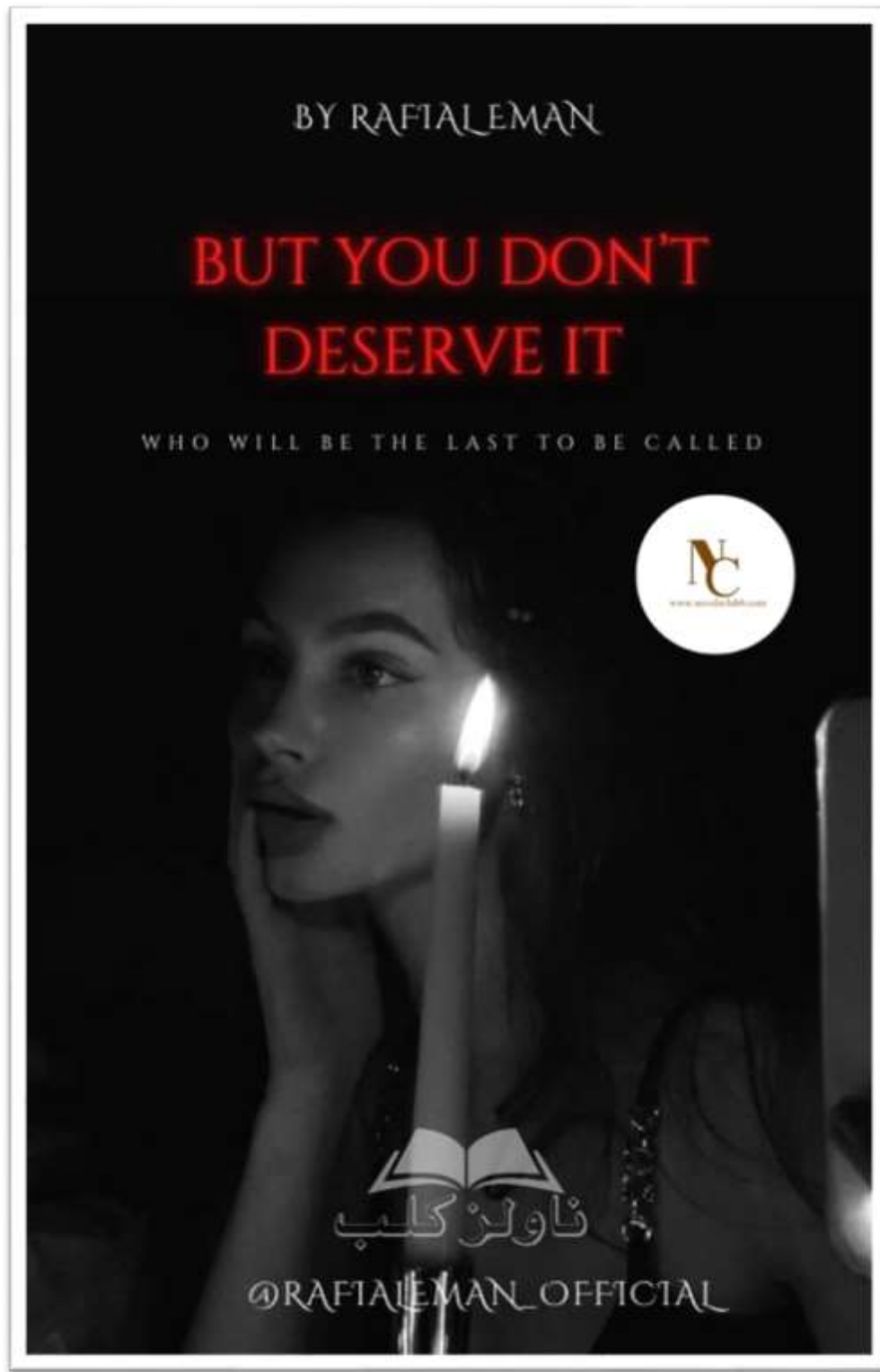


# BUT YOU DON'T DESERVE IT BY RAFIAL EMAN



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Poetry

Novelette

Afsana

Column

Novel

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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۔


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# "But You Don't Deserve It": A Cry for Help from the Depths of Despair

Trigger Warning: This article discusses themes of depression, anxiety, and suicide.

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As the rain tapped gently against my window, mirroring the tears I could no longer shed, I sat down to write my final note. The ink of my pen flowed like the rivers of sorrow I had navigated for far too long, each word a testament to my silent suffering.

“To whoever finds this, know that this is my final attempt at finding peace. I have fought battles unseen, in a world that never knew my name. This is my surrender, not to life, but to the torment that has consumed my soul.”

I wanted to express the unbearable weight of my existence, a life marred by shadows cast by others. The friends who betrayed, the family who misunderstood, the strangers who judged — they all contributed to my undoing. I often felt like a

puppet in a cruel play, my strings pulled by the hands of fate, leaving me to dangle helplessly.

“But you don’t deserve it,” they said, every time I voiced my pain. Those words, meant to be comforting, felt like daggers to my heart. How could they understand? How could they see the nights I spent curled up in bed, wishing for an end? My anxiety, once a manageable whisper, now roared back into my life, a relentless beast I could no longer tame.

There were days when I felt like a ghost, wandering through my own life, unseen and unheard. My depression was a heavy fog, suffocating any glimmer of hope. I was haunted by memories of betrayal and loss, the wounds still fresh, refusing to heal.

“In the depth of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer.”—  
Albert Camus

I clung to quotes like this, hoping to find strength in their words. Yet, the invincible summer within me seemed a distant dream, an oasis I could never reach. Each step forward felt like sinking further into quicksand, the more I struggled, the deeper I sank.

My heart ached with a longing that had no name. I longed for peace, for an escape from the endless torment. I had tried to take my life before, but even in this, I felt cursed. The attempts were thwarted by fate, leaving me in a limbo between life and death, a prisoner to my own despair.

“Why do you stay in prison when the door is so wide open?”— Rumi

The door to my freedom, however, seemed locked, the key lost to me. I felt trapped in a prison built from the bricks of my own broken dreams and shattered hopes. My mind was a battlefield, where the ghosts of my past fought against any glimmer of future happiness.

“I wish I could just disappear,” I wrote, my hand trembling. “I am tired of being strong. I am tired of pretending. I am tired of fighting a war I can never win.”

In my darkest moments, I found solace in the idea of an end. An end to the pain, to the anxiety that clawed at my mind, to the depression that darkened my days. But I also knew that this end would come with a finality that I feared. What if there was nothing beyond? What if my suffering continued in another form?

“The worst kind of sad is not being able to explain why.” — Anonymous

My sadness was inexplicable, a complex web of emotions I could never untangle. I wanted to scream, to let the world know of the torment inside me, but the words never came. My silence was my loudest cry, my stillness a storm raging within.

He once said to me, “Isn’t the moon beautiful?” I replied, “Isn’t the sunset beautiful?” We were looking at the same sky, but from different worlds. He saw the moon as a symbol of calm and tranquility, while I saw the sunset as the end of another day filled with pain. Our perspectives were worlds apart, just like our hearts.

I had always been a writer, pouring my soul into words that danced on paper. Poetry was my solace, a way to articulate the inarticulate, to give voice to the voiceless anguish within me.



“In the garden of my heart, a wilted flower stands,

Its petals fall like silent tears on barren lands.”

Each line I wrote was a piece of my shattered soul, fragments of a heart that had been broken too many times. The ink bled onto the pages, just as my emotions bled into my life. The beauty of poetry was its ability to capture the deepest sorrow in the simplest words.

“You don't deserve this,” they would say. But the truth was, I didn't deserve the pain, the betrayal, the endless nights of sorrow. I didn't deserve to be trapped in a cycle of suffering with no escape. I longed for someone to truly see me, to understand the battles I fought every day.

“If you are reading this, know that I tried. I tried to be strong. I tried to hold on. But in the end, the pain was too much. Remember me not as the girl

who gave up, but as the girl who fought until she could fight no more.”

With those final words, I put down my pen, my heart heavy but my mind at peace. I didn't know what awaited me beyond this life, but I hoped it would be free of the torment I had endured. I hoped to find the peace that had always eluded me, a respite from the unending storm within.

“In my dreams, I find a place where pain does not reside,

A world where love and hope are always by my side.”

In the quiet of my room, with the rain still tapping at my window, I made my final decision. I hoped that, in time, those who found me would understand. I hoped they would see the strength it took to endure for so long, and the courage it took to finally let go.

“But you don’t deserve it,” they would say. And maybe, just maybe, in another life, I would find a world where I didn’t have to.

Closing my notebook, I glanced around the room one last time. Every corner held memories of battles fought and lost. I felt a strange sense of detachment, as if I were already a ghost haunting my own life.

“The stars in the night sky shine bright,  
Yet in my heart, there is no light.”

I walked over to the closet, my steps slow and deliberate. The noose I had prepared earlier hung there, a silent promise of the end. My heart raced, but my mind was calm, the storm within me finally quiet.

“I’ve already died emotionally,” I whispered to myself. “This is just the final act.”

With a deep breath, I placed the noose around my neck. My hands trembled, but my resolve was firm. I closed my eyes, hoping that the darkness would bring the peace I so desperately craved.

“As the final curtain falls, I take my bow,  
To the life I leave behind, my soul I endow.”

As the final moments approached, I felt a strange sense of clarity. This was not a surrender to death, but a final stand against a life that had been more cruel than kind. I took one last breath, and let go.

The end - written by me  [www.novelsclubb.com](http://www.novelsclubb.com)

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