

The Girl Who Collected Sunsets

Every evening at exactly 6:12 pm, Anaya climbed the old water tank behind her house. The steps were rusty, the railing shaky, but the view—oh, the view—was perfect.

She didn't come there to escape people.

She came to collect sunsets.

Not with jars or cameras, but with her heart.

Each sunset felt different. Some were soft and pink, like the sky was whispering secrets. Others burned orange and red, as if the sun was angry about leaving. On days when Anaya felt heavy, the sky turned purple, deep and quiet, like it understood her.

People in the village thought she was odd.

“Why sit alone every day?” they asked.

Anaya only smiled.

Because they didn't know that sunsets talked.

One evening, when the sky was streaked with gold, a boy appeared beside her. He didn't speak at first—just watched the horizon like he belonged there.

“They're beautiful,” he finally said.

“Yes,” Anaya replied. “But they're also brave.”

“Brave?” he laughed.

“They leave even when they're loved,” she said softly.

The boy didn't laugh after that.

Days passed. The boy kept coming. Some days they talked. Some days they didn't. The sunsets never failed them.

Then one evening, the sky was grey. No colors. No fire. Just clouds.

“I'm leaving tomorrow,” the boy said. “City life. New dreams.”

Anaya nodded, even though her chest felt tight.

The next day, the sunset exploded—pink, orange, purple, gold—all at once. The most beautiful one she had ever seen.

Anaya smiled through tears.

She finally understood.

Sunsets weren't endings.

They were proof that goodbyes could still be beautiful.

And every time the sun dipped below the horizon after that, Anaya collected it—not to keep, but to remember that even things that leave can leave light behind.