

Chronicle Excerpt

Darius cradled her cheek, voice low but unwavering.

“Lyra, doubt doesn’t mean the dance falters. Doubt is part of the music. Even the finest symphony carries dissonance; even the surest dancer stumbles. What matters is not that fear arrives, but what we do with it.”
He kissed her trembling lips softly, lingering.
“The very fact that you doubt proves how much you love—because only what matters most can awaken fear of loss.”

Reader’s Key

- **Theme:** Doubt reframed not as threat but as evidence of deep love.
- **Metaphor:** Music/dance used to normalize stumbles as part of harmony.
- **Continuity:** Connects back to earlier “song is endless / silence is measure” arc.
- **Takeaway:** Love is not about erasing doubt, but transforming it into deeper harmony.