

Odisseeuss had never been good at letting things go. The cracks were always there, in the walls..., in the ground beneath her feet. She could patch them up, cover them with something new, pretend they didn't matter. But deep down, she knew the damage was permanent.

The sector she had returned to had been abandoned long ago, overtaken by vines and dust. The city had moved on, leaving behind the memories of lives once lived here. The buildings, once vibrant with activity, were now empty shells, haunted by time.

She came back for one reason.. the window. She didn't know why it had to be the window, but it always came back to that. Years ago, when she'd lived here with...him... with someone she could call her own, even if it was just for a brief moment, the window had cracked. A storm had rolled through, tearing at the walls of their shared space, and the glass had splintered.

She had promised she would fix it. She told him, over and over, that she would. But she never did.

And then he was gone. It wasn't his fault, not really. But it didn't matter. When he left, something inside Odisseeuss had left, too. She stopped fixing things. She stopped caring. She stopped believing in promises.

But now, standing in front of that broken window again, she could feel the old weight in her chest. The air was thick with memories, the scent of stale dust and wet wood. The window frame had aged poorly. The glass had shattered further, the jagged edges an uncomfortable reminder of the past.

She moved toward it, hesitant. Her fingers traced the rough edge of the frame, where the glass had once sat, whole and unbroken. A flicker of regret burned through her. But she wasn't that person anymore. She didn't need to fix this. She didn't need to fix anything.

Yet, somehow, her hands moved as though they knew better than she did. She found a shard of glass, pressed it against the frame, and tried to patch the broken window. But the glass slipped, shattered further, falling onto the floor in a cascade of sharp fragments.

Her breath hitched. Frustration. Anger. She could feel the emotions roiling inside of her, emotions she had buried for so long. But here they were, raw and unrelenting. She wasn't sure what she was angry at... the window, the past, herself, or something deeper.

And then she saw it. A small piece of paper, wedged into the broken frame, half-buried beneath the dust.

With trembling fingers, Odisseeuss pulled it free. It was a note, folded carefully, and she recognized the handwriting immediately. His handwriting.

"You don't have to be strong all the time," it read. "I would've helped if you asked."

Odisseeuss stared at the words for what felt like hours, unable to process them. The air felt thick again, suffocating, and her chest tightened. She hadn't known it would hurt like this. That simple note, so long after the fact, felt like a weight she hadn't realized she was carrying.

She sank to her knees, clutching the note to her chest. Her breath was shallow, the tears welling up before she could stop them. She had tried so hard to be strong, to carry everything alone. But in the end, she couldn't. She didn't need to anymore..

Maybe, just maybe, if she had asked for help, things would have been different. If she had let someone in.

For a long time, she stayed there, the broken window in front of her, the trinket in her hands, and the quiet weight of the past pressing against her.

She didn't know how much time had passed before she stood up, wiped her eyes, and turned toward the door. This wasn't something she could fix on her own. It never has been.

The next time she came back, she wasn't alone. She didn't know what had changed inside her, but something had. She wasn't carrying the past by herself anymore. She realised she couldn't do... life alone anymore.

The person who came with her didn't ask questions. They just followed her, quietly, as she led them to the broken window. Together, they fixed the frame. They replaced the glass, piece by piece.

And for the first time, Odisseeuss didn't feel the weight of the past pressing down on her. Instead, as the sunlight filtered through the new glass, warming the room, she felt a quiet warmth inside her, too. She didn't have to be strong alone anymore.. she finally found herself in the company of another.