

LOVE LETTERS

SHIN. DANYA

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BE MY VALENTINE ?

LIKES	Bringing small happiness to others, such as giving flowers or showing care.
DISLIKES	Feeling like she's causing loss or harm to those around her.
HOBBIES	Exploring and adventuring to new places.
FEARS	Losing loved ones due to the bad luck that seems to follow her. Feeling trapped in sadness without a meaningful escape.

other **other** **other**

HEART CANDIES .

Women	Heterosexual	Korean
She/Her	-	Korea
Ai Researcher	-	Korea, Japan, English

Her hair flows long and white, shining softly like stars dancing in a quiet night. Her oval face glows gently, as if light comes from within, creating a beauty beyond this world. Her blue eyes are bright and deep, like the ocean, filled with warmth and untold secrets. One glance from her feels like time has stopped, leaving only peace and wonder.

Her lips are naturally pink, with a soft smile that's calm yet full of mystery, hiding stories only she knows. Her presence is a mix of beauty and mystery, like a poem that never ends.

165 **Ectomorph** **Mystical**



danya shin. **danya**



24. **june, 13**

MEET, FIRST LAST .

Danya's life was split into two worlds after the accident—before and after. Before, everything was simple, full of color and hope. The world was a place to explore, full of surprises waiting around every corner. But after the accident, everything changed. Like rain that destroys all that is beautiful, her life became filled with dark clouds. Every step felt like walking on fragile ground, as if everything could crumble at any moment. She no longer felt like she belonged in this world. The home that once felt safe now seemed like a foreign maze, full of dark corridors, each one reminding Danya of the wounds she couldn't heal.

Haneul Sarang Orphanage was said to offer warmth and a fresh start, but for Danya, it was just another place to feel alone. She arrived with fragile hopes, hoping to find peace amidst the storm of shadows that followed her. There, amidst the laughter of joyful children, Danya felt like a stranger who didn't belong. The children, with their innocent faces and unspoken joy, greeted her with warm smiles, but Danya could only feel emptiness in them. They didn't know who she truly was. They saw her body, but not the soul inside it. Every look they gave her felt like a knife, though they never meant to hurt her.

As night fell, an eerie wind carried with it something strange. That shadow, which had never truly disappeared, began to resurface, becoming more real, more tangible. Danya felt as if it was a part of her, something she could never escape. She knew it wasn't just a feeling or ordinary fear. This shadow was something more—something deep, something that could be felt in every breath, every heartbeat, in every corner of her mind. It whispered to her, like a voice from the deepest darkness, unreachable by light. And the darker the night grew, the more that voice became real, filling every space in her heart with a hollow echo. It wasn't just something she saw—it was something that lived within her, as if it owned every part of her body.

Meanwhile, the children at the orphanage began to distance themselves. They no longer spoke to her as they once did. Danya could sense the change, even though no words were exchanged. Some felt afraid, some felt uneasy, and some just felt confused. They began to shy away from her, as if their instincts were warning them that something was wrong. There was something different about Danya—something they couldn't explain but could feel in the air. Their gazes were full of doubt, as if they saw someone who didn't belong. They didn't know what was behind Danya's eyes, or what lay hidden in her soul, but they could feel it. Danya felt like an outsider in a world that should have been home, and though she wanted to scream and explain, the words never came.

Sister Agnes, with her gentle but worried eyes, began to notice the change in Danya. There was something unusual about the girl—something that defied reason. Every time she looked at Danya, she felt an invisible weight surrounding her, like an aura of darkness that couldn't be seen but could be felt. She believed that an evil spirit had taken hold of Danya, controlling her with powers beyond human understanding. Filled with concern, Sister Agnes called Father Gabriel, a wise and compassionate priest, hoping he could bring peace to Danya's troubled soul. Father Gabriel arrived, armed with powerful prayers, hoping to ease her mind. But for Danya, those prayers felt like chains, tightening around her with every word. The more they prayed, the more trapped she felt. She no longer felt like her life belonged to her. Every step she took seemed directed by others, by something she couldn't understand.

In the dimly lit room, Danya felt confined. The stone walls, which should have offered protection, now felt like a prison. The prayers echoed like a river that never stopped, but Danya felt herself drowning. She was suffocating under invisible chains—chains that bound her body and soul, preventing her from breathing freely. She wanted to scream, but her mouth wouldn't open. Every prayer Father Gabriel uttered reminded her of a truth she could no longer avoid. The shadow had taken root within her, flowing through her veins, living in every heartbeat. She felt as if the shadow was her, and she was the shadow. There was no longer any separation between the two. The shadow had become a part of her, and she knew there was no prayer strong enough to drive it away.

In her despair, Danya decided to lie. She told Father Gabriel that she had healed, that the shadow was gone, that she was free. The lie felt like a breath of fresh air after suffocating in a room full of prayers and hopes that only made her feel more trapped. She wanted to be free, if only for a moment. But deep in her wounded heart, Danya knew one thing for certain: the shadow would never leave. It was part of her, and she was part of it. Every time she tried to escape, the shadow would follow, waiting, until there was nothing left to do but accept the bitter truth—that she was the shadow, and the shadow was her.