

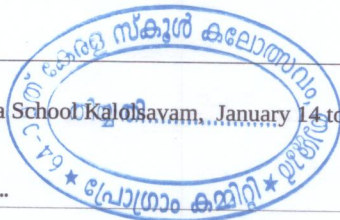


The day could have ended differently.

The warm sunlight brushed my cheeks through the windows. Scanning around my room, I realised it was my last day there. Yes, I have decided to end this all. This somber life would never grant me peace and I could not continue living this nightmare. Living with foster parents is not easy as people think. I can do nothing rather than tolerating their ~~their~~ vicious words and actions. In the name of food and shelter, I have to withstand their insults. I pity myself. Childhood is a privilege and not everyone is blessed with a good one.

Indulged in my thoughts, I took out the bottle of poison from my drawer. The thought of giving life a second chance felt hopeless and storic. I felt that was the correct decision to take. ~~The~~<sup>My</sup> eyes dwelled up with tears. It was as if my heart sank into the depth of the ocean, my mind flew into the cold of the woods and my soul, ceased into the wrathful heat of the sun. I felt to end it all.



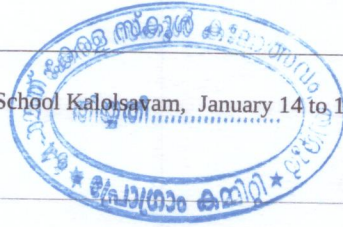


Before ending my life, I decided to take a final walk at the park nearby. I quickly grabbed my breakfast and walked off. The serene city glistened in the daylight. All the faces I saw radiated happiness and hope. In the world full of chaos, I mastered the art of silence. And quietly, I ambled to the park. Maybe happiness was the flame I could never kiss.

But then, something made me pause my walk. It was a group of children on the streets. One of the children had a bun and the others' eyes gleamed at the sight of it. The little girl shared her food without any reluctance. Even though she had little, she did not hesitate. She made me think how a little girl like her <sup>could</sup> have a mindset like that. My gaze then went to my pack of breakfast. I felt like they needed it more, so I crossed the road to her and offered her my breakfast. She accepted it with a smile and I ~~can~~ resumed my journey.

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After a couple of minutes, I finally reached the park. I troded and sat on the bench where I used to sit with my parents. Streams of tears flowed down my cheek like pearls. I sat there numb and wondered how soothing the poison would feel. I wanted the air to choke me, the water to drown me and the fire to burn me. My pensive psyche parked in vain and even the destiny looked at me helpless.

It was then someone sat beside me. She was a foreteller, all haggard, with tales of descended men and great terrains. She smiled at me but I could not return it. "May I know why you are crying my dear?" - the foreteller asked. With much reluctance I told her my story. How my parents left me tragically, to getting adopted by the foster parents and failing to live life. The woman took a deep breath and placed one of her hands on my shoulder.





"You live for yourself my dear and never will anyone route for you." she said with a warm smile. "You are like wildfire in silk, a very strong soul coaxed in grace and love. You will eventually find your path and your reason to live. Just don't jump into conclusions." With that she gave me a small jade, a symbol of hope and left. I wondered "Was everything she said <sup>true</sup> ~~real~~? It all did make sense. I live for myself! I just have to be grateful for what I have." It opened my eyes.

I realised the bottle of poison I held should not define my life. I have more to give myself. Maybe I sabotaged my life till now thinking I deserve no happiness. Yes, happiness was the flame I could never kiss, but it was because I never kindled it myself. Suicide would never be a solution to anything. I should have known better.





I stood up, strong this time. Every step forward was a poem of resilience, a testament to my heart that refused to break. I walked to my house with a sense of gratitude within me. I was stopped midway by the group of children earlier. They came to thank me. My eyes melted with their smile. I can make others happy too! I now have a reason to live.

Perhaps life is meant to be like this. I just have to keep up my spirit. I know its hard but freedom to live won't always feel like having wings. Sometimes its like bleeding without apology. I didn't believe in destiny, until it came knocking on my door. ~~bleeding~~. I don't blame myself, never once will. I vowed to myself to never take a decision like this and to always move on. But, had I not come to take a final walk around, the day could have ended differently...