

A SILENT CRY BENEATH THE GLOW OF FIREFLIES

10 SHORT STORIES

NASTY FIREFLY'S MEMOIRS

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This book is stitched together with pieces of me, but it could not have come alive without the people who carried me through the dark and reminded me that even broken lights can glow.

To my family — for tolerating my silences, my moods, and my stubborn need to create. You gave me the ground to stand on, even when I wanted to fly away.

To my friends — the ones who stayed, the ones who left, the ones who taught me that love comes in strange shapes. You are hidden in these pages, whether you like it or not.

To the people who believed in me before I believed in myself — teachers, mentors, strangers who became something more — you planted sparks where I thought there was only ash.

And to the reader — thank you for holding these stories. They are raw, messy, and sometimes uncomfortable. But they are honest. If they make you feel less alone, then every sleepless night I spent writing them was worth it.

Yours lovingly,

Aarav Sharma

Echoes of a Nasty Firefly

The world mocks the way that I see,
Its voice is sharp, like thorns on a tree.
They press on my wings, dim my bright,
until I forget my own light.

Cold silences I've carried too deep,
echoes of laughter that never sleep.
The mirror shows cracks where I long to find,
the fractured glow I've left behind.

Even in this gloom, a spark survives,
A whispered hope that still revives.

I am a nasty firefly, burning slow,
And through it all, I choose to glow.

Table of Contents

Snowman	1
I'll Save You, Roro	5
Akko, take me to Koji	9
Caleb Gonsalves	14
Her Smile at Six Fifteen	18
May's Journey	22
The Fragrance of Summer	26
The Dream Weaver	31
The Dress That Wouldn't Breathe	35
The Show Must Go On	40

Snowman



13th April 2024.

The classroom felt wrong that day — not bad, not good, just strange. New faces, a new seating plan, a new energy I couldn't place. I told her about it, casually, like you talk about the weather. She wasn't even in the same school as me, but I talked to her anyway. She was my girlfriend. Not the kind you confide in — the kind you take on dates, to say you had someone, the kind you mention because it sounds good when people ask.

I had been getting popular in my city for acting. People were starting to know my name. Having her around fit the picture. It made me look more complete in a way I couldn't admit to myself.

She didn't seem to care about my "weird classroom" story. She drifted away from it, and out of nowhere she asked,

"Do you have any pet-names?"

I lied. I said yes. She didn't care, she pushed forward, asking if I wanted one. A private one, just between us.

I agreed.

She looked at me — my skin, my build, my hair — like she was sketching. And then she dropped it:

“Snowman.”

I hated it. A name that felt flimsy, temporary, meant to melt away. But we spoke about it, circled it, laughed about it, argued about it. An entire hour passed, and by the end, I found myself liking it. Not because of what it meant — but because she had given it to me.

We lasted only 23 days. Most of it was surface — dates, phone calls, the performance of being together. I wasn't serious. But in small ways, I did care for her. I remember once waiting at the bus stop longer than I had to, just to see her leave safely. I remember staring at the messages she sent late at night — her short sentences, uneven punctuation — and smiling before replying something careless. Tiny details like that — they didn't matter to anyone else, but they mattered to me.

And maybe to her too. Looking back, I think she wanted to rely on me, wanted me to stick around in ways I didn't yet understand. But I was a careless teenager — restless, distracted, too caught up in how things looked from the outside.

Then she shifted to Bangalore. Just like that, it ended. No fight, no closure — only distance. She did wanted to do long distance relationship though.

Almost a year has passed, and nobody calls me Snowman anymore. Not her. Not anyone.

And yet I like it.

Because sometimes, when I breathe and let the thought surface, I realize:

I never gave her a damn pet-name.

I'll Save You, Roro



In 2017, I was in grade 4. The November mornings in New Delhi were often foggy. The chill crept under my school uniform, and the school bus drivers seemed like Formula 1 racers, speeding through streets blurred by mist. Younger kids, who looked like little minions, used to beat each other up, their shouts echoing against the walls of sleepy neighborhoods. And, of course, everyone had a crush on the computer teacher. Overall, it was fun, in that chaotic, small-kid kind of way.

For me, making friends has always been a struggle... it was never my cup of tea.

But I did make a friend back then. He was in my section and played on the football team as the striker, while I was the winger. I called him Roro, and he called me Jojo. One of our most treasured memories was a dance we had at the bus stop, out of nowhere. I feel it was a moment that truly captured our bond. We got very close— two small loners, rather losers. We never realized we had become each other's family in school. I still

remember the cold metal of the bus rail under my hand, the damp morning air on my cheeks, and the way his laughter mixed with mine, echoing in the fog.

Once, he got into a fistfight with a couple of seniors. He fell down and injured his knee. I shouted from behind that I would complain to the teacher and kicked them on the butt— well, I really didn't. I just warned them that I would snitch. They left, and Roro looked at me, smiled, and said Thank you. I said, "I'll save you, Roro, even if I have to fight a thousand people." I still can't believe an eight-year-old me actually said that... I wouldn't say it to anyone now. He laughed and said, "Same-same." He wasn't exactly an English language maestro.

We spent long rides on the bus sitting together, arguing about who was better— Messi or Ronaldo. Somehow, in our eight-year-old logic, we both agreed that our coach was better than either of them. On the field, it was the same— we'd pass the ball back and forth, me sprinting down the wing, him chasing goals as the striker, and we'd laugh when our "perfect assist" barely missed the net. We even used to mimic our football coach, joking about how his butt looked like a woman's, and laughed until our stomachs hurt. We teased each other endlessly,

claiming imaginary stats, feeling like true football experts in our little world. I remember the smell of the bus seats, the hum of the engine beneath us, and the faint clatter of the wheels on the road as we argued with all the seriousness only eight-year-olds can muster.

Two months later, I moved to South Africa and lost all contact with him. I even visited New Delhi, holding onto the hope of finding him again. It was a difficult journey, searching for something that felt so elusive. I even went to the bus stop, wishing he would join me. I danced as stupidly as possible and just couldn't stop crying... because he never came. I played football there too, and I still play till this day, but it never felt the same as it did with Roro. Football without him was just a game; with him, it had been life itself. Over time, I even stopped playing as a winger— it just didn't make sense without Roro waiting in the middle for my pass.

I have always felt a part of me missing since Roro. All I know is... I'll do anything just to meet him— even if I have to fight a thousand people.

Akko, take me to Koji



Y angon's monsoon doesn't cry — it roars. I sat in the backseat, rain sliding down the glass, thinking: I'm her boyfriend for three days.

But it felt real enough to last a lifetime. Just the thought of leaving made me want to disappear. I imagined vanishing in strange, cinematic ways, wondering what would remain of me if she left, if this were to end.

And then, my Burmese driver turned his head and asked softly, "Where?"

I snapped out of the spiral.

"Akko... Koji? Cafe?"

(Akko simply means brother.)

I stared at the back of his head, wishing the language barrier had never existed. All the laughter we couldn't subtitle. All the silences that might have meant something else.

We drove through the monsoon-slick streets, past flickering signs and shuttered tea shops. Finally, we reached Yadanar Road.

KOJI.

She was late, walked into the café, apologetic. I looked at her and realized: I'll never regret being her boyfriend for three days.

That afternoon, I helped the beautiful woman gather fabric, beads, and thread. She was designing a dress for her fashion show. We wandered through the tangled downtown, humid alleys thick with the scent of spices and rain. She held my hand like we'd done it forever.

At one shop, I got bored and drained the last of her sipper. She noticed the empty bottle, shook her head, then looked at me— half teasing, half tender. She touched my cheek lightly, blew me a kiss, like she couldn't help herself. Maybe she was right— I probably did look super cute in that moment.

By evening, we were back at KOJI. Under the worn-out awning, arms wrapped around each other like we were holding the whole world together. She adjusted her black

glasses, and I couldn't help staring— she looked breathtaking. But then it hit me: it wasn't just her eyes, her smile, or the way the rain made her hair cling to her cheeks. It was her mind— bright, fearless, endlessly curious. That was what had me, entirely.

I didn't cry when we said goodbye. That bothered me. The cab came. She stepped inside, a soft smile lingering. Slowly, it pulled away. And then— just like that, in that split second— I saw her car glide down the street, rain blurring the lights, and it hit me with full force: I never want her to leave my side. Not ever. Every other thought vanished, leaving only the ache of how much she mattered.

The sky split open— the monsoon roaring around me. I ran behind the car, rain stinging my face, shoes slapping the wet street. But it was no use. She was already gone.

She left her umbrella at the café. I wanted to steal it, just to keep a part of her with me, but I didn't. I saw my car approaching in the distance, and then reality hit— I was going in a totally different direction than her, starting from this point, only to go further away. Bangkok was

calling; my flight was the next day. The distance was inevitable.

My driver came to pick me up. Window down, water dripping from my hair. A tear mingled with the rain. I whispered,

"Akko.. can I stay at Koji for a while?"

Caleb Gonsalves



One of my first friends at the theatre academy. I never thought I'd be close to him — he was always late, drifting in like time belonged to him. But sometimes, one incident changes everything.

Theatre Summer Camp 2024. A new theatre group I had just joined. My worst experience as an actor. The first improv, I wasn't loud enough. My teacher snapped at me in front of everyone. His words burned, sharp and public. I froze — like my body was there, but my mind had left. After that, I collapsed inside. Two bad performances in a row, confidence leaking out of me.

I had no friends in this new group. Nobody to sit with, nobody to laugh with, nobody who cared if I disappeared. The silence became poisonous.

That day, we were supposed to bring a prop. It mattered — without it, you couldn't even step on stage. I had asked Caleb to bring one for me. He was late again. Everyone else was busy talking, their voices tangled

together, leaving me outside their circle. I stood alone, chest tight, pretending to be fine while my insides cracked.

Then, the auditorium door opened.

Caleb Gonsalves walked in.

I didn't run for the prop — not really. What I ran toward was him. Desperate, I blurted, "Did you bring my prop?" He nodded. And in that moment, it wasn't about the object in his hand, it was him.

Caleb carried his own shadows. He was depressed, surrounded by a negative zone that clung to him like smoke. And yet, he somehow managed to be the most positive person in my life.

He reminded me why I had started acting in the first place — to perform for an audience the way I did as a kid, not to please a theatre teacher. I knew I was a better actor than Caleb, better than most of the kids around me — but in that cursed summer camp, none of it mattered. I felt hollow.

And it was Caleb, of all people, who pulled me out of that.

He didn't fix everything. He didn't make the camp easier. But in a place where I felt invisible, he made me feel seen — and that was enough to keep me standing.

Her Smile at Six Fifteen



In 2023, my world felt like it was falling apart. Panic attacks hit me like heart attacks, leaving me gasping, trembling, and sometimes seeing the edges of everything blur. At first, my classmates watched with empathy, concerned, asking if I was okay. But over time, their curiosity curdled into avoidance. I became untouchable, a strange shadow drifting through hallways and classrooms, my presence barely noticed — except when I fell apart.

I started seeing a counselor — mostly because I was desperate — though deep down, I doubted him. He seemed like he just wanted money. I ignored most of what he said.

Except for one thing. *Evening walks.*

And those walks became angelic. Chandigarh's streets in the evening were bathed in soft gold, the air crisp, the fading sunlight like it belonged only to me. I would nod to the same shopkeeper every day, a small

greeting exchanged over his tea stand, feeling a flicker of connection in a world that often ignored me. Shadows lingered too: homeless house-helps huddled in groups, an old man struggling to move his legs, a paralytic woman smiling through pain. And yet, they all carried one thing I could barely comprehend: *grins that refused to vanish*.

Then I saw her.

A single mother with two boys. The younger, three, and the older, five. Their energy was endless; she matched it effortlessly. Cricket with the younger, football with the older, all at once, never taking a break, never losing her smile. I timed my walks around her, watching at the bench as she tossed the ball, wiped their tears, and laughed at their mistakes. Their small drills, selfies, and quiet conversations felt eternal. Even when their eyes briefly met mine, I pretended to look away, but I couldn't help staring.

I don't think I've ever seen such love in motion.

I began anticipating those moments — imagining the soft thud of the football, the little boy almost missing his swing with the bat, the older one dribbling past his mother's legs. I wondered what thoughts flickered behind

her eyes, how she could sustain such patience and energy. My own struggles felt distant in her presence; watching her, I felt like I could breathe again.

And then, one day, they stopped coming.

August 28th. I waited. Thought they'd gone on a trip. Weeks passed. No sight. A neighbor finally told me, "That widow mother with two boys? She died... heart attack."

The world froze.

Flashes of her smiling at the ball, lifting the boys, bending over to tie a shoelace, came crashing back. The boys — fatherless already, now motherless too — and I felt a hollow ache inside. I ran home, collapsing into my mother's arms, crying uncontrollably. She asked what had happened; I couldn't speak. Words couldn't carry that grief.

A few days later, I learned the boys were now living with their grandparents in Dehradun. I sat on the same bench in the park, staring at the fading sunlight, and I could still see her there, chasing her children, laughing, smiling — a quiet reminder that some things, even in loss, remain.

May's Journey



May packed her weathered blue suitcase on a Tuesday morning, the fabric creaking under her hands. She folded her favorite wool sweater, the one that smelled faintly of lavender and rain, and tucked it carefully into the corner. Sunlight streamed through the kitchen window, dust motes drifting like tiny dancers in the warmth. The clock ticked steadily behind her, each second a heartbeat counting down to departure.

She wrote the note with deliberate slowness: “I need to find something. Don’t wait for me.” The pen hovered over the page for a moment, as if unsure it could carry the weight of what she was about to do. The house smelled of toast and old wood, a quiet both comforting and heavy.

May paused in the hallway, hand on the doorknob. For a heartbeat, she imagined opening the door and walking back into the warmth of her familiar life— the smell of toast, the hum of the fridge, the ordinary rhythm of family life. But the pull of something she couldn’t yet name, something she had to find, was stronger.

She had been preparing for this moment for months. Small withdrawals from the ATM. A bus schedule memorized. A secret phone tucked into her purse. The weight of expectations— mother, wife, daughter, employee— had grown too heavy, each role another stone pulling her under.

The bus driver barely glanced at her as she boarded. Just another passenger heading west, into the shimmer of heat rising from the highway. She pressed her hand to the window, feeling the vibrations of the road through her fingertips, and whispered a quiet promise to herself: I will find what I am looking for.

She found work in diners, motels, and small shops in towns where no one knew her name. Each place was temporary, a rest stop on an endless road. Sometimes, she'd see a mother and daughter walking hand in hand, or smell her husband's favorite coffee somewhere, and her heart would squeeze. Other times, she paused in the parking lot, leaning against the car, eyes closed, listening to the wind carry the echoes of her past. But she kept moving.

Years later, a postcard arrived at her old address. No return address, just a picture of the Pacific Ocean and three words: “I found it.” The postcard was pinned to her bulletin board, next to a faded photograph of a woman with kind eyes and a half-finished smile— forever caught in the moment before leaving, forever a reminder that some journeys are taken not to escape, but to discover.

The Fragrance of Summer



I smell ninth grade.

I can't sleep tonight, and my mind drifts back to one of the darkest summers of my life— the summer holidays of my freshman year. The silence of those afternoons was unbearable to most, but I wore it like a second skin. I loved it when my parents fought— it gave me an excuse not to feel alone. Loneliness wasn't something I ran from; I embraced it. I respected it. It was my private kingdom, where no one could enter without permission.

I would sit by the window, listening to the faint hum of the fan, the muffled quarrels of my parents, the rhythm of rain or heat against the roof. The world outside carried on, oblivious, and I let it. Every creak of the house, every stray noise became a companion in my solitude.

In class, when people ignored me, I never cried. I watched films instead. Films filled with bloodshed, chaos, lovers cheating on each other, drugs, assaulting children,

and whatnot. I watched them over and over, letting their courage, cruelty, and indifference shape me. That was my character development, my secret education. When lovers betrayed each other on screen, I learned how to sit with heartbreak. When children were assaulted, I felt a cold surge of defiance rise in me. When drugs and violence swept across the frames, I realized I could endure the chaos. I learned how to endure, how to laugh at fear, how to find strength in solitude.

Somewhere in those days, I lost the sense of being scared. The traumas that once threatened to crush me bent into strange shapes, almost reversed. The satan within me laughed, wild and unashamed, and I laughed with him. It was a dark harmony, but it was mine.

And there was this specific odour I remember—thick in the air, lingering, almost intoxicating. Sweet, but spoiled. Beautiful, but sickening. It clung to me, and I clung back. I call it bad only because it became the fragrance of my emptiness, the perfume of hours when the world forgot me and I forgot the world. It would settle on my clothes, drift from the kitchen, curl in the corners of my room. Each time, it pressed against me, making my

chest tighten slightly, anchoring me in a way that was both cruel and comforting.

That odour became my anchor. Proof that I could suffer and still survive, that I could be broken and still create, that even my loneliness had a language. My work became my life, and my life became my work.

But years later, I tried to resist it. One night, desperate for something new, I lit a candle, sprayed my mother's perfume across the room, and pushed the window wide open to let the wind swallow it whole. For a few minutes, I breathed clean. I thought maybe this was freedom, maybe this was what healing finally felt like. But then, an emptiness far greater than the odour filled the room. It wasn't silence— it was vacancy. A hollow so sharp, I almost begged for the scent to return.

And it did. Slowly, stubbornly, curling back through the cracks of the house, seeping into my clothes, pressing against my chest as if to remind me— I belonged to it, and it belonged to me.

That was when I understood: if I ever lost this smell, I would lose myself.

Because this odour is more than rot or memory. It is the scent of my tears, the witness of my sleepless nights, the perfume of my survival. It is both poison and prayer, both my torment and my tenderness.

Even now, when the world grows quiet enough, I inhale it— the ghost of ninth grade, the shadow of a boy who learned to laugh with his demons, the scent of solitude that became his most faithful companion. And though I have changed, though the years have carried me forward, he is still there, laughing in the silence, wrapped in that fragrance.

And I know— I will never truly be without him.

The Dream Weaver



In his dreams, rules didn't exist.

He could barge into the girls' washroom just to shout "boo!" at the mirrors, waiting for chaos — but no one cared, no one even looked. He once scribbled the dirtiest cuss words all over the blackboard while the teacher kept teaching, her chalk frozen mid-air, as if blind to his rebellion. He tripped bullies in the corridor and laughed as they toppled like bowling pins, their bodies bouncing like rubber dolls.

But his favorite stage was the basketball court.

He'd walk in, the ball already spinning on his finger, and the whole place turned electric. One bounce — and the floorboards cracked like thunder. He'd rise higher than the backboard, hanging in the air for five... six... seven seconds, then slam the ball so hard the rim bent sideways.

He'd call for another ball mid-flight — and another, and another. Suddenly, he was juggling five, six, seven

basketballs, launching each one into the hoop with clean swishes while the scoreboard exploded with numbers: 213... 509... 999-0. The crowd wasn't real, but he made them scream like they were. Teachers in the front row fainted from the noise. The referee tried to blow his whistle, and the ball ricocheted straight into his mouth, choking him mid-peep.

Sometimes he turned the whole game into chaos: dribbling through classrooms, bouncing the ball off teachers' heads, knocking over stacks of books like dominoes. He dunked with so much force that the glass backboard shattered, shards raining down like fireworks. Then he'd land, arms spread wide, sweatless, untouchable — the champion of a world where no one else mattered.

It wasn't just dreaming. It was control. A private kingdom where he was prankster, god, and king.

And then... she appeared.

Not summoned. Not imagined. Just there. Bent over a sheet of paper, sketching lines so soft they looked like whispers. Her hair slipped across her cheek, and when she lifted her head, she didn't smile. She only looked up with eyes that were... kind. Not dazzling, not

dramatic — just kind, steady, impossibly human in a world built on mischief.

That look held him still in a way flying or winning or breaking rules never had.

The next day, in reality, he found her in the drawing class. He walked up with the same confidence he carried in his dreams, waiting for those eyes. But they weren't the same. They weren't kind. They weren't cruel either. Just blank. Empty. Like he didn't exist.

And that broke him more than any defeat ever could.

From that night on, he couldn't control a single dream. The basketballs slipped from his hands. The washrooms, the chalkboards, the bullies, the flying dunks — gone. Every time he tried to build something, it collapsed.

For months, he stopped creating anything else. No courts, no chaos, no thrones. Just those eyes — endless, repeating, filling his nights like a punishment and a prayer.

He wasn't able to create anything else now. Probably because all he wanted to create was those eyes.

The Dress That Wouldn't Breathe



She was seventeen, with scissors and sketchbooks as her weapons. While other girls her age spoke of crushes and college, she whispered to herself about silhouettes, fabric cuts, and the fall of hemlines. Her dream was simple, almost childish in its purity — she wanted to become a fashion designer. But underneath it lived a darker hunger: the fear that someone, someday, might see her break. She would rather vanish than be seen as fragile.

Her friends never noticed how she carried this armor. They saw the eyeliner, the loud laugh, the way she dressed like she had already made it to Milan. But inside, her mind was an arena where she wrestled every second with the shadow of “weakness.”

At night, she spoke to her long-distance boyfriend, the glowing screen between them like a false moon. He adored her — or at least the version of her he thought he was holding. His words dripped with devotion, but to her, they carried a strange weight. He would tell her she was

soft, delicate, like glass. To him, these were pearls he strung around her. To her, they were shackles hidden in silk.

She let him speak, smiling faintly so he wouldn't hear the silence beneath. But when the call ended and the room went dark, the words remained, floating in the air like gnats around a lightbulb: fragile, delicate, weak. Each syllable burrowed into her skin until it felt like she was wrapped in gauze, padded, unable to breathe.

The more he loved her in that way, the smaller she became. He thought he was protecting her, but in his protection she was dissolving. It wasn't a romance anymore — it was an erasure.

And one evening, the quiet inside her broke. She told him she was not made of glass, not meant to be cupped like a flame about to die. Every nickname he had wrapped around her had only tightened until it strangled. What he called love was, to her, a verdict. What he thought was care felt like being buried alive. She ended it then — not with tears, but with the blunt certainty of someone pulling off a bandage that had already grown into the skin.

After that, her world shrank. It was just her, her designs, and the creeping silence in her room. On her desk sat an unfinished sketch: a dress she had drawn in a rush of inspiration. But the more she stared at it, the more it looked like a cage. The waist was too tight. The sleeves strangled the arms. The lines pressed inward, collapsing. She saw herself in it — stitched, bound, suffocating.

She stood before her mirror. A pale reflection stared back, dark circles under her eyes, hair a little undone. She picked up her mother's old lipstick, uncapped it, and pressed it to the glass. Not to her lips — but across the reflection's mouth. A red stroke of silence. Her image gagged.

Her chest rose and fell with something like victory, something like despair.

The night outside was alive. Through the window, she watched headlights streak by, heard scooters whine, voices laugh, lives move forward. A moth circled the streetlamp below, its wings shattering against the hot glass. Again and again. Refusing to fall away.

Her eyes softened as she whispered, to no one, maybe to herself: she would not be weak.

And so her vow lived on — in the lipstick slash across her reflection, in the dress that became a cage, in the moth's stubborn suicide against the light. She was unbroken, yet breaking. Strong, yet afraid. A story unfinished, just like the sketch waiting on her desk.

The Show Must Go On



Aaru stared at his reflection in the dressing room mirror, absently adjusting the collar of his costume. In three hours, he'd be playing Danny Zuko in the school's production of *Grease*, but his mind was wandering again, crafting perfect scenarios that would never happen.

In his head, she was sitting in the third row, her eyes fixed only on him. She'd be wearing that red track suit he'd noticed in English class— the one that made her look like she'd stepped out of a movie.

In his imagination, she was just a girl watching a boy pour his soul into every line, every movement.

He caught himself mid-daydream and shook his head, watching his reflection do the same. These little movies were becoming more frequent lately. Sometimes they played out during rehearsals— he'd nail a scene and picture her waiting backstage, smiling, whispering, "You were brilliant." Other times, they bloomed in quiet

moments like this: chance meetings in hallways, soft smiles that never really happened.

But reality was always harsher. Busy corridors. No words. Poker-faced glances that slid past him.

The makeup artist began brushing his cheeks as Aaru closed his eyes, and another scene unspooled in his mind. After the show, she'd be waiting at the stage door, saying, "I had no idea you were so talented. I've been watching you all along, you know..."

"Five minutes until places!" The director's voice shattered the dream.

Aaru opened his eyes. The boy in the mirror was gone. Danny Zuko looked back— confident, smooth, the kind of guy who didn't need to live in fantasies.

His gaze dropped to the script on the table, its pages worn soft from weeks of rehearsal. His own handwriting curled in the margins: notes, cues, fragments of hope. For a long moment, he stared at it. Then, with deliberate calm, he closed the script and pushed it aside.

The mirror caught the motion: the dreamer laying his illusions to rest, the actor stepping forward.

For a flicker of a second, her image appeared again—red track suit, row three, her smile lighting up the room. He almost reached for it. But instead, he slipped on the leather jacket.

The weight of it grounded him. The fantasy slipped away like mist at dawn.

The jacket fit. The lights outside hummed. The stage waited.

He stood taller. Danny Zuko's swagger straightened his spine, silencing the noise in his head.

The show must go on.

And tonight, it would.

