

A JOURNEY OF IDENTITY
BEHIND THE
Veil

A BOOK BY ADITI



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Dedication:

To every girl who ever felt unseen.

*to the child within me who whispered through the silence
this is for you for the bravery it took to feel, survive, and
finally speak.*

Preface:

Behind the veil is not just a story.

It's a reflection of moments that broke me, shaped me, and eventually brought me home to myself.

This book carries the voice of a thirteen year old girl who learned to survive before she knew how to live. She hid behind strength, silence and smiles. But through it all, her soul never stopped whispering.

This is her journey raw, unfiltered and honest.

I wrote it because sometimes the most important stories are the ones we tell ourselves when no-one else is listening.

and if you're reading this I hope you know you are not alone in your darkness. Healing is messy, soft and sacred and you deserve every bit of it.

Let this book be a mirror, a hug or a quiet reminder.

Your story matters

You matter.

Aditi

Foreword:

There are stories we tell the world and then there are the stories we keep buried beneath our skin.

Behind the veil dares to pull back the layers and look at the truth we often avoid. the loneliness, the fear the silent battles fought in the dark.

This book is. not about perfection. It is about presence. It is about the quiet strength of a young girl who met her pain and still chose to walk forward one breath one thought one moment at a time.

If you've ever hidden your heart this book will feel like home.

It will hold your hand through the ache and guide you toward the light inside your own shadow.

May it help you remember who you were before the world told you to forget.

Behind the Veil: A Journey of Identity

By: Story of my being

Prologue:

The Veil We All Wear

We all wear one.

Not on our faces, but in the way we speak, smile, stay silent, or shrink ourselves. A veil thin enough to let the world see a version of us, thick enough to keep the truth hidden. Some of us wear it out of habit. Others, for protection. For me, it was survival.

Behind the veil, I've been many things: a scared child, a quiet rebel, a dreamer who never felt quite real in this world. I've been praised for being strong when I was falling apart. I've laughed at jokes that hurt, nodded at ideas I disagreed with, and lived a life that wasn't fully mine.

This is not just my story. It's every story that was ever whispered in a dark room, screamed in silence, or buried under years of pretending. These pages hold the truths we often don't say out loud. Some are mine. Some could be yours. All of them are real.

If you've ever felt unseen, unheard, or
misunderstood this book is for you.

Let's begin.

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Chapter 1:

The Mask I Wore

I was nine when I first learned that being “too much” could be dangerous.

Too emotional. Too curious. Too loud. Too different.

It was a Sunday morning. The house smelled of incense and old secrets. My mother called me from the kitchen, her voice sharp and impatient. I had just scribbled a poem in my notebook, a messy little thing about how I wished I could fly. I remember running to her, heart light ready to share it. But she didn’t even look up. She was already upset about the laundry or my shoes lying around or maybe just life itself. And then as if a switch flipped she started yelling. The next moment, her anger turned physical. Just like so many other times without any real reason, she started beating me.

I stood there frozen as her words cut deeper than her hands.

Why were you even born?.

At that age, I didn't even have the words to describe what I felt.

I just knew something inside me broke and no one noticed.

No one came looking.

That was the day I stopped being a child.

And started becoming someone I had to protect.

That hit me harder than anything else. I was only thirteen but that day I made a decision. I didn't want to stay anywhere I wasn't wanted.

Where love came with pain.

Where my existence felt like a mistake.

As I grew, the mask grew with me.

At school, I became what they wanted: pleasant, obedient, easy to like. I smiled when I felt small, apologized for things that weren't my fault, and stayed quiet when my heart screamed. I learned how to disappear in plain sight.

But there were cracks. In the quiet of the night, when no one was watching, I'd talk to the ceiling. Whisper confessions to the stars. Tell them how lonely it felt to be so loved yet so unseen.

I think we all start like that raw and open, until the world tells us otherwise. And slowly, without meaning to, we begin to edit ourselves.

I don't blame anyone. Not really. The world is not kind to people who don't blend in. So I blended. I wore a mask.

And the scariest part?

Sometimes, I forgot it was there.

Chapter 2:

Becoming Invisible

At thirteen, you don't expect to navigate the world alone. I didn't even know how to cross some roads by myself, let alone figure out where I'd sleep that night. But the universe doesn't ask if you're ready. It just throws you in and waits to see if you'll drown or float.

I didn't drown.

But I came close.

That night, I ended up in a rickshaw stand, wandering aimlessly. I don't remember how long I stood there, or how many people passed me by without asking anything. I just remember feeling invisible. Like I had suddenly stopped being a person and become something people could overlook.

Then a man offered help. He looked kind or maybe I just needed to believe someone could be. He said I

could stay at his house for the night. That it was “safe.”

It wasn't.

I remember how his eyes changed once the door closed. How the silence turned sharp, how the room started to shrink. He smiled, but it wasn't the same smile. It felt wrong. I could feel something shifting in the air, something dark, dangerous, and fast.

I froze.

My heart was pounding so loud I thought he could hear it. My body wanted to run, but my feet wouldn't move. The world was spinning, and I was alone. So painfully, horribly alone.

But something in me screamed louder than my fear. Maybe it was my mother's absence. Maybe it was every moment I had been silenced before. I don't know what it was but I fought. I begged. I cried. I made noise. I broke the stillness.

And somehow... that was enough.

He stopped. Maybe he got scared. Maybe he just didn't expect resistance. Maybe the divine was watching me closely that night.

But I survived.

That night changed something in me. Not just because of what almost happened but because of what it revealed.

The world didn't see me. Not as a child. Not as a girl. Not as someone worth protecting.

And so I disappeared further behind my veil. Because when the world teaches you that your pain is invisible, your first instinct is to hide it even deeper.

But not anymore.

I see her now as the thirteen year old who fought for her life.

And I'm writing this because maybe someone else needs to know: you're not invisible. Not anymore.

Chapter 3:

A Moment of Connection

Surviving teaches you how to keep going even when you feel like you've lost yourself.

But there comes a moment quiet and subtle when surviving isn't enough.

You long to feel something real again.

Not from the outside but from within.

Surviving has become my normal.

Waking up, pretending everything was fine hiding the heaviness I got used to.

I thought if I could just keep going one day it wouldn't feel so hard.

It wasn't about being brave or strong.

It was just real.

And it was enough.

After the Chaos after the numbness I sat with myself.

Not to figure things out, not to fix what was broken
but to simply be.

I wanted to believe that maybe, just maybe, the
universe hadn't given up on me yet.

Chapter 4:

Brick by Brick

There was no sudden awakening. No lightning bolt of change. Just one day followed by the next, and a quiet voice inside me whispering: “You can’t give up yet.”

So I started small.

Every coin I earned meant I could eat. Every day I made it through meant I still had a chance.

At first, I worked to prove I could live without my mother. Then I worked to prove I didn’t need anyone. But somewhere along the way, I started working to prove something to myself that I was not disposable, that I was not a burden, that I was capable of building a life, even if it was made of scraps.

And slowly, something began to shift.

I found rhythm in the routine. I was exhausted, yes. But I was also awake. Fully, painfully alive in a way I had never been before.

I started watching people. How they spoke. How they carried pain behind their smiles. I learned how to listen, not just to words, but to silences. I noticed that everyone was hiding something. Everyone wore a veil.

But me? I had nothing to hide anymore. Everything had been stripped bare.

And from that bare place, I began building.

I read old newspapers left on benches. I memorized words I didn't understand and asked strangers what they meant. I watched life unfold from the edges how people chased things, feared things, loved things. I studied life like it was a language I was just beginning to learn.

And through that, I started learning myself.

I wasn't "nothing" just because I had no address. I wasn't "worthless" because no one came looking for me. I was someone. And I was still here.

That realization didn't come from therapy.

Maybe I couldn't change everything overnight. But I could take one step. Then another.

Brick by brick, I was rebuilding myself.

And with every day I didn't give up, I became more than who I had been.

Chapter 5:

The Sacred Within

I didn't find spirituality in a temple.

Or in a book.

Or through a guru.

I found it in a moment of complete stillness when I had nothing. No roof. No money. No certainty. Just me... and my breath.

There's something raw and holy about reaching your lowest point. It cracks you open in places you never knew existed. And sometimes, in that emptiness, something bigger finds its way in.

For me, it began with silence.

Not the kind that hurts, but the kind that heals. The kind where I finally stopped running from my pain, my past, my fears. I remember sitting on the floor of a small, rented room. I had lit a candle not for any ritual, just because the darkness felt too heavy. And as I stared into that small flame, I felt a strange sense of calm.

For the first time, I wasn't begging the universe to fix my life. I was just being.

Breathing.

Listening.

Receiving.

That was my first real spiritual practice presence.

After that, things unfolded slowly. I started meditating not perfectly, just honestly. Sometimes with tears. Sometimes with nothing but my breath. I started talking to the Divine not in long prayers, but in whispers, in questions, in the quiet moments before sleep.

And the Divine... started responding.

Not in booming voices or miracles. But in synchronicities. In signs. In sudden clarity during chaotic moments. I realized the universe wasn't ignoring me. It had been waiting for me to stop, to listen, to return.

I began exploring energy healing, chakras, sound baths, mantras, and ancient rituals. Not as superstition, but as sacred tools to come back home

to myself. I learned that healing isn't just emotional or mental, it's energetic. It's spiritual. It's ancestral.

I cleaned not just my space but my energy.

I stopped speaking harshly to myself.

I honored my intuition as truth.

I saw the divine in pain, in joy, in people... and most importantly, in me.

Spiritual practice became my compass.

It reminded me that I wasn't alone, not ever. That even on the darkest nights, something higher walked beside me. That my story wasn't random. That I had been prepared through fire to become who I was always meant to be.

Today, lighting a candle is a prayer.

Sitting in stillness is a ritual.

Listening to someone's pain is sacred service.

I don't follow a rigid path. I follow energy. I follow alignment. I follow what feels true in my bones. My altar is my heart. My temple is my body. My offering is my presence.

And that... is enough.

Chapter 6:

The Wounded Healer

If someone had told that thirteen-year-old girl abandoned, bruised, and almost broken that she would one day become a healer... she would've laughed.

Not because she didn't want to believe it.

But because she didn't know healing was even possible.

And yet, here I am.

Not just surviving, but living with purpose. Listening, holding space, being present for people in ways no one was ever present for me. Not with pity, but with understanding. Not with a savior complex, but with softness.

Because I know what it feels like to not be heard.

To scream silently.

To beg without words.

To ache for someone to just sit beside you and say,
“I see you. You’re not crazy. You’re not too much.”

I became that person.

Not overnight, but through years of sitting with my own pain. Journaling. Crying. Growing. Falling back down. Getting back up. I studied human behavior not in classrooms, but in life itself. I watched how pain hides in smiles. How people laugh too hard when they’re hurting. How silence often screams the loudest.

Somewhere along the line, people started telling me their stories. Maybe they saw something in me. Maybe they just felt safe. And I listened not to fix, but to witness.

That’s where the magic began.

I started offering gentle advice, not from a place of knowing better but from having been there. I realized that empathy isn’t just about understanding pain; it’s about remembering it. Honoring it. Holding it without judgment.

And I knew this is my purpose.

So I studied. I trained. I became a guide, a counselor, a mirror for others. I built a space where people could take off their masks, lay down their burdens, and finally breathe.

Healing is not about perfection. It's about honesty. And I bring my full, flawed, feeling self into every session because I want people to know they don't have to be perfect to be worthy of love.

Some call it therapy. Some call it energy work. Some just say, "You made me feel seen."

That's enough for me.

Every time I hold someone else's pain with care, I honor the girl I used to be. The one who sat alone in the dark, waiting for someone to care.

Today, I am that someone for others, and for myself.

Chapter 7:

The Edge of Goodbye

She messaged me late at night.

There was no long introduction. No backstory. Just a few words that stopped me in my tracks:

“I don’t think I can do this anymore.”

Her voice was soft when we finally spoke. Shaky. The kind of voice that had screamed silently for far too long. She didn’t want to read. She didn’t want advice. She just needed to say something before she disappeared.

She said she felt like a burden. That nothing she did mattered. That the world had drained her of every ounce of energy and she was tired so tired of pretending to be okay.

She told me she didn’t come to talk to be saved.

She just didn’t want to leave without telling someone.

That “someone” was me.

And in that moment, I knew... this wasn't just a conversation.

This was a soul on the edge. A human heart cracking under the weight of silent pain.

So I did what I know best.

I didn't tell her to "stay strong."

I didn't rush her to be positive.

I didn't offer her toxic hope.

I met her where she was. In the dark.

I said, "It's okay to feel like this. You're not wrong. You're not broken. You're tired, and that's human. But hear me when I say this, your pain doesn't make you weak. It makes you real. It makes you brave for surviving so long with it."

She cried.

Not just gentle tears deep, shaking sobs that had been trapped behind her ribs for years.

And I held space.

Not with solutions.

But with silence.

With softness.

With the energy of someone who once stood at that same edge.

We talked for hours that night. And not just about her pain. About her childhood. Her dreams. The little girl she used to be. The woman she wanted to become. I reminded her that the light she was looking for outside had always lived within.

She didn't make any promises that night. But she did say this:

"I don't want to go yet. Not after this. Not without giving life one more chance."

And she did.

She's still here.

To this day, she writes to me sometimes. Not in desperation anymore, but in gratitude. She reminds me of that night not to relive it, but to celebrate the moment she chose to stay.

She says, "That was the night I didn't give up. Because you didn't let go of me when I was already letting go of myself."

I don't claim to have saved her. I just showed up when it mattered most. And sometimes, that's all someone needs a soul who listens without fear, who reminds them they matter.

And in doing so, I healed a piece of myself too.

Because every time I hold someone else's darkness, I honor the version of me who once needed the same.

Chapter 8:

The Weight of Light

People often tell me,

“You’re so strong.”

“You always know the right words.”

“You help so many.”

And I smile.

Because it’s true I do hold space. I do guide. I do listen, deeply and fully, even when the stories are soaked in pain. Even when the voices on the other end are trembling with despair.

But what people don’t always see... is what it costs.

They don’t see the nights I stay up long after the session ends, staring at the ceiling, holding onto the heaviness of someone else’s truth. They don’t hear the silent prayers I whisper for clients who are on the edge. They don’t feel how I carry those stories in my bones, even when I try to let them go.

Because I don't just work with people's minds. I work with their souls.

And that kind of work... leaves an imprint.

There are days I feel drained before I even open my eyes. Days when everyone else's emotions start blurring into mine. Days I question if I'm doing enough, if I'm strong enough, if I can keep holding this much without breaking.

And yet I show up.

Not because I have to.

But because I choose to.

Because I remember what it was like to have no one.

Because I know the power of a single conversation.

Because sometimes, being seen for even five minutes can change a person's life.

But I've learned something sacred along the way:

Healers need healing too.

Listeners need silence.

The strong need soft places to fall.

So I created rituals not just for others, but for myself.

Salt baths to cleanse what I absorb.

Silence to hear my own heartbeat.

Journals filled with things I can't say out loud.

Candlelight not just for guiding others, but for finding my way back.

I learned that self-care isn't selfish, it's survival.

Those boundaries aren't walls, they're sacred gates.

That saying "I need a break" doesn't make me weak, it makes me real.

There's a certain kind of strength that comes from holding pain without letting it drown you.

And a deeper kind of strength that comes from knowing when to lay it down.

I will always hold space for others.

But I will also hold space for myself.

Because the light I offer the world...

comes from the fire I tend within.

Chapter 9: Redefining Success, Reclaiming Peace

There was a time when success meant survival.

A roof over my head. A warm meal. A day without fear. I measured “achievement” in the quiet moments where my heart could rest even briefly. Because in the beginning, that’s all I could hope for: a life not ruled by chaos.

But now?

Success looks different.

It’s not loud. It’s not glamorous.

It’s not the number of clients I serve, or how many people follow me online.

It’s this:

Waking up and not dreading the day.

Sitting in silence and not feeling empty.

Loving people without losing myself.

Being able to say “no” without guilt.

Being able to say “yes” to joy without fear.

That... is peace.

And peace, to me, is the highest form of success.

Because I’ve known what it feels like to live in constant fight-or-flight. To jump every time the phone rings. To panic over the smallest things because your nervous system never truly feels safe.

So today, success is when my inner world isn’t louder than my outer one.

When my mind isn’t at war with my heart.

When I’m not trying to prove anything just be who I am.

Yes, I work hard.

Yes, I still guide people through dark nights.

But I do it from a place of alignment now not survival.

I’ve built a life that reflects my soul.

Where my values lead.

Where my spirit is fed.

Where I make time for rest not as a reward, but as a right.

I have created boundaries that protect my peace.

Relationships that nourish, not drain.

Work that feels like purpose, not punishment.

And the beautiful part?

I don't chase anymore.

I attract.

I allow it.

I trust.

Because success is no longer something I have to reach.

It's something I live.

Each time I sit with someone and they say,

"I've never felt this safe before,"

or

"Talking to you changed something in me,"

I smile.

Not because it boosts my ego.

But because it reminds me: I am exactly where I'm
meant to be.

Success, for me, is peace.

Peace in my body.

Peace in my decisions.

Peace in knowing I rose from the ashes...

not to escape my past,

but to rewrite my future.

Chapter 10:

A Love Letter to the One Who Survived

Dear Younger Me,

Dear Wounded Me,

Dear Warrior Me,

You didn't deserve the pain you faced.

But you deserved to survive it.

And you did.

You did.

I look back at you barefoot in a storm, tired, trembling, still hoping someone would come and I wish I could hold you. I wish I could whisper, "You are not alone. You are not wrong. You are not too much."

You were always enough.

Even when the world told you otherwise.

Even when they left.

Even when you cried into your own arms at night.

I see you now not as broken, but as brave.

Every time they hurt you, you choose kindness anyway.

Every time life shut a door, you picked up your pieces and knocked on the next one.

You never stopped loving even when you barely had love to give yourself.

And that? That's power.

You kept going.

And now look at you.

Not only did you survive...

You transformed.

You healed.

You became a voice for the silenced.

A home for the lost.

A mirror for those who've forgotten how beautiful they are.

You turned your pain into purpose.

Your scars into stories.

Your brokenness into beacons for others to find their way home.

You didn't just save yourself.

You became someone who could save others with words, with presence, with truth.

So to every soul reading this right now

Yes, you.

If you're still in the dark, still carrying your weight silently, still wondering if you'll ever feel whole again...

Please hear this:

You are not too late.

You are not too broken.

You are not meant to disappear.

You are becoming.

Every heartbreak, every betrayal, every sleepless night it's all preparing you for something greater. You don't have to know what it is yet. Just keep going.

You don't have to be unscarred to be worthy.

You don't have to be fearless to be strong.

You just have to choose yourself again and again
until you remember who you've always been.

And when you feel alone... come back to these
words.

Come back to me.

I am living proof that the story doesn't end in the
dark.

The veil has lifted.

And behind it?

There's a whole new beginning.

With love, always

Story of My Being