



Topic: Someone you trusted has treated you badly.

The Art of Letting go

The chugging of the train echoed in her ears as it moved along the track, undisturbed. The wind began to caress her, covering her in a blanket of warmth. Her eyes began started to beseeched her to close, themselves, but her mind had kept her busy with its ruminating. She had finally gathered courage to travel back to her hometown and she regretted it already. As the picturesque scenery came into her view, she enjoyed started to enjoy the lush green bushes and vibrant hues of the tiny flowers that spread vast. ~~she gently~~ Anne gently let the eyes close and decided to free the mind with its wandering.

10 years ago:

"Anne, what are you doing here? You should be back at the orphanage.", Miss Jessie yelled at her from the opposite side of children's park. She ambled to Anne and crouched in front of Anne's ~~10 year~~ little body, while her face waited for an answer.



"Where is John? I'm looking for him. He didn't come to school for a whole week", Anne's ~~10~~¹² year old Anne's innocent voice could light up a smile in anyone. But this time her words carried a slight melancholy, and so did her eyes.

"I'm sure he's fine, Anne. Don't worry. You should get back to ^{the} orphanage soon. It's getting late.", black Jessie Miss said. Her brown eyes shimmered under the sun's golden light. Jessie Miss, Anne's class teacher, ~~had~~ was a benevolent woman who was every student's favourite.

Anne nodded after a diffident pause and smiled in hope that she would see John soon. Little did that poor 14 year old girl know that her hope rose up only to shatter itself.

Present:

She opened her eyes suddenly, making up her mind to never close ^{them} again. ~~To not let mind be a~~ She saw the station she had arrived and realised ^{that} she still had 15 mins until her destination.



..... She looked at the children in her opposite seat, who were laughing so hard that they made Anne smile. They were playing silly games that were maybe stupid, but sure were joy. She couldn't help but think of her school days. She still remembered her first day which was a nightmare for her the curious little Anne 16 years ago: first day of school:

..... "Look at her! She is an orphan she has no family," the bullies laughed at her while she lay down on the sand after they pushed her.

..... Suddenly a hand ~~came~~^{stretched} in front of her. She looked up to see its owner and found a boy with black hair that fell down to his eyes and a smile so bright that he lit up the whole room. She took his hand and stood up, removing the dress sand in her new uniform using her hands.

..... "Don't care about what they say. They are always like that..stupid and mean", he said to her kindly. "I am John by the way, your are Anne, right? I heard from Jessie Miss she's my favourite teacher" he said.

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"Yes, I am. Anne. I like Jessie Miss too", she said hesitantly.

"Let's go to the park and play, shall we?", John asked noticing her awkwardness.

"Sure", Anne's words were preceded with her steps that followed him.

Present:

The announcement brought her out of her reverie and she stood up in the crowded train as a result. In an instant, she had arrived in her home town. To many, a home needs parents. But to her, her home was her orphanage, Jessie Miss, John and all the kids she used to play with. Because they were the ones that she was truly happy with. They were the ones that she trusted. She pushed through the rush even though the cramped up people were already squeezing all the air out of her lungs. She let the crowd take over, and stood patiently after giving up to after she had failed to walk forward. She looked in the mirror to her side and her neck length red hair and blue eyes stared back at her. Her thin lips were had long forgotten

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how to smile. As she continued staring, a figure.....
approached her from the back. ~~she~~ Her mind spiralled
in confusion as she turned around. A man around
50 years old came walking and his face was held
up in an expression that she could not quite decipher.
He smiled sympathetically before letting the restrained
words in ~~be~~ his throat come out.....
..... "Hi", he said.....
..... "Hello, do I know you?", Anne asked after deciding
to not ignore the strange for some reason.....
..... "I don't think so, I wish you did", his smile had
so vanished by then and he quickly took out an
envelope from his bag ~~he~~ handed it over and before
she could ask what it was, he disappeared like ~~he~~
a ghost. As if ~~she~~ she was never there.....
..... She ~~ket~~ stopped staring the moment she
understood that the train will start moving soon..
and she got out. Her confusion and curiosity was
a deadly combo that made her open the envelope..
the moment her foot stepped outside.....



..... Address. It was an address to a house about
2^{hr} hr. from her orphanage. What was it for? Who was
that stranger? She did not know. "I'm not going to
go to a random address", she said to herself.
And the next thing she knew, she was in a taxi
showing the driver the random address. Because
she had a feeling that it was important. Just a gut
feeling. And in that gut feeling, she was gonna
going to go alone to an unknown address for
an unknown reason.

..... That sudden journey made her think of all
her old last minute travels. Her journeys that were
fueled by her determination to find John. Even after
10 years, she did not lose her hope. She only acted
as if she accepted a truth, that she knew deep
inside was a lie. There was no calls or information
from John in those 10 years and everyone else said
random rumours that she couldn't bring herself to
believe. She trusted him. More than anyone she
knew. More than anyone she will ever meet. 6 years
of friendship made her trust him and love him. And

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as an orphan, love, friendship, trust were terms that were supposed to be just words to her. Words with no meaning. And he had changed it all for her. He had made her dream about the so called "impossible... dreams". He had made her smile ~~when~~ even when her tears decided to betray her. He had encouraged her ~~and~~ in all her decisions and laughed with her after doing something silly and stupid at that young age. He could change her whole mood of the day just by showing up. That was John. A pillar that she knew would never break. How could she ever believe that her John would betray her? Never. No, ~~she~~ she always said to herself.

..... "I think this is your destination", the driver said looking at the large arched gate. She stepped outside and paid the money. Before walking up to the gate that towered over her, she pushed open the gate with all her might and she was rewarded with a creaking voice from the rusty old metal sticking over the naked sand. She felt apprehensive.... about going in. But she was obstinate and walked

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in, willing to face anything. The house was so large that she thought it was a palace. It was ineffable. The lawn outside, the precise carvings on the outer wall, the matching colors that resplendent colors, all made the house look like it was ^{a palace} imparted from medieval times. She took hesitant steps her meticulous steps, constantly debating in her mind if she should actually go inside.

She stepped up to the verandah, dicking the doorbell that made a pleasant sound that was maybe a bit too loud. The door to the house was also arched with wooden flowers decorating it. It flew open as a figure emerged from inside.

"Hello!", she said the old woman said while adjusting her glasses.

"Aunt Mary?", Anne gasped, struggling to catch her breath as she looked wide-eyed.

"Anne? Is that you my dear?", the woman asked with a surprise that mirrored Anne's. They wasted no second before clashing with each other

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hugging each other tightly, Anne found herself stuck in a cascade of thoughts as she was squeezed by a hug from her best friend's mother. Her missing friend's mother, John's mother.

"I've missed you Anne. Your sweet voice and delightful smile," Mary said.

"Anne smiled in return and asked a question with no words. Her eyes were enough for Aunt Mary to read her thoughts.

"John's not here. He is in Switzerland. With his wife," Aunt Mary said poignantly.

"What?", the word only came out as a whisper.

"He got married a year ago. From Switzerland. He had loved this girl from our neighbourhood before a long time and they both married each other. He left your town ^{ten} years ago to come and stay here. He found this school here that trained young children to become a pilot and you know it was always his dream right? Not just him. Yours too I know. But this program here was really expensive and even we denied his request first. But he was so

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determined. that we gave in. He trained so hard. And he is a pilot now. All thanks to that program and school." Aunt Mary finished her words.....
..... "No. That's impossible. It doesn't make sense at all. It was our dream. Becoming pilots together. He would never betray me like that. Never. I know him," Anne said in one breath. ~~as~~.....
..... "You knew him, Anne? You don't know the man he has become. And I told you. The school was expensive. I don't mean it as an offense but we all knew that you couldn't afford it. And we didn't want to upset you by telling you that. ~~But~~ John ^{was} going to pursue his dreams while you ^{were} ~~arent~~ ^{weren't}, Mary said defending her son and still understanding Anne's mental state.....
..... ^{Anne} ~~she~~ didn't say a word she couldn't. Not when someone you trusted has treated you this badly. Anne knew how much John's dreams meant to him. But she thought that it was a dream that they build together. she knew it was stupid to feel upset for someone achieving their dreams and that

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she should be happy for them. But a small part of her ~~bre~~ was breaking inside. Her whole childhood was now a nightmare for her. she didn't realise... she was outside the gate until she heard Aunt Mary's yelling. "Anne". she couldn't stand there after that. No. Her hope that was built over the... period of 10 years was gone, shattered to pieces. Never to be fixed again. she sat outside the gate as she held her hand to her face, whimpering. Tears dropping down with no mercy. Heart beating so hard and loud that she thought it was going to... explode. Hands shivering and praying for their life. She didn't know how long she sat there before... getting up. But the sun had begun to set. s.....
..... she stood up. Wiping all her tears away. the envelope still held tightly in her hands. she stretched her hands to throw it away, but stopped after sensing something else inside it. she ripped the... whole thing open. ~~Beats~~ Finger spread through her veins as she tore each piece and found a picture until the only thing left in her hand was a picture..

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..... A picture of the stranger in train. A woman
and herself when she was young. It ~~her~~ stare pierced
through it as she could not make out how it was
possible. ~~the~~ ~~her~~ Anne as a baby was held in
that stranger's arm and smile was there in
everyone's face.....

..... Who was that stranger. Why am I in the
picture? She began to ask herself, avoiding the most
pragmatic meaning and truth behind the picture...
She finally asked herself the real question: Is he
my father? Why did he leave me? How does he know
about John? Has he been watching me all these years?
And just when ~~the~~ ~~she~~ she thought that the day
couldn't get any worse. It did. She looked behind
the picture and it read: "Don't look for me, please".
She stood there still, not knowing what to do. Just
when she thought she got answers to the questions
about John, more questions crept in, taking hold of
her brain and rattling, she took a deep breath,
again and again. Again and again. ~~she~~.....



..... She reached ^{her lodge} home by 8 pm and the first
thing she did was take out her diary.....

Dear diary,

..... Today was the most unexpected and
devastating day of my life. I spent my past 10 years,
trying to find John. And I finally found him. Only to
be disappointed. Betrayed. Devastated. And then I
find out that I probably have a father who has been
watching me and doesn't want me ~~see~~ looking for him.
Pill in one day. Life's funny, isn't it? But this day taught
me a lot that a school or college could never teach.
That even if you trust someone so deeply, you should
never trust anyone fully. Because the only person that
is gonna be with you till your last breath is yourself.
I am done waiting for others. I am done ~~waiting for~~
setting out on journeys to find others and to get
answers and truths. Because some truths are best
unknown. Tomorrow I'm leaving this place. To find
Not to find John. Not to find my family. To find
myself. To find and achieve my dreams. Because that's
the only thing that matters to me now. Nothing else.

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.. Be a Life.. teaches you how to trust, How to love...
.. But it also teaches you how ~~to~~ it is to be betrayed
.. and unloved.. How hard it is to let go.. It brings you
.. to a point where trusting someone feels like a...
.. joke that is impossible.. It took me long to learn...
.. ~~think~~ this. But I'm grateful that I did. Because now
.. I live for myself. For my dreams..