

*Maturing in a broken house*

**A real story**

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Translated by Farah Bennai

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## Dedication

To anyone waiting for my failure, eagerly waiting for my collapse, this achievement is presented to you in order to, once again, extinguish all your hopes.

To you... Who keep imitating me. Try to be yourself and prove you are real for, at least, once.

To all who betrayed me, those who stabbed me with their swords, thinking that I would be dead hereafter.

To all assuming they're able to stand against my way to success while saying the meanest words, expecting to witness my failure. These are far-fetched dreams, I am afraid none of that will be fulfilled; therefore, halt wishing the worst for others.

To all who supported and guided me all the way through until now, starting with my mother and father, my genuine friends, may you always be my source of strength and positivity. Correspondingly, may I endlessly be your pride.

To anyone reading these lines, you'd feel my warm hugs to you and you'll get lost in those words of mine. Words, which can kill and heal you over and over. I hope you can notice that this book was written with love. I hope you'd be able to read between the lines so as to get the true meaning. Lastly, my greatest desire is to inspire you for your journey...

## Preface

My journey...

It is not so unfamiliar to you, but I will narrate it, once again...

The story of my journey, a tale, which has wholly transformed my life.

A story that renewed my personality and my way of thinking. My pre and post-journey phases; from that little, weak and broken teenager.

The innocent soul that put trust in everyone. From the girl who believed that some people were different than others just because they said so. Yet, they happened to be the worst of them. I was lost in life.

Lost in the illusions I envisioned. In fact, I was so unstable that I took whatever direction life pushes me into. From that dumb, from that who left the battlefield just like a defeated army. A journey from a dispirited soul to a one that transformed all defeats to victories and all

opportunities to achievements. Here is the new me, which has nothing to do with the old one. I stopped making new tenuous acquaintances or relationships. No more negative energy, no more tears of sadness, no more attachment to the past, all my wilted flowers are blooming now.

No more fake promises, hypocrites, ordinary dreams, heartbreaks and periods of sadness. Proudly, I am the one that shifted my life from the dark to the light...

I wish I was just a simple and an ordinary woman, one who goes with the flow, lives quietly, satisfied with what's written in the stars and does not try to change it, but that is not me. I wish I was that lethargic girl scrolling on her phone for hours every day, texting and watching movies, wasting her time in front of a screen, but that is not me. I wish I was among those who go to the university every single day with no goal except to get to know more people, to have fun and to spend some time away from home, but that is, basically, not me. I wish I was just a

regular person with a regular way of thinking, regular dreams, but, once again, that is not me, because why would I die alive?

I don't enjoy slumbering, I like to spend more hours awake than asleep. I am not a night owl and I prefer to rest during the dark. I am, rather, an early bird. I shine with every sunrise. I don't consume the news excessively; “Have you heard about the rumours?”; “Have you seen what happened today? What's wrong with that girl!!”, I'd rather be improving myself, developing my personality and planning my future, that is the reason I am avoiding all conversations that will not help me with that. I cannot bring myself to wake up early without outlining my daily goals, that's what sane people do. As a university student, how can I get up every morning without having an idea of how my future would look like, that is foolish! I am aware of my status, my career, my objective and I am working to achieve them. ‘Life is not that easy!’ you might have said. I know how life goes, I got used to its traumas, I, now, mastered how to transform them into new opportunities. Life doesn't scare me anymore. What are you waiting for to do the same? Are you going to be forever the useless little girl? When will you work to etch your name into the annals of history? We all have names, some want to make their name popular, while others kept it known only with their surroundings.

Instead of expanding your circle, try to expand your vision. Instead of improving your virtual life, try to improve your real one. Instead of trying to have the ideal body to get a couple of likes, try to have the ideal brain. Remember! Horses remain animals despite their beauty. Therefore, hear me out, my lady, daughters of Eve do not rely on fate, rather they direct it to fit their future.

I wish I was simple, but simplicity doesn't suit me, thus, that is not me.

## Introduction

After going through a hardship, we do not die, we get stronger in order to face, yet, more difficulties and prove whoever didn't believe in us that we're more powerful than they think, and then leave them quietly. The past didn't kill me; I am not attached to it anymore. I have successfully turned all my weaknesses into strengths. I am now flying really high. Just like a soldier, who overcame the death of his friends during a grinding battle, I overcame all that misery, because I realized that I am the only one who can save me...That is called maturing!



## Maturing in a broken house.

After Eighteen years ... Zeineb returned to the fractured house that she kept having nightmares about. In fact, Zeineb couldn't feel safe in any other place because she was not able to forget about all the memories she has in this building.

Zeineb lives with her mother Fatima, the housemaid, who is married to an alcoholic guy. Zeineb remembered the face of her sister, who ran away from the house at a young age. She realized that her sick brother is, now, dead because of carelessness. The family of Zeineb were poor. Although Zeineb's mother used to gain some money by cleaning houses tirelessly, she was spending all of it on food and wool to knit cloths for her daughter. Meanwhile, Zeineb's father was the worst. All he used to do is abusing his wife physically, throwing out the stationery of his daughter and locking the door up on her everyday so she doesn't pursue her studies.

Fatima was scared of loneliness. She never asked for a divorce and never even thought about it. That is the result of being in love. Fatima lost herself trying to save her love life.

Usually, this poor mom takes Zeineb with her whenever she went cleaning the house of Mrs. Nermeen; a rich married woman with no kids. Nermeen's infertility didn't trouble her or her husband, who loved her deeply. Or maybe he only loved her wealth. In reality, they don't consider each other as partners anymore.

Nermeen loved Zeineb dearly; she has always considered her as a daughter. Over tea, Fatima and Nermeen were discussing about life. Mrs. Nermeen proposed the idea of adopting Zeineb. Initially, Fatima refused, but as she kept thinking about the future of her daughter, she

ended up accepting. Zeineb's father accepted the idea immediately; he was ready to give his daughter in exchange for some money...

He gave up on her with no guilt. Apparently, Zeineb was, this whole time, a product in his eyes. This poor girl never had such a thing as a «Dad».

Zeineb, therefore, lived with her new family. Nermeen's husband never considered Zeineb as a daughter. He never welcomed her in the house. Yet, this adversity didn't break her; it was the crucible that forged her maturity.

Zeineb woke up one day. It is her 23rd birthday. Nermeen and her friend are preparing a surprise party.

Zeineb have had her breakfast already, so she was heading to the university. She is a law student. After her classes, she received a call from her mother.

- “Good morning, mom! I headed to the university early today, didn't want to wake you up”. Zeineb said.

- “Good morning, sweetie! I am waiting for you somewhere...I'll send you the location; follow it to come”. Nermeen replied.

Zeineb took her car and headed towards the location.

**SURPRISE!!**

- “Awh. Mom, you're the best!!” Zeineb exclaimed.

A cake, a picture of Zeineb when she was a baby and a bunch of colourful balloons in a beautiful garden with a small magnificent-looking lake. The time passed so fast, yet Zeineb's inner child is still alive.

- “Come on, now, make a wish and then blow on the candles!”

Nermeen asked Zeineb.

Zeineb wished to be a lawyer; it was the dream of her late brother. Suddenly, Fatima came, wearing her usual simple dress and a veil, holding a bag. Zeineb immediately gave her a hug, telling her how much she missed her and how thankful she is to see her doing well. In the mean time, Zeineb's friend arrived.

- "Won't you introduce this woman, Zeineb?" He asked "Was she your babysitter?"

Zeineb's friends didn't know the truth about her life; she preferred to keep it a secret.

Zeineb couldn't say anything. "Yeah, I was her babysitter." Fatima replied while handing Zeineb the bag. She wished her a happy birthday then left the place.

- "Mom! Mom!" Zeineb called. But Fatima didn't look back. Zeineb excused herself to leave the party. She walked until she ended up in front of her previous house. In front of her reality and her beginning. In front of the bitter truth away from the princess life she has been living. In front of the house she had nightmares about every single night, remembering all her memories there...

Zeineb entered the house. Nothing has changed inside; everything looks the same as it was. Zeineb apologized to her mother. Fatima replied: "My daughter! You have changed! You totally forgot who you are and who your family is..." She added: "I didn't hand you down as a gift for strangers. I sent you there to build your future, to study and live happily." "While I was sad and missing you during all these years, you completely forgot about me."

Zeineb replied while crying: "I wasn't happy either. No one noticed how sad my days were." She added: "I never forgot you nor did I forget this house. I didn't forget about my brother either, you guys never left my memory".

- “May I ask for one thing, Zeineb?” Fatima asked.

- “Yes, mom?” Zeineb curiously replied.

Fatima said: “I want to see you as a bride. I want you to get married to Mehdi. He will take a good care of us!”

Zeineb refused immediately “No! No! I am not willing to get married at this age, what are you talking about?”

- “Alright, then. Just leave and never come back here!” Fatima replied with disappointment...

Zeineb left the place. Walking in the neighbourhood while thinking about what her mother Fatima said. She is also thinking about all the effort of her mother Nermeen. Zeineb is lost in a bubble of thoughts, she couldn't escape it. Though she wasn't able to concentrate, she still recalled the name of the guy... What was it? Oh, it's Mehdi. Suddenly, she bumped into a tall young man with dark hair and dark eyes, he looks good and confident. It is Mehdi! But she doesn't know it yet. Mehdi has a car repair shop in the neighbourhood; he takes care of his family. His father died earlier when Mehdi was still a child. Zeineb's beauty is charming; her soft beautiful hair cascaded over her shoulders. Her face turned red when she looked at Mehdi with her sparkling hazel eyes. Mehdi apologized; she bowed her head and left... But she never left Mehdi's memory.

Zeineb returned to her mansion, still thinking about the words of her mother. She got lost in thoughts until she fell asleep. In the next morning, she headed to the house of her mother Fatima. As soon as she entered the house, she said: “I will accept, but with a condition to meet Mehdi and talk to him first”. Fatima seemed happy with the decision of her daughter, she replied: “Alright! Alright! I will plan for that”. Meanwhile, Mehdi's mother was also talking to her son about

Zeineb. He kept refusing then he said: “I will think about it after I get to meet her”...

In the tea room, Mehdi is waiting for Zeineb and her friend, Ameena, the one who will introduce the couple to each other.

Zeineb and Ameena entered the tea room. Ameena noticed him from a distance so she walked straight up to him. Mehdi looked up to see Zeineb in front of him... ‘What?.. You?’

- “Is that you?” Zeineb exclaimed “Oh, sorry. Hi! I am Zeineb.” She added.

He replied calmly: “And I am Mehdi. Please, have a seat!”

Ameena left Mehdi and Zeineb alone. They had some tea while discussing about the neighbourhood, about her brother as he was Mehdi's friend, and also about the marriage. Zeineb confronted Mehdi that she doesn't fall in love quickly, he answered that real love comes after marriage. She told him that she is planning to finish her degree and find a job, he wasn't against that either. Before they left the place, Mehdi asked Zeineb to give him her hand, he gave her the marbles of her brother, and this has put a smile on her face. She thanked him a lot for this precious gift and they said goodbye.

Zeineb told her mother Fatima that she and Mehdi have agreed, but she did not tell Nermeen, otherwise she would have stopped all of it. Zeineb lied to her mother saying that she will be staying with Fatima for some time; she made sure to take only a few of her clothes. It was a very deep lie...

The preparations for Mehdi and Zeineb's wedding started. Zeineb has never even guessed that she will be wearing her wedding dress before her graduation gown. She's doing this simply to alleviate any guilt about not following her mother's wishes. On the other hand, Fatima couldn't

realize that although this decision seems right at the moment, it will soon be the biggest mistake in Zeineb's life.

As soon as Nermeen heard about the marriage from Zeineb's best friend Ameena, she came running to save her princess. However, all the attempts failed to convince Zeineb to cancel the marriage and come back home. Zeineb apologized to her mother Nermeen. Fatima and Nermeen discussed and argued about this topic.

Nermeen is a successful woman, she have always helped Zeineb with her life and studies. Nermeen is the role model to Zeineb. During the marriage of Zeineb, Nermeen felt lonely and disappointed, she felt the sadness spreading all over her body. She gave Zeineb a hug and left, but she never left Zeineb alone, her heart stayed there the whole time. Even after marriage, Zeineb visited Nermeen often and they kept a good relationship.

Zeineb used to sleep separately from her husband; she used to sleep on the bed while Mehdi sleeps on the sofa. He didn't want to stress her out even more. He was very considerate. He used to help Zeineb with everything. He even bought her a desk so she can study comfortably. It was Zeineb's last year in the university, she will graduate soon. She was so close to becoming a lawyer, her dream job. Mehdi have seen all the hard work she puts on her studies. He supported her and bought her a legal robe to wear at work. Zeineb and Mehdi are starting to fall in love slowly but surely. Zeineb is feeling safe with him; she genuinely thinks she found her soul mate. She felt the father's tenderness with him, she couldn't feel like this even with her actual father. Zeineb constantly remembers Mehdi's manliness, his pride, his attitude, his words and everything about him. This time, she is able to give and receive love. Mehdi loved her dearly and supported her in all areas of life. Fatima

lived in the same house with the couple; she has seen how happy her daughter is.

Nermeen woke up one morning when her husband wasn't at home. She changed her clothes and went to surprise him at work. He hid his phone as soon as she entered the room.

- "Good morning, my dear! What a beautiful surprise! You could've just called me on the phone. Why did you come all the way till here by yourself?"

- "Good morning, my husband! As you know... Zeineb left the house. I am still not used to staying alone at home, so I decided to come see you and check on how the work's been going lately." Nermeen replied.

- "Okay, babe. Getting into work will totally help take your mind off things. Now, excuse me. Got some important stuff to take care of. Gotta leave. We will have lunch together after I come back, okay?" The husband asked.

Nermeen answered: "Alright. Take care!"

The husband left not knowing that he forgot his phone in the office. Nermeen opened a drawer and found the phone. She checked the messages and only found the number of the secretary Reem, she's also a friend of the family. Nermeen didn't feel any kind of suspicion. Then she went to her office and started working. After she finished working, she headed directly to her house, she didn't wait for her husband because he didn't show up yet and he forgot his phone. She laid down on her bed. Suddenly, she heard the door opening. It's Zeineb!!

- "Hello, mom! Are you alone?" Zeineb asked.

- "Yeah, dear. What's up?" The mom inquired.

- "I am here to remind you about my graduation party, it is next weekend". Zeineb informed.

- "Did you think I'd forget such a day? I'll definitely be there. How is it going with Mehdi, by the way? Is everything alright?"

- "Yeah, mom. We're doing alright. I am actually really happy with him". Zeineb replied.

- "Alright, sweetheart". Nermeen affirmed.

Zeineb didn't stay with her mother for too long. Soon, she left to have lunch with Mehdi.

- "Zeineb! I love you so much!". Mehdi said.

- "I love you, too, Mehdi". Zeineb replied.

- "I'll stay forever by your side. I will never leave you alone". He added.

- "I trust that". She replied.

Sometimes we may not keep our promises, leading to a breakdown in trust, too.

The next morning is a very special morning to Zeineb. The eagerly awaited morning of success. Today is the day that Zeineb worked hard for.

Zeineb woke up excited this morning. She changed her clothes and prepared herself. Mehdi also prepared himself; he left the house earlier and bought her a bouquet of beautiful flowers. Mehdi was proud and happy of his wife. Zeineb was obviously the happiest.

During the graduation ceremony, the head of the university called Zeineb to give a graduation speech. Zeineb went up to the podium; she looked at her family cheering up for her. "Ladies and gentleman, I haven't planned my speech, therefore I will be speaking spontaneously and honestly. It was a mix of feelings throughout all these years. I don't want to give a simple standard thank-you speech to my people; I'd rather narrate my story. Not for you to feel sorry about me nor for me to show pride about myself, but I will do that so that every little girl here hears this story to realize how strong she is, to realize that she will be stronger in the future and she will bring her dreams to realization. Years



ago, my father used to break my pens, throw and burn my books. I used to study in secret while he was away from home and hide my pens as soon as he arrives. My mother Fatima used to spend some of her money to buy me new stationery tools. My father used to use violence against her and me. He used to say that a woman should get married without pursuing any studies. He used to lock the door on me, I used to scream: “Father!! Open the door!” but he never listened to what I said and always leaves me there. My mother wasn't able to do anything. Her son died in front of her. Her daughter ran away. She, one day, decided to give the remaining daughter to another family.

Grateful to Nermeen, I stand here today because of her unwavering belief in my abilities. With her love, care, and support, I am standing here alongside my husband Mehdi. They say ‘Love comes after marriage,’ and it's true – Mehdi, I love you. Thank you for your enduring patience and support. Thank you for the legal robe you gifted me. You made me believe in myself. Mehdi! You are the one who witnessed all of my struggles and you're now witnessing my success. As for my dear brother, I am sorry that I didn't take a good care of you. I apologize for not standing up for you... I will never forget you. Your sister realized her dream of becoming a lawyer.”

Everyone clapped their hands. Mehdi stood up and headed towards Zeineb, he kissed her in the cheek. “I am proud of you.” He said. He handed her the bouquet of flowers. Zeineb is extremely beautiful; even flowers blush in awe of her beauty.

In the evening, as soon as Nermeen went back home, she found out that her husband cheated on her with a friend of the family. She was shocked...

‘A woman is able to make a man forget about another woman? Does love always end this way?’ Nermeen was so shocked that she didn't

know what to do. Her husband transferred all her possessions to him when she was absent from her company. Nermeen broke down; she really thought it's a nightmare. She promptly dialed Zeineb and informed her of the situation. Mehdi took Zeineb to Nermeen's house. As Nermeen was trying to reclaim her belongings, she remained in a state of shock, unable to come to terms with the events.

Zeineb passed a job interview in a big, famous company. The interview was totally successful. She agreed to undergo a training period before they decide to accept her or not. She had to go back home late in the evening due to the requirements of her job. The CEO presented Zeineb and her colleagues with one of the company's cars as a gift. Mehdi didn't like the fact that Zeineb is working there, because the CEO used to drive her home sometimes. Mehdi talked to Zeineb about it several times and asked her to quit but she refused.

- "You know well that I can't just leave my job and quit the company, Mehdi!" She yelled. "You know that I worked hard to be here today, don't ask me to do such things". She added.

This was always Zeineb's answer to Mehdi whenever he talked to her about the situation. One day, when she, again, came back home late, he just said: "You won't go to work tomorrow!". Zeineb didn't take him seriously and went to bed. She got used to his words. In the next morning, she woke up to find herself locked in the room. She looked for the keys but she couldn't find them. She checked from the window to see Mehdi.

- "Mehdi! You're here! I couldn't find the keys; would you unlock the door, please? I will soon be late to work".

Mehdi didn't answer. He turned his back and left.

She started screaming and crying behind the door, saying "Mehdi! Please open the door! Mehdi!! Let me go to work, please"...

The same old scene happened again. Her father didn't use to let her go to school. And now? Mehdi? 'I can't believe that Mehdi has a similar behaviour...Is this my house? Well, I cannot breakdown here, once again.'

In the toolbox, Zeineb looked for a tool to break the door lock. She tried and she actually broke it. "These doors will not stop me anymore!". Zeineb packed her bags and left the house.

She left the house heading to Mehdi's workshop. "I am not your slave and not a weak woman". She yelled. "I broke the door and here I am, see?", "Neither you nor anyone else can break me again. It's over, let's get a divorce!" She asked.

Zeineb didn't hesitate to throw the ring at Mehdi's face. She left the workshop and went to work. She asked her boss for permission to leave early this evening. She bought a small house to stay along with her mothers Nermeen and Fatima. She felt that she belongs to this house. She toiled diligently to earn the money needed, only to eventually use it to purchase this house.

Meanwhile, Mehdi was trying hard to get back with Zeineb once again. He felt as if he lost a big part of his life. But his mistakes were not forgivable. Women forgive and forget to a certain extent.

Mehdi crossed the limits. He crossed it to the point where he hurt someone he loves.

'For the first time, I didn't think of you before sleeping and didn't hug the pillow as if it was you. How can I hug a love that never even existed after all?

And for the first time, our love changed. What is love without you?  
And what are you without love?

For the first time, I cannot feel you, not even slightly, though I used to feel you the most.

And for this time, I let you go. You let me go. You broke your promise and hurt me, and hurt yourself. You left me, and our love. We didn't get to say a proper goodbye. I don't wish to meet you again, Mehdi. And I'm not willing to give you another chance. I will not give you a hand, I'll let you fall. It was all good but for now it's over.'

Zeineb continued her life, working as usual. As for her relationship with the CEO, it grew more day by day to eventually end up falling in love. It is said that good people end up with good people like them, and lawyers end up with lawyers like them. This is Zeineb's fate in her love life. Mehdi kept trying to get Zeineb back, but failed every time. He ended up in a mental hospital after he tried multiple times to physically hurt Zeineb at the end of the legal sessions.

As for Nermeen, she was able to prove that her husband cheated on her and that he stole her belongings. She was able to get back all what she lost. She was able to do this thanks to Zeineb's CEO.

With time, Zeineb and Mourad (the CEO) became closer than ever. Zeineb thinks she's, again, falling in love. It wasn't just a thought she was, rather, sure of it. She's head over heels for him, and he's too. He witnessed the details of her life, the bitter and the sweet days. Mourad stayed beside her despite all of that.

'If someone truly loves you, they'd stay with you in spite of all the circumstances. They'd get your back. They'd help you progress. They would shield you, even from your own actions, if they witness you causing harm to yourself.'

Days passed, Fatima and Nermeen knew about Zeineb and Mourad's relationship. Fatima finally accepted the fact that she doesn't need to intervene in Zeineb's life and that she should let her find her happiness by herself.

One night, Mourad called Zeineb on the phone. He asked her to come to a certain place. He sent her the location via texts. Zeineb immediately went to that place.

Zeineb entered the garden. The entire place was dark. Lights have switched on when Mourad showed up. There was a beautiful table with candles, food and flowers.

- "Take a seat!" Mourad asked.

Zeineb giggled a bit and sat down.

- "You look stunning!" Mourad said. "Your allure eclipses even the moon's charm!" He added.

- "Well, that's how I ended up captivating the guy I'm into". She replied.

- "I love you, Zeineb!" He said.

- "So do I". Zeineb answered.

- "Zeineb, I want you to be my forever partner, to be my supporter and I want to be your supporter, too. I want to have the right to protect you from everything. I want us to live together, to be together. Zeineb, I want you to shower me with your love. To be the lady of my house and its owner. And to be the mistress of my heart." He Said.

"Zeineb! Do you agree to be my companion in joy and sorrow? Would you marry me?" Mourad asked.

Zeineb was surprised and touched.

- "Yes, I accept to be your wife".

There's no better love than the Halal one «Loving and dating after marriage».

'Do not hesitate in the right opportunity.'

After that beautiful evening, Zeineb couldn't wait to tell her mother about what happened. Mourad also told his parents about it.

A week later, Mourad and his family officially asked for Zeineb's hand. The two families happily accepted each other.

Zeineb and Mourad started to search for a house. Zeineb had the chance this time to choose the house that she will belong to, that she'll live and sleep in with peace of mind.

No violation, no worry, no problem, no past. One person changed her life to the better. However, even before that person, Zeineb changed her fate with her own hands. She was the supporter of her own self. She didn't let anything break her.

## The moral

One day, you'll overcome everything. After being completely wrecked, you'll pick yourself back together.

You will heal your wounds alone. Doctors are not able to heal the soul because there's no right treatment. You will learn to never give up. You will have to stand up again; the path is still long, so why will you give up?

There's a ladder you will have to climb. Wake up now, there's no need to be scared or sad.

Stand still. Face the death. Face the fate. Your fears will turn into a ghost and hunt you forever if you do not face them now.

We cannot change the past, neither can we cannot forget what happened back then.

Sometimes, even when we overcome a bad experience, it leaves a big scar in our heart. I believe that every one of us has the ability to change his/her fate, to make a positive change, to get up and fly high.

I like this story, but it wasn't the only reason I chose to tell the world about it. I couldn't help but write, my fingers moving in a constant rhythm, a storytelling dance on the pages before me. My ink will never dry out. The reason why I chose this story is very special. I wouldn't have been able to find myself, to stand up, rewrite the stars nor start a new chapter without letting go. Yes, letting the past go. Letting go of past attachments.

I felt like a stranger inside my own house. 'I do not belong here.' The most important thing now is that I am happier than ever.

I am happy that I broke the restrictions. I am happy that my hands are not tied anymore. My inner self is free from those restrictions.

I am happy that I was able to switch that darkness to permanent light and revived myself.

I am happy that I have gained a deeper understanding of my inner self. I recognised my faults so as to focus on my strengths and delete «Weak» from my dictionary. Sorry, I do not have one of those so called "Weaknesses".

I am happy that I confronted these sealed doors behind which I have perennially shed tears. I didn't use to have enough courage to open it. But now there is no fear. I have already passed to a next level. Feeling happy and joyful that I have liberated myself from the confines of the prison in which I was ensnared. A prison of a past horrible experience; overthinking and toxic attachments that made my feelings fade away.

I was drowning in fear and sadness. I was a different person, a person who lacked the ability to prevent drowning despite the attempts. I wasn't as strong neither as unique. I wasn't me.

I saved myself. I didn't let myself down. I challenged myself and I eventually won.

I am happy that I was able to spread my wings and fly high. I flew with my thoughts, with my ambitions, and with my dreams. I flew far away and left behind whatever was broken.



I am happy that, despite the passage of years, I remain resilient, refraining from succumbing to fragility after each instance of betrayal. I promised to create a better life for myself, with improved goals, ambitions, and a healthier body and mind. Ultimately, I fulfilled the biggest promise I made.

**"I am content after maturing in a broken house"**

**Samira Aya Medane.**

*Maturing in a broken house*

Samira Aya Medane

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