silence. You wished she would belong to our land — *Mewar* — so that when you spoke in your native rhythm, she would smile in understanding, not confusion.

You wanted her to carry the grace of *Marwar* — where women are carved with courage, poetry, and pride. You read their stories in old Rajput chronicles and whispered, “*I want someone like her — a woman whose silence is as strong as her voice.*”

And when you walked the lands of Gujarat, you met sweetness — people who carried warmth in their words and music in their hearts.

You wished, “*Let my lady be like them — kind, gentle, with honey in her tone.*”

But even then, your truest wish was never about appearance. It was about *connection*.

You wanted a woman who could walk through your poems, sit beside your thoughts, and smile when your words stumbled.

You wanted someone who could read the spaces between your sentences and still understand you.

You wanted devotion — not to religion, but to *meaning*.
And madness — not of chaos, but of life itself.
A woman who could dance with the mountains and dream with the stars.

You were 18, and the world called you unrealistic —
but today, I, the older Kshitiz, smile and whisper,

you were right all along.

Because on the 24th of October, 2025 — while traveling from Chittorgarh to Jaipur —
the universe softly placed a realization on my shoulder:
“She exists.”

She, whom I call *“Miss Purple.”*
Born of the same land you prayed for.
Raised in the same rhythm you longed to hear.
Carrying both the calm of Gujarat and the pride of Mewar within her.
A poet, a listener, a storm, and peace — all at once.

You asked for her years ago, and the gods took their time,
but they wrote her into your destiny like a hidden verse meant to be found only when your heart had ripened enough to understand its meaning.

So here I am, writing to you, my younger self —
telling you that your dream lady is real.
She laughs like spring and speaks like autumn.
She reminds me of every wish you made to the moon.
And I’ve decided — *I will not move on from her.*

Because she isn’t just someone I met —
she is *you*, answered.

She is the prayer of the boy that time never forgot.
And I, the man you became, am now blessed to meet the woman
your heart once imagined.

So smile, young Kshitiz —
for every lonely night you spent wondering if dreams ever come
true...
this letter is proof that they do...

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 35: “My Imagined Life with Her”

Dear Sleep,

if you can hear me tonight — please, be kind.

Do not drift too far from mercy.

Because I have a wish — not for tomorrow

not for forever — just for one more dawn that begins where I
left off...

Let everything that has happened till now be a dream.

Let it be nothing but the fog of imagination —

that she never left,

that she never blocked me,

that I never sat in silence trying to explain to the walls what
went wrong...

Let me be back there — in that night of

13th August 2025,

when everything still felt pure, when her name still echoed softly
in my mind,

when the story was still unwritten.

And when the morning arrives —

let me wake up in that same timeline where I am still getting
ready to meet her...

Let me live the **14th of August 2025** again, the way it was
meant to be —

the way *she* had planned.

Evening. Seven o'clock.

The golden hour melting over the city,
the air full of expectation and rhythm.

I want to see her stepping toward me for the first time —
not through screens,
not through memory,
but in the real light of day...
I want to walk beside her to the station,
to watch the train wait as if it too knew our moment mattered...
I want to hand her goodbye not as a heartbreak,
but as a promise whispered between laughter and sighs.

So, dear sleep —
if this is all just a dream,

then don't let me open my eyes too soon.
But if this life I'm living now is the dream,
then please, *wake me up!*

Wake me up where love hasn't broken yet.
Wake me up where words are still unsaid,
where hearts are still unhurt,
where time is still merciful.

Wake me up,
so I can meet her — as she was, as I wished —
on the evening of 14th August,
when everything was still possible!

And let me hold that moment once more —
even if it's only long enough to believe that

-we never ended before we even began...

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

“Even the Dying Soul Would Live Again”

If the stars ever decide to listen, I would whisper her name until the heavens tremble and the gods themselves turn silent.

For even after the ink of my pen has dried, my heart still bleeds her verses — each drop carrying her scent, her laughter, her warmth. I have written countless letters, some lost to time, some turned to ashes in my trembling hands — yet the words still live, etched upon my soul. The fire took what I could not bear, but not even flames could consume the love that refused to die.

Every dawn feels like an unfinished dream, every dusk like a memory fading too soon. The silence between my breaths carries her name — soft, sacred, eternal. Sometimes, I feel her presence in the still air, like the world itself pauses for a heartbeat to remember her. And though I walk among people, their voices blur, their faces fade — because she is the only truth my heart still recognizes.

Her laughter once had the power to make even my demons fall quiet.

Her eyes — two fragile universes — could make the cruelest hearts turn kind.

If the devil himself descended upon earth, he would abandon his throne in the depths of hell just to be held by her once, to feel what it means to be loved beyond reason. And if the heavens ever wept, it would be because she chose silence over forever.

She said she is the reason for someone else's happiness — and I smiled, even as the world beneath me broke. Because love, my kind of love, doesn't cage; it blesses.

So I wished her joy — not out of peace, but out of pain so deep it became divine. She left, and with her went the light.

But even in darkness, I wait... because what we had was not a chapter — it was an unfinished eternity...

Now I live as a man who breathes, but no longer feels alive!

My heart beats for a ghost of yesterday, for the memory of her touch that never fades. And yet, if she were to call my name again — even once, even as an echo — I would rise from my own ashes, because for her, even a dying soul... would live again.

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

Letter 36: “There Is No One After You”

My dearest,

When I first spoke with you,

I already knew my ending.

Some part of me whispered, “*She will hurt you,*” and another part, younger and wilder,

answered, “*Then let her.*”

I have everything a man could ask for—purpose, name, work

but love has always been the unsung verse in my poem.

And still, I dared.

Because men are brave not when they fight battles, but when they risk their peace for a feeling that could remake the world.

I told myself,

“Maybe destiny will surprise me this time.”

Maybe the ink that wrote my pain will also write your hand into mine.

Maybe the stories about the **three-meeting theory** are true:

the first meeting to awaken the heart,

the second to break it,

and the third to make it whole.

Perhaps this was not our ending,

but the rehearsal before forever—

a pause written by destiny to teach me how to hold you once I truly meet you.

Maybe this ache is the tuition for the love I am meant to keep.

But if fate turns away again,

if our paths dissolve into separate mornings,

then let the heavens know:
after you, the world will never meet this version of me
again.....

The man who laughed too loudly,
who dreamed too fearlessly,
who believed love could bend time itself.

You changed me into someone who finally knows how to love—
and that lesson itself is immortal.
Even if we never stand together,
you will live in the way I look at stars,
in the way I write,
in the way I forgive....

There is no one after you,
because you are not a chapter in my story—
you are the script that taught me how to write it.

And if destiny listens tonight,
may it pause its turning pages,
just long enough for the universe to whisper:
"This love has already done its work."

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

*And if the stars ever forget their path,
may my love remind them where light was born.
For after you—
there is no dusk, no dawn,
only the timeless hum of a heart
that once dared to love the impossible*

Whispers Beyond the Pages

Letter to the Universe

Dear Universe,

I don't know if you ever listen, but I still write — not to ask, not to complain, but to thank you for the chaos.

For the storms that broke me, and the silences that rebuilt me. You've always spoken in mysterious ways — through the people I lost, the moments I feared, and the miracles I never expected.

I've stopped asking for signs;

now I've started becoming one.

And if my words ever reach your edges — tell the stars I'm still trying, tell time I'm still healing, and tell love...

I'm still waiting...

Letter to the Readers

Dear Readers,

You are not just reading a story — you're walking through my veins, touching fragments of a soul that once trembled and burned...

If you ever find yourself in these pages — broken, in love, or lost — know that I wrote this for you too...

Because maybe, just maybe, we all write the same story — of becoming, of letting go, of finding home within our own reflections...

Keep reading life as you read this book: slowly, with patience, and with the hope that every chapter — even the painful ones — leads somewhere beautiful.

Self-Talks

“Some nights, I argue with my own heart — and lose beautifully.”

“I have learned that silence isn’t empty; it’s full of answers I was too afraid to ask.”

“The universe never took anything away — it only replaced it with lessons wearing human faces.”

“One day, I’ll stop writing about her... but not today.”

The last Letter: “My Understanding About Her”

Dear Reader,

if these words ever reach you, know that they come from a heart that has seen both the storm and the silence, and still chooses to speak softly about her.

After knowing her, I learned something rare—
she is not just a woman who seeks love; she is a *soul who seeks peace*.

She doesn't desire to own or to be owned.

She only wants to *breathe freely* beside someone who understands her without asking her to explain.

She is the kind who listens to every heartbeat around her yet hides her own song.

A lady who stands in the crowd and still feels the quiet ache of loneliness,

because no one has stayed long enough to hear her unspoken symphonies...

She laughs with many, but belongs to none.

And all she truly wants is someone who can sit beside her—not to speak, not to fix—but simply to *be there*.

Someone who can look at her chaos and call it art.

I was never searching for love;

I was searching for meaning.

But somehow, in knowing her, I found both.

I saw her not with my eyes, but with something deeper—
the recognition of an ancient bond,

as if the universe had once carved her name next to mine,
and we've been walking toward that line ever since.

She didn't ask for love.

She only asked for understanding.

And I wished, with everything in me,
that I could have been that quiet corner for her—
the one she could trust,
the one she could return to without fear.

But hearts are strange things, dear reader.

They don't wait for permission.

They fall...

They burn...

They build...

And I fell—

not because I wanted to,
but because she carried the kind of frequency that pulls every
wandering soul back home...

I do not regret it!

For it is no crime to recognize your twin soul in another's eyes.

It is no sin to tell them,

"I feel you,"

even when they cannot say the same.

People say love and friendship cannot sit together,

but I say they are one and the same—

because love born without friendship is hunger,

and friendship without love is incomplete.

Everything begins in friendship;

everything eternal ends in it too.

And now, if these words ever find her—

I hope she knows:

I never wanted to cage her.
I only wanted to see her happy, even if her joy did not include
me.

I wish she could forget her fears for once,
forget the pain of what could go wrong,
and see the love that still waits quietly,
untouched, unbroken, unwavering.

Not every man loves twice.
Some loves are once-in-a-lifetime—
some, once in all lifetimes.

And if this is my last breath,
let it carry a whisper to her—
that I have loved her not as a man loves a woman,
but as a soul remembers its missing part.

So when my story ends,
do not weep for me, dear reader!
Because I have lived what poets only dream to write.
And if the heavens ever record my life,
may it be written simply:

“He Understood Her.”

-Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav

To the Reader Who Found Me

If you are reading these words,
then somewhere between your eyes and these pages,
my silence has finally found a voice...

This book was never written for fame or pity —
it was written to keep one memory alive,
to turn a heartbreak into heritage,
and a goodbye into grace!

But if, while reading,
you saw a glimpse of your own story within mine,
then perhaps destiny wanted us both to heal together...

You see, not every love ends —
some just change their language.
Some stop speaking in words
and start living quietly in remembrance.

So, dear reader,
if you too once loved and lost —
know that you were never alone.
Somewhere, someone like me
was also writing letters into the night,
hoping they'd one day reach the right soul.

Keep them close!
For someday, when you too sit beneath a sky of fading stars,
you will understand —
that love never really leaves;
it just learns to live differently...

— *Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav*
Jeypore, Rajasthan

What I Learned About Love

Love is not a story that demands an ending —
it is a lesson written in every heartbeat.

It taught me that silence can speak,
that distance can hold,
and that some bonds survive even without promises.

Love is not about forever —
it's about the few moments that feel eternal.

I learned that to love someone truly
is to bless their path, even if it no longer leads to you.

That sometimes, closure is not forgetting —
it is remembering without pain.

And that the purest form of love
is not the one that seeks to be understood,
but the one that simply chooses to understand.

So if you ever find yourself holding back tears,
remember this —
you are not breaking;
you are becoming the kind of soul
that love itself bows down to.

— *DASTOOR*

Epilogue (The Gentle Afterlight)

Love, when stripped of its need to be returned,
becomes something purer — something that no longer burns,
but glows.

In the silence that followed her name,
I found a strange kind of peace —
the kind that doesn't ask "why,"
and no longer waits for answers.

There was a time when I wrote to be heard.
Now I write to remember — not her face,
but the feeling she left behind:
a warmth that still lingers in the quiet corners of my heart.

Perhaps that's what love truly is —
not possession, not forever,
but a gentle afterlight that never fades.

So, if these letters ever reach the Purple Lady,
let her know —
I no longer seek her presence,
only her peace.

And if they reach you, dear reader,
carry this truth gently:
every love leaves something behind —
a lesson, a memory,
or a light that guides you home.

— *Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav*
Jeypore, Rajasthan

Author's Note

There are two kinds of writing —
one that seeks applause,
and one that seeks peace.

DASTOOR was born from the second kind.

When I began these letters, I did not write to be understood —
I wrote because silence had become too heavy to carry alone.
Each page was a moment of release,
each word a step toward forgiving myself for loving too deeply.

Over time, I realized something profound —
that love does not end when people part;
it only changes its form.
Sometimes it becomes strength,
sometimes art,
and sometimes, as in my case — it becomes *DASTOOR*.

To every reader who holds this book —
may you find comfort in knowing that you are not alone in your
longing.

May these pages remind you that love, in its truest form,
is not meant to be owned — only *understood*.

If this book touches even one heart,
if it helps someone find calm in their chaos,
then every tear that shaped these words was worth it.

With love and light,

— *Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav*
Jeypore, Rajasthan

Acknowledgements

To those who became quiet witnesses to my journey —
thank you...

To the souls who stood beside me when my voice trembled,
and to those who reminded me that writing isn't about healing
—
it's about understanding what was meant to stay.

To my family — for their silent strength.
To my friends — who never asked for explanations.
To the readers — who found a piece of themselves between my
words.
And to **Her**, the Purple Lady —
you will always remain the reason behind my ink,
and the peace behind my silence.

This book is not just mine —
it belongs to every heart that ever loved without being seen.

With gratitude,

— *Kshitiz Raj Vaishnav*

Dedicated to Her — and to Destiny

History says, writers never get a happy ending.

So either,

I found mine...

or I'm no longer a writer from this moment on.

Because somewhere between her silence and my words,

I surrendered my pen to destiny —

and let it write the rest of the story...

The Final Words

I love her...
I love her the most —
like something divine,
something even she cannot see,
but everyone who reads my words will feel it —
till eternity.

I know... this is not the end of our story —
hers and mine.
It's just a part,
a pause written by time,
until destiny connects us again.

As she told me on 09 October 2025:
"If it's written on Dastoor, we will meet."

So, with love — and from every corner of my heart —
I wrote *Dastoor* as mine,
and I wrote the merge of our destiny,
believing that everything will unfold
just as destiny wills it to be...

A Blank Page for Destiny

What if everything changes?

What if destiny places *her* and *me* once again on the perfect path

the one we lost, or maybe the one we were never meant to find
yet?

What if the universe rewrites the stars,
and every untold chapter begins to breathe again?

This the last page remains blank...
for destiny to write,
and for *you* — the one who reads my heart —
to decide the ending.

Because remember —
until I die, this story will never come to its end...

For You, For Destiny

My dear reader, now it's your turn, to write the ending of this story

—in your own way....

*And that's how I end my story — not with a goodbye, but with a silent
prayer that her path finds mine again...*

“When You Truly Love Someone

— It’s Never Over”