

THE LIGHT IN THE DARK



A STORY BY RAHUL DOGRA

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There once was a girl who found herself in a room so dark she couldn't see her own hands. She was scared and alone. But through a tiny crack in the wall, a small beam of light squeezed through.

The light wasn't much, just a whisper of brightness, but it danced on her palm when she held up her hand. It reminded her that outside the darkness, there was still a world full of brightness.

Each day, she would sit by that tiny beam of light. Sometimes she would talk to it, sometimes she would just watch it play on the floor. The light never spoke back, but it never left her either.

"You're my friend," she would whisper to the light.
"You remind me that I'm not alone."

That little beam of light was her God – not because it was bright or powerful, but because it stayed with her when everything else was dark.