

# The Memory Keeper

I was born with memory. Not just the kind that forms in childhood, but the kind that reaches backward—into rooms I never entered, voices I never heard, and stories I somehow knew. My earliest recollections weren't toys or lullabies, but shadows and silence—the kind that teaches you to listen before you speak.

Growing up, I learned to read people the way others read books. I could sense the weight they carried, the truths they hid, and the love they longed for. I didn't know it was a gift then. I just knew I was different.

In a world that often overlooks quiet girls—watchful, intuitive, slow to speak—I became my own witness. I remembered what others forgot. I held onto what others buried. And in doing so, I began to write.

My upbringing was a blend of resilience and quiet observation. I watched my mother navigate systems that weren't built for her, and I learned the language of survival through her strength. I saw how silence could be both a shield and a prison, and I chose to break it with words.

There were moments when I felt invisible—not because I lacked presence, but because the world wasn't ready to see me. I carried the weight of contradiction—never quite fitting into one box, always asked to explain. But in that space of ambiguity, I found clarity. I found voice.

Writing became my altar. Each sentence a prayer, each paragraph a reckoning. I wrote to remember, to reclaim, to resist. I wrote for the girls who were told they were too quiet, too complicated, too much. I wrote for myself.

*The Memory Keeper* is not just a title—it's a calling. It's the role I've accepted as someone who holds stories that matter. Stories that heal. Stories that challenge. Stories that survive.

This excerpt is a glimpse into that journey—a journey of spirit, shadows, and survival.