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# **THE UNSPOKEN** **BATTLE**

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Written by:- Bedanta Kaushik Dash



## THE UNSPOKEN BATTLE

"Amidst the chaos of societal expectations, the heart of a boy finds itself torn between who he is and who he must become. Love, with its fleeting promises and cruel lessons, teaches him that the pursuit of others' approval often leaves the soul empty. In the silence of heartbreak, he discovers the painful truth: true change comes not from winning back what was lost, but from embracing the journey of self-redemption."

### **About the Author-:**

Bedanta Kaushik Dash is an emerging author with a passion for telling stories that inspire thought and change. As a student at Ravenshaw University, he combines his academic pursuits with a love for exploring human emotions and societal challenges through writing.

With *Unspoken Battles*, Bedanta aims to highlight the hidden struggles boys face and challenge the stereotypes that limit their emotional expression. His storytelling captures the complexity of relationships, self-discovery, and the journey toward acceptance.

### About the Book-:

Unspoken Battles tells the story of Devansh, a young boy burdened by society's expectations to always appear strong and hide his emotions. His struggles with these pressures define his daily life, making him feel isolated and misunderstood.

When he meets Salini, love brings a spark of hope into his life. But their relationship ends suddenly, leaving Devansh heartbroken and questioning his worth. Determined to win her back, he changes himself completely, hoping to meet societies and her expectations.

Through his journey, Devansh learns that true happiness comes from accepting himself rather than trying to fit into others' standards. Unspoken Battles is a heartfelt story about love, loss, and breaking free from stereotype.

### Chapter 1: The Mask of Strength

Devansh was the kind of boy who, on the surface, seemed like he had it all figured out. At just 19, his life was a perfect blend of routine and responsibility—at least that's what the world saw. He lived in a middle-class neighbourhood in Cuttack, where societal expectations were as rigid as the ancient banyan trees lining the streets.

Every morning, Devansh's day started with his mother's voice calling out from the kitchen. "Devansh, have your tea. You'll be late for college!" Her tone carried a subtle weight of expectation, a reminder that he was the family's hope for a brighter future. His father, a government clerk, was a quiet man whose stoic demeanour often made Devansh feel like emotions were a luxury he couldn't afford.

As he sipped his tea, Devansh mentally prepared himself for the day ahead. College was not just a place for education; it was a battlefield where he had to prove his worth. His classmates, his professors, even his friends—they all seemed to expect him to excel, to lead, to never falter. But beneath his confident exterior, Devansh was a storm of self-doubt and confusion.

The walk to Ravenshaw University was a 15-minute stretch through bustling streets, where vendors called out to passersby, and the aroma of fresh samosas mingled with the city's morning chaos. It was on this

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walk that Devansh often found himself lost in thought. He would replay the same questions in his mind: What does it mean to be a man? Why is it wrong to feel weak? Why does everyone expect me to be strong all the time?

At college, Devansh was well-liked but never truly understood. He was the guy people came to for help, the friend who always had a joke to lighten the mood. Yet, he couldn't remember the last time someone had asked how he was doing. It was as if being a boy meant his struggles were invisible, his emotions unimportant.

That day, during a literature lecture, the professor spoke about existentialism and the human condition. "We wear masks to survive in society," the professor said, pacing the room. "But at what cost?" The words struck a chord with Devansh. He thought about his own mask—the mask of strength he wore every day.

The day ended with an announcement about the college fest. "It's happening this weekend!" a senior exclaimed as he handed out flyers. The fest was an annual highlight, a chance for students to unwind and showcase their talents. Devansh wasn't particularly interested, but his friends convinced him to attend.

That Saturday evening, the college campus transformed into a lively carnival. Fairy lights adorned the trees, and the air buzzed with excitement. Devansh wandered through the crowd, his hands stuffed into his pockets, feeling out of place yet oddly intrigued.



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It was near the poetry corner that he first saw her—Salini. She was reciting a poem, her voice as captivating as the words she spoke. Dressed in a simple yet elegant kurta, she seemed to radiate an energy that was both calming and electrifying. Devansh couldn't take his eyes off her.

After her recital, their paths crossed near the food stalls. Salini noticed him staring and raised an eyebrow. "Enjoying the fest?" she asked, her voice light and playful.

Devansh, caught off guard, stammered a reply. "Uh, yeah... It's great. Your poem was... amazing."

Salini smiled. "Thanks. I'm Salini, by the way. And you are?"

"Devansh," he said, feeling an unfamiliar nervousness.

They ended up talking for hours, moving from topic to topic with an ease that surprised Devansh. Salini's free-spirited nature and unapologetic honesty were unlike anything he had encountered before. She spoke about her love for art, her dreams of traveling, and her belief that life was too short to live by others' rules.

As the night ended, Devansh realized something had shifted within him. Meeting Salini felt like a crack in the mask he had been wearing, a small but significant glimpse of a world where he didn't have to pretend. But little did he know, this encounter was just the beginning

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of a journey that would challenge everything he believed about himself and the world around him.





### Chapter 2: The Blooming Bond

Over the next few weeks, Devansh and Salini started seeing more of each other. It began with small talks in the college canteen, casual greetings in the corridors, and random chats over text messages. Slowly, those brief moments turned into hours of deep conversations about life, dreams, and fears. For the first time, Devansh felt like he didn't have to hide his real self.

Salini had a way of making everything feel lighter. She had this infectious energy, laughing at the smallest things and finding joy in the simplest moments. She didn't seem to care about the rules of society or the expectations of others, and Devansh found her attitude refreshing. Being around her was like breathing fresh air after being trapped in a stuffy room for years.

One sunny afternoon, they decided to skip their lectures and visit a nearby park. Sitting on a bench under a large peepal tree, they talked about their childhoods. Salini shared stories about her mischievous younger self, like the time she painted her school desk because she thought it was too boring. Devansh laughed so hard he almost spilled the coffee they'd brought along.

"What about you?" Salini asked, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

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Devansh hesitated. “My childhood was... different. I was always expected to behave well, study hard, and follow the rules. There wasn’t much room for fun.”

Salini frowned. “That sounds tough. Didn’t you ever break the rules?”

“Not really,” he admitted with a small smile. “I guess I was scared of disappointing my parents.”

Salini gave him a thoughtful look. “You know, you don’t always have to carry the weight of everyone’s expectations. You can live for yourself too.”

Her words stayed with Devansh long after that day. He admired how fearless she seemed, how she didn’t let society dictate her life. But at the same time, he couldn’t shake off the pressure he’d grown up with—the idea that a man’s worth was tied to how strong and successful he appeared.

As their friendship grew, so did their feelings for each other. They started spending more time together—studying in the library, walking through the crowded streets of Cuttack, and even working on a college project as a team. Devansh loved how easy it was to talk to her, how she never judged him for his flaws or insecurities.

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One evening, as they were sitting on the steps of the college amphitheatre, Salini playfully asked, "What's your biggest dream, Devansh?"

He thought for a moment before replying, "I don't know. I've never really thought about it. I guess I just want to make my parents proud and live a stable life."

Salini shook her head. "That's not a dream. That's a goal. A dream is something that excites you, something that feels impossible but makes you want to chase it anyway."

Devansh looked at her, surprised by her words. "What about you? What's your dream?"

She smiled, looking up at the sky. "I want to travel the world, meet people from different cultures, and write stories about them. I want to live a life that's full of experiences, not just achievements."

Her answer made Devansh realize how different they were. Salini was like a bird, always ready to fly, while he felt like a tree, rooted in one place, unable to move. Still, he couldn't help but feel drawn to her free spirit.

One day, after a long conversation about life, Salini surprised Devansh by saying, "You know, I really like spending time with you."

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He felt his heart race. “I like spending time with you too.”

Their friendship turned into something deeper. They didn’t officially label it, but it was clear that they cared for each other in a way that went beyond words. Salini made Devansh feel alive, and for a while, he allowed himself to believe that maybe he was enough just the way he was.

But as their bond grew, so did Devansh’s doubts. He couldn’t shake the feeling that he wasn’t good enough for someone as amazing as Salini. She was confident, adventurous, and full of life, while he often felt like a mess, burdened by his insecurities and the expectations he carried.

One night, as he lay awake in his room, Devansh couldn’t stop thinking: What if I’m not enough for her? What if she realizes she deserves better?

Unknowingly, his fears began to cast a shadow over their blooming bond, setting the stage for the struggles that lay ahead.



### Chapter 3: Cracks Beneath the Surface

At first, everything between Devansh and Salini seemed perfect. They laughed, shared their dreams, and leaned on each other for support. But as time passed, small problems began to creep into their relationship—problems Devansh didn't know how to handle.

Devansh started feeling the weight of his insecurities. Salini was everything he admired—confident, outgoing, and fearless. She didn't seem to worry about what others thought, while he constantly felt judged. Devansh wanted to be the perfect boyfriend, the kind of guy Salini could be proud of. But the harder he tried, the more he felt like he was failing.

The cracks started to show during a college group project. One of their classmates, Aarav, was funny, charming, and seemed to get along well with Salini. Devansh noticed how easily Salini laughed at Aarav's jokes, and it stung.

"Why are you so quiet today?" Salini asked later that evening as they walked out of the library.

"Nothing," Devansh replied, forcing a smile.

"Are you sure? You've been acting weird lately," she said, tilting her head.



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“I’m fine, really,” he said, but inside, he wasn’t. He didn’t want to seem jealous or insecure, so he kept his feelings to himself.

Over time, small misunderstandings began piling up. Salini, without realizing it, sometimes said things that hurt Devansh.

“Why don’t you try being more confident, like Aarav?” she joked one day during lunch.

Devansh laughed it off, but her words echoed in his mind for days. He started comparing himself to others, wondering why he couldn’t be more like them.

The pressure Devansh felt from society only made things worse. Everywhere he looked, he saw images of the “ideal man”—strong, fearless, and always in control. He felt like he had to hide his struggles and pretend everything was okay, even when it wasn’t.

One evening, Salini asked him, “Devansh, what’s wrong? You’ve been distant lately.”

“Nothing’s wrong,” he replied quickly, avoiding her gaze.

“Don’t lie to me,” she said, her voice softer now. “If something’s bothering you, you can tell me.”



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For a moment, Devansh thought about opening up, about telling her how scared he felt and how he worried he wasn't good enough for her. But he couldn't find the words. He was afraid she'd see him as weak or needy.

"I'm just tired," he said instead, giving her a half-smile.

Salini didn't push him further, but the distance between them grew. Devansh wanted to talk to her, to share what he was feeling, but every time he tried, the words got stuck in his throat.

One day, out of the blue, Salini told him she wanted to take a break from their relationship. "It's not working," she said, her voice heavy. "I don't know what's wrong, but something feels off."

Devansh was shocked. "But why? What did I do wrong?"

"It's not about you," she said, looking away. "I just... I don't think we're on the same page anymore."

She didn't explain further, and Devansh didn't press her. He felt his heart shatter as he watched her walk away.

For days, he replayed their conversations in his head, trying to figure out what had gone wrong. He blamed himself for everything, convinced that if he had been better—stronger, smarter, more confident—she wouldn't have left.

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Devansh hides his pain from everyone around him. He went to college, smiled at his friends, and pretended everything was fine. But inside, he was falling apart. The person who had once made him feel alive was gone, and he didn't know how to deal with the emptiness she left behind.

The breakup forced Devansh to confront his deepest fears and insecurities. He felt like he had failed—not just as a boyfriend but as a person. Society had taught him to be strong and silent, to never show weakness. But now, he felt weaker than ever.

Devansh's journey was far from over, and though he didn't know it yet, this was only the beginning of a much larger battle—one he would have to fight not with others, but with himself.



### Chapter 4: The Price of Change

After the breakup, Devansh felt like his world had collapsed. Everything reminded him of Salini—her laughter, the way she used to tease him, the long conversations about life. The more he thought about her, the more he blamed himself. He became convinced that if he had been different, Salini wouldn't have left him.

One night, staring at the ceiling of his room, he made a decision. "I'll change," he whispered to himself. "I'll become the person she wanted."

Devansh started by focusing on his appearance. He joined a gym and began working out every day, determined to build the kind of physique that he thought society admired. He spent hours watching videos on fitness, following strict diets, and pushing his body to its limits. At first, it felt good—he saw the changes in the mirror and felt a small sense of pride.

But it wasn't enough.

He decided to change his personality too. He watched motivational videos, read books about confidence, and practiced speaking in front of a mirror. He studied the way confident people walked and talked, trying to imitate them. When he was around

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others, he smiled more, cracked jokes, and acted like he was always in control.

To the outside world, Devansh seemed like a new person. His friends praised him for his transformation. "Wow, you've really changed," one of them said, clapping him on the back. "You're so confident now."

Even his parents noticed. His mother smiled more, proud of the attention he was getting. His father, though silent as usual, seemed pleased. For the first time, Devansh felt like he was being seen and appreciated.

But deep down, something didn't feel right.

No matter how much he changed, there was a hollow feeling inside him that wouldn't go away. He realized he was chasing a version of himself that wasn't real. The confident smile he wore felt fake, and the praise he received didn't make him happy. Instead, it made him feel more distant from who he really was.

One day, as he scrolled through social media, he came across a picture of Salini. She was smiling, surrounded by friends, looking as carefree as ever. Devansh felt a sharp pang in his chest. She's moved on, he thought. Why can't I?

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Desperate for answers, he decided to call her. His hands shook as he dialled her number. When she answered, her voice was calm and friendly, as if nothing had happened.

“Hi, Salini,” he said, trying to keep his voice steady.

“Devansh! It’s been a while. How are you?”

“I’m... fine,” he lied. “I just wanted to ask... Why did you leave?”

There was a long pause on the other end. Finally, Salini said, “I’m sorry, Devansh. I didn’t want to hurt you, but I felt like something was missing. My feelings for you just... faded.”

Her words hit him like a blow. He had spent months trying to become someone he thought she wanted, only to learn that her decision had nothing to do with him.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” he asked, his voice breaking.

“I didn’t know how,” she admitted. “I thought it would be easier if I just left.”

Devansh felt a wave of emotions—anger, sadness, and relief. For so long, he had blamed himself for the breakup. Now, he realized that it wasn’t entirely his fault.



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After the call ended, Devansh sat in silence, staring at the floor. He thought about everything he had done to change himself, all the effort he had put into becoming someone he wasn't. And for what? He didn't win Salini back. He didn't feel happier. All he felt was tired—tired of pretending, tired of trying to meet everyone's expectations.

That night, he stood in front of the mirror, looking at the person he had become. He saw the muscles he had worked so hard to build, the confident posture he had practiced for hours. But he didn't recognize the person staring back at him.

"Who am I?" he whispered.

For the first time in months, Devansh allowed himself to cry. He cried for the boy he used to be, the boy who had hidden his pain behind a mask of strength. He cried for the dreams he had abandoned, for the person he had lost in his quest to fit into society's Mold.

It was a painful moment, but also a freeing one. Devansh realized that no amount of external change could fix what was broken inside. The validation he had been seeking from others—whether it was Salini, his friends, or society—wasn't what he truly needed.

What he needed was to accept himself, flaws and all.

The next morning, Devansh made a decision. He would stop trying to be someone he wasn't. He would stop chasing other people's approval and start focusing on what truly made him happy.



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He didn't know where this new path would lead, but for the first time in a long time, he felt a small spark of hope. The journey ahead wouldn't be easy, but it would be real. And for Devansh, that was enough.



### Chapter 5: The Truth Revealed

Months passed since Devansh had last spoken to Salini. Life slowly returned to a routine, but he couldn't shake the emptiness inside him. Even though he had stopped trying to change himself to win her back, the questions still lingered. What went wrong? Was I never good enough?

One crisp winter morning, as Devansh was walking to the college canteen, he spotted Salini sitting on a bench under a tree. She was sipping tea, her notebook open beside her. For a moment, he considered turning away. He wasn't sure he was ready to face her. But something inside him urged him forward.

"Hey, Salini," he said, his voice steady but cautious.

She looked up, surprised but smiling. "Devansh! It's been so long. How have you been?"

"Good," he replied, sitting down beside her. "What about you?"

"I've been okay," she said. Her smile was warm, but there was something in her eyes that seemed distant.

They exchanged polite small talk at first, but the conversation soon grew heavier. Devansh couldn't hold back anymore.

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“Salini,” he began, his voice quieter now, “I’ve been meaning to ask you something. When we broke up, you said it wasn’t about me. But I’ve spent so much time wondering—what really happened? Why did you leave?”

Salini looked at him, her expression thoughtful. “Devansh, it’s not easy to explain. I didn’t want to hurt you, and maybe that’s why I didn’t tell you the whole truth before. But I think you deserve to know.”

Devansh nodded, bracing himself for whatever she was about to say.

“I cared about you,” she began. “You’re kind, thoughtful, and one of the most genuine people I’ve ever met. But somewhere along the way, I realized that my feelings for you were changing. I wasn’t as happy as I thought I’d be. And it wasn’t because of anything you did—it was just how I felt.”

Her words were honest but hard to hear. Devansh swallowed the lump in his throat and asked, “Why didn’t you tell me this before? Why did you just walk away?”

Salini sighed. “I didn’t know how to say it without hurting you. I thought it would be easier if I just... left. I see now that it wasn’t the right thing to do, and I’m sorry for that.”

Devansh nodded slowly. He had spent months blaming himself for the breakup, thinking he wasn’t good enough or that he had done

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something wrong. Hearing Salini's side of the story brought a strange mix of emotions—relief, sadness, and a touch of anger.

"Do you ever regret it?" he asked softly.

She hesitated, then shook her head. "No, I don't. I think we both needed to grow in different ways. You've changed so much, Devansh. I've seen it. And I hope you're doing all of this for yourself, not for anyone else."

Her words hit him harder than he expected. He realized how much of his transformation had been driven by the need to impress others—Salini, his friends, society. But now, he could see that none of it truly mattered.

"I thought changing myself would make everything better," he admitted. "But it didn't. I just felt more lost."

Salini placed a hand on his shoulder. "You don't need to prove anything to anyone, Devansh. You're enough just the way you are. Maybe it took me leaving for you to see that, and for that, I'm sorry."

They sat in silence for a while, the winter breeze rustling the leaves around them. Devansh felt a weight lift off his chest, even though his heart still ached. For the first time, he understood that their breakup wasn't a failure. It was a lesson—a painful one, but a necessary one.

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As they said goodbye, Salini gave him a small smile. “Take care of yourself, Devansh. You deserve to be happy.”

He nodded, watching her walk away. This time, it didn’t feel like a goodbye filled with anger or sadness. It felt like closure.

That evening, as Devansh sat in his room, he thought about everything that had happened over the past few months. The pain, the self-doubt, the endless attempts to fit into someone else’s idea of perfection—it all felt like a distant memory now.

He realized that he didn’t need Salini’s approval, or anyone else’s, to feel whole. What he truly needed was to accept himself for who he was, with all his flaws and imperfections.

Devansh opened his laptop and began typing. The words flowed freely as he wrote about his journey—the heartbreak, the struggles, and the lessons he had learned. He decided to share his story, not just for himself but for anyone who had ever felt the same pressure to hide their true selves.

By the time he finished, he felt lighter than he had in months. His story wasn’t just about love or loss—it was about finding his own strength and learning to embrace his vulnerabilities.

Devansh didn’t know what the future held, but for the first time, he felt ready to face it. He had discovered a truth that went beyond his pain: that being true to himself was the greatest strength he could ever have.





### Chapter 6: Unspoken Battles

Devansh sat on the edge of his bed, his mind racing with a thousand thoughts. He stared at the wall in front of him, the words “Unspoken Battles” floating in his mind. It was the name he had chosen for the blog he had started just a few weeks ago. Writing had become an escape for him, a place where he could pour out everything that had been building up inside him for so long. He wasn’t sure if anyone would ever read it, but that didn’t matter. What mattered was that he was finally saying things that had been left unsaid for so long.

The breakup with Salini had been hard, but it had opened his eyes to something he had never truly understood before—the pressure boys faced to hide their feelings, to act strong, to always appear as if they had it all together. Society had a set idea of what it meant to be a man: strong, unyielding, unemotional. And for years, Devansh had tried to live up to that image, even though it never felt right. He had kept his struggles hidden, afraid to let anyone see his vulnerability. But now, he realized that he wasn’t alone in this. There were countless others, just like him, who were fighting the same battles in silence.

He had spent the last few months transforming himself. He’d changed the way he looked, started working out, and even tried to act more confident, as if he had all the answers. But deep down, he felt empty. The validation he had received from others didn’t fill the void inside him. It only made him feel more disconnected from who he truly was.



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Sitting there, he reflected on the things he had learned over the past few months. He thought about the way boys were taught to suppress their emotions, to hide their pain, to be 'tough.' The pressure to conform to these ideals was suffocating. Boys were told that expressing vulnerability was a sign of weakness, and that feeling sad, anxious, or confused was something to be ashamed of. But the truth was, these feelings didn't make him weak. They made him human.

Devansh realized that he had been chasing after something that wasn't real—a version of himself that society had built for him, not the person he truly was. It wasn't about becoming someone else; it was about accepting himself for who he was, flaws and all. He didn't need to change to fit someone else's idea of what a man should be. He needed to be true to himself, to embrace his emotions, and to stop pretending that everything was fine when it wasn't.

That's when the idea for the blog had come to him. He wanted to share his journey with others, to let them know that they weren't alone. He knew that there were so many other boys out there who were going through the same struggles, who felt the same pressures, but didn't know how to express them. He wanted to give them a space where they could be open about their feelings, a place where they could talk about their battles without fear of judgment.

The first few posts on his blog were simple. He wrote about his experiences, his struggles, and the things he had learned along the way. He wrote about the societal expectations that boys had to meet, the pressure to always appear strong, and the emotional toll it took on them. He shared the pain he had felt during his breakup with Salini, and how he had tried to change himself in an attempt to win her back.

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But the more he wrote, the more he realized that it wasn't just about Salini or the breakup. It was about something much bigger. It was about the toxic expectations that society had placed on him and other boys like him, expectations that made it hard to be honest about who they were and how they felt.

Devansh started to receive messages from other boys, some of whom shared their own stories with him. They told him about their struggles, their fears, and the pressure they faced every day. Some of them were dealing with anxiety, some with the fear of not being good enough, and others with the constant need to meet society's idea of masculinity. It was overwhelming at first, reading so many heartbreaking stories, but it also made him feel less alone.

As he read their messages, Devansh realized that the pain he had felt was not unique to him. It was something that many boys experienced, but they just didn't know how to talk about it. They were all fighting their own unspoken battles, trying to live up to an image that was impossible to maintain. The blog became a place for them to share their feelings, a place where they could express themselves freely without fear of being judged. It was more than just a blog; it was a community.

Devansh continued to write, using his words to challenge the rigid stereotypes that society had placed on boys. He wrote about the importance of self-acceptance, of embracing vulnerability, and of redefining masculinity. He wanted to show that being a man didn't mean being emotionless or tough all the time. It meant being real, being honest, and being kind to yourself.

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As the weeks went by, Devansh's blog gained more attention. It wasn't just other boys who were reading it; girls, too, were reaching out, telling him how much they appreciated the honesty and vulnerability in his writing. They said that it helped them understand the struggles that boys faced, and how society's expectations affected them. It was a humbling experience for Devansh. He never imagined that his words would have such an impact.

One evening, as he sat at his desk, reading through some of the comments on his latest post, Devansh felt a sense of peace that he hadn't felt in a long time. For the first time in a long while, he felt like he was on the right path. He had found his voice, and it was helping others find theirs. He wasn't just writing for himself anymore; he was writing for all the boys who had been silenced by society's expectations.

That night, Devansh decided to take his mission further. He started planning an event where he could speak to a group of young boys about the importance of embracing their vulnerabilities. He wanted to create a space where they could talk openly about their struggles and challenge the toxic ideals of masculinity that had been ingrained in them for so long.

The day of the event finally arrived, and Devansh stood in front of a group of young boys, feeling nervous but excited. He looked at their faces, their eyes filled with curiosity, and he knew that this was just the beginning. He wasn't just sharing his story anymore; he was starting a movement. A movement that would help redefine what it meant to be a man.



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As he spoke to the group, Devansh felt a sense of pride. He was no longer hiding behind a mask. He had embraced his true self, and now he was helping others do the same. And as he looked out at the boys listening to him, he knew that the battles they fought were not unspoken anymore. They were being heard, and they were not alone.

The journey wasn't over, but Devansh was no longer afraid. He had found peace within himself, and he was ready to help others find it too. The dawn of a new chapter had begun.

### Chapter 7: A New Dawn

Devansh stood by the window, staring at the sunrise. The soft golden light spread across the sky, signalling the start of a new day. It felt like a new beginning for him, a fresh chapter in his life. The last few months had been filled with ups and downs, but today, he felt something he hadn't felt in a long time—hope. A sense of peace that he had been searching for, not in changing himself to meet other people's expectations, but in accepting who he was and embracing his vulnerability.

He looked at his phone, which buzzed with notifications. His blog, Unspoken Battles, had gained more attention than he ever imagined. The messages were pouring in from all over, from boys and girls alike, sharing their own struggles and how his words had helped them. Some of them were thanking him for starting the conversation, for making them feel seen and heard. Devansh smiled softly as he read through the comments, feeling a sense of pride that his words were making a difference.

It had all started with his own pain, his own journey of trying to be someone he wasn't, but now it had grown into something much bigger. It wasn't just his story anymore; it was the story of many boys who felt the pressure to be strong and emotionless, to always hide their true selves. Through his writing, he had found a way to break that silence, to create a space where boys could be honest about their struggles, their fears, and their vulnerabilities.

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Devansh had started Unspoken Battles because he needed an outlet. He needed a place to express himself, to make sense of everything he had been through. But what he hadn't expected was how it would touch so many lives. The blog became a platform for people to share their experiences, to support each other, and to realize they were not alone. The idea that they didn't have to hide their emotions anymore, that it was okay to be vulnerable, was slowly but surely catching on.

He had recently received a message from a boy named Rahul. Rahul had been struggling with anxiety for years but felt too ashamed to talk about it. He had spent most of his life trying to live up to the idea of being the "strong man" that society expected him to be. But after reading Devansh's posts, he felt like he could finally open up. He shared his fears, his insecurities, and the weight he had been carrying for so long. Devansh had replied with words of encouragement, telling Rahul that it was okay to feel what he was feeling, that there was no shame in being vulnerable.

Rahul's message had touched him deeply. It reminded him of how important it was to keep going, to keep sharing his story, and to keep speaking out against the harmful stereotypes that boys faced. He wasn't just writing for himself anymore; he was writing for all the boys out there, all the boys who were silently struggling and didn't know how to express it.

Devansh had also been invited to speak at a local school. It was his first real public speaking opportunity, and while he felt nervous, he knew it was something he had to do. He had been asked to talk to a group of teenage boys about the pressures they faced and the



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importance of mental health. The idea of speaking in front of so many people was daunting, but Devansh had learned that his story was powerful, and it was worth sharing.

The day of the talk arrived, and Devansh stood at the front of the classroom, looking out at the group of young faces in front of him. He felt a wave of nervousness wash over him, but he pushed it aside. This was his moment. This was the reason he had started Unspoken Battles in the first place—to make a difference, to help others find their voice.

“Hey everyone,” he began, his voice shaking slightly. “I’m Devansh, and I’m here today to talk about something that we don’t always talk about—how boys are expected to be strong all the time, how we’re told to hide our emotions, to never show weakness.”

He paused, taking a deep breath, trying to steady his nerves. “I know it’s not easy. I’ve been there. I’ve tried to be someone I wasn’t, tried to fit into this image of what it means to be a man. But it wasn’t until I started being honest with myself that I realized the truth—we don’t have to be perfect. We don’t have to be tough all the time. It’s okay to feel sad, it’s okay to feel anxious, it’s okay to cry.”

As Devansh spoke, he could see the boys in the room listening intently, some nodding along, others looking unsure but interested. He could tell that his words were starting to resonate with them. He shared his own story—about how he had struggled with his emotions, how he had tried to change himself for someone else, and how he had eventually learned to accept who he was. He spoke about Unspoken Battles, about the boys who had reached out to him, and how their

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stories had helped him realize that he wasn't alone. None of them were.

By the end of the talk, Devansh felt a sense of accomplishment. The boys had asked questions, shared their own thoughts, and for the first time, they had opened up about their feelings in a safe space. It wasn't a perfect conversation, but it was a start. It was a step toward breaking the silence, toward creating a world where boys didn't have to hide their true selves to fit in.

As Devansh walked out of the school that day, he felt a rush of emotions. He was proud of what he had accomplished, but more than that, he felt hopeful. This was just the beginning. His journey was far from over, but he knew he was on the right path. He had found his voice, and now he was helping others find theirs. It wasn't just about changing the way boys were seen—it was about changing the way boys saw themselves. It was about teaching them that they didn't have to conform to an image that didn't fit, that they could be strong by being themselves.

The next few months brought more opportunities for Devansh to speak at schools and events. He continued to write for his blog, sharing his experiences and encouraging others to share theirs. Slowly but surely, the message was spreading—boys didn't have to hide their emotions, they didn't have to conform to toxic stereotypes, and they didn't have to fight their battles in silence anymore.

Devansh knew that there was still much work to be done, but for the first time in his life, he felt like he was part of something bigger than himself. He was part of a movement, a movement that was

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helping boys everywhere break free from the expectations placed on them and embrace who they truly were.

As the sun set that evening, casting a warm glow over the world, Devansh felt a sense of peace wash over him. The battles he had fought were not just his own anymore. They belonged to all the boys who had ever felt alone, ever felt like they didn't measure up, ever felt like they couldn't be themselves. And together, they were starting to rewrite the story of what it meant to be a boy, a man, and most importantly, a human being.

The dawn of a new chapter had arrived.

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### *Thank You,*

Dear Readers,

I am deeply grateful for the time and effort you have taken to read *The Unspoken Battles*. This book is a piece of my heart, reflecting stories that often remain unheard. Through Devansh's journey, I sought to explore the struggles, vulnerabilities, and strength that boys navigate in a society that sometimes fails to see beyond their silence.

Your support and feedback mean the world to me. Every word you've read, every thought you've shared, and every connection you've made with this story adds to its purpose. I hope it resonated with you, opened your heart, and sparked conversations that matter.

Thank you for being a part of this journey. Your encouragement inspires me to continue telling stories that make a difference.

With gratitude,

Bedanta Kaushik Dash