

“Don’t forget anything, and please be home early,” Marr said and put his hand on his wife’s back.

“I will be home by noon, don’t worry about it,” she answered and straightened her back due to his touch.

As the wooden door slammed behind her, she shivered, exhaled and with the carbon dioxide that escaped her mouth, memories of the past few moments did the same.

Nya couldn’t keep her head busy with thoughts of him. For the last five years she needed to be perfect, be perfect for him.

Even before the marriage she had to deal with the ideal of flawlessness, or the sentence

“nobody will marry you if you...” would be haunting her and many others.

For that’s what their parents taught them. Be perfect or at least try to be because only perfection means success in this world, the thing nobody knew was that the perfection was only a reflection of how broken someone could be inside.

Now many years later, she was heading to the city market to fulfil her duties. It was a hot sunny day; the sun was touching everybody’s skin and showing the perfect imperfections of everything in the bright light.

After a long time a smile appeared on Nya’s lips. It was a plain and simple but pure smile that nobody saw because it was covered by a grey hijab, keeping it hidden from the daylight.

If someone asked her what her favourite time of the day was, she would say this. For people around her it would probably be an ordinary morning as they walked to finish their tasks and come back to their homes, but this was Nya’s time. As she proceeded with daydreaming she suddenly fell over. Nya awkwardly stood up and looked to see what the obstacle was that crossed her path. Her shocked expression quickly revealed the surprise she felt the second she found out that the hurdle was another girl approximately her age picking a fruit, which rolled away from a ripped bag, from the dirty, sandy ground.

The other girl was wearing beige hijab so Nya couldn’t study her face and body properly. The only details that attracted her attention were her eyes, those somehow alarming, deep blue eyes and a curly strand of her hair that she probably forgot to tuck in to the hijab.

“What are you staring at? Do you want something?” the second girl said in irritated voice while glaring sharply at Nya.

That made Nya realize that she must have been staring at this strange upset person. She didn’t have an idea who she was but she bent down and helped her out.

“I am so sorry, I didn’t mean to.....”

“That’s fine,” the unknown girl rolled her eyes and as she wanted to finish her sentence Nya interrupted her:

“Nya, and you?” she quickly said before she would have a chance to end the conversation.

“Farrah,” she answered and her glance changed from upset to suspicious but kinder in some way. The amazement and energy that has arisen around them could have been cut in that moment.

All at once she stood up, glanced at Nya’s direction for the last time and quickly walked away.

Nya just kept sitting for a while on the curb, and after a while she stood up and went to finish her obligations.

As the morning went Nya was returning home with bags on her shoulders and ever coming thoughts of that mystery girl and her eyes.

It is said that eyes are windows to the soul but the girl’s eyes were keys and they opened something in Nya that was locked and buried deep inside of her.

The last few months were becoming the hardest of her life, she tried to find the way out, but her mind always wandered away to the one particular thought.

She was aware that there was nothing wrong with her life and she should be happy to be alive, but there was this persistent sadness that she didn’t know where it was growing from.

“Oh, you are home, didn’t hear you coming,” Marr suddenly appeared behind her.

“How was the day, did you have any problems?” he continued the conversation.

“No, everything went smoothly as.....” and as she was finishing her answer she realised that she was alone again. Only a single sigh came out of her, the only reaction that she allowed herself.

She didn’t mind that he wasn’t there, years made her get used to the loneliness and still in her opinion, she wasn’t lonely she was just alone with the quiet companion - the silence that was always by her side.

That day seemed to keep dragging itself slower than most of the days or maybe just her thoughts made her realise that there are occasions when the time is measured by thoughts and not by minutes.

Her mind kept straying away and thoughts were constantly following her for the whole day, till the moment when her body went to sleep in cold empty bed.

After waking up she silently rolled away from the cold white sheets and put her hijab on, this seemed to be the basic and ordinary morning except the fact that it was the day when Marr was going to be gone because of his duties.

Nya quietly slipped away from the house in the centre of the city and let her feet do whatever they wanted, she didn't care where her steps were going to lead, but she would love to be away.

As time went by and the night let the sun hug the city again, she stopped and looked around. It took her a moment to realize where she ended up. The hint that resulted in her realization was literally nothing. It was enclosing her from all the directions. The nothing was calm - a silence intertwined with a blare of the wind. She turned out to be at the edge of the city and the only landmark that she recognised was far-away lake that was pulling into the distance.

And of course, Fate made his decisions in this situation; the distant mild footsteps were announcing Farrah's arrival.

A foreseen earthquake struck Nya's heart when she realised who it was. Not because she wasn't expecting that but because some part of her was waiting for Farrah and that part was heard for the first time. Farrah slowly got closer to Nya and silently sat right next to her.

Neither of them knew what they were doing there but they stayed, sitting in silence, scared to break the moment of peace that enclosed them. The calm was gone for Nya when she caught the sight of Farrah glancing at her. She didn't even realize how her heart rate had risen due to her presence, beating as fast as if it wanted to fly out of her chest and never return back.

Surprisingly, the person who broke the silence that has settled down around them was Farrah.

"You look sad," she said in a calm voice, convinced by her statement.

"Who doesn't," she replied in a sarcastic voice, a little taken aback by Farrah's observation.

"No, this is different, you are like a moon during the day... Always there, but gone at the same time."

Nya was startled by these last sentences and by the kind tone that Farrah said them in. Her brain was running at a full speed, commanding her to stay quiet but in the end her heart was stronger and things that should have stayed hidden were revealed.

“Someone told me that some people become ghosts even when they are still alive, I didn’t realise that I might be one... I know that I should be grateful to be alive, but I am not anymore.” She whispered while her tears began to collect at the bottom lid of her eye.

“Losing the part which dies in us while we live is sometimes worse than losing it all,” Farrah said looking gently at Nya.

“I swear.... I tried, I really tried.” She continued with tears shimmering in her eyes.

“You don’t have to, I understand.”

All of a sudden Farrah’s hand appeared on back of Nya’s hand squeezing it softly. The feeling of acceptance and safety spread in her body like wildfire. But as usual her second voice filled with everything that was taught to her her whole life was stronger and she quickly pulled back from Farrah.

And as she did it, she spotted it. The beautiful but scary white waves on Farrah’s wrist carved very long time ago. Nya’s eyes were filled with panic when she realised what she was looking at, her sight was jumping from Farrah’s eyes to her wrists asking for answers to her silent questions.

“I understand,” she repeated and lightly smiled at Nya.

Nya quickly grabbed Farrah’s hand again and held it tightly, stroking it with her thumb.

“I am sorry”

“It is okay...It was long time ago”

These few words were everything, they were the understanding and comfort that they needed. They were the key to every hidden part of them.

As time went by they were getting closer and closer, gradually Nya laid her head on Farrah’s shoulder. They wanted to remain like this forever, say their stories, make memories and become happy as they never were. But time is an enemy in many cases and sadly this was one of them. The hours were passing by unnoticed till the moment when time brought darkness to the city. They both realized it but didn’t do anything about it, just held their hands tighter, because they knew that night brings end.

The thoughts and choices were flowing through their heads asking for attention, but both of them tried to ignore them every time they could.

In the end they chose to stay, at peace with the consequences of their night absence. So they just lay on the cold wet ground, looking up, and waiting for something to happen.

When sleep started to embrace them, Farrah turned around to face the other girl and silently said: “Don’t forget that I see you”

“I won’t “she whispered back and held the girl’s hand for the last time.

It was the morning that brought them their wish, with the sun rising to the sky a group of people with weapons entered the city. They came silently and with the silence they brought peace to these two girls lying on the ground holding hands, waiting for the universe to write the next chapter of their stories.

And that was it, there was nothing left, no last words, no next chapter but their wish has come true, they were together, they found the person. Happy ending finally found them, even though they were lying on the ground without a heartbeat. They were happy somewhere.