

Ananya pulled the curtain to one side and saw a girl sitting on the bed next to her. Her left wrist was bandaged. She sat there quietly, staring at her phone and there was no one around her.

"Hey, hie..." Ananya said and smiled.

The girl raised her head and turned towards Ananya. "Hie..." she said and smiled back.

"I am Ananya," she said and extended her hands.

"Disha," the girl reverted and shook hands with her.

"What has happened to you?" Ananya asked, looking at Disha's wrist.

"Nothing much, just hurt myself accidently," replied Disha.

"Oh. Are you okay now?"

"Kind of," Disha replied and smiled. Ananya smiled back and then no one spoke for a while.

"Why are you here?" Disha asked.

"Well... There is a long story behind that. Will tell you another day. But for now, I am absolutely fine," she said and smiled widely. Disha looked at her with a puzzled expression on her face.

"By the way, what do you do?" asked Ananya.

"I am a banker. What about you?"

"Photographer. Fashion photographer."

"Wow! You are a photographer? That's amazing!"

"Yeah! It is actually amazing. Just a click and you can capture a story forever," Ananya said and took out her camera. Suddenly, Disha saw a flash of light.

"Hey! Don't!" Disha cried and covered her face with her palms.

"I already did!" Ananya said and started laughing.

"I look like a zombie," Disha said and frowned.

"Every picture has its own story. And there is beauty in every story," Ananya said and smiled.

"Can I see the pictures?"

"Sure!"

And within a few hours, their relationship changed from strangers to known strangers.

"Do you think it was worth it?" Ananya asked.

"What?"

"Cutting your wrist and risking your life?"

Disha smiled. "I don't know."

Ananya kept quiet.

"I was unable to accept what he did to me. I just wonder what made him do that. After 7years of togetherness and 3years of marriage, he cheated on me. What else could I do?"

"Killing yourself for anyone is not worth it."

"I fought with my parents for marrying him. What will I tell them now?"

"You don't have to tell them anything. They understand you anyway. Moreover, you can't change your fate. Can you?"

Disha kept quiet.

"Trust yourself to live your life and not someone else. Believe in yourself and do something for which you will remain alive even after you die," Ananya said and started coughing.

"Hey, what happened? Are you okay?" Disha asked and sat near Ananya on her bed. She kept coughing for a while.

"Shall I call the nurse?" Disha asked again.

"No.. I am fine."

"Sure?"

"Yes," Ananya said and smiled. Disha gave her the glass of water that was kept on the table beside her bed.

"Thank you," she said and took a sip of water.

"You look pale and weak."

"I know," Ananya said in a low voice.

"By the way, where are your family members?" Disha asked.

"They will be coming in a while."

"Oh."

"Mrs. Disha Bedi?" Disha turned around and saw the nurse standing behind.

"Yes, sister?"

"We will discharge you tomorrow morning after all the formalities gets completed," said the nurse.

"Okay. Thank you," Disha said and turned towards Ananya again.

"So, you are leaving tomorrow?" Ananya asked.

"Yes."

"Your family members?"

"My parents doesn't know about it. Only my elder brother knows. I don't want to bother them anymore. Moreover my parents don't even stay here. So better not to give them troubles..."

"Oh."

"But I will come to meet you soon," Disha said and smiled widely.

"Really? Will you?"

"Of course, I will."

"Then come on 9th."

"9th? Any special occasion?"

"It's my birthday, this Friday," Ananya said and smiled, with sparkles in her eyes.

"Is it? I'll definitely be coming then."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Disha entered the same room where she was admitted a few days back, holding a box that was wrapped in a gift paper. She walked towards bed no. 8. But to her surprise, there was no one there. She looked here and there but couldn't find Ananya anywhere around.

"Excuse me, sister."

"Yes?"

"There was a girl named Ananya at bed no. 8. Where is she?"

"Ananya Sethi?"

"I don't know her surname. But there was a girl over there, a few days back. She was having a brownish complexion and long hair..."

"Yes, I understood. Who are you, by the way?"

"I am her friend."

"Her friend? And you don't know about her?"

"Means?"

"She is no more, my dear. She was suffering from Thalassemia. It's strange that you don't know about it."

Disha stared at the nurse in shock. "When did it happen?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Today morning at around 3.30 a.m."

*#Some questions have no answers.#*