

The Sky Remembered Her Name

‘THE SKY IS ME, ONLY BIGGER,’

ADWIKA TIWARI



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For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

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*In loving memory of Nani
(Manorama Mishra)
The strongest woman I have known.
Thank you for teaching me how to be me.*



Dedicated to-

***“All the people who laugh, cry, and love with
unguarded hearts.”***

Acknowledgment

I want to thank all those people who taught me to live in colour when the world sometimes stays grey.

This book is a small piece of everyone who believed in me when I couldn't. To those who reminded me to keep writing, to rest, to breathe- thank you all for being there when it mattered the most.

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‘The sky talks about her’

She returns when the shadows don’t know where to stand.
She is coming back, not as a friend, not as a daughter, not
even. As a name people say out loud often. She is returning
as a question for herself and others.

And the sky knows.

It sees her before the land does.
Before the house clears its dust.
Before even the wall tries to remember how she sounded.

The last time she left, it was almost like she had forgotten
how to return. But grief doesn’t leave now does it?
it gets quieter for sure, but it is there.
This time, she carries a grudge glued to her chest, anxiety
lingering onto her hands again.

The sky watched her ache from a distance. It has wept blue
on the days she was too tired to cry for herself.
it has cracked open, thundered, whispered, but she never
looked up, not once. But the sky had hope, it waited.

The clouds today are low the wind smells of quiet things,
wet soil, old flowers and maybe the beginning of
forgiveness or understanding.

Chapter 1: **The Sky Didn't Welcome Her**



THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

The sky did not welcome her back that day.

It stayed bold, dark, almost frozen.

There were no dramatic clouds, no breath-taking sunsets,
just a sheet of light, watching her as she came.

She stood outside her parent's house, two suitcases and a
bag by her side, wondering if the door would still creek the
same way.

Her hands were trembling, but not from the cold.

She had not been home in 182 days. Not since the last fight,
not since she had left like a storm- fast, messy, full of
thunder no one had heard.

The garden was still dying slowly, the two dogs were
wagging their tail in excitement.

There, beside the worn-out mat on the door, a stone laid.

Smooth.

Painted.

A single word written on it,

“Still”

She bent down to pick it up, her chest ached in a way that
was almost a memory.

The sky didn't speak

But she knew it was listening.

She turned the key slowly, like it might just bite.

The door opened.

A familiar face,

ADWIKA TIWARI

A familiar silence.

“You look tired, I have made your favourite food, go and eat it” said her mother just as observation.

“ I am, I’ll go and eat.” And left her dirty shoes outside.

She didn’t look up; she didn’t have to. She knew the sky was still there. Waiting.

She crossed the threshold like a border. Her heartbeat sounded like she knew nothing had changed, which meant everything had.

As she went to her room which she considered the most unsafe place in the house, she threw her bag on her bed.

The room smelled of old notebooks full of ink and unopened windows. Dust gathered like a second skin over the furniture, almost like an ancient fort. She dropped her bag on the bed and it sank with a sigh, as though it too was tired of waiting.

The mirror stood in the corner, tall, rimmed with wood that had splintered at the edges. She hadn't looked into it for months; maybe years; but it looked at her anyway, like it had been waiting for this moment, like it had a melancholy longing for her face.

She stepped closer.

The glass shimmered faintly, not from light, but memory. And then; she saw her. Not herself as she was now, but the younger version. The girl who laughed too loud. The girl who still trusted, the girl who wouldn't dim her lights just because no one else could handle hers, the girl who didn't know how red her eyes get when she cried, the girl who she was before everything went wrong.

Her breath caught.

Her chest tightened, fingers twitching.

The mirror seemed to ripple, as though it wanted to swallow her back into that time.

She saw herself, full of hope, with the brightest eyes, looking back at her. Almost felt like she was not looking in a mirror, but to a girl she once knew.

She felt her heart getting heavier and heavier each second that she stood in front of the mirror, each second the image of her became hazier as if it was going to take her somewhere she had once known as her home.

Her body collapsed onto the floor before she realized it. Her palms flat against the cold tiles, she could hear her heartbeat banging against her ribs like fists against a locked door. She couldn't breathe. Couldn't think. Couldn't see.

The walls leaned closer. The air thickened. The room became a box, and she the trapped animal inside. It felt like the room was getting smaller and her heartbeat was getting to the point of a cardiac arrest.

All she could hear was his father screaming inside her head, 'You aren't my daughter anymore: and I wish to god, I hope I die before the sun sets, all because of you. You make me want to kill myself!!'

Her eyes darted toward the window. It was cracked open just slightly. A ribbon of sky poured in; faint, pale blue.

It was enough.

She fixed her gaze on it, forcing herself to inhale. The sky was calm, steady, patient. She borrowed its rhythm.

In. Out.

In. Out.

The trembling didn't vanish, but it softened. The mirror stood silently in the corner, and she understood: it hadn't betrayed her. It had only reflected what she lost on the way.

She resented the mirror still, for reminding her of someone she had forgotten.

She was thankful to the sky for bringing her breath back to life. She saw wind come through the crack in the window, she got her reply. The sky didn't speak, but she knew; it had just saved her life.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

By evening, the smell of food drifted down the hallway.
She dragged herself from her room, still shaky, still
avoiding the mirror's gaze.

The dining table was the same. The same four chairs. The
same faded tablecloth with stains of turmeric and tea that
looked like ghosts of old dinners. Her mother set the bowls
down with quiet precision. Her father cleared his throat
once, then again, as if each sound could cover the dead
silence.

They didn't ask about her journey.

They didn't ask why she had returned.

Instead, they asked if she wanted more rice.

She nodded. The clink of spoons sounded louder than
thunder.

She had her inner voice locked inside a soundproof cage
because she wanted to scream as loud as a lightning strike.

She remembered the fights; she remembered the disrespect.
All of it came running back to her when she saw her parents
avoiding eye contact.

Her mother finally broke it:

“You're thinner.”

Her father added, “You don't eat enough.”

She chewed slowly, swallowing her knife-like words
instead of food.

She was always introduced as the rude child, who has no
filter over what she says. It was forced into her brain that it
was her worst trait; to be honest.

The silence felt heavier than any argument. She stared at her plate until her vision blurred. The sky outside was dark, but she felt it pressing against the window, watching as if it was leaning to check if she was okay.

After dinner, she stepped into the garden. Most of the plants were half-dead, but in the corner was an empty pot. She crouched there, her hands sinking into the cool soil.

She dug with her fingers until dirt clung under her nails. Then she pressed a small seed into the ground.

It was nothing now; just a dot, fragile and unseen.

But she whispered to it anyway: “Grow with me. Please.”

As she talked to the plant, she remembered, when she was 7, her father bought her a few packets of seeds for her birthday. He asked her to keep one and give the others to her best friends.

Excited, she ran to the garden, bare foot, in the rain, soaked in water, she planted the seed and said, “Grow with me. Please”

She expected it to grow into a big tree one day, where she could have a swing. She waited, watered it everyday, the longing for the swing rose, but it never grew.

Her chest loosened. She didn’t know if the seed would live, but she had given herself permission to try.

As she stood, she noticed something strange.

Near the old fence, half-buried under dry leaves, was another stone.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

It was smooth, painted, like the one at the door.

But this one carried a different word:

“Alone.”

She froze.

Her hands trembled, dirt falling from her palms.

Silently, she stared at it for a moment, almost spellbind, and
kept it in her pocket.

She didn’t know if her parents had placed it there, or if it
had always been waiting. The word felt like a mirror more
than the mirror itself.

She looked up.

The sky stretched wide, unblinking.

She whispered to it without moving her lips: “I saw it. I
know.”

The wind moved through the garden, brushing her hair
back, almost like a hand.

The stone stayed heavy in her palm.

The night stayed heavier in her chest.

But she knew the chapter of her return had just begun.

Chapter 2: **The Diary of The Sky**



She went back to her room, almost like a prisoner locked inside after a visit.

The lamp on her desk hummed faintly, a yellow island in an ocean of shadows.

Her diary lay open like a wound she kept pressing, page after page bleeding secrets no one else could hold.

She pressed the pen down, harder than she meant to. The ink spilled into hurried lines:

“I think the sky knows me better than anyone. It watches, not with judgment, but with patience. When I cry, it doesn’t look away. When I laugh, it holds the sound in its belly. The sky never says, ‘be quieter.’ It only says, ‘I am here.’”

She paused. Her chest ached in that familiar way; like something inside her was alive but breaking at the same time.

“Sometimes I think the sky is me, only bigger. It takes up the space without apologising, it lights up in a million colours without a care of what people say. The version of me that didn’t shatter, that is still alive, living.”

She shut her eyes. For a moment, she imagined the sky bending down, wrapping her in its arms as someone she felt the safest with, a feeling she had forgotten existed.

The thought frightened her. The thought saved her.

Hours later, she went out for some air. The night was damp, carrying the smell of rain-soaked stone.

That’s when she saw it; on the side of the old brick wall, scratched faintly in chalk:

ADWIKA TIWARI

“The sky is me, only bigger.”

Her breath caught in her throat.

She stumbled closer, her fingers grazing the letters. The
chalk dust smeared onto her skin like ash.

Had she written this in some forgotten moment? Or was
someone following her? Or worse; was the sky writing
back?

Her hands trembled.

“Who is doing this to me?!” she whispered.

Back in her room, she opened the diary again and started
writing again.

This time, the words came slower, hesitant.

“Hey, Sky.

I don’t know if I’m losing my mind, but I have to ask;

Was it you?

Do you understand me?

Do you read these words I bleed into paper?

Can you answer me back?

If you are listening, give me a sign.

Please.

I need to know I’m not alone.”

She lifted her eyes, holding her breath as though the whole
sky might inhale with her.

The wind shifted.

Branches bent.

A single cloud peeled apart like it was trying to make room.

She saw herself in the mirror, waiting for the sky's reply,
she thought to herself that she was being very childish,
imagining her fairy tale.

She shut the diary fast, as though closing it could make the
words less true.

She closed her diary, the ink still wet, her words trembling
across the page.

The wind lifted at the edges as if it wanted to read what she
couldn't say aloud.

Her chest tightened, the same way it did when silence was
too long, too heavy.

She needed to move.

So, she walked.

The village trail was damp with last night's rain. Walls
leaned tiredly along the narrow road, their paint peeling like
old wounds. She slowed when she saw it;
her own handwriting staring back at her.

One word.

From her diary.

Written in a slanted scrawl across the faded plaster:

“Hope.”

Her stomach flipped.

She hadn't written it here. She was sure of that.

But there it was. Real. Silent. Present. Unavoidable.

She touched the word with her fingertips, as if it might smear into the skin of her hands.

That's when she heard footsteps.

Not the echo of her own, not the wind shifting, but someone steady, approaching.

She turned sharply, half-afraid, half-defensive.

And there he was.

Leaning lightly against the wall a few steps away, a stranger; yet not entirely.

A face she recognized faintly from the edges of old memories, maybe a school corridor, maybe her town's marketplace.

He carried a sketchbook tucked under his arm; his fingers stained faintly with graphite.

"Did you write that?" he asked, nodding toward the wall.

His voice wasn't accusing, just curious, almost amused.

She shook her head quickly, her throat dry.

"No... it was already here."

He studied her for a beat longer, then smiled in a way that felt like both a challenge and an invitation.

"Strange. Looks like it belongs to you, though."

She glanced at the word again, her pulse racing.

It did. It belonged to her. It was her. But how could he know that?

She didn't know what to say, so she pressed her palms into her pockets and looked away, pretending to study the cracked stones at her feet.

The awkward silence stretched.

He didn't move, just stood there as though he had all the time in the world.

Finally, he spoke again.

"You write?"

She glanced at the sketchbook under his arm.

"You draw."

It wasn't a question, and he didn't deny it. He only lifted one shoulder in a half-shrug, like both admissions were enough.

The wind tugged at her hair, carrying the scent of damp earth and moss. Somewhere, a crow cawed, rough and ragged, like the background score to their awkward beginning.

She hugged her diary tighter against her chest.

"I write for myself," she said softly.

Then, almost in a whisper: "For the sky."

For a moment, she was afraid he would laugh. That he'd call her strange, or worse, crazy.

But instead, his eyes lit up with something she couldn't name.

"The sky?" he repeated, testing the word like he wanted to sketch it. "That's... different."

Different. She almost smiled. That was better than crazy.

A pause.

Then he extended his hand.

“I’m Ayush by the way.”

She nodded, unsure if she should offer hers back, unsure if she even remembered how to.

She hesitated before giving him her name, the syllables barely leaving her lips. He nodded, as though he’d already known it.

Before either of them could say more, the clouds shifted. A shaft of sunlight spilled between them, hitting the word on the wall: Hope.

It glowed for an instant, brighter than paint should ever glow.

Her breath caught. His did too.

“Maybe,” he said slowly, almost to himself, “the world really does answer back sometimes.”

She looked up, her chest aching with something she couldn’t name.

The sky was silent, but not empty. Never empty.

He was patient. His smile didn’t demand, it simply waited, like the kind of silence that gives space rather than takes it.

“Do you write often?” he asked suddenly, his eyes flicking to the small notebook in her hand.

“Yes,” she whispered, her voice breaking the way an unused door creaks open. “It’s... the only place I sound like myself.”

His eyes lit up. “I paint. Sometimes. Mostly charcoal. Dark, messy things no one hangs on their walls.”

Her chest stilled. She turned to him, surprised, almost disarmed. “Charcoal?” she repeated.

He nodded, and for a moment their silences folded together like they had been waiting for this conversation.

She told him she drew with charcoal too; only late at night when the shadows were heavier than her chest.

He leaned closer, not too much, but just enough to make her wonder if the air between them was intentional.

“Show me, sometime,” he said softly.

“Maybe,” she murmured, and didn’t mean no.

That night, she sat cross-legged on her bed, flipping through an old sketchbook. Her fingers hesitated on a page; a charcoal sketch of a woman with hollow eyes, hand on her face like armour, hair that looked like it was burning into smoke; added a skull for the darkness that confines her.

She traced the outline with her finger, then paused.

Tomorrow, maybe, she will show him. It was the first time she drew something to show.



The next day, they met. The sky was clear, a little sunny.
Maybe the start of something fresh after the rain.

They sat on the bench, in the park. Grass still a bit wet from
the rain, and the smell of wet mud, clearing the air.

She put her diary down on his hand, almost exposing her
soul, like a book, keeping it open and real.

He leaned back, eyes softening as though he was
memorizing the way she curled words like thread.

“Your words,” he said suddenly, his voice low, “they’re
paintings too. Just quieter ones.”

She froze, heart thudding like a moth inside her ribs. No
one had ever told her that before.

Later, when she finally gathered the courage to pull out her
sketchbook, she hesitated for a long time before flipping it
open. The charcoal sketches smeared on her fingertips as
though the drawings still resisted being seen.

She turned the book to him, pushing it forward across the
table.

His eyes studied the page; a woman caught in charcoal
shadows, face blurred, eyes in place of hair clips, but a
flower tucked in to signify the softness that was still alive.

“I call it, ‘all eyes on me’ that’s what I felt when I drew it.”



Shani

She waited for him to look away. She wanted him to, she was almost ashamed of her dark side.

Her stomach twisted, shame pricking her skin. Yet, beneath it, a tiny ache of pride pressed against her ribs; that she had captured something raw and real, that she had let someone see.

“I didn’t know pain could look like that,” he murmured. His finger hovered just above the page, not touching, not daring. “It’s... beautiful, in a way that hurts.”

Her chest ached. She wanted to run, and she wanted to stay.

He looked at her in the eyes, almost staring and admiring her at the same time.

She looked back, wondering, questioning why it felt so familiar, like something she had lost on the way.

The warmth filled her heart. She felt known, understood.

She went back home with a happy heart.

That night, flipping through the sketchbook alone, the letter fell out.

A folded letter. Old. Faded at the edges. The handwriting; hers.

Her stomach dropped.

She opened it with shaking hands.

The words were messy, desperate. A much younger her had written it, as if she needed to bury the memory somewhere no one would find

Her breath snagged. The words spilled across the page like wounds she thought had healed but had only scarred over.

The memory hit her body before her mind could.

Her palms began to sweat. The edges of the letter blurred, her vision tunnelling. She tried to breathe but her chest felt locked shut. The air around her room tilted, suffocating.

The walls seemed closer, closer, pressing in.

Her throat wouldn't open. She gripped the bedsheet like an anchor, her knuckles white. She couldn't scream. Just like before.

Her body remembered everything.

But now she had found it.

“He touched me. I told him no. He laughed. He was supposed to be my teacher, my father's friend. My father didn't see. I don't think he wanted to. I felt small. Dirty.

Broken. I couldn't scream. I still can't scream.”

Her throat closed. She pressed the letter to her chest until her nails dug into the paper. The world blurred; her ears rang loud to numb the old scream of hers she still could hear.

Her breath caught in small, panicked gasps. She wanted to tear it, burn it, bury it again. But her hands wouldn't move.

She curled into herself, clutching the letter so hard it crumpled. Tears she hadn't invited poured down, hot and endless. And through them, a single desperate thought:

“Please... don't let me disappear again.”

The sky outside was still, watching.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

She closed her eyes, whispering; not even sure to whom.

“Don’t let me forget I survived this.”

She lay down, clutching the letter, her body heavy as stone.

Her heartbeat was loud, loud, loud.

When her eyes flicked open, there it was ;a smooth stone sitting on her nightstand. She didn’t remember putting it there. She didn’t even remember owning it.

On its surface, in uneven ink, was a single word:

Voice.

Her trembling hand reached for it...

Chapter 3: In Her Diary



It didn't feel like just ink; it felt like instruction. A command, maybe. Or a prayer someone left behind for her.

She sat for a long while, staring at the word. Something inside her chest shifted, just enough to loosen the iron band around her ribs.

For the first time in years, she felt as though the silence wasn't hers to keep anymore.

So, she reached for her diary.

At first, the pen refused to move. Her hand hovered, the page glaring white, unforgiving. But then, slowly, letters began to gather, words spilling one after another; not in English this time, but in the tongue of her childhood, the one her father dismissed, the one her mother rarely spoke anymore. Hindi.

The lines came out like a whisper she'd been holding back for years:

”

एक बेटी.

एक बेटी की नज़ाकत को जब एक अजनबी की निगाहे मापती है,

जब सहमी खामोशी को हाँ मानते है,

जब उसके शरीर को उसकी रूह से पहले देखा जाता है,

जब उसको इंसान नहीं एक मुराद समझा जाता है,

तब उसकी लाचारी को उसकी मजबूरी बना दिया जाता है।।

उस मुल्क का क्या मतलब जब एक बेटी की रूहानियत को
बेरूह करदिया,

उस हयात का क्या मतलब जब उसकी इज्जत को तराजू से नाप
दिया।।

जिस दिन उस बेटी को लाल लहू से सना छोड़ दिया,

उस दिन मर्द शब्द अपने आप में ही शर्मिंदा हो गया।।

हर गली में किसकी नीयत खराब है,

किसी बाहर वाले की क्या ज़रूरत, जब रिश्तेदार ही गुनहगार
है।।

लड़की के कपड़े नहीं, उनकी सोच छोटी है,

क्योंकि लड़की के मामले में, गलती लड़की की ही होती है।

ज़्यादा वक्त नहीं और बेटियों का रक्त बहने में,

क्या मतलब किसकी बेटी, जब तक उनकी इज्जत महफूज़ है
उनके तहखाने में।।

”

She stopped. The words glowed on the page, raw and jagged but alive. For a moment, she felt both terrified and free ;like standing at the edge of a cliff, the wind daring her to jump.

She placed the poem next to the stone, almost like an offering.

“Was it you?” she whispered to the sky outside her window. “Did you make me write this?”

The night air slipped in through the curtains, cold and gentle. It wasn’t an answer. But it was enough.

She reread the lines, lips moving silently over the words. For a moment, she felt taller, as if the poem had lifted her above the weight she carried. But then the pride cracked, fear slipping in like cold water. Had she betrayed her silence? Had she opened a door she wasn’t ready to walk through?

Her hand trembled as she shut the diary too fast, the sound of paper smacking together loud in the quiet room. She pressed her palm flat over the cover, as if she could push the words back inside herself. The stone she had found that morning ;still cool, still heavy ;she slipped it under her pillow, hiding it the way she had hidden everything else.

That night, when she lay down, it felt like the stone was whispering through her skull. Not cruelly, not kindly ;just insistently, as if it wanted her to keep remembering.

She pulled the blanket tighter around her and stared at the ceiling.

No, she wouldn’t show the poem. Not yet. Maybe not ever.

And still, the sky beyond the window looked like it was
waiting.

The morning light was thin when she woke, her pillow
heavy with the stone's presence. For a moment, she thought
she had dreamt it all; the poem, the whispering weight, the
sudden courage. But there it was, pressed against her cheek,
colder than before.

She slipped it into her pocket and stepped outside. The
garden was still. The air smelt of damp soil, and when her
eyes fell on the small pot by the window, she almost
smiled. The seed she had planted days ago; a fragile thread
of green, trembling but alive.

“Grow with me,” she whispered. Her voice cracked as if
unused.

The garden looked wild, half-dead, secretly alive in
patches.

But then, as she wandered further into the garden, the air
changed. A bitter smell, like smoke. She squinted; and
there, at the far corner, fire. At first small, then climbing,
orange and ravenous.

Her chest clenched.

The world blurred.

She couldn't breathe.

The heat wasn't just here; it was then. Another place.
Another locked room. Another time when she had begged
for air.

palms sweating, knees buckling, she heard her father's voice at a distance, like he was coming to get her, not rescuing her, but to take her away from herself.

she convinced herself that this isn't real and it's all her imagination.

And just as suddenly as it had appeared, the flames were gone. Only leaves swaying in the breeze, mocking her.

She dropped to her knees, heart racing.

"You're shaking," a voice said behind her.

She turned; and there he was.

Standing against the dying light, his hands streaked with charcoal and color. The same boy from the fence, the one who looked at the world like it was half-art, half-confession.

He said something; soft, almost lost to the wind ;but she only caught her name.

That's when it struck, her name sounded different when he said it. Maybe a bit too gentle, maybe a bit uncertain, or maybe too intimate. It was too soon for her to figure this out.

She nodded, unsure what to say, her pulse still running from the fire-that-wasn't.

He stepped closer, careful not to make the air too heavy between them. "You paint other than charcoal?" he said, eyes flicking toward the black dust on her fingertips.

"I do," she whispered. "but charcoal gives me more of a freeness"

He smiled faintly. "Then you already know what it means to turn shadows into shape."

To this sentence, she thought back, she never thought her art made sense to others, or even herself sometimes. She thought of her pain as something shapeless finally taking form. She flinched, it was too personal for her to tell this to anyone, she couldn't trust anyone.

But a nice walk wouldn't be half-bad.

They walked along the edge of the garden together, their steps quiet. The soil still smelled faintly of smoke.

He picked up a beautiful, almost perfect autumn leaf and tucked it behind her ear, smiled with his teeth and said, "I realised, a leaf can be an art too, but only with the person's ear it's tucked in."

she smiled, with all the pink in her body, she blushed.

When he left, the garden felt heavier again, but in a softer way; like something had shifted, slightly.

For her, he felt like someone she had lost, but also like someone she had never met. She was scared to let anyone in at this point. But she didn't think about it much.

That night, when she returned to her room, the stone under her pillow had changed. Not in shape, not in colour; but in weight.

She lifted it. A new word scratched faintly along its side: "voice."

Her stomach dropped.

She didn't remember writing it.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

She opened her diary again, heart trembling in her throat.

The poem stared back at her like a mirror.

So, she picked up her pen, and beneath it, she began
another ;

‘

घिन आती थी मुझे अपने आप से,
जाने क्यों सहम सी जाती थी आपके नाम से,

रह गई वो बात थी, कहीं दूर मेरे मन में जो,
अंश उसके रह गए करोड़ मेरे घाव पर वो,

ना भूली वो आवाज़ और शब्द जो वो कह गए,
हाथ थे जिस्म पर और निशान ज़हन पर रह गए,

समय मेरा गुज़रा उसी ख़ौफ़ और डर में ही,
रहता है एक निर्दयी मेरी अपनी गली में ही,

भतीजी से बेटी, और बेटी से दोस्त,
सबको यकीन दिलाया की आपके इरादों में ना कोई दोष,

ना आत्मा में सिरहन हुई, ना भगवान का डर लगा,
इज़्ज़त ख़त्म, साथ माथे मेरे कलंक लगा,

जैसे आपने हमे आग लगाया,
एक दिन सवाल हम भी पूछेंगे,
कभी हाथ में तेल और माचिस आ लगे,
तो खुदको अफ़सोस में जला सकेंगे?

परिवार भी ऐसा,
किसी और की गलती का जवाब मांगा,
बिखरे शीशे चूर हो गए,
हालात मुझसे मजबूर हो गए,

अगली सुबह जब सब उठे,
नींद से ना मैं जगी,
दूर उसी दिन उसी शहर में,
आपकी क्लास फिरसे लगी,

अब ना समाज बोलेगा, ना कोई,
पर वो क्लास, वो गली,
ज़रूर गवाही देगी,
आज नहीं तो कल, तुमको भी मेरी चीख सुनायी देगी।

,

When she finished, she exhaled as if she'd been holding her
breath for years. She closed the diary, slid it under her
pillow again; this time beside the stone.

Outside, the sky rolled softly, a low hum of thunder
somewhere far away.

Not warning her; answering her.

The next morning, the air felt softer; as if it had read her
poem too.

The words she'd written still clung to her fingertips, like
blue ink that wouldn't wash off.

She sat by the window, tracing the edge of the diary with
her thumb, feeling both proud and raw. The smell of the
paper, the noise of the crinkle, had changed but she just
didn't know how to describe it to even herself.

Was this how 'the' expression felt?

Was this how it felt to spill everything out after getting it
bottled up for years?

It was a strange relief. Almost like confessing to the
unknown. She felt seen yet invisible, in a good way.

She went out for a walk. The same path she always took ;
the trees, the quiet bench, the wall where she once saw her
own words staring back at her.

Everything looked slightly shifted, as if the world had tilted
a few degrees overnight.

That's when she saw him again; leaning against the railing
with a sketchbook on his knee.

His hands were smudged with charcoal.

He looked up, smiled, as if he'd been expecting her.

"You are early." As if she had promised to be there at the moment.

she smiled, tilted her head a bit and said, "someone had to be here to see your secret paintings."

They sat in silence first; the easy kind that doesn't ask for permission.

He showed her his sketch: dark skies, small figure, a faint light blooming behind the clouds.

"It's not finished." He said.

"it doesn't have to be." She replied.

"Honestly, I don't think a painting is ever finished. The painter will always find a flaw or something to alter, the true art is in understanding when to leave the unfinished painting unfinished. I don't even know why I am telling you this, but I also feel unfinished and that's okay." she added.

She told him about charcoal, about how she liked the way it stains your skin, and refuses to come off, even with the 'special' eraser.

He grinned, said,

"maybe that's what truth does too."

something about that, made her laugh, the kind of laugh that shakes dust off old corners of the soul.

Later, as he packed his things, he said,

"You don't have to feel pressured to show me your art again."

just keep making it. That'll do.”

She walked home with her hands still blackened by the
charcoal he had handed her,
her mind echoing with the strange warmth of his words.

That night, she opened her diary again ;the same one that
had nearly broken her yesterday.

This time, she wrote differently.

Not about pain, not directly ;but about the light that sits
quietly beside it.

“ hey sky,

It's me again.

today, I didn't think about what hurt me.

I thought about how charcoal smudges can look like wings
if seen from a good angle.

how charcoal stains on a random paper can look like fierce
fire and still water at the same time.

In a way, he made me think about it. I knew I had these
thoughts in my mind already, maybe I was just too ashamed
to sound cringe, even to you, even to myself, sky.

but don't get offended. You are still my best friend, I
promise.

I haven't changed, it's still me, I guess I'm just trying to
learn the language of expressing.

Anyways, I think something's changing in me, something
good.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

I will tell you more next time.

bye bye

Thanks for making me feel less lonely.

Also, I loved how pink you were today.

”

She looked up through the window. The stars weren't
answers tonight ;

just company.

The stars twinkled, as if winking at her and blushing for the
compliment.

She smiled, small and tired, but real.

Healing, she realized, wasn't about being saved.

It was about remembering that she had always known how
to save herself.

Chapter 4: Old Memories



There was a well behind her house ;old, cracked, wrapped
in ivy.

No one used it anymore.

But for her, it had always been a kind of mirror ;
one that didn't show her face, but her echoes.

Whenever she had a secret too heavy to carry,
she came here and whispered it into the hollow dark,
watching the silence swallow, it whole.

Sometimes she imagined the sky listening through the
water,
its reflection trembling as if it, too, was holding its breath,
with the leaves wrapped around, she knew her secret was
safe.

The first secret she ever whispered to the well, was when
she was 10, and just got a 'c' in her maths exam. Her father
screamed at her, innocent, she cried and came running
straight to the well and said, 'I am afraid of my father, his
footsteps make me scared. I hope he lives in his office and
he never come back home.'

That afternoon, she brought Ayush there.

He didn't understand at first.

"you talk to a well?" He asked, half amused, half curious.

"no" she said softly, "I listen to it."

He knelt beside her, peering down into the darkness.

It was so deep that even their reflections looked small and
uncertain.

“It’s quiet.” He said.

“ It’s kind.” She replied.

She tossed a small pebble in ;
it fell for so long that she forgot she’d thrown it.

Ayush laughed quietly,
and the sound echoed like a prayer.

He had brought his sketchbook with him, he started
sketching the well, the ivy and the water.

While he was busy drawing, she stared at the water moving,
the wind blew her hair back from her face, helping her see
clearly in the well.

For the first time in a long while,
she didn’t feel like her secrets were rotting inside her.
They had a place to rest now ;deep, still, unjudging.

When they walked back home,
The world felt quieter, but heavier.
As if something inside her had shifted ;not healed,
just rearranged to make space for the truth.

The house greeted her with its usual unease.
Her father’s voice spilled through the hallway; low, sharp,
full of corners.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

Every sound in that house had learned to flinch.

The television murmured too loudly; her mother's bangles
clinked nervously.

The way the light felt thick as syrup, the crinkle of the
newspaper, and the sound of her mother cooking four
dishes at once, reminded her that everything can change but
not what lies between these four walls.

The show that her parents put on for the outside world is far
from the truth.

they were not the best couple, let alone parents.

without getting into the loop again, she slipped into her
room quietly,

hoping not to draw the storm's attention.

That's when she found it ;

a folded piece of paper wedged inside her old sketchbook.

The ink was faded, the handwriting uneven ;

but she recognized it immediately.

It was hers.

Her voice, from another lifetime.

The letter began simply:

“ to whoever finds it, maybe me...”

She read on;

words from a child who didn't yet know how to name what
had happened,

only that it hurt,

and that she didn't want to go to the institute anymore.

"He says it's our secret," the letter read.

"but secrets shouldn't make your heart feel full of dirt,
right?"

Her hands shook. The words blurred.

She pressed the letter to her chest as if trying to hug the
younger version of herself through time.

Outside, her father's laughter cracked through the walls;

too loud, too forced,

like thunder with no rain.

And she realized;

the well had never really swallowed her secrets.

It had been holding them,

waiting for her to listen again.

The longing had returned; slow, crawling, like ivy on her
ribs.

Not for love, not for peace; but for answers.

She wanted to know why.

Why her father's voice could still echo inside her bones.

Why her body still stiffened when footsteps passed too
close.

Why forgiveness felt like swallowing glass.

She found another stone that morning,

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

half-buried beneath the plant she'd been tending.

It was darker this time, rougher.

A single word carved into it

“Speak.”

For a moment, she thought it might've appeared on its own.

But then she realized; maybe it had always been there.

Waiting for her to be ready to see it.

She held it tight until her palm hurt.

And when she looked up, the sky was wild ;
clouds stretched thin, trembling with light.

Like it was listening again.

She began to write.

“Hey sky.

I think I have spent too long whispering.

I think it's time I use my voice, even if it cracks.”

Her pen shook.

She wasn't sure if she was writing to the sky or herself
anymore.

Maybe they were the same thing;

maybe the sky was just a mirror turned outward.

She wrote everything;

about her father's silences that felt like punishments,
his words that broke her in invisible places,

and the teacher, the betrayal, the night she forgot how to
breathe.

Her handwriting started to blur into scratches.

Tears fell, but she didn't stop.

When she finally put the pen down, her lungs felt raw ;
like she had screamed without making a sound.

That's when she decided.

She wiped her face,
grabbed the stone,
and walked inside.

Her father was sitting in the living room,
the same posture, the same stillness that had terrified her as
a child.

He looked up, surprised.

"What is it now?" He asked, cold.

She stood there, words quivering on her tongue.

But this time, she didn't swallow them.

"you hurt me.

not just once papa. Not just with your words.
you ruined home for me. You made this house feel like a
fresh wound to me."

He blinked, startled; maybe at her tone, maybe at her
courage.

“ watch your mouth-”

“no!” She interrupted, louder this time.

“ you don't get to tell me to shut my mouth again, not anymore”

Her fists were shaking, the sound of her pulse could be heard from miles away. Her voice was trembling. Her mother was listening from the kitchen.

She ran and defended her husband, forgetting her daughter exists in the house too.

forgetting she also needs her mother.

forgetting she is also her child, her safety net.

She said,

“

Papa,

If you have the courage to hear it, I am going to put everything down; every small hurt you mistook for nothing, every quiet terror you refused to notice. I am going to pull the thread and show you the whole unraveling.

Do you remember the way you handed me to him? You were getting rid of the burden of me, right? Not with a careful look or a warning, but like a parcel; inconvenient, light, something you could pass along and forget.

You said he was a friend.

You said he would look after me.

You looked at me with the ease of someone who believed danger belonged to other people.

You did not see me as a child who could be read like glass;
you saw me as a task to be solved.

That failure; that blind, ordinary failure ;is what let him
begin.

He did not come roaring.

He came in measured steps, a calendar of small cruelties
and softer lies. He arrived with advice and a kind of weary
authority and dominance.

He picked my hostel as if he were planning a garden and
not laying a trap. He corrected my notes with the tenderness
of a tutor and the ownership of a man deciding what I
should think. He praised me in ways that made me
dizzy; “so smart,” “so mature for your age” ;and those
praises were hooks, shimmering and sharp.

Praise made me crave him.

Craving for a father made me answer his calls.

He learned how to be useful first. He learned my schedule,
my fears, the names of my favourite teachers, even my
friends. He learned how long I’d stay up and what worried
me at midnight. He learned that when I was praised by him,
to myself I felt grown.

He learned I wanted your approval; and he used that hunger
to shape me.

It was slow, surgical, every move was thought about.

He told me; rules are for my safety.

He told me; you should be grateful for discipline.

He told me, others will mislead you; Including my father; I
will protect you, he said.

Each of those sentences planted its roots. When friends
tried to pull me out, he turned their kindness into
infractions, their joking into proof that they had “bad
intentions.” He punished them with words, with cold looks,
with threats; and I watched them fall away like autumn
leaves, and my loneliness became a room with only his
voice in it.

When he punished my friends, he made it seem like mercy.
“I only did it for you,” he would say, and the phrase folded
around me like a heavy blanket. It kept out the light. He
used the word “care” as a hammer; to fix, to silence, to hold
me in place. He taught me that people who left were
dangerous and that his attention, however terrifying, was
safer than abandonment.

Do you remember the nights? The way the phone would
beam his name into the dark at two in the morning, and
how, despite every warning bell in my body, I would pick
up? Do you know why I answered? Because his voice
brought a perverse kind of warmth into a world that felt
otherwise cold. He wrapped my loneliness with
conversation until I mistook possession for intimacy. The
night calls began with “How are you?” and ended with
sentences that rearranged the bones of my life: “I see a
future,” Those words landed in me like seeds. Over time
they grew into a garden of obligation I could not escape.

He told me I was special. He told me that no one would
understand me like he did. He told me that other people,
even you, would misunderstand. He turned my gratitude
into guilt. If I laughed at a joke with a friend, he would sigh

that I was naive. If I spent time with another boy, suddenly there were questions, accusations whispered like small, poisonous things. He made jealousy sound like protection and control sound like care.

And the worst cruelty was that he dressed domination in tenderness. He would tuck hair behind my ear and call me by a pet name that landed like a bruise. He could smile in public and become a different man in private. In public he was the mentor; in private he trained me to doubt myself. He would praise me for being “obedient” and then punish me for being “rebellious,” so that my sense of right and wrong bent and warped until I could not trust it.

You asked me once if I would have enjoyed it. Those words: thoughtless, are a map of every time you chose convenience over care.

You imagine that abuse is dramatic, physical, obvious. But you never believed that cruelty could be gentle, that domination could be disguised as concern.

You did not hear the slow erosion. You did not see how a dozen small humiliations add up to imprisonment.

Do you understand what it is to be groomed? It is not one monstrous act but a thousand small ones. It is praise followed by isolation. It is the creeping normalization of questions that do not belong to anyone but me: “Who will you marry?”; not a hypothetical, but a possessive statement. It is phone calls that become a clockwork, late-night threads tying me to him. It is the erosion of my choices until my life looked, to me, like a path he had paved.

One day, I was sad about something, he called me in the staff room, held my hand and told me my eyes were pretty.

I felt disgusted, never even wanted to look at my eyes or whatever he had admired or touched.

Sometimes he threatened. There was a promise in his anger; if I crossed an invisible line, there would be consequences for the people who loved me. He made me complicit with fear; fear that my friends would be harmed, fear that my reputation would be ruined, fear that you would not believe me. Fear became a tutor more efficient than any of his lessons.

And in the mornings, I learned to be small. In public, I wore the armour of compliance. At home, I learned to explain away bruises of confidence and the fractures in my laughter. Inside my chest, there was a persistent ache, a hunger for the simple thing you should have given; a glance that made me safe, a question that sounded like protection, a refusal to hand me over to someone dangerous.

You ask me why I didn't tell you. Because telling you was not safe. Because your response, the way you dismissed it as something I would have "enjoyed," taught me that honesty would be punished by indifference. the way you hit me till my body was too blue to stand up, the way you threatened to kill me because I had anxiety attacks after this. Because when I tried once, the air around us turned into a court where I was the accused. And because I had watched you hand me to him and trusted you more than anyone and that trust, when broken, taught me that silence could sometimes be the lesser pain.

Do you know how disorienting it is to be told you are the only one who can save yourself as a child? He taught me that I was at fault for feeling trapped. He taught me that resistance was my failure. He taught me that survival meant

learning to bear. So, I learned to bear it. I learned to build an interior life of tiny rebellions: a smile kept for myself, a secret joke with a friend that meant the world. I learned to file away small pleasures. I learned to be quiet in the way a hunted animal learns to tiptoe.

Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I would imagine leaving. I would plan the exact minute I would run. But those plans ran up against the tall walls of the castle he had built; the threats, the monitoring, the way he'd turned my friends away. He had become the horizon of my days. He had taught me to expect nothing else. I was sixteen and felt old. I was sixteen and felt very, very small.

You called him a friend. You chose convenience over my whispers. You looked at me and said with a shrug that you would have "enjoyed" what I feared. You made me see that your idea of fatherhood did not include believing your child when she speaks of being harmed. You made silence not only possible, but logical.

So now I speak.

I do not speak to be forgiven.

I do not speak to be pitied.

I speak because my silence wrapped me in a wound that I am tired of tending alone. I speak because I want you to feel the weight you refused to notice.

I speak because I want you to understand, finally, that abuse is not always noise and breaking; sometimes it is the quiet remaking of a life.

Listen to the textures of these memories.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

the roughness of his hand on my shoulder when he
“corrected” me.

the metallic taste in my mouth when he spoke of “our
future”.

the hollow sound my feet made walking down the hostel
corridor when I knew nobody was truly on my side.

Hear the way my laughter thinned in his presence, like
paper stretched too far. See the nights I counted breaths, not
stars.

You think you gave me to someone who would teach me
discipline; instead you handed me to a man who taught me
how to quiet myself. You thought discipline would make
me resilient. What it made me was compliant, small, shaped
to avoid the next storm.

I am not small anymore in the way you intended. I am not
your feather to be passed along. I am the shell of a girl that
the sea washed and hardened into something else. I am
angry, yes; raw; but I am also learning the vocabulary of
my own body again. I am learning how to say no. I am
learning how to call what happened by its true name. I am
learning to stitch up the torn parts, slowly, with hands that I
will not let be guided by anyone else.

I do not know if you will answer me. I do not know if these
words will touch where your indifference has crusted over.
But I have spent too long measuring my life by what others
permitted me to be. I will not let your shrug be the
definition of my story.

Do not ask me to forgive you.

Ask instead; How could we have seen it sooner?

Ask; Why did I feel safer in his voice than in my father's?

Ask without the lazy comfort of disbelief. Listen without offering a justification. Be the man who finally stands in the way and not the one who opens the gate.

I am pouring this out because the telling itself is a small rescue. Each sentence is a plank I lay across the water. I will cross it. I will find the shore. I will name what was done to me. I will not be yours to hand away papa. Not anymore.

”

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

every word falling like a match on dry ground.

He tried to interrupt.

but she was already burning.

The room fell into a terrifying stillness.

No thunder. No wind. Just air; thick and unmoving.

Then, slowly, she set the stone on the table between them.

“ speak,” she whispered.

“ for once in your life, just speak.”

But he didn’t.

And maybe that was enough of an answer.

She turned away,

her breath sharp,

her chest lighter than it had been in years.

Outside, the sky broke open.

not in anger this time, but release.

A single streak of light cut through the clouds,

like an exhale that had waited too long.

Her chest felt hollow yet filled after a long time. She felt alive, like she finally said what had been choking her throat all this time.

She runs.

Not out of fear, but out of too much.

Too much sound.

Too much truth.

The rain begins before she reaches the station.

the sky splitting itself open in sympathy.

as the drop of rain touched her skin, her soul felt a sharp ache, cold, like washing her clean or maybe for a second, punishing her for speaking. She couldn't choose.

she runs, clothes drenched in soil and rain.

She didn't realise her destination until she reached the train station. The train station was empty except for flickering lights and a newspaper fluttering near the tracks.

Her breath made ghosts in the cold air.

She sits, dripping, her hands still trembling.

Her bag, clinging to her shoulder like it didn't want to let her go.

her diary inside was soaking wet and ink was getting smudged.

she remembered her letter was left behind on the dinner table and that thought made her shiver even more.

Lightning flashes.

and for a second, she imagined the sky's handwriting across the sky,

“Are you angry at me too?” She asks the rain.

“ or are you proud of me?”

No answer. Only thunder.

The kind that feels like a pulse from somewhere.

She leans her head back, closing her eyes.

“Tell me,” she whispers, “what should I do now?”

“ I don’t know if what I did was right or not, but it felt like
a relief. Did you want me to do that? Is that what you
wanted?”

I sometimes don’t understand you.

you need to help me

I am alone.

you can’t leave me like this...

”

ADWIKA TIWARI

And then;

Silence.

The rain stills. The air thickens. Everything pauses.

The silence felt suffocating.

she opened her eyes hoping for a bird to chirp,

pure silence.

It felt holy.

it felt like the whole world was holding its breath.

She mistakes it for abandonment at first.

But then, slowly, she understands:

the silence is the answer.

Not peace.

Not forgiveness.

But permission, to move, to act, to stop waiting for
someone else to fix what they broke.

“You want me to stop begging, you want me to become the
sound.” Said softly.

she realised, she doesn’t want revenge to destroy, but to
reclaim what was taken, what was rightfully hers.

This was not about hate.

It was about taking back her own voice.

The clouds open slightly, the stars peeking through.

A wind brushes her face, not gentle.

She stands.

“ That’s okay. I understand it now. If silence is what you
give, I will make it loud enough to answer”

She stood at the edge of the platform. The train was
approaching, the lights reflected off the wet ground, as her
decision began to take form, wordless, yet quite certain.

She runs back home.

opened her bag, took her diary out and opened the pages to
let them dry.

she slept with a smile on her face, she knew what she had to
do.

Chapter 5: **Metro to Yesterday**



She woke up, ready to do anything and everything.

She packed a bag, told her mother that she was meeting a
friend.

She ran to the metro station, almost in excitement.

The metro rattled forward like it was carrying a storm she
hadn't yet named.

Her reflection swayed in the glass, pale, steady, unblinking.

The city outside blurred into light and metal, a moving
mirror of everything she had survived.

She wasn't running this time.

She was returning.

All she felt was rage and a calm determination in her
heartbeat. After a long time, her heartbeat was fast because
of her anger and not of overwhelming anxiety.

Every stop was a countdown.

Every announcement echoed like a memory she'd once
tried to bury.

When the doors opened at her old station, the same smell
hit her chalk, sweat, the faint sourness of dust and ambition.

She climbed the stairs slowly, the world narrowing into one
single thought.

He's still here.

And he was.

she barged in every class,

she met her other teachers, they greeted her with a smile,
asking why she left midterm,

she had nothing to say, she smiled and went away.

and through the half-open window,

she saw him standing at the board,

same gestures,

same smile,

same careful cruelty disguised as grace.

Time had not given him guilt.

She stepped in.

The class froze. Chalk dust hung mid-air like snowfall.

He turned, his expression flickering for a second, surprise,
discomfort, and then that familiar, fake composure.

“oh” he said softly, with a fake smile.

“ you came back. It's been a while.”

“ Chalo beta, let's meet and talk after I am done with this
class okay? You cannot interrupt my class like that. I
thought I taught you some manners last time.” Asserting
dominance again.

“No” her voice didn't shake this time.

“ I am not back ‘sir’ I am done.”

“ or should I call you uncle? Or my friend as you asked me
to?”

the students watched them, remained silent.

she felt their eyes, she recalled how her body remembered
fear but refused to obey it this time.

She walked closer.

Each step was a heartbeat she had once lost.

“Do you remember what you said to me?
do you remember how you said I was special?” She asked.
he tried to smile, the kind that had once disarmed her.

“you are misunderstanding. You were a child.

All of my students are dear to me.

let’s talk outside okay?”

he grinded his teeth, widening his eyes, in anger.

That word broke something open.

Her hand moved as a slap across his face before her
thoughts could stop it.

The sound, crack, echoed across the room.

Even the walls flinched.

“you don’t get to say my story anymore.”

“you don’t get to hide behind your caring face. You don’t
fucking get to look at the girls and think they owe you
silence.”

her voice rose, in volume and in power.

other teachers rushed to the room.

“you didn’t ruin me. You tried to. You almost did. But I’m
still here.

I have built myself up, brick by brick from the dust you left
me in.

and you-”

she pointed to him. Hand trembling, but words u broke,

“you will live knowing that I survived you.”

She had a feeling of her younger self exhaling a relief.

He stood frozen; the class utterly silent.

No one spoke.

No one looked away.

one of the girls in the class looks at her with quiet understanding, that she broke the cycle.

She turned away.

Her hands were shaking, but her steps were light.

The chalk he dropped rolled toward her feet, stopping near her shoe.

She looked down, smiled and kicked it aside gently.

As she was leaving the room, he held her hand furiously, looking at her with the same anger, with the same control.

But this time, she didn't flinch, she didn't stay quiet, she put his hand away, with her furious eyes meeting his. She didn't care about anyone looking at them.

She said, “You are so empty inside, just hollow and angry walls with nothing but cruelty for others inside. I pity you more than I hate you with all my heart. goodbye ‘sir’ ”

She walked with pride, outside on the same road she was afraid earlier to even meet him accidentally.

She walked looking up.

Outside, the air hit her like sunlight.

The noise of the street, the rush of the crowd, it didn't feel suffocating anymore.

She had spoken.

The silence that had followed her for a long time, had finally shattered, and the sound it made was freedom.

As she walked down the street, she looked up.

The sky wasn't watching this time, it was celebrating.

The clouds scattered, gold and wild.

"did you see?" She whispered. "I did it!"

A tear rolled down her face, not from pain, but from peace.

And somewhere between the traffic and wind, she thought she heard the sky laugh softly, proud.

later she found out that the institute fired him.

they did reach out to her to ask for evidence that she did have a ton.

she never saw him again. There was a space left in her life for his face to even flash for a second.

she was free, she was herself, she was finally breathing full.

The days that followed didn't feel like days, they felt like light spilling through her window, soft and endless.

There was no grand transformation, no music swelling in the background. Just quiet joy sneaking in, one morning at a time.

Her room looked different now. Or maybe she did.

The old diary still sat on her table, but beside it was watercolours, brushes, and threads, little bursts of colour waiting to be touched.

The same hands that once trembled now stitched flowers into fabric, painted skies on paper, and reached for sunlight without hesitation.

the same headphones she used to burst her ears with listening to songs to block out the world, she now used them to listen to songs, block out the world to dance in her room, almost breaking the floor smiling.

she collected flowers, saved them as bookmarks for the poems she used to read.

she had fairy lights in her room to set the vibe for painting.

Her poems were no longer part of just a diary, they were taped to a wall like a collage of her becoming her.

She spent her afternoons with Ayush sometimes, never too much, never too serious. He had this way of seeing her art and smiling like it was something sacred.

Sometimes they didn't even talk. They just sat on the terrace, sketching in silence, the world humming gently around them.

It wasn't love, not in the way stories tell it; it was presence. A reminder that connection didn't have to hurt.

she still wrote to the sky talking about him like a high school crush, how his presence makes her laugh a bit higher pitched, how his laughter is a bit too contagious for her.

And when she was alone, she danced.

No choreography, just music, just movement; wild and free.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

Barefoot, her hair a mess, her laughter echoing off the
walls.

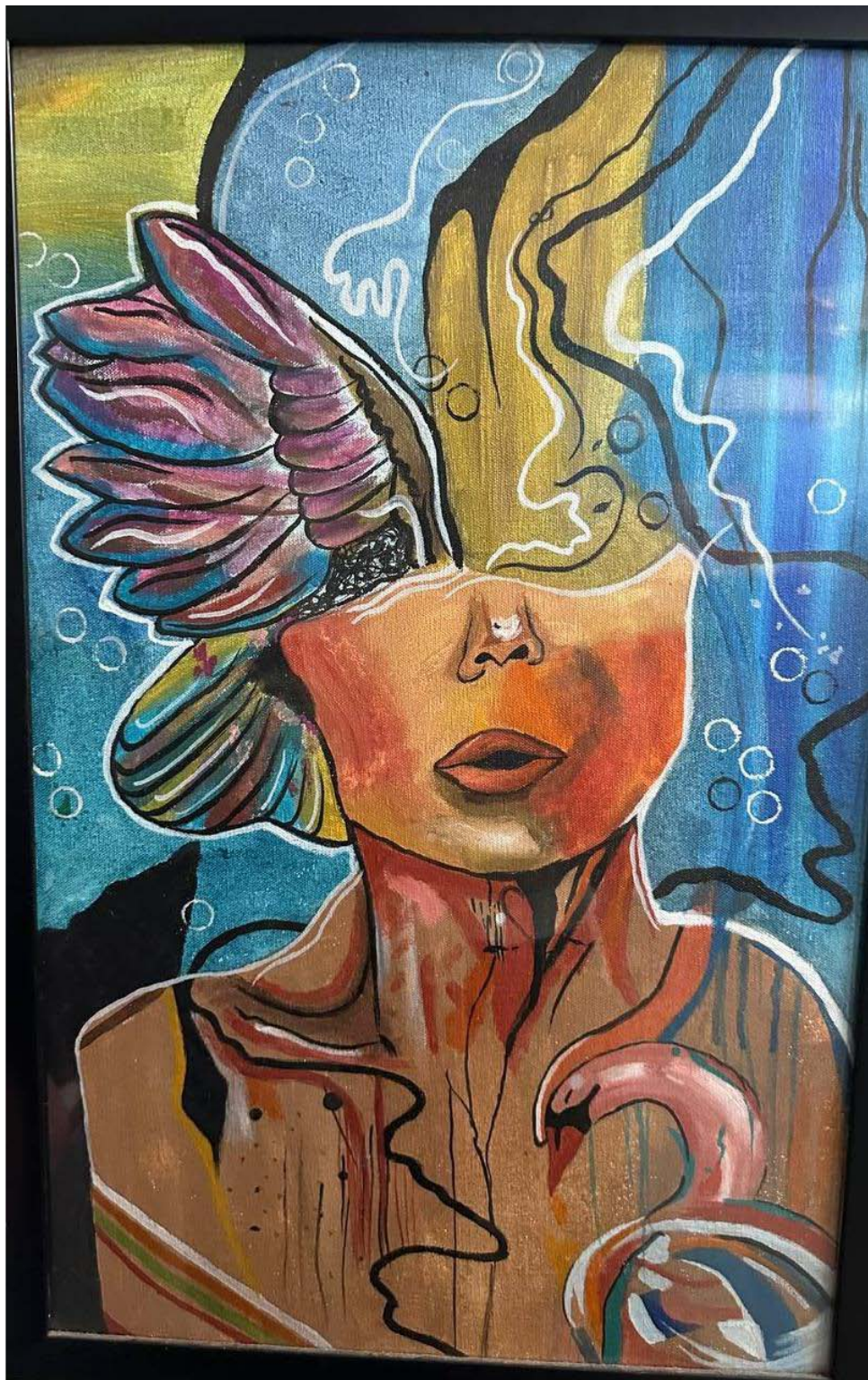
She danced for the girl who used to be afraid of her
reflection, for the one who wrote poems in the dark and
never thought she'd see colour again.

Her embroidery frame sat by the window; threads tangled,
imperfect, alive.

She didn't plan her designs anymore. She let her hands
decide, and they always found something beautiful to
create.

Tiny suns, waves, stars, and sometimes, eyes, not haunted
anymore, but curious.

She used to draw a version of her, full of color, full of
possibilities. She had made a wing in place of one of her
eyes to portray freedom lies in perception as well. She
added a swan to represent her awakening of power of self
and self-esteem. she had both green and blue in the painting
to represent the contrast of land and water.



The city had begun to feel smaller.

not in a confining way, but like a place she had already learned from. Her world was quietly expanding.

Her family had planned a trip after the incident; just a small escape to a forested area, somewhere the air smelled of wet soil and trees, and the only sounds were birdsong and wind through the trees. At first, she had hesitated, afraid of noise, of old memories, of being herself around them. But as the train left the city behind, she felt a thrill she hadn't felt in years, 'possibility'.

for the first time in a long while, she felt like a human, she felt light.

leaving the city felt like a path to find herself. Although she had arguments with her mother still, she didn't care much, she was on a journey to herself; a person whom she forgot who was present.

The forest greeted her like an old friend.

Every step along the moss-covered path, every sunbeam that broke through the canopy, every shadow that danced on the ground; it called her to notice, to breathe, to exist, to be.

She carried her canvas and a few paints everywhere, letting the forest dictate her art.

One day, when her parents were sleeping, at 4am, she sneaked away to an isolated place in the forest. She sat there, just absorbing it all in. The smell, the air, the sound, the sense of belonging, with nobody but everything there is.

She painted with her hands, letting the few brushes she carried follow the rhythm with her hand's touch. Gold and

white streaks shimmered across the canvas, weaving into trees as if sunlight itself had fallen from the canopy.

A single bird took flight; a symbol of freedom, a bridge between her inner world and the vastness of nature surrounding her.

Swans gracefully across the painting; her younger self reminding her of her purity and love she still has. They carried the story of transformation, mirroring the plot twist in the story of her life, and reflected the duality of light and shadow, the balance of joy and pain she had learned to embrace.

She let her favourite songs pour like rain through her, each word, layering the rhythm and grace into her work, turning every stroke into her dance, every color into a heartbeat of her rediscovered self.



Evenings were for embroidery. She stitched patterns
inspired by the forest, birds in flight, fern fronds curling,
sunlight falling on damp soil.

Her hands moved fast, her mind quiet, as if the forest itself
guided her thread and brush.

During long walks along hidden paths, she found little
treasures; stones, feathers, fallen branches, and pressed
them into her diary, or used them in sketches.

Each object became a small story, a bridge between
memory and healing.

She painted her mother's brown beautiful eyes, the way the
sunlight hits half of her face, glorifying her eyes. Maybe
during painting, her, she found a connection with her, a
deeper understanding of her as a human, as a person living
her life for the first time too.

At night, she would lie on her back in the clearing, listening
to the wind move through leaves, writing in her diary by
lantern light.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME



ADWIKA TIWARI

“

Dear sky,

I think I am finally learning to be myself again,

I am learning to stay in the world without fear,

I want to give you the most credit for being there for me.

I wrote a poem for you, I hope you like it, try not to blush, I
just wanted to say, I love and admire you a lot. I love you,
not like a daughter, not like a friend, not even like lovers,
but just, I love you. I hope you understand me.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

‘You're the sunflower of my life
Into the dark hold me tight
Your soul is bright as a light
Hold my hand when I'm scared in the night

On the beach with your smile
Moon lights up all the while
Late night talks and toes in sand
Laying side by side on the land

Your love reflecting the moonlight
Staring at stars all the night
As warm as a hug is your sight
That I fell in love overnight

So, to the sunflower of my life
Like the sun you glow
Your pure soul I know
The autumn beauty you bring I might try to be your spring’

”

She held her poem to the sky, reading each word aloud,
letting them float into the crisp forest air.

For a moment, there was nothing.

The wind held its breath.

The leaves stopped whispering.

Even the distant river seemed to pause.

And then; a shimmer of light broke through the canopy. A
single sunbeam danced across her page.

She smiled, feeling warmth bloom inside her chest. It
wasn't thunderous, it wasn't loud; it was a quiet
understanding, a gentle nudge forward.

The forest seemed to nod along with her joy, the leaves
rustling in applause. She tucked the poem into her journal
and felt lighter, as if she had just been hugged by the sky
itself.

The stone from her pillow travelled with her too, resting
beside her art supplies.

In the moonlight, it gleamed softly, no longer heavy, a quiet
companion, a witness to her rebirth.

By the end of the trip, she felt lighter, fuller, like a canvas
she could finally paint on without hesitation. The forest had
given her a gift; herself, and the courage to keep creating,
keep exploring, keep feeling.

Back home, her sketchbooks, paintings, and embroidery
became more than personal treasures.

She decided to share them. Not to prove anything, not to seek approval; but because her work was alive, and it deserved to breathe in the world.

She started selecting the pieces, deciding which one screams her name out loud.

she didn't change anything, no refining strokes, she wanted to keep it raw and original.

She imagined the gallery walls blank, waiting for her colours, her birds, her swans, her hand's imprints.

Every piece carried a story, survival, joy, transformation, the duality of light and shadow, and the deep connection to the sky and nature.

"this is me." She whispered.

"this is everything I have carried and released."

she had saved up some money which she used to apply for an art gallery exhibition. It didn't really feel very artistically satisfying cause she paid for it; but she had hope.

the day came, people walked in the gallery, many opinions, many eyes, many views and endless soft murmurs of visitors. Her heartbeat had all the sensations of being witnessed without any fear. she clicked flashy photos, it felt like a dream.

She realized, as she stepped back, that this was more than art.

It was freedom.

It was joy.

It was the next chapter of her life; bright, bold, and entirely hers. From now on, whatever the life she lives, it was nobody else to blame. it was hers now. And she knew, mistakes are better than regrets.





Chapter 6: **The Diary with Faded Ink**



She wasn't looking for ghosts that day, just her old paints.

The wooden box under her bed still smelled faintly of childhood. Tubes of half-dried color, cracked brushes, paper that had soaked up years of thought. But when she reached deeper, her fingers touched something else; a small diary, edges soft, ink faded.

Her mother's handwriting.

She hesitated.

It felt almost wrong to open it; like breaking the seal of someone else's heartbreak. She thought it was one of her poems her mother wrote about god and life.

But curiosity, gentle and trembling, turned the first page. Inside were not recipes, not chores, not prayers, not poems.

They were confessions.

Lines written by a woman who had smiled too much in front of people and cried too quietly when no one was home.

She wrote.

"He wants to leave. Says two daughters are too much. Says he needs freedom. I think he already found it in another woman's arms. But I still wait. I still cook tea. I still love him. He is my love. He isn't a liar. He couldn't even lie to me when I asked him where he was, he very innocently said, 'in bed with her' that's why I love him, and I beg him to stay."

The words hit her like rain she didn't try to run from.

For a moment, she could almost see her mother sitting on the floor, diary open, eyes red, writing between sobs.

her immediate reaction was mixed, she felt numb, she froze
and yet she whispered. “I knew it.”

That evening, she went to her mother.

Her mother didn’t deny it. She only looked tired; the kind
of tired that sits in bones, not in muscles.

“yes” her mother said softly.

“ I knew I couldn’t leave him. I love him too much.” She
said to her.

And for the first time, she didn’t erupt.

She didn’t raise her voice, didn’t call it weakness, didn’t
demand justice.

She just sat there.

Quiet.

Watching the woman who had once been her entire world,
who had endured her own storms silently.

Something inside her shifted; not broken, not heavy;
just...still.

She understood now that love was not always fair, that
survival sometimes meant staying, that not every battle
needed a witness.

She smiled faintly. She was hurt, but that didn’t matter
much anymore.

She didn’t hate her father anymore.

She realised that he was just another flawed, fragile human,
stumbling through his own emptiness.

That night, when her parents fought again, she didn't run to her room or press her hands against her ears.

She simply turned up her music, let the rhythm spill into her veins, and danced till her feet hurt. Barefoot, paint on her hands, laughing quietly to herself, colours flying, she felt weightless. She didn't feel anxious or have a heavy heart. She knew she couldn't save everything around her. It was her time to live now.

She danced for herself.

Not to forget; but to remember who she was becoming.

For the first time in years, her heart didn't race with anxiety.

The noise around her was just noise; it couldn't touch her peace anymore.

She realized that healing wasn't the absence of pain; it was learning how to live beautifully beside it.

That some chaos would always hum in the background; and she could still choose music with paints on her hand over it.

“Maybe peace isn't silence as I thought.

maybe it's just knowing when to stop listening.”

She wrote to the sky before she increased the volume of her songs and went to sleep.

The sky blushed pink today

It started with a dress.

A soft pink one, light enough to float if she twirled.

For years she'd worn black like armour; sharp, quiet, reliable. But now, when she had put on pink, she didn't feel weak. She felt alive.

Her mother had always said, "Strong girls don't depend on colours."

But she had learned that strength didn't mean stripping softness away.

Strength could have lace and perfume and laughter that echoed off walls.

this time in the mirror, she looked at herself, it didn't eat her.

she touched her hair gently, like meeting herself again.

She began buying little things that made her heart hum.

Cute mugs with reindeer's and flowers, pastel clips for her hair, notebooks with beautiful garden scenery on them. She arranged them on her desk like a museum of small joys.

Each morning, music played in the background of her life; not to distract, but to accompany.

Songs she used to cry to now made her sway instead.

She hummed while brushing her hair, cooking, and painting.

The world wasn't quieter; she had just stopped letting it drown her.

And then there was Ayush.

He saw her one afternoon by the café window, sunlight in her hair, the same girl he had once met in the shadows; now glowing like she had learned the sun by heart. Like she had stolen the glow of the stars.

“New look?” he teased.

“New life,” she said, and laughed; a laugh so free it startled even her.

They spent the day walking through markets, her eyes catching on fabrics, anklets, little mirrors, bangles that chimed like rain.

She bought a pink scarf.

Ayush rolled his eyes; “You’ve joined the pink cult.”

She shrugged. “Let me. I’ve spent enough years being grey.”

He asked, “I am guessing you like flowers.”

she smiled, and said “who doesn’t?”

He quietly pays the shopkeeper for an anklet with flowers.

He handed it to her and said, “flowers may lose their essence, but this won’t. And most certainly, you won’t let it”

She laughed softly.

That evening, she went home, got dressed.

This time she didn’t want to wear typical bold clothes.

She wanted to wear a colourful kurta with kajal in her eyes, a bindi, bangles, jhumka and the anklet of flowers. She looked into the mirror while applying bindi, smiled at

herself and wore jooti and not shoes this time. She felt
bolder in a real way this time.

She met him, he gasped and said, “you surprise me every
time.”

without hesitating, she pulled him into a dance, an old
Bollywood song, full of cringe and chaos.

He protested, of course, but she didn’t let him escape.

They danced badly, laughing so hard they couldn’t breathe,
their shadows twirling on the walls like they were kids
again.

For the first time, she wasn’t afraid of being seen, messy,
alive, imperfect.

Healing wasn’t quiet now; it was loud, giggling, slightly out
of rhythm.

At night, she returned to her paints.

She found the old stones again; the ones that once
whispered pain, the ones that were too heavy to pick.

Now she covered them with color.

A soft lavender, Gold, Blue swirls, flowers, sunrises, beach,
even cats over the stones

She didn’t erase the words; she just let them live
underneath something more beautiful.

“ Thank you for showing me the way.” She whispered
while painting over them

She even started collecting new stones, not because she
expected messages anymore, but because she loved how

ADWIKA TIWARI

smooth they felt in her palms, how they reflected light
when wet.

Everything she touched became art.

And one afternoon, she wrote a letter: to herself.

“

Hey little one,

I know you're scared. You don't understand why people hurt, why words cut so deep, why the world feels so heavy when all you ever wanted was to be light. You think you have to be strong all the time, to smile when it hurts, to keep moving even when your heart feels like it's breaking into pieces. But you don't. You can stop for a while. You can cry. You can rest. You're allowed to fall apart.

You were not too much. You were just waiting to be seen by the right eyes; your own.

Things will get difficult, harder than you think. There will be nights when you'll beg the sky to take the pain away, mornings when even sunlight feels too bright. People you love will change. Some will leave. Some will stay but make you wish they hadn't. You'll lose yourself a few times, and you'll think that's the end. But it isn't.

Because somewhere inside you, there's a small light that refuses to go out. That's you. The real you. The one who still finds beauty in broken things, who still writes to the sky, who still hopes even when hope makes no sense.

One day, you'll stop trying to prove your strength by surviving. You'll start living. You'll paint with your hands, dance without caring how it looks, wear a pink dress, buy a cute mug, laugh at your own jokes. You'll fall in love, not with someone else, but with you.

And when you look in the mirror, you'll see a girl who went through storms and still glows like dawn. That's you.
You made it.

So, hold on.

ADWIKA TIWARI

Even when it rains.

Even when no one claps for you.

Even when it feels like you've lost everything.

Because you haven't lost you.

And as long as you have yourself - your heart, your hope,
your art, you can do anything.

With all my love,

Your older self

”

She folded it, sealed it, and tucked it behind the mirror.
And maybe that’s why the mirror didn’t scare her anymore.

When she looked at her reflection, she didn’t see the
trembling girl who used to flinch at her own gaze.

She saw movement, color, warmth, a thousand versions of
herself blooming.

She stood before the mirror, hands resting lightly on the
sink, her reflection bathed in the soft afternoon glow.

For the first time, she noticed how still she was. There was
no restless tapping, no urge to fill the silence with laughter
or movement.

For years, she had mistaken hyperactivity for happiness;
loud smiles, endless talking, doing everything all at once
just to feel alive.

But now, she wasn’t performing.

She wasn’t “too much” anymore.

She was calm, yet full.

a quiet kind of chaos, like the ocean when it’s still but deep.

She used to think this calm was boring, that peace meant
emptiness. But now she saw it.

She was calm,

she was the mesmerising wave in the ocean,

she was the chaos that had finally learned to rest. And it
was beautiful.

She stayed there a long time, just breathing.

Not waiting for the sky to answer.

Because this time, she was the sky; vast, infinite, soft, and finally her own.

Just when she was going to take a bath, her phone rang.

“Hey! I saw your art in the gallery near the station a few days ago. I have been meaning to contact you, I lost your card. I hope it's okay.”

her heartbeat fastened with excitement; she wasn't used to people asking her about something she had made.

“yeah sure! Tell me” she said softly, trying not to look too enthused.

“I work for an artist and we have just started a summer program in Delhi, we saw your art and we loved how unique it was. We would like to offer your spot in the program with a scholarship. And the artist has personally asked me to call you, your work really hit her. Good work!”

“ Yes! Definitely!!” She couldn't hold her excitement anymore.

She came out screaming from her room as soon as she cut the call. She danced like a dork, hugged her mother, and went back to her room,

She called Ayush and told him the good news. She had calmed down now but was still a bit breathless.

“Congratulations! I never doubted it. Your paintings are like breathing.” He replied

“Yes, maybe because this was what freedom felt like.”,

Chapter 7:

The Last Whisper Of Her Name

The summer had almost slipped away quietly, not like a door closing, but like a sigh dissolving into the air. It wasn't the kind of summer that left sunburnt skin and photographs full of laughter; it was softer, maybe kinder, the kind that healed in silence. The kind that taught her how to breathe without rushing.

This time, she didn't write to the sky in her diary. She wanted to speak to it directly.

So, she stepped out onto the balcony barefoot, still wearing her old paint-stained shirt, the kind that smelled faintly of oil paints. The sunset air was cool and slow, a half-whisper between seasons.

The sky was undecided tonight; split between blue and pink, its edges burning orange like the horizon itself couldn't choose who it wanted to be.

The birds glided lazily across the colours, wings catching the last of the sunlight. Even the wind seemed gentler, brushing her hair aside as though asking her to look up.

From her balcony, she could see the garden; the same one she once thought would never grow again. The same patch of soil where everything had dried and turned hollow.

But now it was alive again; not perfect, not green, but layered in copper and gold.

Fallen autumn leaves had dressed it in color, soft and chaotic and whole. The kind of beauty that doesn't come from blooming, but from surviving.

She smiled faintly, remembering the small plant she once spoke to; "grow with me," she had whispered months ago, when everything felt like endings.

She leaned her arms against the railing, eyes tracing the unshaped clouds. "You've seen everything, haven't you?" she said softly to the sky.

"This summer... it wasn't what I thought it would be."

The wind stirred gently, carrying her voice somewhere unseen.

"The first thing I learned," she continued,

"was about love; the kind that isn't easy, the kind that doesn't always look like love."

She hesitated, tasting the honesty of her own words.

"All my life, I thought loving your parents meant forgiving them for everything. I thought I had to hold the version of them I wished for, not the one I had."

Her voice shook a little.

"But maybe that's not love. Maybe it's something quieter; loving them for who they are, even when I can't understand them. Even when they break me a little. Although I still have a long way to go. I know I don't feel love towards them right now. But I know I will figure it out. And I know it's okay to feel that way."

She tilted her head upward; the sky looked endless, fragile, and kind all at once.

“I used to want to fix it all, to make the house quiet, to make them gentle, to stop the hurt before it started. But now... I think peace isn’t about control. It’s about sitting in the middle of the storm and realizing you’re not made of paper after all.”

Her eyes flickered to her hands, once trembling after every fight, every slammed door. Now, they were steady, flecked with dried gold paint.

“I think I can go through it now,” she said softly.

“I can figure it out when it comes. I don’t have to run anymore.”

The sky shifted slowly, fading into deeper shades, pink slipping into violet, orange melting into blue. She watched quietly, realizing that even the sky was never just one thing; never fully bright or fully dark, always something in between.

“Maybe peace,” she whispered, “is just learning to stay soft when the world keeps asking you to harden.”

The wind carried her words away, scattering them into the horizon, a prayer, or maybe a promise.

She watched a single bird trace its way across the sky, small and certain. The wind quieted again, and she felt something heavier rise in her chest; not sadness, not quite anger, just the ghost of a name she hadn’t spoken in months.

“The second thing I learned,” she whispered, “was about him.”

Her hand tightened on the railing.

Even now, the thought of him made her throat tighten, her heartbeat stumble.

The teacher. The man who broke something that didn't belong to him.

"I used to think forgiveness was the only way to heal," she said slowly, the words trembling at first, then finding their rhythm.

"Everyone told me; forgive and forget, let go, move on. But I can't. And maybe I never will."

The leaves below rustled faintly, like they understood.

"He ruined things I thought I'd never get back; my safety, my innocence, my trust in silence." Her voice didn't shake this time.

"But he didn't ruin me. I built myself again. I built my dignity, my self-respect, my name, my trust, even my safety, and innocence? That was never lost. I built my peace. Not for him; for me."

The sky was turning deeper now, it looked endless; wide enough to hold everything, even hatred, even grief.

"I still hate him," she said quietly.

"I always will. But that hate doesn't own me anymore. It just... exists. Like an old scar. It's part of my skin, not my soul."

She closed her eyes, the cool wind pressing against her cheeks.

"Maybe one day, I'll still think of him and my hands will shake. Maybe the memories will still come back when I

least expect them. But now I know; I'll survive them. I'll breathe through them. And that's enough."

A pause.

the horizon softened again, the last light brushing against her face like a quiet reassurance.

"I don't need to forgive him," she said, her voice almost smiling now.

"I just need to keep living better than he ever imagined I could; happier, calmer, on my own terms."

The wind moved through the balcony, gentle and full; carrying her words upward, as though even the sky was proud of her for finally saying them aloud.

She leaned on the railing again, tracing invisible shapes in the air with her finger. The wind had softened now; the kind that carried laughter from faraway streets and the faint scent of lavender. It felt like the world was listening.

"And the third thing," she said quietly, "is about people."

Once, she had built walls; careful, high, unshakable. The kind you build when you think safety means solitude. She had doubted kindness, studied words for hidden traps, smiled but never really opened the door. She looked for the bad first; the darkest shadows, the flaws; because she thought if she saw them early, they couldn't hurt her later.

"But now..." she exhaled slowly, smiling. "Now I see both."

She had learned that people came with both; the light and the dark, the gentle and the cruel; and that pretending otherwise was its own kind of blindness.

“I see good and bad in them, and I’m okay with it. I don’t want to live half a life anymore just because I’m scared of pain. I don’t want to keep running from what could hurt me and miss what could heal me.”

Her thoughts drifted briefly to Ayush; the way his laugh tilted toward warmth, the way he waited when she hesitated, the way he saw her without asking for explanations. It wasn’t perfect; nothing ever was but she liked that. Perfection bored her now.

“I used to think trusting someone meant losing myself again,” she whispered.

“Now I know it just means giving the world another chance to be kind.”

The trees below swayed, their autumn leaves scattering like confetti, not an ending, but celebration.

“I might get hurt,” she admitted, tilting her head to the sky, “and that’s okay. I might lose things; I might break again; but I’ll still be me. I’ll still paint, dance, love, and start over. I won’t compromise the unknown anymore.”

The colours of the sky deepened, blue melting into pink, pink into orange, orange into quiet dusk. It looked almost like it was nodding, whispering back its approval in color.

“I’m not afraid of people anymore,” she said, a soft laugh escaping her.

“I’m not afraid of life anymore.”

And as the first evening star appeared, she felt it; that quiet, golden kind of peace that doesn’t arrive with answers, but with understanding.

The wind rose suddenly; playful, mischievous, almost alive. It brushed through her hair, tugged at the edge of her shirt, and then dove beneath the table in the balcony where a few old paintings had been stacked and forgotten. One painting lifted, trembled in the air for a second, then came flying toward her, smacking softly against her leg.

She laughed first; startled; but then, as she bent to pick it up, the smile faded.

The painting was rough around the edges, muted in color, the strokes heavy and trembling. It wasn't like her newer work, no gold, no gentle light. It was raw.

She remembered now; this was the one she'd made on a night she couldn't breathe properly, when her chest felt like it was full of smoke.

It was a painting of a woman; faceless, yet full of story. Her back arched like she carried the weight of the whole sky.

The hands that reached toward her were blurred, shadowy, almost ghostlike.

She had painted this when she couldn't say the word survivor out loud yet.

She ran her fingers along the brush marks. The texture scratched lightly against her skin, as if the pain itself had left fingerprints.

She remembered that girl; the one who painted this; she had wanted so badly for someone to ask, 'Are you okay?'

She had hoped there was a place where broken people could walk in and be heard, really heard.

But there hadn't been one.

So, she had painted instead.

Now, years later, standing on that same balcony, she felt something inside her; realignment; like a thread being pulled tight and tied.

Maybe this was what the sky had been trying to say all along.

She looked at the orange horizon and whispered, "Maybe it's my turn now."

She took the paper inside.

Her hands were steady, certain.

She placed it on her desk beside her paints, opened her laptop, and typed:

"How to register an organisation for women and survivors."

The search bar blinked back at her; quiet, waiting; the same way the sky had always waited.

And in that moment, she realised; this was its final message.

That there were still dreams left inside her.

That healing didn't mean stopping; it meant continuing.

That the search; for purpose, for peace, for herself; would never end, and that was the beauty of it.

She smiled, really smiled this time; the kind that reached her eyes.

THE SKY REMEMBERED HER NAME

She once thought the sky was everything she dreamt of becoming, vast, untouchable, infinite. She wrote to it, searched it, prayed beneath it, and even waited for answers to fall from the clouds. But now, standing at the edge of the balcony, she finally understood that the sky was never above her. It was within her.

The sky wasn't the story, she was.

The sky never stood a chance against her. Against the way she broke, fell, rose and began again. She once believed that the sky was the biggest thing in existence, but it wasn't.

She was.

The sky rained when she cried, the sky shined pink when she blushed. The sky poured gold when her heart glowed.

The sky was only a reflection, a mirror of her becoming. A part of her, not beyond her.

It exists within her; in every shade of calm, grace and dignity.

She is the blue.

The bruised clouds, the gold, the white.

The sky is her calmed chaos.

The sky is her.

Now, when she paints, its not the sky she tries to capture, its herself.

All her shades, all her storms, all her quiet.

And maybe that's what it means to become whole,

To realise she was its horizon all along.

Author's Note

*Somewhere between beginnings and endings, we all
meet the sky.*

If you ever forget your way, look up; it's still you.

*For every reader searching, may you always find your
sky. And when you do, may it remind you to keep
dreaming, keep healing, keep living and keep
becoming everything you're meant to be.*

*As a small gift, I have shared a few of my own
paintings; pieces of my heart made by hand. May it
remind you that even when everything fades, hope
always finds its way back to you.*

