



## Shadows in the Tears

The school hallway was quiet, but her world was shattering. The boy she loved more than life itself was walking away. He didn't give a reason, and he didn't look back—not even when she collapsed to the floor in tears, completely broken.

She had no one in the world. Living with relatives who barely noticed her, he had been her only safe place. Every single day without him felt impossible. She cried constantly, feeling entirely empty.

One night, the pain became unbearable. As she wept bitterly, her tears fell onto the floor. Suddenly, the fallen droplets gathered together, forming a shimmering, moving reflection like water. Within the rippling shape, his face appeared.

"I trust you," he whispered from the water. "Please come... save me."

Shocked, she fainted. When morning came, she told herself it was just a strange dream. But it happened two or three times again. Eventually, she stopped crying.

Time passed, and she grew fiercely strong, though she never forgot the trauma. Now in college, she was strikingly beautiful, but a deep tiredness and coldness shadowed her face. She kept completely to herself, talking to no one.

One day, a senior tried to bully her. Something snapped inside her. A fierce fight broke out, and she hit the senior so hard that his head bled. She had changed completely—hard, distant, and wrapped in an unbreakable wall of trust issues. Yet, deep down, the love for that boy still haunted her; she simply could not forget him. What did those gathering tears actually mean?

One rainy evening, years later, she sat alone and broke down crying for the first time in a long time. "*I wish you were here,*" she whispered into the dark.

Once again, her tears began to gather on the floor. But this time, she didn't just watch—she reached out and touched the watery mirror.

Instantly, a strong, invisible force pulled her right through the liquid surface.

She fell forward, gasping, but instead of hitting a cold floor, she landed on soft, glowing grass. She looked around in amazement. She wasn't in her room anymore. She was inside a strange, quiet dimension—a world made of silver twilight and floating water glass.

Standing a few feet away was the boy. But he wasn't free. He was trapped inside a massive crystal sphere, unable to move, his eyes locked on hers with deep sorrow.

"You came," his voice echoed softly in her mind. "This place... it trapped me the day I tried to leave you. I had to leave because a dark shadow hunted us both, and staying near you would have destroyed you. My soul was locked here, and only your pure, deep tears could open the portal to let someone in."



She stared at him, a mix of anger, relief, and overwhelming love washing over her. "You left me to suffer alone," she said, her voice shaking.

"I know," he replied softly. "And I am sorry. But now, you are strong. Together, our united strength can break this crystal."

She looked at her hands—hands that had learned to fight, hands that had built walls around her broken heart. She realized she didn't need to fear the past anymore.

She stepped up to the crystal sphere and placed both palms against it. The boy did the same from the inside. She closed her eyes and poured all her remaining pain, her hidden love, and her newfound strength into the touch.

With a blinding flash of silver light, the crystal shattered into a million sparkling pieces.

The curse was broken, but the magic of that dimension demanded a balance. The portal was closing, and it could only hold one soul in the physical world.

The boy smiled gently, pushing her backward toward the fading tear-portal. "Live your life, my love. You are strong now. Carry my memory, but be free."

Before she could grab his hand, the force of the closing portal pushed her out.

She gasped, waking up on her cold bedroom floor. Everything was quiet. The puddle of tears was gone.

From that day on, she never cried again. Her heart still carried the scars of her trust issues, and she remained a mystery to everyone around her. But whenever she looked in the mirror, she didn't see loneliness anymore—she saw strength. She knew he was free, living peacefully in the wind and the rain, watching over her from a world away.

She walked out into the sunlight, finally at peace with the ghost of her past.