



# Love on Trial.

*"Ah Clara Vah Clara!" – bir sevda, bir mahkeme.*

PRESENTED BY  pakademi

CEFR LEVEL

**B2**

WORD COUNT

**1,949** words

READING TIME

**~10** min

CHAPTERS

**4**

# About this story

Eight years ago, Clara and Ethan made a promise – no secrets, ever. Then Clara chose Oxford, and Ethan chose silence. Now her past walks back through the boardroom door, asking her to save the company he built without her. A story about ambition, regret, and a sketchbook that remembers everything.



**Clara**

Oxford-trained lawyer, New York



**Ethan**

Founder, e-learning company

## CONTENTS

<b>I.</b>	<b>The Promise</b>	.....	p. 01
<b>II.</b>	<b>Oxford</b>	.....	p. 02
<b>III.</b>	<b>Ah Clara Vah Clara</b>	.....	p. 04
<b>IV.</b>	<b>The Verdict</b>	.....	p. 05

# 01

## CHAPTER ONE

# The Promise

---

Clara was one of the most respected lawyers in New York. Her sharp mind and calm voice made her stand out in every courtroom. Everyone respected her name. However, no one saw the silence behind her smile. No one could imagine that beneath all that strength, she carried a wound that would never fully heal – a wound named Ethan.

---

### EIGHT YEARS AGO

---

A young, handsome man was writing ideas into a sketchbook at a library desk. Clara watched him from across the table, her chin resting on her hand.

**ETHAN** | “Look at these, Clara. These are all the ideas and sketches for my future business. If I can’t become a lawyer one day, I’ll start my own company instead. I even have a name and a logo in mind – take a look.”

**CLARA** | “These are beautiful, Ethan. But... how can you even think about not becoming a lawyer? Isn’t that what you’ve always wanted?”

Ethan shrugged. “I don’t know... my grades aren’t perfect. Do you really think we’ll get into the same university?”

**CLARA** | “Of course we will. Why wouldn’t we?”

She tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, glancing up at him with a reassuring smile.

**ETHAN** | “I don’t know... I just worry about us sometimes. What if we don’t?”

His hand rested on the sketchbook by his side – the one he never went anywhere without. He looked at her, trying to read her expression.

**CLARA** | “Don’t worry about that now, Ethan! We’ll figure it out. We always do.”

**ETHAN** | “Promise me – no secrets?”



**They dreamed of going to the same university, becoming lawyers, working side by side, growing together, and never being apart.**

**- THOUGH SOME CHOICES WOULD SOON TEST EVERYTHING THEY BELIEVED**

---

Clara had a secret. She had always dreamed of going to **Oxford**, one of the most prestigious and competitive law schools in Europe. She was very close to making that dream a reality. Yet she worried about Ethan – his grades might not be enough to get into the best law schools abroad, especially Oxford.

She was torn between her ambition, her love, and her devotion to him. She feared that if she told him which university she wanted to go to, he would try to stop her.

So she quietly made her choice: she would follow her dreams.

# 02

## CHAPTER TWO

# Oxford

---

WEEKS LATER

---

**C**lara's fingers lingered over the acceptance letter, her heart pounding. She had been accepted to Oxford – and soon, she would have to tell Ethan. Later that evening, they met at the library, where they had shared so many moments together.

Clara took a deep breath.

**CLARA** | "Ethan... there's something I need to tell you."

**ETHAN** | "What is it?"

*His eyes were full of curiosity and a quiet worry.*

**CLARA** | "I... I got into Oxford."

Ethan froze, his hands motionless on his sketchbook. "Oxford?" His voice was calm, but there was a tightness in his jaw.

**CLARA** | "I didn't tell you before because I... I was afraid you'd try to stop me."

**ETHAN** | "You were my dream, Clara. And you planned to leave without me?"

**CLARA** | "And Oxford was my dream, Ethan... I couldn't risk losing it."

Ethan's voice shook. "And you could risk losing *me*? Okay... that's fair." He got up and walked away in anger, chair scraping against the floor.

Clara's heart raced. She hadn't expected this. "Ethan! Wait!" she shouted, her voice breaking. "We can try – a long-distance relationship! We don't have to break up!"

But Ethan didn't respond. He didn't look back – he just kept walking.



## That was the last time Clara saw him.

---

She called him over and over, but he didn't answer. She went to his apartment a few times, knocked on the door, but no one opened. It was only then that she realized what she had done – but it was too late... it was too late.

Weeks later, a mutual friend told her Ethan had moved to **Chicago** and had no intention of ever seeing her again. All she had left of him was the sketchbook he'd forgotten on the table as he walked away.

---

### YEARS LATER

---

Clara had made a name for herself in New York. People listened when she spoke in court, clients trusted her, and newspapers wrote about her victories. On the surface, she had it all. But in the quiet of her office, with the city humming below, one thought always came back: *Ethan*. No matter how many cases she won, the wound he left had never healed.

*"You wanted this – you chose your career over him. Now deal with it."*

---

### IN THE MEANTIME

---

Ethan had watched Clara's rise from afar, and part of him still felt that old sting – the disappointment of being left behind. But he had grown up. Life had taught him about love, ambition, and the mistakes people make, especially when they're young.

Slowly, he started to see things from Clara's perspective – how much she wanted to follow her dreams, and the fear that made her hide her decisions from him. After all, he had loved her for who she was – the strong, clever, ambitious girl he had always looked up to.

He could understand it all.

*"If I'd been in your place back then... yeah, I still wouldn't have done what you did. Ah Clara Vah Clara."*

# 03

## CHAPTER THREE

# Ah Clara Vah Clara

---

“**A**h Clara Vah Clara...” he muttered, looking down at the company reports on his desk. It was a funny expression he had picked up to express mixed emotions during a business trip in Türkiye.

*“Okay... let’s just forget about the past and focus on the present, Ethan! You’ve got a huge problem to solve.”*

Ethan had left law behind, still carrying the pain of what had happened with Clara. He built a wildly successful e-learning company, growing it faster than anyone could have imagined. However, in the excitement of success, he had forgotten to take legal precautions to protect his brand.

Competitors saw his weak spot and began exploiting it – some even copied his work. What might have been flattering turned into a legal nightmare: rivals were now claiming *he* had stolen *their* content, and even filing claims to invalidate his brand and logo – when the truth was the exact opposite.

Everything he’d worked for in the last eight years was on the line. “God... how am I going to fix this? Who can I trust?” he muttered, running a hand through his hair.

In the middle of all the frustration and fear, only one name came to his mind: **Clara**.

---

### MEANWHILE · NEW YORK

---

Clara’s assistant Olivia handed her a thick file, sliding it across the polished desk.

**OLIVIA** | “This one looks complicated. You’ll want to read it carefully.”

Clara flipped through the pages – contracts, numbers, legal letters. At first, the company name didn't catch her attention; she was used to going through thick files that seemed endless.

---

ONE WEEK LATER

---

Clara arrived at the company's headquarters for a meeting. The boardroom was filled with tense employees, papers scattered across the table. The chair at the head of the table was empty. Clara set her notes down, waiting.

Then the door opened, and the man who stepped in made her heart skip a beat.



## It was Ethan.

---

**ETHAN** | "Clara,"  
*he said, his voice low.*

**CLARA** | "Ethan,"  
*she whispered, gripping her notebook tighter than she realized.*

For a moment, neither spoke. The tension wasn't just about the meeting – it was everything they had lost, everything they had been through. Finally, Ethan broke the silence.

**ETHAN** | "My company... it's in trouble. I've tried everything, but I need someone I can trust. You're the only one I can count on."

**CLARA** | "You... you want me to take it?"

**ETHAN** | "Yes."

**CLARA** | "Why, though? Why me?"

**ETHAN** | "Because I know – even if you risk losing people – you'd never risk losing a case you take on."

**Narrator** | *Ouch. That must have hurt.*

*"Okay, I deserved that. But if I want to make this work – swallow your pride, girl."*

**CLARA** | "I see... okay, I'll take it."

**ETHAN** | "Thank you."

**CLARA** | "You're welcome."

Was that *flirting*? Or just a formal employer-employee conversation? No one in the boardroom could tell – they whispered behind the files in their hands as Clara left, knowing she had to give everything to save him.

# 04

## CHAPTER FOUR

# The Verdict

### LATER THE SAME DAY

**T**he moment she was alone in her office, Clara spread out the files Ethan had given her. Thick folders, every claim, every copied idea – it was overwhelming. The files didn't give her any hope, and if she couldn't win this case, Ethan could lose everything he'd built... and she could lose him... again.

*"Ah Clara Vah Clara... how am I supposed to look him in the eye when I have no idea how to win this case?"*

Their mutual friend had once told her that Ethan had given her this weird nickname.

### THE DAY OF THE TRIAL

**JUDGE** | "And how do you explain the similarity in the designs and content, Ms. Clara? The claimant argues it's undeniable."

Clara's chest tightened. The papers she had studied for weeks felt heavier in her hands. She looked at Ethan. His jaw was tight, eyes fixed on the table.

**JUDGE** | "The defense needs concrete evidence, not conjecture. Can you provide that?"

Ethan leaned slightly toward her, whispering, "Did we lose?"

**CLARA** | "Not yet,"  
*she murmured back.*

**Note to VO:** *from a sense of hopelessness, a shift to determination and ambition, building toward a feeling of taking action – revenge is on the horizon.*

Taking a deep breath, Clara spoke.

**CLARA** | “Your Honor, I initially hesitated to introduce this evidence due to my prior personal relationship with my client. But given the stakes, I have no choice. I request permission to submit the **sketchbook** and associated files as official evidence.”

**JUDGE** | “Proceed.”

Court assistants carefully projected the scanned documents onto the screen.

**CLARA** | “These are my client’s sketches, dating back to 2005 and 2006. Each page was scanned and digitally timestamped. Independent forensic analysis can verify the dates and confirm the authenticity of these files. As you can see, the concepts, designs, and logos overlap with his current work in a way that clearly predates the claimant’s materials.”

Gasps and murmurs filled the courtroom. She paused to let everyone see the evidence.

**CLARA** | “This demonstrates that the original ideas belong to my client, and any similarities are a direct continuation of his work – not copied from the claimant. Given this evidence, we will be filing a counterclaim, as it proves that the claimant is the one who copied the content.”

The courtroom buzzed with murmurs as the judge reviewed the evidence. Minutes felt like hours. Then, finally, the gavel struck.

**JUDGE** | “In light of the evidence presented, the court finds in favor of the defendant. The claims regarding intellectual property infringement are dismissed.”

Ethan’s shoulders relaxed. They looked at each other and smiled with relief. Seeing that she had kept the sketchbook all these years, Ethan realized Clara had never truly forgotten him – she had never let him go.

**CLARA** | “We did it.”

**ETHAN** | “We did... thanks to you.”

*His eyes softened, and for a moment, they just looked at each other – no arguments, no past mistakes – just the two of them.*



**The sketchbook, once a simple collection of ideas, had become a bridge between their past and their present.**

---

The wounds of the past hadn’t disappeared, but the trial had transformed them. It had shaped them, taught them, and now – finally – given them a second chance. The city stretched before

them, full of possibilities. And this time, they would face it together.

**CLARA** | “Ethan, just one thing – what does ‘Ah Clara Vah Clara’ mean?”

**ETHAN** | “Oh my god... how did you find out about that? That’s a whole other story, Clara.”

*They laughed, and walked away. They disappeared in the distance.*



# The End

Tebrikler – bir hikâyeyi İngilizce okuyup bitirdiniz. Şimdi tekrar baştan okuyun ve altı çizili kelimeleri kendi cümlelerinizle kullanmayı deneyin.



ÖĞRENMEYİ ÖĞRENIYORUZ.