

# Fiction Romance Excerpt

## Untold Letters

The attic door creaked open. The smell of dust and the scent of bygone times wafted throughout the room. Deepa removed the cobwebs from the old trunk and slowly lifted its lid. Inside, beneath the books, yellowed albums and clothes, she saw a small wooden box.

She pulled out the box. The lock still had a slight shine, as if it had been waiting for someone for years. When she opened the lock, dozens of envelopes were arranged inside—all bearing grandmother's name. But not a single letter had ever been opened.

Deepa's fingers were trembling. With a pounding heart, she picked up the topmost letter. The envelope was dated—12 July 1965. She carefully broke the seal. The smell of the paper made time stand still.

As soon as she read the first lines of the words, she was left breathless—

Dear Savita,

“Ever since I saw you for the last time at the railway station, my mind is restless. I have not been able to answer the questions that were in your eyes before you got lost in the crowd. Maybe I will find them in this letter...”

Deepa's eyes filled up with tears. Whose name was this? Who was this unknown person who wrote letters to Dadi, but Dadi never opened them?

Her hands started trembling as she read the letter further—

“Life is incomplete without you. If you also feel the same for me, then come to the station next time with that red dupatta. I will wait...”

There was silence in the room. Only the rustling of the wind coming from outside and the rustling of the papers could be heard.

Deepa looked at the rest of the envelopes. Each one had different dates, year after year.

But all were unopened.

A storm of questions rose in her mind.

Why did Dadi never mention these letters?

Did she have a hidden love?

And if yes, why was that story never completed?

Deepa's fingers moved towards the next envelope. She felt as if there was an incomplete heartbeat locked in each paper—which was now about to unfold in her palms.