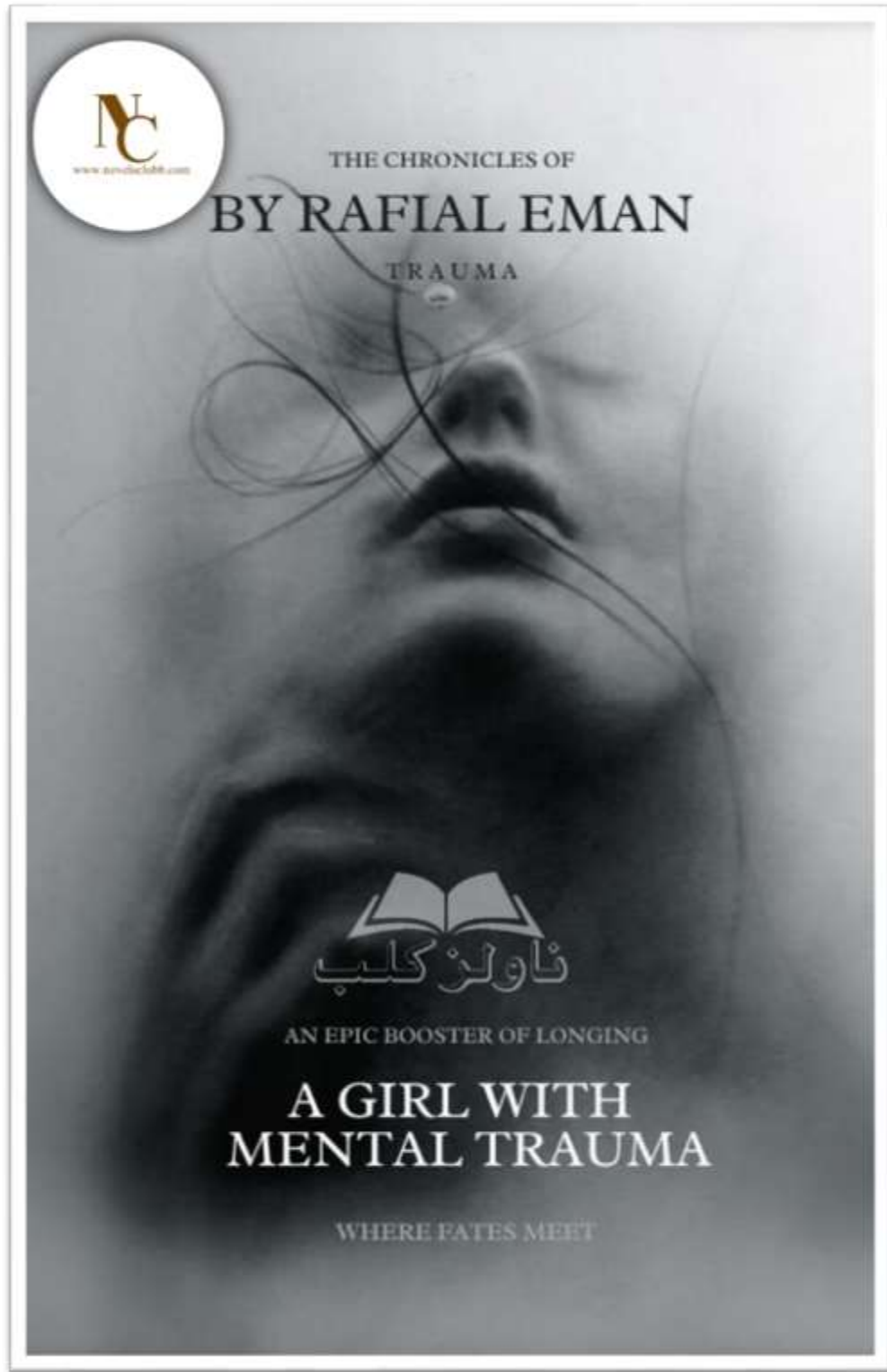


A GIRL WITH MENTAL TRAUMA BY RAFIAL EMAN



A GIRL WITH MENTAL TRAUMA BY RAFIAL EMAN

Poetry

Novelette

Afsana

Column

Novel

NOVELSCLUBB

It's clubb of quality content!
Owner : Laiba Syed

اگر آپ میں لکھنے کی صلاحیت ہے اور آپ اپنا لکھا ہوا دنیا تک پہنچانا چاہتے ہیں، مگر آپ کے پاس کوئی ذریعہ نہیں ہے۔۔ تو ہم سے رابطہ کریں۔

ہماری ٹیم آپ کو قدم قدم پر رہنمائی فراہم کرے گی اور آپ کی لکھی ہوئی تحریر دنیا تک لائے گی۔


آپ اپنا لکھا ہوا ناول، افسانہ، شاعری، ناولٹ، کالم یا آرٹیکل پوسٹ کروانا چاہتے ہیں تو اپنا مسودہ ہمیں


- ورڈ فائل
- ٹیکسٹ فارم


میں دے گئے ای۔میل پر میل کریں


novelsclubb@gmail.com

ہم سے رابطہ کر سکتے ہیں:

 **NOVELSCLUBB**

 **NOVELSCLUBB**

 **03257121842**



A Girl with Mental Trauma

By

Rafial Eman

www.novelsclubb.com

Prologue of the story :

In a town where silence sings,
Beneath the gentle cherry blooms,
A shadow lurks, an unseen thing,
Casting its veil in quiet rooms.
A night of stars, a whispered breeze,
Promises and dreams untold,
Yet darkness crept with wicked ease,
A heart of courage turned to cold.
Innocence lost to the cruel night,
A spirit shattered, a soul unmade,
Dreams once gleaming in pure light,
Now trembling in the cruel shade.

One stands broken, lost, alone,
Haunted by echoes, a life undone,
While another fights a storm unknown,
To mend the pieces, to heal what's gone.
In the depths of grief and silent cries,
A bond persists, a struggle endures,
Through tears and time, where hope defies,
Two hearts entwined seek their cures.
In shadows cast, they search for grace,
To break free from the chains that bind,
A journey through the darkest space,
To find the light, to leave behind.
Beneath the weight of pain they bear,
They learn to rise, to heal, to fight,
Together, in the broken air,

They seek the dawn, the coming light

.

Part 1: The Incident

The summer evening shimmered with a deceptive tranquility. Maya and Alina had transformed Alina's room into a sanctuary of whispered dreams and innocent laughter. The fairy lights cast a soft, ethereal glow, creating an atmosphere of warmth and safety.

Their laughter echoed through the house, a stark contrast to the menacing presence that loomed closer with each passing hour. Alina's uncle, typically a benign figure, arrived unexpectedly, his demeanor tonight tinged with an unsettling

urgency. Maya's unease grew with every moment he lingered, the air around them becoming increasingly oppressive.

As the clock ticked past midnight, the house fell into an uneasy silence. The warmth and comfort of the evening dissipated, replaced by a cold dread that settled heavily in Maya's chest. Alina's uncle, once a benign presence, now seemed like a sinister shadow looming over their night.

The room's door creaked open, and Alina's uncle entered, his presence imposing and disquieting. Maya's heart pounded with a sense of impending danger. She saw Alina's face pale, her eyes reflecting a fear that Maya had never witnessed before.

The tension escalated with every second. Maya's heart raced as she heard the first muffled sounds of distress—a mixture of whispered pleas and choked sobs. She moved closer to the door, her breath shallow and unsteady. Peering through the crack, she saw the horror unfolding before her eyes.

Alina's uncle, his face a mask of cruel determination, had pinned Alina to the floor. The horror of witnessing the act was overwhelming. Maya's instincts screamed at her to intervene, but fear paralyzed her. She could only watch in mute despair as Alina's cries for help were muffled by the uncle's rough hands.

Alina's suffering was unbearable to witness. Her pleas, once soft and pleading, grew more

frantic as she struggled against her uncle's grip. Maya's own mind was a turmoil of helplessness and terror. The uncle's whispered threats mingled with Alina's cries, creating a nightmarish symphony that echoed in Maya's ears.

When the ordeal finally ended, the silence that followed was deafening. Alina's uncle left with an unsettling calm, his departure marked by an indifferent shrug. Alina lay on the floor, her body trembling uncontrollably, her face a mask of profound distress. Maya wanted to rush to her friend, but the weight of her unspoken promise and the horror of what she had witnessed held her back.

Alina's eyes, red and swollen, locked onto Maya's with a desperate, haunted look. "Don't tell anyone," she pleaded, her voice barely more than a

whisper. “Not my parents. They’ll be devastated. I can’t bear to see them like that. Promise me, Maya. Promise you won’t say a word.”

Maya, tears streaming down her face, nodded. “I promise,” she said, her voice trembling with the weight of the promise and the horror of the night. She wanted to say more, to offer some solace, but the words were lost in the darkness that now enveloped them.

Part 2: The Fallout

The days that followed were marked by an oppressive gloom. Alina, once vibrant and full of life, became a mere shadow of her former self. Her eyes, once bright with laughter, were now clouded with a profound sadness. Maya watched helplessly

[novelsclubb@gmail](mailto:novelsclubb@gmail.com)

www.novelsclubb.com

IG: @novelsclubb

as her friend withdrew, her once cheerful demeanor replaced by a chilling silence.

Alina's nightmares became a frequent occurrence, each one a haunting replay of the trauma she had endured. Maya would often hear Alina's muffled screams through the thin walls of their shared room. Each cry was a stark reminder of the horror that had shattered their lives.

One night, Maya was jolted awake by Alina's terrified cries. She rushed to her friend's side, finding Alina tangled in her bedsheets, her face twisted in fear. Alina's eyes were wide open but unfocused, her body trembling as she relived the nightmare.

In her sleep, Alina's movements were erratic, her body jerking as if trying to escape an unseen tormentor. Her breaths came in ragged gasps, and her cries were punctuated by desperate pleas. "Please... stop... no, don't!" she whimpered, her voice a haunting echo of her past trauma.

Maya gently shook her friend, trying to rouse her from the nightmare. "Alina, wake up," she whispered, her voice trembling. "You're safe. It's just a dream."

www.novelsclubb.com

Alina's eyes snapped open, filled with a terror that left Maya feeling powerless. "Maya... he's here. He's trying to hurt me again," Alina said, her voice barely more than a whisper, her eyes darting around the room as if expecting her uncle to appear from the shadows.

Maya took Alina's hand in hers, her own tears mingling with her friend's. "It's over, Alina. He can't hurt you anymore. You're safe now."

But Alina's fear didn't dissipate. The nightmares continued, each one a visceral reminder of the horror she had endured. Her waking hours were marred by an unshakable sense of dread, her once cheerful disposition replaced by a pervasive anxiety.

www.novelsclubb.com

Part 3: The Tragic Outcome

Despite Maya's tireless efforts to support her friend, Alina remained ensnared in a web of isolation, she was 14 years old so her trauma a

relentless predator consuming her every moment. The days stretched into an endless cycle of suffering and despair, each one a mirror of the last, reflecting only pain and hopelessness. Maya, caught in the undertow of her friend's agony, found her own mental state deteriorating. Her guilt and anxiety gnawed at her, eroding her sense of self, and turning her into a shadow of the vibrant person she once was.

Maya often sat by Alina's side, holding her hand and whispering words of comfort that seemed to dissipate into the air without reaching their mark. They had shared so much laughter and joy in the past, but now, silence filled the spaces where their conversations used to bloom. Alina's eyes, once sparkling with life, were now dull and distant, a stark reminder of the void growing between them.

One particularly harrowing evening, Maya found herself at Alina's apartment. The air was thick with an oppressive silence, broken only by the occasional sound of a clock ticking, each tick a reminder of the time slipping away. Maya tried to engage Alina in conversation, but her friend stared blankly at the television, unresponsive. Desperation clawed at Maya's heart as she left that night, feeling helpless and hopeless.

The following morning, Maya received the news that shattered her world. Alina had taken her own life. The shock was a brutal blow, leaving Maya breathless and numb. She sank to the floor, the weight of Alina's decision crushing her chest, making it impossible to breathe. The finality of her

friend's choice was a heavy burden, a weight that seemed to crush the very air from her lungs.

Alina's note was a haunting final testament. "I'm sorry, Mom and Dad," it read. "Forgive me. Maya, please don't tell them. I couldn't bear to see them hurt." Each word was a piercing reminder of Maya's guilt, the finality of Alina's choice a relentless torment that echoed in her mind. She clutched the note, her hands trembling, tears streaming down her face, her heart breaking with each word.

In the days that followed, Maya's mind became a storm of "what-ifs." What if she had broken her promise? What if revealing the truth could have altered the outcome? The torment of these questions was a ceaseless, suffocating presence,

wrapping around her like a shroud. Maya felt a profound sense of failure, believing she had let her friend down in the most catastrophic way.

Maya found herself retracing her steps, visiting the places she and Alina had frequented, trying to find solace in their shared memories. She wandered through the park where they used to sit and talk for hours, the bench now a cold, hard reminder of Alina's absence. The coffee shop where they spent countless afternoons felt hollow, the scent of coffee mingling with the bittersweet memories of their time together.

One evening, Maya stood at the edge of a cliff overlooking the ocean, the wind whipping her hair around her face. She closed her eyes, listening to the roar of the waves crashing against the rocks

below, feeling the salty spray on her skin. She remembered a time when Alina had stood by her side at this very spot, both of them laughing and carefree. Now, the memory felt like a distant dream, unreachable and hauntingly beautiful.

Maya's guilt and sorrow were unrelenting. She sought refuge in therapy, hoping to find some semblance of peace. Her therapist's office became a sanctuary, a place where she could unburden her soul. Yet, even in those moments of vulnerability, the questions remained, gnawing at her, demanding answers she couldn't provide.

Months passed, and while the intensity of her grief began to wane, the scars remained. Maya learned to navigate her life without Alina, carrying her friend's memory with her, a bittersweet

reminder of love and loss. She dedicated herself to raising awareness about mental health, hoping to prevent others from experiencing the same heart-wrenching pain.

Though the storm of “what-ifs” continued to rage in her mind, Maya found a semblance of peace in knowing she was doing everything in her power to honor Alina’s memory and to help others in their darkest moments.

Part 4: The Trauma

In the wake of Alina’s death, Maya’s life fell into disarray. She became a hollow shell of her former self, her days consumed by an all-encompassing darkness. The world outside seemed

distant and unreachable, and her own grief was a chasm she could not bridge.

The nightmares that plagued Alina now visited Maya in her own sleep. Each night was a harrowing replay of the events she had witnessed—the muffled cries, the oppressive darkness, the helplessness that had paralyzed her. Her sleep became a battleground, each dream a painful reminder of her perceived failure.

Maya's isolation was a prison of her own making. Her relationships with friends and family became strained, her withdrawal a barrier that isolated her from those who cared. The weight of her silence was a constant reminder of the promise she had made, a promise that now felt like a cruel joke.

Maya's guilt was an ever-present specter. Each memory of Alina was a painful reminder of her failure to act. The darkness that consumed her was a relentless force, leaving her feeling trapped in a cycle of anguish.

Part 5: The Path to Healing

The turning point came when Maya, overwhelmed by her grief and guilt, sought professional help. The therapy sessions were a crucible of emotional turmoil, each revelation and confession peeling away layers of her emotional defenses.

Through therapy, Maya began to confront her trauma and guilt. She learned that while she could not change the past, she could work towards understanding and self-forgiveness. The journey was long and painful, but it was a path she had to walk.

Maya found solace in advocacy. She channeled her pain into raising awareness about sexual abuse and mental health issues. Speaking out about her experience, she discovered a measure of peace in helping others who faced similar struggles. Her advocacy work became a way to honor Alina's memory and ensure that her friend's story could contribute to a broader understanding of these critical issues.

Maya's journey towards healing was marked by moments of progress and setbacks. But through her efforts, she found a new sense of purpose and a way to cope with her memories. Alina's story, though tragic, became a catalyst for change and a testament to the enduring power of empathy and resilience.

As Maya continued her advocacy, she found strength in knowing that she was making a difference. Her work was a tribute to Alina, a way to transform her pain into a force for good. Though the scars of her past remained, Maya's resolve grew stronger, and she began to find a sense of peace and purpose in her efforts to help others.

The end

A GIRL WITH MENTAL TRAUMA BY RAFIAL EMAN

اگر آپ میں لکھنے کی صلاحیت ہے اور آپ اپنا لکھا ہوا دنیا تک پہنچانا چاہتے ہیں، مگر آپ کے پاس کوئی ذریعہ نہیں ہے۔۔ تو ہم سے رابطہ کریں۔

ہماری ٹیم آپ کو قدم قدم پر رہنمائی فراہم کرے گی اور آپ کی لکھی ہوئی تحریر دنیا تک لائے گی۔
آپ اپنا لکھا ہوا ناول، افسانہ، شاعری، ناولٹ، کالم یا آرٹیکل پوسٹ کروانا چاہتے ہیں تو اپنا مسودہ ہمیں ورڈ فائل یا ٹیکسٹ فارم میں میل کریں

novelsclubb@gmail.com

آپ ہمارے فیس بک، انسٹا پیج اور واٹس ایپ کے ذریعے بھی ہم سے رابطہ کر سکتے ہیں۔

FB PAGE:

NOVELSCLUBB

INSTA:

NOVELSCLUBB

WHATSAPP: