



Chapter 1

A Conundrum Of Memory

Can you believe that two people only take a week to go from strangers to bosom friends?

Two months ago, morning dew was still hanging on the sprouts, and a bus was beside a school. The students were skylarking. Amidst the laughter, the bus started, and the tree trunks slowly fell backward. There was a lady who was distinct from others. She clung in the second row