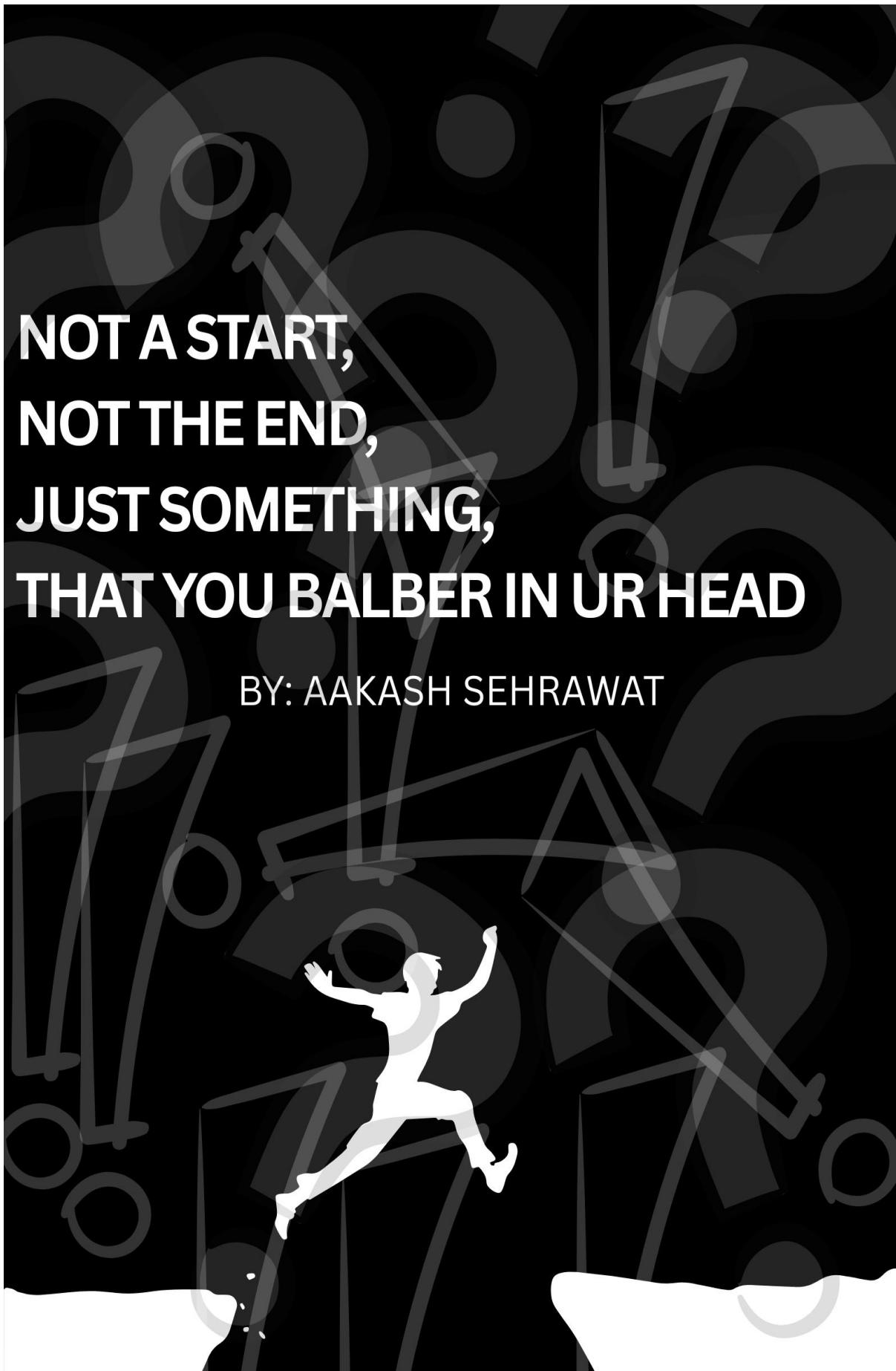


**NOT A START,  
NOT THE END,  
JUST SOMETHING,  
THAT YOU BALBER IN UR HEAD**

BY: AAKASH SEHRAWAT



**To everyone who ever felt lost – may  
you find peace in your own silence.**

## CONTENT

Chapter Title	Description
Chapter 1: Starting, But not A Start	The journey begins with uncertainty, exploring the idea of starting fresh when memories fail and darkness grows familiar.
Chapter 2: The Lost One	Delves into feelings of loneliness and pain, describing the emptiness that lingers even when things seem normal.
Chapter 3: Tired of Listening	Explores emotional exhaustion and the desire to escape the constant noise and expectations from others.
Chapter 4: The Founder	Reflects on seeking meaning, happiness, and identity, searching for solace in life's journey and small moments.
Chapter 5: The Longest Night	Captures the repetitive feeling of long, restless nights and questions about why things happen, and how one copes with solitude .
Chapter 6: Confusion	Examines overlapping, confusing thoughts and struggles to make sense of personal problems, depicting internal conversations.
Chapter 7: The Big Step	Narrates a turning point involving therapy, struggle, and eventual progress in recovery, emphasizing the silent fight to heal.
Chapter 8: Is It The End?	Considers whether the journey is truly finished, or if each ending marks the start of something new and hopeful.

## **“CHAPTER 1: THE BEGINNING THAT WASN’T A BEGINNING”**

I won’t spend hours searching for the perfect beginning; not every book is meant to teach or preach. Let’s start a journey from nothing.

Imagine someone who can’t remember their past — a person who forgets who they were every time a new day begins. Have you ever thought such a soul could exist? This person isn’t someone you’d recall or miss. Once afraid of the dark, he now walks hand in hand with it. But don’t mistake this for a sad story — it’s about forgetting, not falling.

He’s a bright spirit, one who finds peace in notes, rhythms, and beats. His world revolves around music — beyond genres, beyond words. His mind, his language, his rap, his soul — all dissolve into his sound. He didn’t have the perfect start, but he’s working toward one. Writing down his feelings, memories, and thoughts, he’s setting out to create that ideal beginning.

As we walk through his story, we’ll thread pieces of his past into the present. For now, just remember this moment — and let’s see if you can recognize him the next time he returns.

**END OF CHAPTER 1**

## "CHAPTER 2: THE LOST ONE"

Yeah, He do forget things. But somehow, the pain always stays. There are days when his loneliness just creeps in without warning. His chest aches for no reason — nothing's happened, yet it feels like everything has. Tears fall, and he can't explain why. Maybe it's not about what happened, but about what *never did*. To that the person says:

"Lapata mein khudse hua hu,  
Dimagh se hoon bolta,  
Dil se chup raha hu,  
Kr chuka hu kaafi kuch,  
Karna h bohot kuch,  
Bas yahi soch ke,  
Chuup-Chaap jee raha hu,  
Ab or nhi karna chahte khud ko kuch,  
hn mein marr chuka,  
Khamosh h mere rooh,  
Ab toh bas intezaar h,  
Ke mil jaye esa kuch  
Jo ho sirf mere leye,  
Jo kharochane(scratching) se zyada,  
Muskan de marham(heal) de  
enn chupe zakhmo(wounds) ko,  
  
Har kadam pr.....,  
Har kadam pr....."

This night may feel deep to some, this might sound deep or maybe just another cliche. But if you *read it like you're living it*, if you imagine these words as your own story, you'll feel what the person is trying to convey and truly means.

**END OF AN UNKNOWN PAINFUL NIGHT**

## "CHAPTER 3: TIRED OF LISTENING"

Some days, everyone reaches that point — the "*I don't want to hear anyone today*" kind of day. Something small triggers a storm inside, and suddenly you're just... tired. Tired of everything, everyone, even yourself. You don't want to argue, explain, or pretend. You just wish you could disappear for a while — fade away until the noise quiets down and the weight rinses out of your soul, just like that. The same thing he describes it like:

"Sab kuch sunn liya  
Bohot kuch bol liya  
maar diya aasmano ko  
haan mein bhool jata hu  
lekin mein baccha nahi hu  
ye ajeeb samaj enke ajeeb  
  
Rivajo ko bhool jata hoon  
lekin mujhe yaad h  
kese kaali raato mein  
taaro(stars) ko todke bhare(fill)  
meine mere diary ke khali panne(page)  
sabdoo(words) ko perooke(assembled) ess  
duniya ke khel(game) se  
bachne ke banna le h chadar(sheet)"

He had grown tired — tired of listening to everyone, tired of words that no longer meant anything. At that moment, he didn't want to respond or explain; he just wanted silence. It was one of those hours when exhaustion seeps into the soul, when the heart quietly whispers, "*enough... not anymore.*"

"Yeh baat sochke(think) mera dil dukhata(hurt) h  
vo yaadein kis kaam ke jise sochke na vakt(time) rukta(stop) h  
bohot bolta h mera mann(inner self)  
ke logo se mil jaaye  
par ye dil ke razza(permission) nhi  
mein darta(fear) hoon kahi barosa(trust)  
karke ye dil na ruk jaaye vahi"

As he wrote down his feelings, the words blurred on the page — not from mistakes, but from the quiet tears that refused to stop. Each line carried a piece of his heart, and with every sentence, the weight of unspoken emotions spilled out, soft and unstoppable.

"Jab tak roo-roo(crying) ke na aankhein(eyes) sukh(dry) jaaye  
Bas ab ess dil ke zameen(land) pe na or koi phool(flower) aaye  
Peechle gadhe(hollow pots) bhar(fill) he ne paya so naye  
  
Khodne(dig) na aa jaaye

let it be....."

It's something that never truly ends for him. Beyond the fragments of memory he struggles to hold onto, all he can see are the unfamiliar moments — things that happened, yet feel unknown to him. It's confusing, yes, but that confusion itself is part of the story. And maybe, as the chapters unfold, you'll begin to understand it too.

**See you in the next one**

## “CHAPTER 4: THE FOUNDER”

We all search for something. On our paths, we seek the fragments of ourselves — pieces that make us whole. Some find happiness, some encounter sadness, some chase material comforts, all in a bid to satisfy their own hearts. But if you look deeper, beyond the surface, there lies something far more profound than the fleeting things we chase. Some beautiful thought he gave like

Mein dhoondta(search) hu kinnare(shore) ko  
jo enn laharo(waves) ko rukhne ke vajah de  
Mein dhoondta hu uss ensaan(human) ko  
jo enn kore(blank) panno(page) pe likhne(write) ke vajah(motive) de  
Mein dhoondta hu apne aap ko  
jo khudko zindagi jeene ke razza de  
ess talash(search) ke naam kaye(so many) h  
par manzil(goal) ek he h  
andaaz kaye h roop ek he h  
fizae(atmospheres) anek(so many) h Swaroop(form) ek he h  
or ess talash mein zyada kuch milta nhi  
bas mann(inner self) ko sukoon(satisfy)  
aakhon(eyes) ko shaanti  
dil ko rahat  
or rooh(soul) ko chand lamho(sometime) ke azadi(freedom)

If you grasp what he's trying to convey, you'll discover something that might strike you unexpectedly one day. And even if you don't fully understand now, you'll still come to admire it someday, through the lives and stories you encounter along the way. Let's close this chapter with some beautiful words shared by a close friend.

Naya safar behta(flow) kahi se nikle  
kahi pohochne(reach) ko  
dil se intezaar(wait) nhi ho rhaa  
naye kahani(new story) likhne(write) ko  
log(people) naraz(angry) kehte  
aap yaad nhi krte  
kaise baatau wakt(time) ka gulam(slave) hoon  
or gulami nhi kehte  
kalam(pen) ki ji-huzoori karne ko  
ye wafa h mere

usse adat h mere  
mujhe adat h uske  
jo ek din na uthau  
    naraz vo khetti  
aa gaye aap bhe  
wafa ke naam pe  
bewafae krne ko

THE END

[HOPE YOU FIND WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR & BECOME A FOUNDER.]

## “CHAPTER 5: THE LONGEST NIGHT”

We all have those long, beautiful nights that seem to stretch on forever. But imagine someone who lives that night every single day. For him, each night feels endless and enchanting, and from that experience, he creates something that resonates with everyone, not just himself. That's where his journey begins.

Bj rhe h raat ke 1  
mein chasma nikal ke  
aankh(eye) band(close) kare  
soone hoon leta  
or tabhi awaaz ander se aati h  
Chalu(start) hote hue mann, dimag, dil  
ke bheesh(argument)

Prr kyu soote hue he kyu  
bhai din(day) mein kr lena yrr.....

Ye pagal(mad) dimag(brain) sharabi dil  
soone ke time pe chalu hote  
or yuhe phir sooraj dadu ko  
subah parnaam karte....

dost puche to pagal toh nhi hua?  
maa puche to soote kyun nhi?  
baap puche kuch krta kyun nhi?  
risteedaar puche kahan bhatakta h

kuch krta h yan hi?

Uff enne saare sawal  
mein sachii pagal hu  
samajh ne nhi aata kya kru  
Kuch bolo toh kehte chota h tu  
na bolo toh kehte  
kuch kare bada ho gaya h tu

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I AM A BODY WITHOUT A SOUL

ye kese devar(wall) jo tutte he nhi  
amuja cement se bani h?  
ye andhe(blind) h ya dekhna nhi chahte  
agar baat sirf sahi galat ke hoti  
toh mein kabki haar(defeat) maan chuka hota  
lekin ye baat dil ke h, zasbat(feelings) ke h  
kese haar maan lu  
nhi aata dil ke baat kehna  
lekin mein pagal toh nhi  
kaash koi hota jo puchta mujhsee.....

Or baatoo tum kese ho  
enn tanhaeooo mein  
kaali se raato mein  
akele kyu rehte ho  
  
Nadi(river) ke kinare  
yu mann ko behla ke  
ess asmaan ke neeche  
kyu baithe ho  
  
ess duniya ke niyam(rules) se pre  
yu bhaag dhood chod ke,  
waqt ke niyam tod ke  
kyu bas yuhe tehre(stop) ho

ke koi aake samjhae lega ke dost....

ye waqt kise ka gulaam nhii h  
ye kiseke mutabik nhii chlta  
phir tumhare yu teherr jaane se  
tumhe kya milega  
zayda mat socho  
jaise ho tum acche ho  
mujhe pata h  
dil ke sachhe ho  
yu roo na tum mitr, tum pyaar mera  
sachha ho.....

**GOOD NIGHT, actually good morning ye sab sochnee mein subah ho gyi.**

**Ok sorry**

**GOOD MORNING**

**THE END**

## “CHAPTER 6: CONFUSION”

Have you ever wondered why certain things happen to you, and only you? Deep down, you know it's not really the case — everyone has their own struggles. This boy asks himself the same questions: *What is happening? Why is it happening?* His thoughts tangle and overlap, creating a mess inside his mind. He's confused, but don't mistake it for madness just because he talks to himself

Mann to mere sunn jara - person

kabse tujhe bol kaha  
kyu mere baat tu suntan na  
tujhe chahiye(want) kya  
mujhko baata mein kru kya

Tu rehne de tu sab jaanta - mann...(inner self)

mujhe chahiye kya  
tera dimaag band(close), to dar rha  
na jaane kyu mujhse chup rha

bhai ese koi baat nhi ke mein dar rha - p...

mujhe sachhi nhi pta kya h chal rha  
kal tak toh tha udd(fly) rha

aaj kal ke fikr(tension) mein ked hua(behind bars)

ye sab tesa vaham(illusion) h - mann...  
tere dimaag ka banaya kehr(illusion) h  
mein mann tera tu tan(body) mera  
kuch baat mere samajh  
kuch apne samjha

aa to baith(sit) pehle sunn mere - p...

phir tere sunta hu  
mein tang hu zindagi se or  
tang esse umedo(exception) se

Bas! hogya tera ab mere sunn - mann...

tu dimaag se kar kaam apne  
or zindagi jeena h mera kaam  
kuch chije(things) h jo sirf mere h  
or unhe mujhe tu soop(give) daal

tu baat nhi samjh rha mere - p....

jee mein rha hu tu toh antar atma h mere  
kese samjhau ke baat kya  
ke chal rhe mere halat kya

mujhe kya bataega - mann...  
mein tujhse zyada hu tujhe jaanta  
    halat ko tere pehchanta  
mein kuch kuch hoon sambhal leta  
    or terse na hota chota sa kaam  
        vo h na bhulla tera naam

**I won't bore you any longer — this conversation stretched over three or four days, until he made a decision that changed everything. A turning point, a moment that shifted the course of his story. We'll see how it unfolds in the next chapters...**

## “CHAPTER 7: THE BIG STEP”

After a week of long, silent conversations with himself, he began to feel a shift — a subtle change that he later put into words:

Abb baat kuch esse ho gaye  
ke jaha na chahte the vaha aa gye  
ye baat kismat ke h ya raaste ke,  
    ke ye mere kadam chahte the  
  
kuch mere darmiya faasle yu h,  
    ke hum pass ho ke bhe dur h  
tum humko paake bhe juda ho  
    sath chalke bhe tanha ho  
hath pakdk ne mein majboor se ho  
    sahi waqt pe bewaqt se ho  
        Ikin ab bass  
ess guzartee waqt ko dekh sakte h  
    kyuki baat he kuch esse h  
        jo hoke toh raak se h  
prr dil mein khanjar(pin/knife) se chub rhe h

The depth of these words took even me weeks to decode. But it wasn't just reflection — this was the turning point. He took “the big step” and visited a psychiatrist. After hours of consultation, he was diagnosed with:

- Bipolar I
- Acute Stress Disorder
- Dissociative Amnesia
- Insomnia Disorder
- Restless Legs Syndrome
- PTSD
- Panic Disorder

Terrifying, even to hear. After that, he spent entire day in the bathroom, thinking about what to do, how to move forward. He told no one, carried the burden silently, and relied on a small treasure he had kept secret.

His medication and therapy spanned 2.5 years. The medications are ongoing, but today, he is doing well, no longer requiring therapy. Those who know him would never have guessed, because he made it his silent struggle, his private journey — and for that, he wrote life itself as

I have learned  
healing is not loud  
it whispers in broken places  
it arrives when you stop searching.

Some days  
you wake up whole  
other days  
you remember how it feels to fall  
  
but every breath  
is proof –  
you never stopped trying

He never stopped. And on his behalf, I call this chapter: “**BETWEEN THE SILENCE**”  
Recovery continues, chapter after chapter, person after person.

We close this chapter with his own words, titled

#### **“THE BIG STEP – EPILOGUE”:**

he sat in silence  
the clock still whispering 3am  
eyes open,  
but the world – finally soft

Once, even breathing felt borrowed,  
a war between the mind & time  
but healing doesn’t come crashing  
it arises like morning light –  
slow, honest & kind

the mirror still knows his battles,  
the scars still hum their song  
yet he smiles  
not because it's over,  
but because he's still here  
learning to belong.....

**It's a reminder that some journeys are quiet, some victories are invisible, and  
some strength is found in simply staying.**

## **“CHAPTER 8: IS IT THE END?”**

Looking back at everything, seeing how far he's come, and living through it all — at least that much is real.

It's not about how you feel today. One day, it will be about you — truly about you. After everything, let's be selfish, if only for a moment. Focus on yourself, on what you want, on what you are meant to do.

You may be judged — by yourself, by others — but always remember: life gives you two selves. One that is “*meant to be questioned*” and one that is “*unquestioned*. ” Learn to embrace both. Start something that is yours, something you choose, something only you can define.

It may not be a perfect ending, but it is a beginning — a new journey after a long, hard fall. And for that, he wrote:

*Abb baat kuch esse ho gye  
ke likhne ko kuch baaki na bacha h  
ye safar ruka nhi bas waqt badal gya h  
ke aaj ek naya adhyaay(chapter/story) shuru hogaa  
na vo shama hogaa  
na vo prrwana hogaa  
ke sakle(face) badle(change) ho ya na badle  
hame waqt ke sath badlna hogaa  
ab kab tak yu gum ko kandhe(shoulder) pe utna ke chaloge  
khabhi na khabhi usko bhulna hogaa  
ess adhyaay ka waqt yahi khatm hota h,  
agla suraj aate he naya adhyaay shuru hogaa.....”*

And so, as this book closes, remember: every ending carries the seed of a beginning. Every fall teaches a rise. Every silence holds a story waiting to be spoken. This journey, though personal, belongs to anyone who dares to look inward, to face themselves, and to keep moving forward.

The pages may end here, but the story goes on, chapter by chapter, breath by breath, moment by moment.

***GOODBYE!!!!!!***

**THE END... AND YET, A NEW BEGINNING**

## **SYNOPSIS**

“Not A Start, Not The End – It’s Just Something That You Blabber In Your Head” by Aakash Sehrawat is more than a book — it’s a heartbeat carved into words. Told through fragments of poetry, emotion, and silence, it traces the journey of a soul that forgets everything — except pain.

Through sleepless nights, whispers of confusion, and moments of fragile healing, the author invites readers into an intimate exploration of loneliness, memory, and hope. Each chapter unravels a different shade of the human experience — depression, identity, inner voices, and the quiet courage to begin again.

Written in a tender rhythm of English and Hindi, this book captures the soft chaos of falling apart and the beauty of rediscovering yourself in the echoes of your own silence. It isn’t a tale of surrender — it’s a story of learning to breathe again, one gentle breath at a time.

## **BACK COVER**

There are nights that never seem to end — days that echo with the weight of old wounds. Yet somewhere between the noise and the stillness, a quiet voice begins to whisper: *“Keep going.”*

“Not A Start, Not The End – It’s Just Something That You Blabber In Your Head” is that whisper — a tender journey through confusion, healing, and rebirth, told by a soul who lost himself only to discover something far more profound.

For those who feel lost, unseen, or simply tired, these pages are a reminder that you’ve never walked alone. Every ending carries the seed of a beginning. Every scar conceals a story. And within every silence... lies strength.

— *Aakash Sehrawat*

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

There was a time when silence was my only language — when nights stretched endlessly and mornings felt unbearably heavy. I began writing “*Not A Start, Not The End – It’s Just Something That You Blabber In Your Head*” not to be heard, but to heal.

What you’ll find within these pages are fragments of that journey — raw, imperfect, and achingly real. They belong to anyone who has ever felt lost, unseen, or broken in ways words can barely reach.

If you find even a glimpse of yourself in these lines, then this book has already found its purpose. May you discover calm between the words, and remember: healing doesn’t shout — it whispers.

— *Aakash Sehrawat*