

BEFORE THE STARS FADE

YAMINA ZEMMAL

Dedication

For those who listen when the world grows quiet.

**For the ones who keep their hearts open,
even when the night grows long.**

**For every soul that has ever loved, lost,
and learned to begin again.**

**For my readers —
who find beauty in silence,
and courage in the smallest flicker of light.**

**And for the stars,
that fade only to remind us
that dawn will always return.**



Before the stars fade

Preface

There are moments in life when silence speaks louder than words — when the sound of rain against a window, the echo of an empty classroom, or the trembling note of a forgotten violin carries the weight of everything we cannot say.

Before the Stars Fade was born from such silences. It gathers fragments of fragile hearts, voices that tremble but never disappear, and souls that learn to find light even in the darkest corners. Each story in these pages is a quiet conversation between grief and hope, between loss and renewal — between the human heart and the fading stars that still listen.

I wrote these stories not to escape reality, but to embrace it — to show that even broken things can sing, that endings often carry the seed of beginning, and that love, in all its forms, remains the most resilient light of all.

This book is dedicated to every silent dreamer, every listener of the night, and every soul who has ever whispered to the stars and waited for an answer.

May these pages remind you that even when the stars begin to fade, the light within us endures.

✧ The Silent Violin ✧

The rain had not stopped for three days.

It whispered against the old windows of the small apartment where Lina sat, her violin resting quietly on her knees. The world outside was gray, but inside, the silence was heavier — a silence that no melody could break.

Lina used to play for her father every evening. He would sit by the window, eyes closed, nodding to the rhythm as if every note were a heartbeat. But that was before the accident. Before the world forgot how to sound.

Now, the violin no longer sang. It cried.

Her mother worked late hours at the hospital, returning with tired eyes and a voice too weak for comfort. They spoke little. Meals were quiet. Even laughter had become a memory they didn't dare disturb.

One evening, Lina opened the violin case again. Her fingers trembled. She touched the bow — the same one her father had

repaired for her on her twelfth birthday. The memory made her chest ache.

She began to play. Slowly. Hesitantly.

The first note cracked. The second wavered. But by the third, something changed — the music began to speak.

It wasn't perfect. It wasn't even beautiful. But it was honest.

She played the melody her father loved: "The Dance of the Rain."

Tears blurred her vision, and she could no longer tell whether the sound came from the strings or from her heart.

Through the thin walls, a neighbor paused. A child upstairs stopped crying. The world listened — quietly, reverently — as the girl's grief turned into song.

When the piece ended, Lina didn't bow or smile. She just whispered into the silence,

> "You can hear me, right, Dad?"

A faint breeze moved the curtains. The rain softened.

And for the first time in months, she felt that silence wasn't empty —
it was filled with everything she had lost... and everything she still
carried

✧✧The first letter was written on a cold December night✧✧

Adam sat by the window, a candle flickering beside him, his pen trembling between his fingers.

Outside, the wind howled through the trees, but inside, it was his heart that made the loudest noise — the sound of missing someone who would never come back.

It had been six months since his mother passed away.

People told him time would heal, but the days only grew heavier, the silence thicker. So he began to write to her. Letters. One every night.

He wrote about school, about how his grades were falling because he couldn't focus anymore.

He wrote about his little sister, Emma, who still set an extra plate for their mother at dinner.

He wrote about the smell of her perfume that still lingered in the hallway,

and the songs she used to hum while cooking.

Then he folded each letter neatly, walked outside,

and tied it to a small white balloon.

He'd look up at the night sky and whisper,

> "Fly high, Mom. Don't get lost this time."

The neighbors thought it was strange, but Adam didn't care.

He believed the stars read his letters before they disappeared.

One evening, his father found the box —

a small wooden box under Adam's bed, filled with unfinished letters
and dried petals.

He read one. Then two. Then three.

Tears blurred his eyes for the first time since the funeral.

That night, for the first time, Adam didn't write alone.

His father joined him by the window, pen in hand.

They wrote together — two broken souls, sending words to the same
heaven.

When they released the balloons,

they watched them drift into the night —
a small army of white lights fading into the stars.

And for a fleeting moment,
the world didn't feel so empty.
Because love, Adam thought,
doesn't die — it just changes its address.

✧ The Mirror Girl ✧

Every morning, Nora stood before the mirror, searching for the girl she used to be.

The reflection stared back, unfamiliar and tired — as though time had stolen not just her smile, but her whole self.

She wasn't always like this.

There was a time when laughter came easily, when she painted her nails pink and took endless selfies with her friends.

But now, she barely touched her phone.

Every photo felt like a lie — a mask over a face she no longer recognized.

It started with a single comment online.

“Ugly.”

One word. One stab.

Then came another:

“You look sick.”

And another:

“No wonder you’re always alone.”

Soon, the mirror became her enemy.

She’d stand before it for hours, tracing her reflection, trying to fix what wasn’t broken — her nose, her hair, her skin, her smile.

Each glance chipped away a little more of her confidence, until she no longer knew which image was real:

the one in the mirror, or the one the world made her believe.

One afternoon, as she sat in the art room after class, her teacher approached quietly.

He looked at her sketchbook — page after page filled with distorted faces, eyes crossed out, lips erased.

He didn’t scold her. He simply said,

> “You draw what you see. But sometimes, you must learn to draw what you feel.”

That night, Nora sat before the mirror again — but this time with a pencil, not a tear.

She began to sketch her reflection, slowly, carefully.

But instead of erasing the flaws, she shaded them with tenderness.

The scars under her eyes, the uneven smile, the tired gaze — she drew them all,

until the girl on the paper looked... human.

She smiled for the first time in months.

Because she realized the mirror had never been cruel — it only reflected what she believed about herself.

The next morning, she taped the drawing beside her mirror.

So that every time she looked at her reflection, she'd also see her truth —

a reminder that beauty isn't in perfection,

but in the courage to see yourself and not look away

✧ When the Lights Went Out ✧

The sirens began before sunset.

At first, Sami thought it was just another drill — another sound the city had learned to live with.

But when the sky turned orange and the ground trembled beneath his feet, he knew this time was different.

He ran to the basement, clutching his little sister Layla's hand. Their mother was already there, whispering prayers, her voice trembling as the walls shook around them.

Then, the lights went out.

Darkness.

Thick, absolute, endless.

Sami could still hear the distant roar of explosions, the cries of neighbors, the breaking of glass — sounds that no longer belonged to fear alone, but to memory.

Hours passed. Maybe days. Time lost its meaning underground.

They shared a single candle, a few pieces of bread, and stories — stories of the days when school bells were louder than sirens, when Layla's laughter filled the air instead of dust.

When the candle finally burned down, Sami held the match in his palm, hesitant to light another.

"What if," he thought, "darkness is all that's left?"

But Layla tugged at his sleeve and whispered,

> "Light it, Sami. Maybe someone out there will see it."

He struck the match.

The small flame trembled, golden against the walls,

and in that moment, Sami realized —

light wasn't something that came from the ceiling.

It came from hearts that refused to surrender.

Days later, when the war quieted and the morning returned, the city lay in ruins.

But on one wall, blackened by smoke, a single word was written in chalk:

> “Hope.”

No one knew who wrote it.

But Sami smiled when he saw it, because he recognized the handwriting —

it was Layla’s.

And though the lights had gone out that night,
something far brighter had been born in the dark.

✧ Echoes in the Empty Classroom ✧

The classroom was silent — too silent.

Desks stood in perfect rows, the chalk dust still floating in the golden light of late afternoon.

On the blackboard, faint words remained: “Believe in yourselves.”

It had been three weeks since Miss Hana left.

No one really knew what happened.

One day she was there, smiling as always, telling them to dream bigger,

and the next day... her desk was empty.

Rumors spread — some said she had moved to another city, others whispered she was sick.

But Maya, her favorite student, knew the truth —

Miss Hana hadn't just left the classroom; she had left the world.

Maya found out accidentally, from a conversation between teachers in the corridor.

They said the word softly, like a secret too heavy to carry: “Cancer.”

For days, Maya couldn't focus.

She sat in her usual seat, fourth row by the window, staring at the empty desk.

Sometimes, she swore she could still hear the teacher's voice:

> "Don't let the world make you smaller."

So, one afternoon, Maya stayed after class.

She opened the drawer of Miss Hana's desk and found a small envelope with her name written on it.

Her hands trembled as she opened it.

Inside was a letter:

> "Dear Maya,

If you're reading this, it means I couldn't finish our lessons. But remember — not all classrooms have walls. The world will teach you more than books ever will. Don't stop learning. Don't stop believing.

With love,

Miss Hana."

Maya pressed the letter to her chest and cried.

But through her tears, she smiled —

because even in death, Miss Hana was still teaching.

From that day on, every afternoon, Maya stayed behind to write on the board:

> “Lesson of the day: Live kindly.”

She wrote it again and again,

until the chalk ran out,

until the echo of her teacher’s voice became part of the classroom itself.

And years later, when Maya became a teacher,

she wrote the same words on her first blackboard.

> “Believe in yourselves.”

The echo continued.

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✧✧ Rain on My Birthday ✧✧

The rain began at dawn.

It drummed softly against the windowpane, whispering a rhythm that matched Sara's heartbeat — slow, uncertain, alive.

She turned sixteen that day.

No candles. No guests. Just the quiet hum of rain and the faint beeping of the machine beside her bed.

Sara had been in the hospital for months.

Leukemia, they said.

A word that sounded too big for her small, trembling hands.

The nurses decorated her room with paper flowers and balloons.

Her mother brought a tiny cake, white icing with "Sweet Sixteen" written in shaky pink letters.

But Sara couldn't taste it.

Her mouth was dry, her body tired, her smile fragile.

When the nurse asked if she wanted to make a wish, she nodded weakly and looked toward the rain.

> “I wish,” she whispered, “to feel the wind again — not through a window, but on my face.”

Later that evening, her best friend Noah arrived, soaked from the storm.

He grinned and said,

> “If the mountain won’t come to Sara, then the rain will.”

Before anyone could stop him, he opened the window wide.

A gust of cold air filled the room, carrying the scent of wet earth and freedom.

Raindrops spilled onto the bed.

Sara laughed — truly laughed — for the first time in months.

The nurse gasped, her mother covered her mouth, but Noah just held her hand and said,

> “See? The sky remembered your birthday.”

The next morning, the storm had passed.

The room was quiet again.

The rain had stopped... and so had the machine’s beeping.

When the nurses entered, they found the window still open —
and on the bedside table, the little cake untouched,
except for one raindrop-shaped dent in the icing.

They said she died peacefully.

But Noah swore he saw the curtains move,
as if someone had finally gone out to feel the wind.

✧ English Version ✧

In a world obsessed with perfection, Lina, a sixteen-year-old girl, saw only flaws in the mirror. Every morning, her reflection mocked her — the crooked tooth, the scar on her cheek, the dark circles beneath her eyes. Each imperfection was a whisper reminding her that she would never be enough.

At school, her classmates lived through their filtered screens — perfect selfies, perfect lives, perfect lies. Lina scrolled endlessly, comparing herself until she became invisible even to her own soul.

One afternoon, her art teacher gave the class a strange assignment: “Draw the most beautiful thing you know.”

While others painted sunsets or flowers, Lina drew a shattered mirror. Inside each broken piece, she sketched a different emotion — anger, hope, fear, strength.

When the teacher saw her drawing, she whispered, “This is real beauty — not in the unbroken, but in the courage to remain after the fall.”

For the first time, Lina looked at her reflection without hatred. The scars, she realized, were proof that she had survived. The mirror had not been her enemy — only her silent witness.

That night, she placed the shattered mirror on her wall. Beneath it, she wrote in red ink:

> “I am not perfect. I am real.”

And from that day forward, Lina learned that beauty does not demand symmetry — only honesty.

✧ “The Last Letter” ✧

The rain had been falling for hours, tracing silver scars across the windowpane.

Eli, seventeen and silent, sat at his desk surrounded by crumpled papers. Each one carried the same beginning: “I’m sorry.”

No matter how many times he rewrote it, the words still felt too small for the weight in his chest. The world had grown too loud, too cold — and Eli, too tired.

He wrote one last letter, his handwriting trembling:

> “To whoever finds this,

I tried. I really did.

But I’ve been living like a ghost in my own life.

Tell my mother I love her. Tell the stars I’m coming home.”

He folded the note carefully, placed it under a photo of him and his little sister, then stood by the open window.

The wind carried the scent of wet earth and distant thunder.

But just before he climbed out, his phone buzzed — a message from his sister:

> “Eli, can you help me with my homework? You always make math fun.”

He stared at the screen, frozen. A tear dropped onto the glowing message, blurring the words into a soft halo of light.

In that instant, the storm outside became a whisper.

He tore the letter in half and whispered, “Not tonight.”

He sat back at his desk, picked up his pen again — this time not to say goodbye, but to help his sister with numbers that suddenly seemed like a lifeline.

And though the rain kept falling, something inside him had begun to rise.

✧ “The Silent Piano” ✧

The old piano stood in the corner of the abandoned music room, its keys yellowed with time, its voice long forgotten. Dust lay thick on its surface like a shroud, but sometimes, when the wind passed through the broken window, a faint note would hum — as if the piano was sighing in its sleep.

Amara, seventeen, found it one afternoon after school. She had wandered into the silent room, drawn by a memory she could no longer touch. Her mother used to play the piano every evening before illness silenced her forever.

Amara sat before the instrument, her reflection trembling in the cracked wood. She pressed a key. A dull sound emerged — hollow, broken, but still alive. She smiled sadly and whispered, “You and I both forgot how to sing.”

Night after night, she returned. Her fingers, once unsure, began to move with growing confidence. The melodies she played were imperfect, hesitant, but filled with longing. The piano responded, key by key, as though remembering what it once was.

One stormy night, the electricity went out. The school was dark, the halls empty. Still, Amara lit a candle and began to play. Rain hammered the roof, thunder rolled — yet her music rose above it all, fragile and defiant.

When the caretaker found her the next morning, the candle had melted into a pool of wax, and the girl had fallen asleep beside the piano. Her mother's photograph rested on the music stand, and the piano's last note still seemed to echo softly in the air.

From that day on, whenever the wind passed through the window, the piano played — faintly, gently — as though finishing Amara's unfinished song.

Epilogue

As the final page turns, the rain quiets, and the stars begin their slow retreat into the dawn. Yet somewhere between the words and the silence, something remains — a heartbeat, a whisper, a light that refuses to fade.

The stories within this book are not merely endings; they are echoes — soft reminders that every goodbye carries a trace of hope, and every silence shelters an unwritten song. The violin, the letter, the mirror, the piano — each one speaks of love's endurance, of the human spirit's quiet defiance against loss and time.

If, in these pages, you found a fragment of yourself — a memory, a tear, a reason to breathe a little deeper — then the stories have done what they were meant to do.

Because Before the Stars Fade was never about darkness.

It was about the light we carry through it.

And though the night will always return, so will the dreamers — those who listen, those who remember, those who still dare to look up.