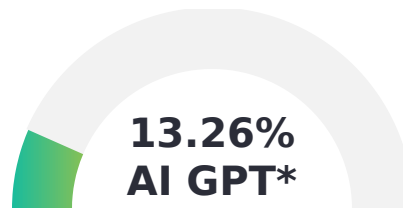




ZeroGPT

Your Text is Human Written



The Silence Between the Headlines

They printed the story.

But they didn't print the silence.

Not the silence of waking up on the floor of a friend's flat, staring at the ceiling, wondering how I'd become the villain in someone else's movie.

Not the silence of walking through a supermarket while strangers stared—not because they recognised me, but because they did.

Not the silence of crying in the shower, afraid even the water might judge me.

Not the silence of thinking, just for a second, that the world might be better without me.

They printed my mistakes.

But not the poems I wrote in the dark.

Not the therapy sessions.

Not the nights I held my breath waiting for some kind of forgiveness from a god I wasn't sure I believed in.

They reported what was legal, not what was emotional.

They talked about court dates, but not the quiet dignity of sweeping community centre floors during community payback.

They didn't mention the strangers who still looked me in the eye with kindness.

The child who ran up and hugged me without knowing my name.

The friend who texted just one word: "Still."

There's a whole life between the headlines.

A life with bruises, yes.

But also music.

And love.

And late-night chips.

And old books.

And slow healing.

I am not the story that was written about me.

I am the story I'm writing through me.

And if you've ever been reduced to a single sentence,

if you've ever had your whole world narrowed down to one bad day,

one headline,

one accusation,

one moment—

I want you to know:

You are not your worst chapter.

There's silence between the headlines.

And in that silence,

you are still here.

 **Highlighted text is suspected to be most likely generated by AI***

1631 Characters

290 Words