In the quiet of my room, it was dark(around 2:30 if I remember correctly) and I was sitting near the window.I was 17 and overwhelmed by a deep sense of loneliness. The night felt thick with silence, as if everything held its breath. It was one of those evenings when a storm brewed within me, stirring up feelings of unrest like a turbulent wave. Suddenly, without any clear reason, I flung my phone to the ground. The crash shattered the eerie silence, a sudden release for the chaos churning inside me, even though there was no specific cause ,just a rush of inner turmoil seeking an outlet.

Externally, I portrayed a different self, draped in humor and good spirits. I cracked jokes, shared laughter, but behind this facade, my true struggles lay hidden. No one probed beyond the surface; they assumed all was well because I could evoke smiles and laughs.

Days merged into a solitary routine until a handful of individuals crossed my path. They noticed beyond the surface, offering genuine care and understanding. Their presence became a lifeline in my sea of isolation. Slowly, I let them in, sharing fragments of my hidden reality. Though loneliness persisted, their support became a beacon of hope, guiding me through the shadows toward a glimmer of understanding and acceptance.

Their support marked a turning point in my life. Slowly, I started feeling less alone. It wasn't an instant change, but their understanding made the weight on my shoulders feel a little lighter. Day by day, their friendship and care began to stitch together the broken pieces of my world. I started to believe that maybe, just maybe, I wasn't entirely invisible or alone in my battles. Their simple gestures gave me a glimmer of hope, nudging me towards a path where the shadows of isolation began to fade, and I could see a bit of light breaking through the darkness.