



Evolution

She shut the door. Tears streamed down her face. Had he just deceived her?

The sky was the shade of the midnight, and the pavements drizzled and reflected the light from the lampposts and car headlights.

But...

What she saw was the darkness of her heart, which turned to the darkness of her world.

When she smiled, her mouth would rise up to meet her ears and her eyes crinkled which would always resemble a child's sketch of the rising sun.

But now...

What had happened to her?

Everything had changed.

And it was the change that had



destroyed her, her passion, her devotion
and her commitment to her cause.

"dah..."

A shriek destroyed her innate silence
but it was not powerful enough to
shake the world.

Because, she was a girl.

Her face which was pretty, pretty as
a doll appeared disgusting to her. It was
like

"No..."

She couldn't even think of it.

The mirror in her room was
punished for showing the truth just
as she was punished.

"Oh God! What had happened to me?"

She tried to remember but only
to let out a scream.

"Why should she call the almighty? Why



If it is impossible for him to see her life, the excruciate life of a destitute?"

She couldn't even stand. Her legs were fragile and her face appeared ashen.

She looked out through the window, to the sky which was now the colour of a television, tuned to a dead channel.

And the colour of sky was slowly, but sharply grabbing her icy cold fingers and trying to drag her to the infinity.

"But ..."

She tried to touch her face.

Her friend ~~or~~ one who believed ~~as~~ to be her friend had turned to a foe and it had created a spark, a spark which was powerful to burn her future, her life and her passion.



and burn herself and spread agony to her life.

The burns were turning into the fire which reflected in her eyes which had partially lose its ability to enjoy the beauty of the world.

A drop of tear rolled down her cheek, through the old path created but she was not ready to leave it. It was not she, who had to shed tears.

"It's not me, who is the culprit, then why should I suffer?..."

She saw a butterfly that was stuck in a cobweb struggling to survive.

"If an insect can, why can't I?"

It was time for her to stand and she was now ready to stand.

"But..."



" Can a butterfly ^{tear} ~~tear~~ the cobweb into parts and blew off the spider with the flap of her wing? "

She tried to move the dark cloth but not to shriek.

In the burns, ^{what} she saw ^{was} not her agony, but the fire of revenge or the fire of survival.

But she didn't realize ~~it~~ that it was the beginning of her evolution.

The evolution of a girl for her survival.

And what was important was not compassion. It had no place today.

She realised that it was impossible to gain it. Compassion was gone out of time.

And what she need was courage.

" COURAGE "

She whispered.



"COURAGE"

She raised her voice.

She had to learn to raise her voice.

And it was evolution.

She had to learn to stand up.

And it was the evolution.

It was the worst of times, it was the

best of times, it was the age of wisdom,

it was the age of foolishness, it was

the spring of joy and it was the winter

of despair.

And she had to kill the evil fate,

which had turned to the shape of a

snake and was trying to wrap her

with the powerful venom of despair and

depression and kill her.

She had to throw off the

compassion which the older generation

had planted and grown in the centre of



her heart. It was also needed, but
what a girl today require is
"COURAGE."

In this era, of men transforming
into animals and animals turning
humane, what women require was
"COURAGE" more than compassion.

She could hear the cries of
girls like her and she felt as if
they were begging for her help.

"Aah.."

She shut her ears and realised
that it won't help her as the cries
were so powerful, powerful enough to
illuminate the whole earth.

And it was time for the evolution
to show the world the evil dance
of revenge.

And...



And she was turning to a ball of fire, a star, the sun itself and was raising to the sky. The sun was glowing like anything and gave heat like anything.

And the light of that sun spread light to the dark panes of different lifes lives and the heat burnt the culprits into ashes which were blowed away in the strong winds of fate.

It was an evolution of ~~girls~~ girls into their own fatechangers.

And the sun, raised above and above, melting every cobwebs which had spread across the whole earth and feed the butterflies into the colourful gardens of divine nectar.

And the butterflies who tasted the divine nectar, were also evolved into



wonderful creatures who had the courage to change the fate.

And what happened to the goddess of compassion?

She had also undergone evolution and had turned courageous enough to join hands with courage of the butterflies of the world.

And it turned to the spring of joy and happiness where the butterflies flapped their wings and honeybees sang the beauty of the world.

Everything had changed.

And at just one stare, she defined a lot about her passion, her devotion and her commitment to her cause.

Here ends of mouth started to meet her ears and her eyes once again crinkled. And once again the sun began



to rise from her face to her family,
to her society, to her country and
to her world.

She rose the sun to the apex
of the world with a lamp on her
left hand and courage on her right
hand.

And the unity of goddesses of
compassion and bravery glowed at
the centre of the earth, with its utmost
dignity.

AND IT WAS A NEW BEGINNING

WHICH ORIGINATED THROUGH

EVOLUTION.