

On 15th June, it was Anu's birthday.

The morning sun shone softly as Anu parked her car outside Ajay's house. She felt a mix of happy and sad. Ajay's mother smiled gently and gave her a small wrapped gift.

"Happy birthday, Anu."

Anu smiled and took the gift with shaking hands. She put it carefully in the back seat of her car, telling herself she would open it soon. But days passed, and she forgot about it.

Later, after a long day at work, Anu sat in her car.

She noticed the box wrapped in brown paper sitting there, still unopened. A wave of guilt hit her. How could she forget?

She slowly unwrapped it. Inside was an old diary with a soft leather cover. A note written in Ajay's handwriting fell out:  
"This is the unforgettable gift I wanted to give you, Anu."

Anu smiled as memories came back.

She was always cheerful and full of energy. Making friends was easy for her. People liked being around her because she was friendly and happy.

Ajay was different. He was quiet and shy. He liked to be alone. He didn't talk much and had only a few friends. He spent most of his time drawing in his sketchbook. Ajay was very good at art.

They met at a college art workshop. Anu joined because she was curious. Ajay painted a portrait of Anu. It was so good that they won first prize. That moment made them friends.

They were very different, but they became close.

Anu's happy nature helped Ajay come out of his shell. Ajay's calmness gave Anu peace. They spent many days together—talking, sharing ideas, and enjoying time with each other.

What Anu didn't know was that Ajay liked her more than a friend. But he never told her because he was scared.

"What if she feels strange? What if she stops talking to me?"

So Ajay kept his feelings secret. For him, being her friend was enough.

Time went by, and the last day of college came—it was also Anu's

birthday in 2023.

Ajay had promised to give her a special gift that day. Anu was excited and happy. But Ajay never showed up.

That night, Anu heard the terrible news—Ajay had died in an accident.

Anu was heartbroken. She felt like her world had ended.

The diary felt heavy in Anu's hands—not just a book, but full of memories and feelings.

She opened the first page. There was a sketch of the day they met—the art workshop, full of light and hope.

Next to it were Ajay's words:

"The moment I saw you, I felt you were special to me. Even after all our friendship, I knew. It sounds strange, but it's true."

As she turned the pages, she saw more sketches and notes. They showed Ajay's quiet feelings—his love hidden inside friendship.

At the end, Ajay wrote:

"I just wanted to share my feelings with you. It doesn't change anything. I only want to be your friend, always."

Anu's eyes filled with tears. Her heart hurt but also smiled. Ajay's love was simple and honest—a gift she would always keep.