



DEARSTORY

TURNING MEMORIES INTO TIMELESS STORIES

"SOME BONDS ARE WRITTEN BY FATE,  
SOME CHOOSE TO STAY FOREVER."



from  
*strangers*  
to  
*Forever*  
9 YEARS OF US



— a story by —  
GUNNU  
for  
SHINA



distance means  
so little when someone  
means so much



—  —  
 — for you shina — 

For the girl who became  
my safest place,  
my strongest habit,  
and my forever person.

— Gunnu 



# The Girl Everyone Misunderstood



2017

A new school. New faces.

And me... *already judged before people even knew me.*

Some girls in your group — especially Diksha — used to gossip about me a lot.

“There’s a girl named Urvashi...”

“She roams around openly with one of the boys from class 9...”

“She has attitude...”

And honestly?

People had already created an image of me without even talking to me once.

## But you?

You were never really interested in gossip.





You were busy being yourself — bindass, happy,  
always laughing with your own group.

You, Alika, Himanshu, Afzal, Arsh... all of you  
had your own little world.

And then suddenly, around August or September...  
*life pulled one of its biggest plot twists.*

I got transferred into your class.

I still remember the way you looked at me that day  
after Diksha pointed towards me and said,

*‘Yahi hai woh ladki.’*

At that time, I was seated with Samridhi and Nandini  
because teachers thought I was one of the ‘studious’ students.

And those two never stopped talking about your group.

According to them, you people were trouble.

Maybe they thought I would never fit into your gang...

But little did they know —  
*andar se main bhi utni hi harami thi.*

And then came the day that changed everything.

Divya ma’am shifted your seat from Alika’s bench... to mine.

And just like that...

we went from batchmates...  
to benchmates.



## CHAPTER 2

# When Life Decided for Us

At first, you were smart.

You only sat with me during Divya ma'am's class and happily returned to Aika afterwards.

But slowly... things started changing.

One conversation became many.

*Silence became comfort.*

And one day, without either of us realizing it...

You stopped going back to her.

You started sitting beside me the whole day.

Every single day.

Slowly, we started talking more, laughing more, sharing more.

Then your group became my group.

Eventually, our entire row became our little world.

Me and you sitting together.

Arsh and Himanshu behind us.

Afzal doing nonstop bakchodi beside us.

*Those days felt endless.*

I still remember that English class incident.  
The teacher was teaching sincerely while we were busy  
making fun of her expressions.

And the funniest part?  
She started laughing too.

Or the way Divya ma'am used to throw us out of class and  
our entire group proudly walked outside like punishment  
was some achievement.

Lunch breaks were chaos.  
Poor Arsh and Afzal never got to finish their food  
because we attacked their lunchboxes first.

And then came your legendary 'bhaslunde ki sabzi' incident.  
One day during Hindi period, I loudly asked:

*'What is bhaslande???'*

And Sushila ma'am immediately looked shocked.

But instead of stopping, I confidently said:

*'Mam yeh lunde ki sabzi laayi hai!'*

Today I finally know it was actually gatte ki sabzi.

But at that time?

We were shameless.

Even teachers thought something was going on  
between me, you, and Himanshu.

And instead of clarifying things...

*we enjoyed the misunderstanding even more.*

Then slowly, I introduced you to Aamir.

And eventually...

our trio was formed.

There were fights too.

Sometimes because of me, Aamir and the boys fought.

Sometimes I cried in front of you because everything felt overwhelming.

But through every stupid moment, every classroom memory,  
every laugh, every little chaos...

we somehow survived school together.

And before we even realized it...

our school life together  
had quietly reached its final chapter.

But somewhere deep inside...

those memories had already become a permanent part of us.

## CHAPTER 3

# The Distance We Never Understood

Then came the phase that changed everything.

My school got changed.

And suddenly...

*even while living just 10 minutes away  
from each other, we became long distance.*

Still, I tried.

For the first time in my life, I secretly left school  
just to meet you at ITO.

*Chup chup ke milna.*

Scooty rides.

Random plans.

Sometimes all four of us — you, me, Arsh, and Farhan —  
sitting on one scooty like complete idiots.

We even randomly went to Ananya's house once  
and till today I still don't know why we went there.



And somewhere in between all this...

You stopped being 'Tanishka.'

*You became 'Shina.'*

And I stopped being 'Urvashi.'

*I became 'Gunny.'*

Then came your school carnival.

Even that day, I somehow lied at home and came just to see you.

And that day...

**I fought with everyone for you.**

Because someone from my past had created chaos in your life  
and I couldn't tolerate seeing tears in your eyes.

I still remember you crying in the washroom.

But after that...

things slowly became worse.

My family found out many things.

Restrictions became tighter.

And while I was secretly trying to hold us together...

you started feeling hurt in your own way.

You thought I didn't understand your side.

I thought you didn't understand mine.

And slowly...

distance entered.

Eventually...

**you stepped back.**



## CHAPTER 4

# The Silence That Stayed

Then came the gap.  
One year.  
Then almost two.

No calls.  
No messages.  
No connection.

*The two people who never knew how to stay apart...  
suddenly became strangers.*

And still, somewhere deep inside, I kept praying:

*'Someday... we'll meet again.'*

Then one day, your invitation came.  
Your father's retirement party.  
And honestly?  
I cannot explain the happiness I felt that day.

I was nervous too.  
After so long, how would I talk to you?  
Would things feel normal again?  
But when we met...  
Even that day ended in misunderstandings.

And after that...  
everything completely broke.  
No connection.  
No updates.  
Nothing.

For almost two years...  
we knew absolutely nothing about each other's lives.

*Just like strangers.*

No calls

1:00 AM ✓

No messages

1:00 AM ✓

No connection

1:00 AM ✓

...

1:00 AM ✓

*Some people  
stay in our hearts  
even when  
they're not  
in our lives.*



## CHAPTER 5

# When Fate Brought You Back

2023.

A random evening.

I had just finished my college exam and was returning home through the metro.

And then suddenly...  
there you were.

You were talking to your best friend Eman on video call.

And then our eyes met.  
*That eye contact felt unreal.*

We both looked completely blank,  
like our brains couldn't process  
what was happening.

When we spoke, it felt awkward.  
Like we were talking to someone  
we once knew deeply...

*but had forgotten how to reach.*





But still...

that same evening, you and Aamir came  
all the way till Vaishali metro station just to drop me.

And honestly?

*That small gesture meant more  
than you'll ever know.*

Later, you texted me on Snapchat.

You tried to sort things out.

Slowly, conversation started again.

And before we even realized it...

the fun rides had started again.

The late-night outings.

The chaos.

The laughter.

And somehow...

*we found our way back  
to each other.*



DEARSTORY



वैशाली  
Vaishali



Some  
memories  
find their way  
back...



## CHAPTER 6



# This Time, It Was Different



*This time, our bond felt deeper.*

More mature.

More emotional.

More real.

From school hangouts to concerts...

we upgraded ourselves in everything together.

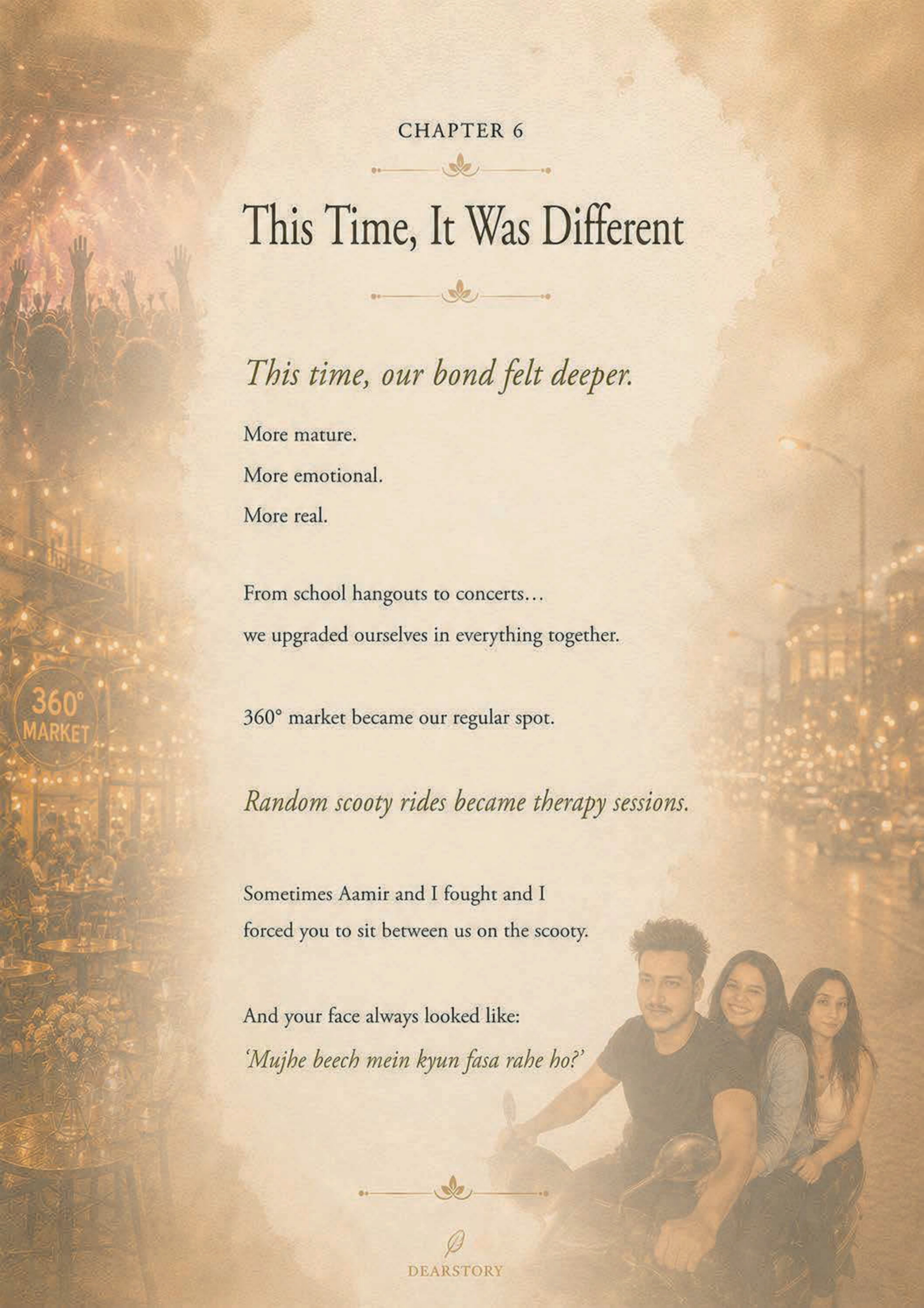
360° market became our regular spot.

*Random scooty rides became therapy sessions.*

Sometimes Aamir and I fought and I forced you to sit between us on the scooty.

And your face always looked like:

*'Mujhe beech mein kyun fasa rahe ho?'*





Then came another important moment.  
After almost two years, you came to my house again.

And honestly?  
You were nervous.

But slowly...  
you bonded with my family again.  
Especially my mother.  
And obviously my sister, whose love language is insulting you.

And somehow...  
we stopped being just friends.

*We became family friends.*

Then came one of the toughest phases.  
My health.  
The hospital.  
The pain.

And eventually...  
6 months of complete bed rest.

And yes, I still haven't forgiven you for going to concerts, hangouts,  
and enjoying everything without me while I was stuck on bed rest  
for 6 months.

BUT...  
Apart from that...  
you stood beside me through everything.

Hospital visits.  
Searching for coconut water for me.  
Bringing bouquets.  
Massaging my head.  
Coming with me for back therapy.

*You stayed.*

And for that...

*I will always be thankful.*



## CHAPTER 7

# Growing Through Everything

Then came our first trip together.

Manali.

Me, you, Aamir, and Gauti di.

*The excitement was unreal.*

And honestly?

The trip itself was a full adventure.

Meanwhile, Gauti di and Aamir's sleeping schedules used to irritate us so much.

But ignoring all of that, we both kept enjoying every single moment of the trip together.

Then came my birthday celebration there.

Late-night cafés.

Live singing.

Random reels after drinking when we had no idea what we were recording.

*That trip became one of our favorite memories forever.*

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Live singing.

Random reels after drinking when we had no idea what we were recording.

*That trip became one of our favorite memories forever.*

But after that...  
life hit us hard again.

Your father passed away.  
And honestly, I don't think I'll ever forget  
how strongly you handled everything.  
I was so proud of you.

Then came Malaysia.  
You left.  
You struggled.  
Things didn't go the way we hoped.  
And yes, we fought during that phase too.  
But maybe destiny had other plans.  
You came back.  
And somewhere deep inside,  
I felt relieved because *my person was with me again.*

Then life slowly became normal again.  
College.  
Job.  
Home.  
Hangouts.  
Backchodi.  
Trips.

And in between all this...  
Eman's jealousy started growing.  
She used to talk about you to me and about me to you.  
Honestly, I never enjoyed those fights.  
I always tried sorting things between you both.

But maybe God finally decided:  
'*Gunnu ne 2 saal ki saza kaati hai...  
ab usko uska reward milna chahiye.*'

And slowly...  
Eman left your life.

And once again...

*it was just us.*

*Some people  
come back...  
and feel  
like home.*



*Thank you  
for being  
my person  
through it all.*



## CHAPTER 8

# The Most Unforgettable Memories

Then came Goa.  
And honestly?  
That trip was crazy.

*Fun.*

*Exhausting.*

*Chaotic.*

*Perfect.*

We explored everything on scooty because that was the best way to experience Goa properly.

Every night, we planned the next day's adventure like professional planners.

And then came the horror moments.  
That weird scooty experience late at night.  
The hotel incidents.  
The strange noises.

Meanwhile, Gauti di kept doing nonstop bakchodi, getting irritated for no reason, making faces the whole time... and poor Aamir stayed stuck handling everything.

And us?  
We somehow still continued enjoying everything like idiots.

*That trip became unforgettable  
in every possible way.*



Then came your London admission.

And honestly?  
I was emotional in every way possible.

*Happy.*

*Excited.*

*Scared.*

Because finally, you were achieving the dream  
your father always wanted for you.

Before you left, we made a complete TO-DO list.

*Shopping.*

*Hangouts.*

*Food places.*

*Memories.*

*Everything.*

Then came my birthday.  
You made it one of the most special birthdays of my life.  
Every gift felt emotional because somewhere deep inside...  
I knew things were about to change.

Then came our last evening together.

*No one cried.*

*No one spoke much.*

We just sat together silently.  
Trying to understand how life was changing so quickly.

Then I came back home.  
And later...  
you sent me a picture from inside the plane.  
And the moment I saw that picture...

*I broke down crying.*

Because that's when reality finally hit me.

*You were gone.*



→ Departures

BOARDING PASS

LHR  
LONDON



GATE  
07

SEAT  
25A

TIME  
21:40

*The hardest  
goodbyes are  
the silent ones.*



*Distance means  
so little when  
someone means  
so much.*



CHAPTER 9

Still Us, No Matter What

And just like that...

October 2025 became the beginning of our long-distance friendship.

*Now our world exists through screens.*

*Virtual hugs.*

*Virtual festivals.*

*Virtual comfort.*

Diwali.

Holi.

Everything online.

You slowly built a new life there.

And honestly?

I'm happy you found good people around you.

Zuby.

Vishwas.

Priya.

And others who genuinely care for you.

It comforts me knowing you are safe and loved there.

But yes...

The fights still happen.

*Misunderstandings.*

*Chaos.*

*Drama.*

And let me make one thing very clear:

I am not jealous of people.

I just believe every relationship should have limits.

Because yes...

*Maybe I'm possessive.*

But after waiting years to get you back...

How can I not care?

*You are my person.*


And no matter how many fights, breakdowns,  
misunderstandings, or distance life throws at us...


One thing never changes.

*Us.*



DEARSTORY


12 My Person 

Miss you!   
so much :-(

11:47 PM

Same here

11:47 PM

Goodnight  
my person 

11:48 PM

*different cities  
different lives  
same friendship*



Missed Call  
2 missed calls

11:32 PM

Unread Messages  
3

11:32 PM



Let's go on...  
I know I've been rude to you sometimes  
and you've seen the worst side of my personality...  
I love you

Late  
nights,  
stupid talks,  
best  
memories  
♡

Some people  
feel like home  
♡

our  
kind of  
chaos  
♡

soul  
friends  
forever  
♡

FOREVER  
US

# CONFESSION

Just read this once and don't let it get  
to your head, okay? 😂💙

I know I've been rude to you sometimes  
and you've seen the worst side of my personality...

But deep down?

*You are my jaan.*

*My shorty.*

*My munchkin.*

*My motii.*


Basically... you are everything to me.

And honestly, I don't think you could ever imagine  
how deeply I care about you or how much  
I truly love you.

After every fight, misunderstanding,  
emotional breakdown, and chaos...

I'm still exactly where I'm supposed to be.

*Right beside you.*



Every little thing about you matters to me.

*Your outfits.*

*Whether you ate properly or not.*

*Your random pictures.*

*Your mood.*

*Your stories.*

*Your tiny updates.*

*Everything.*

Maybe you'll call it possessiveness  
or over-attachment...

But for me?

*It's simply love.*

You are not just my best friend.

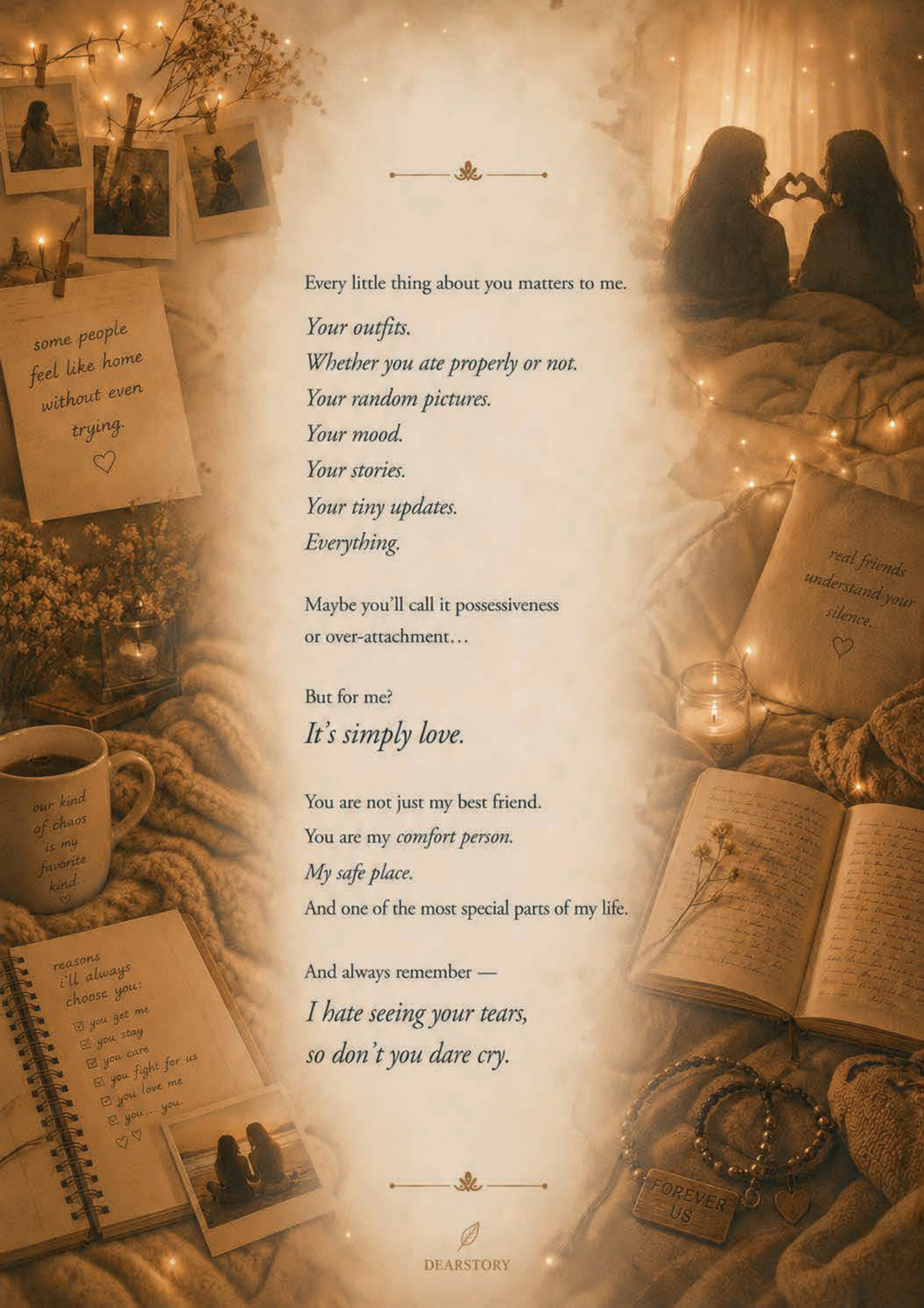

You are my *comfort person*.

*My safe place.*

And one of the most special parts of my life.

And always remember —


*I hate seeing your tears,  
so don't you dare cry.*



some people  
feel like home  
without even  
trying.  
♡

our kind  
of chaos  
is my  
favorite  
kind.  
♡

reasons  
i'll always  
choose you:  
☑ you get me  
☑ you stay  
☑ you care  
☑ you fight for us  
☑ you love me  
☑ you... you.  
♡♡



real friends  
understand your  
silence.  
♡

FOREVER  
US

# Beyond The Last Chapter

And here we are...

Completing the first 9 years of us.

And honestly?

*It still feels like only the beginning.*

Having you beside me all these years has been one of the most beautiful parts of my life...

And I truly hope many more years, memories, and chapters are still waiting for us ahead. 💕

To know the next chapter of our story... stay connected to our channel —

Shina + Gunnu = "Shinu" Channel 🤪💕

## Forever us.

— Gunnu 💕

real ones never  
fade, even when  
the distance  
gets longer.




some people  
come into  
your life  
and change  
everything.




real friends  
understand your  
silence.






Some stories are written.  
Some are lived.

And some quietly become a part of who we are forever.



This book holds 9 years of friendship,  
chaos, healing, distance, memories, and love —

✧ *preserved forever through* ✧  
*moments that mattered.*



Thank you for being part of this story. 💙

— *DearStory*





# DEARSTORY



TURNING MEMORIES INTO TIMELESS STORIES



*At DearStory,*  
we believe some memories deserve  
to be held forever.

Not just in photographs —  
but in feelings, words,  
and the moments that shaped us.

Thank you for letting us  
*preserve a piece of your heart.*

— *DearStory*



@dearstory.in



www.dearstory.in

