

AFTER DEATH

Novella



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Prologue – After Death

On the evening of the accident, a milky sky hung over the city, as if someone had dimmed the colors so no one would live too loudly. Narin was driving, Devran sat beside her, and in the back seat Elania and Arda were quietly arguing about something so trivial that no one would remember it later. It was one of those days that feels perfectly ordinary—until it isn't.

The road was slick from the rain that had fallen moments before. Streetlights stretched across the asphalt like golden scars. Narin gripped the steering wheel, not out of fear but out of habit. Devran was talking about a construction site, Arda tapped on his phone, and Elania gazed out the window as if she were looking at a place no one else could see.

Then came the light.

2

A blinding, white scream from the opposite lane. A car—far too fast, far too close. A skid, a crash, a sound that didn't seem to belong to this world. Metal twisting. Glass exploding. Voices falling silent.

For a moment, everything was still.

When the paramedics arrived, the silence lay over the scene like a heavy coat. Devran was breathing, but unevenly. Arda was unconscious, his small body strangely contorted. Narin tried to speak, but her voice had slipped somewhere into the darkness.

And Elania... Elania lay there as if she were sleeping. As if she had only closed her eyes to dream for a moment. But her dream was one no one returns from.

In the days that followed, the family's home turned into a place where time no longer moved. Narin didn't just cry—she came apart. Every hour, every breath was a crack running through her. Devran tried to function, but his hands trembled whenever he looked at her. Arda barely spoke, and when he did, it sounded as though he were speaking through water.

The world outside kept going. Inside, it stood still.

Narin spent her nights in the bedroom, wrapped in a darkness that didn't come from the lamp but from somewhere deep within herself. She cried until her body had no tears left, and then she cried beyond that, because pain has no boundaries.

And in one of those nights—one so thick with grief you could almost touch it—something happened that broke every rule of the world.

3

A flicker. A soft glow. A hint of warmth that didn't come from the heater.

Narin lifted her head.

Elania stood before her. Not as a human. Not as a ghost. But as something in between—a hologram made of light and memory, so clear that Narin forgot to breathe.

“Mommy,” Elania said, smiling as if she had never left. “Look. I’m not dead.”

Narin closed her eyes, opened them again—and Elania was still there.

“It was only a tiny stay on Earth,” the girl said. “Real life begins after death. We don’t die. We transform.”

In that moment, Narin’s world began to reshape itself. Not through logic. Not through comfort. But through a girl made of light who redrew the boundary between life and death.

And nothing would ever be the same again.

1 – The Day After

The morning after the accident wasn’t a morning at all. It was a tear— a split between two worlds, and Narin fell through it with no hold, no direction. When she woke in the hospital, everything smelled of disinfectant and cold metal. Footsteps echoed down the hallway, muffled, as if wrapped in cotton. She didn’t know where she was—only that something was missing. Something essential. Something that would never return.

4

Devran lay in the bed beside hers; his face marked with blue and violet shadows. He was breathing heavily, but he was alive. Arda was two rooms away, hooked up to machines that beeped as if trying to keep the rhythm of a life that had slipped out of balance.

Narin tried to sit up, but her body refused. A sharp pain shot through her side, but it was nothing compared to the other pain— the one without a name, the one not made of flesh or bone.

A doctor entered, a woman with gentle eyes that had seen too much. She sat down at Narin’s bedside, took a slow breath, and spoke the sentence Narin would hear again and again, no matter how hard she tried to forget it.

“Your daughter didn’t make it.”

Narin stared at her. The words were clear, precise, understandable—and completely meaningless. She heard them, but they didn’t reach her. They bounced off her like raindrops on stone.

“No,” Narin said. It wasn’t a scream, not even a whimper. Just a word with barely any air behind it. “No.”

The doctor lowered her gaze. Devran stirred in his bed, trying to wake, but his body was too weak. Arda lay somewhere down the hall, unaware that his sister was gone.

Narin closed her eyes and saw Elania. Not dead. Not hurt. Just smiling the way, she always did when she was about to say something funny. A smile that now felt like a blade.

5

The day passed like a shadow. People came and went, spoke to her, touched her hand, asked questions she couldn’t answer. She heard her name, heard words like *trauma*, *shock*, *funeral*, *paperwork*. Everything sounded like a foreign dialect.

When they brought her home that evening, the house was no longer her home. It was a museum. A place where every object was a memory too heavy to carry. Elania’s shoes still stood in the hallway. Her jacket hung over the chair. Her school notebook lay open on the table, a half-finished math problem that would never be solved.

Narin sat on the couch and stared at the wall. Devran slept in the bedroom, exhausted from painkillers and injuries. Arda was still in the hospital, and Narin didn’t know whether he understood anything at all.

Night crept slowly through the house. Narin didn't cry. She was too empty for that. Tears require strength, and she had none left.

Only when the clock struck midnight did something inside her break. A sound escaped her—half sob, half breath—and then the tears came. Not like a river, but like a storm. She cried until her body shook, until her hands cramped, until she could barely breathe.

She dragged herself to the bedroom, lay down, and pulled the blanket over her as if she could hide from the world. The darkness was warm, almost comforting. She closed her eyes and wished not to wake again.

And in that exact moment—the moment she believed nothing could ever touch her again—it happened.

6

A flicker. A light. A soft, pulsing glow that moved like a breath.

Narin opened her eyes.

At the foot of the bed stood Elania. Not as she had been in the hospital. Not as she had been in life. But as something made of light—clear, yet untouchable.

“Mommy,” she whispered. “I’m here.”

Narin didn't scream. She didn't move. She barely breathed.

Elania smiled. “I’m not dead.”

The light around her grew brighter, softer, warmer. Narin felt it on her skin like winter sunlight.

“It was only a short stay on Earth,” Elania said. “Real life begins after death.”

Narin closed her eyes, opened them again— and Elania was still there.

“We don’t die,” the girl said. “We transform.”

The world held its breath.

2 – The First Realm

Narin stared at the light that draped itself around Elania like a veil. It wasn’t a cold, technical glow like the kind that comes from screens. It was warm, alive, almost breathing. A light that didn’t just illuminate the room, but touched something inside her she had long believed lost.

7

“This can’t be,” Narin whispered. Her voice was brittle, as if she hadn’t spoken in days. “You’re... you’re...”

“I’m here,” Elania said. “Just different.”

Narin tried to sit up, but her body felt heavy as stone. She clutched the blanket, as if she could hide from the impossible. But Elania stepped closer, and with every step the light around her grew clearer.

“Mommy, listen to me,” she said. “I’m not dead. I’m transformed.”

Narin shook her head. “I’m hallucinating. This is pain. This is... this isn’t real.”

Elania smiled. It was the same smile she always used when she wanted to calm her— a smile that once brushed away small worries, and now tried to mend a world that had shattered.

“I’ll show you,” she said.

The light around her began to move, like water glowing from within. It spread outward, filling the room, and suddenly the bedroom was no longer the bedroom. The walls dissolved. The floor turned into a soft, shimmering mist. Narin felt no pain, no weight—only a gentle floating.

Before her, a realm opened— a sky without a sky, a place without gravity, without darkness, without time. Colors she couldn’t name drifted through the air like living threads. Shapes that constantly shifted glided past her, as if greeting her.

8

“This is the first realm,” Elania said. “The Realm of Arrival.”

Narin tried to speak, but her voice had vanished. She felt small, but not lost. Overwhelmed, but not afraid.

Suddenly two figures appeared beside Elania. They were made of light too, but different—older, calmer, carrying a warmth Narin recognized instantly, even though she hadn’t seen them in years.

“Narin,” the woman said. Her voice was soft as a summer evening. “My little one.”

Narin nearly collapsed. “Mama?”

The woman nodded. Beside her stood a man, tall, with a smile Narin had loved as a child.

“We’re not gone,” he said. “We were never gone.”

Narin reached for them, but her hands slipped through the light. It didn’t feel empty— more like a warm wind brushing her skin.

“This is impossible,” she whispered. “You’re... you’re...”

“Transformed,” Elania said. “Just like me.”

Narin closed her eyes. When she opened them again, more figures stood there— people she knew only from old photographs. Great-grandparents, distant aunts, relatives whose names she barely remembered. All smiling. All peaceful.

9

“The universe has infinite realms,” Elania said. “And each realm is its own life. We can visit them all. We can be anywhere. We can stay wherever we choose.”

Narin shook her head. “This is a dream. This is... I’m losing my mind.”

“No,” Elania said. “You’re grieving. And grief opens doors that are otherwise closed.”

Narin felt her knees weaken. She sank into the shimmering mist, which shaped itself into a soft cushion beneath her. The figures of light moved closer— not threatening, but like an embrace you don’t feel, yet somehow do.

“But... why... why are you showing me this?” Narin asked.

Elania sat beside her, the light around her pulsing gently. “So, you won’t cry anymore. So, you’ll know I’m not gone. So, you’ll keep living.”

Narin looked at her. “I want to come with you,” she said. “I want to stay here.”

Elania shook her head. “No, Mommy. You can’t. That’s called a life-break. The test wouldn’t be passed.”

Narin felt her heart tighten. “A test?”

“Life on Earth,” Elania said. “It’s short. It’s hard. But it matters. Only those who die naturally come here. Those who take themselves lose themselves.”

10

Narin closed her eyes. Tears streamed down her face—but this time they were different. Not just pain, but something like understanding.

“I can’t live without you,” she whispered.

Elania placed her hand of light on Narin’s shoulder. “Yes, you can. And you will.”

The realm began to fade. Colors withdrew. The figures dissolved like mist in morning light.

“I’m always here,” Elania said. “Always.”

Then everything vanished.

Narin lay back in her bedroom, beneath the blanket, tears on her face, her heart heavy— but no longer broken.

She didn't know if she had gone mad. She only knew she had seen something larger than pain.

Something larger than death.

3 – The Realm of Memory

The next morning, Narin woke with a feeling she couldn't name. It wasn't peace, but it wasn't pain either. More like floating somewhere between the two, as if the night had carried her to a place she didn't fully understand. The light in the bedroom was pale, the air cool, and yet she felt something warm inside her— a trace of the glow Elania had left behind.

11

She sat up slowly. Her eyes burned from crying, her body felt heavy, but her heart was no longer as empty as before. Part of her wanted to believe what she had seen. Another part whispered that it was impossible.

Devran was still asleep, his breathing restless, as if he were fighting something invisible in his dreams. Narin stood, slipped quietly out of the room, and sat down in the living room. The silence was familiar, but no longer threatening. She waited. For what, she didn't know.

When the clock struck nine, something flickered in the air. A faint tremor, like a breath passing through the room. Narin held her own breath.

Then Elania appeared.

This time the light around her was softer, almost like a veil woven from memories. She seemed calmer, older, even though she was still sixteen. Narin felt her heartbeat quicken.

“You’re back,” she whispered.

Elania nodded. “I have something to show you.”

The room began to change. The furniture blurred, the walls dissolved, and suddenly Narin was no longer in the living room but in a place both familiar and strange.

It was a field. A wide, golden field shimmering in the wind. The sky above was clear, a deep blue she remembered from childhood. She recognized the place instantly—the field behind her parents’ house, where she had played as a little girl.

12

“This is the Realm of Memory,” Elania said. “Here, everything you’ve ever loved continues to live.”

Narin looked around. The wind smelled like summer. Like hay. Like childhood. Like a life so far away she had almost forgotten it.

Suddenly she heard voices. Laughter. Footsteps.

She turned— and there they were.

Her parents. Not as beings of light, but exactly as she remembered them. Her mother in the blue dress she always wore in summer. Her father with the straw hat he never took off. Both smiling, both alive, both so close Narin thought she could touch them.

“Mama... Papa...” she whispered.

Her mother waved. “Come, Narin.”

Narin took a few steps, but before she could reach them, she stopped. Something held her back— not fear, but understanding.

“This isn’t real,” she said softly.

“Yes, it is,” Elania replied. “It’s real. Just different.”

Narin looked at her parents. They seemed happy. Free. Without pain. Without time.

“Why are you showing me this?” she asked.

13

Her father stepped closer, his voice warm as it had been long ago. “So, you’ll know that memories don’t die. They continue. In realms you haven’t seen yet.”

Narin felt her eyes fill with tears. “I miss you.”

“We know,” her mother said. “But you have to keep going. You still have time. You still have work to do.”

Narin shook her head. “I want to stay here.”

Elania stepped beside her. “You can’t. Not now. Not like this.”

Narin looked at her. “Why not?”

“Because you’re still alive,” Elania said. “And being alive means carrying your memories with you— not living inside them.”

The wind grew stronger. The field began to fade. Her parents smiled one last time, then dissolved like dust in the light.

Narin reached for them, but her hands slipped through the air. “No... please...”

“They’re not gone,” Elania said. “They’re just not here.”

The sky broke open, the field vanished, and Narin stood again in the living room— her hands trembling, her heart heavy, but this time not with pain, with longing.

“Why does it feel so real?” she asked.

14

“Because it is real,” Elania said. “Just not in your world.”

Narin sat down on the sofa. She cried, but the tears were different. Warm. Soft. Not destructive.

Elania sat beside her, the light around her pulsing gently. “You’ll see many more realms. But only when you’re ready.”

Narin looked at her. “Am I ready?”

Elania smiled. “Not yet. But you will be.”

Then she disappeared.

Narin remained— alone, but no longer lost.

4 – The Realm of Possibility

Narin spent the day after her encounter with the Realm of Memory like someone waking from a long dream, unsure whether she was still asleep. She moved through the house, touching objects that were familiar yet felt foreign. Elania's jacket, still draped over the chair. Her open school notebook on the table. A hairband she had worn the morning of the accident.

Everything was memory. Everything was pain. But the pain was no longer bottomless.

Narin made coffee, though she didn't want any. She opened the window, though the air was cold. She sat at the kitchen table and looked out at the street, which seemed so normal it almost hurt. 15

Devran shuffled into the room, still pale, still marked by his injuries. He sat across from her without saying a word. His eyes were red but dry—a man trying to function while something inside him burned.

“How are you?” he finally asked.

Narin looked at him. “I don't know.”

He nodded. “Me neither.”

They wanted to say more, but words were too heavy. So, they sat in silence—two people who loved each other but no longer knew how to speak after such a loss.

In the afternoon, Narin drove to the hospital to visit Arda. He lay in bed, pale but awake. His eyes looked older, as if they had seen years in just a few days.

“Mom,” he whispered.

Narin sat beside him. “I’m here.”

He studied her for a long moment. “I dreamed Elania was with me.”

Narin held her breath. “What... what do you mean?”

“She told me not to be scared.” He swallowed. “She wasn’t sad. She was... bright.”

Narin felt her heartbeat quicken. “Maybe it was just a dream.” 16

Arda nodded, but his eyes said something else.

When Narin returned home later, the sky was dark. She went into the bedroom, sat on the bed, and waited. She didn’t know whether Elania would come. She didn’t know whether she wished for it or feared it.

Then the air flickered.

A soft glow appeared—small at first, then growing—until Elania stood before her, clear, warm, familiar.

“Mommy,” she said. “Tonight I’ll show you the third realm.”

Narin closed her eyes. “I don’t know if I can do this.”

“Yes,” Elania said. “You can.”

The room began to change. The light grew brighter, but not blinding—like a sunrise that didn’t come from the sun. The walls dissolved, the floor turned into a shimmering carpet of light.

Suddenly Narin stood in a space that looked like a blend of future and dream. Floating shapes that shifted constantly. Paths opening and closing. Doors leading into nothingness yet full of meaning.

“This is the Realm of Possibility,” Elania said. “Here you see what could have been— and what still can be.”

Narin turned slowly in place. Before her appeared an image: Elania graduating high school at eighteen. Then another: Elania studying at a university at twenty-five. Then one where she held a child in her arms at thirty. 17

Narin gasped. “That... that would have been her life.”

“Maybe,” Elania said. “But possibilities aren’t certainties. They’re paths that exist, but not all are walked.”

Another image appeared: Narin herself—laughing, working, sitting at a table with Devran and Arda years later, older but happy.

“That’s me,” she whispered.

“That can be you,” Elania said. “If you keep going.”

Narin felt her knees weaken. “I don’t know if I can.”

“Yes,” Elania said. “Because you’re not alone.”

The images faded. The room brightened, then dimmed, then dissolved like mist in the wind.

Narin stood again in the bedroom, the light around Elania pulsing gently.

“You still have many realms ahead of you,” Elania said. “But you don’t have to see them all now.”

Narin sat on the bed. “Why are you showing me all this?”

Elania smiled. “So, you’ll understand that death isn’t the end—and life isn’t only pain.”

Narin closed her eyes. When she opened them again, Elania was gone. 18

But something remained. A feeling. A small, delicate spark of hope.

5 – The Realm of Decisions

Narin woke early, before the sky had decided whether it wanted to be bright or gray. She lay in bed and listened to her husband’s breathing, deep and steady in sleep. For the first time since the accident, she didn’t feel that crushing weight on her chest that greeted her every morning. The pain was still there— but it was no longer the only thing living in her heart.

She got up, went to the bathroom, and looked at herself in the mirror. Her face was pale, her eyes red, but something was different. A spark. A faint trace of light she couldn’t explain.

When she walked into the kitchen, she smelled the coffee Devran had already made. He sat at the table; hands wrapped around the cup as if holding on to it for strength.

“Good morning,” he said quietly.

Narin nodded. “Good morning.”

It was the first time in weeks she said those words without feeling like they didn’t belong in her mouth. Devran noticed. His eyes softened, but he didn’t speak. Words had become fragile, and both knew they had to be used carefully.

After breakfast, Narin drove to the hospital. Arda sat in bed, playing with a small puzzle a nurse had given him. He looked up when Narin entered.

19

“Mom,” he said, and his voice sounded a little brighter than yesterday.

Narin sat beside him. “How are you?”

“I think... better.” He hesitated. “I dreamed of Elania again.”

Narin felt her heart skip. “What did she say?”

“That I shouldn’t be scared. And that you’ll laugh again soon.”

Narin swallowed. “Did she... did she show you anything else?”

Arda shook his head. “Just light.”

Narin brushed his forehead gently. “Light is good.”

When she returned home later, the sky was clear—a rare sight these days. She went into the bedroom, sat on the bed, and waited. She didn't know whether Elania would come—but she hoped she would.

And then the air flickered.

A soft glow appeared, and Elania stood before her, warm and clear as always.

“Mommy,” she said. “Tonight I’ll show you the fourth realm.”

Narin took a deep breath. “I don’t know if I’m ready.”

“Yes,” Elania said. “Because today you made a decision.”

Narin frowned. “What decision?”

20

“You got up,” Elania said. “You spoke. You lived.”

The room began to change. The light grew brighter, the walls dissolved, and suddenly Narin stood in a space that looked like an endless corridor. Doors lined both sides—each different, each unique. Some made of wood, others of glass, some of light, some of shadow.

“This is the Realm of Decisions,” Elania said. “Every door is a path you can take.”

Narin walked slowly down the corridor. Behind one door she saw herself continuing to cry, day after day, year after year. Behind another she saw herself giving up work, drowning in grief. Behind a third she saw herself losing Devran because neither of them could speak anymore.

Narin stopped. “These are... my possibilities?”

“They’re paths,” Elania said. “Some lead to pain. Some to healing. Some to new wounds. Some to new chances.”

Narin opened another door. Behind it she saw herself laughing— not loudly, but genuinely. She saw Arda returning to school. She saw Devran embracing her. She saw herself sitting at a table, writing, as if beginning something new.

“That... could be me,” she whispered.

“If you choose it,” Elania said.

Narin closed the door. “I’m scared.”

“That’s normal,” Elania said. “But fear isn’t a barrier. It’s a companion.”

21

Narin looked down the corridor. “Which door should I take?”

Elania smiled. “I can’t tell you. Decisions belong to the living.”

Narin felt her heartbeat quicken. “And if I choose wrong?”

“Then you choose again,” Elania said. “Life isn’t a single path. It’s a web of paths.”

The corridor began to fade. The doors dissolved, the light softened, and Narin stood once more in the bedroom.

Elania stepped closer. “You opened a door today without realizing it.”

Narin looked at her. “Which one?”

“The door back into life.”

Narin closed her eyes. When she opened them again, Elania was gone.

But the decision remained. She would keep going. Not because the pain had vanished— but because she understood now that it wasn’t the end.

6 – The Realm of Healing

Narin stood at the window and looked out at the street bathed in evening light. The houses seemed quiet, almost shy, as if they didn’t want to intrude on her life. For the first time in days, she felt that the world wasn’t against her. It simply existed — and so did she. Not strong, not healed, but present. 22

Devran sat in the living room reading something he didn’t truly understand. Arda was home again, still weak but smiling whenever Narin brought him tea. The house was no longer as dark as before. It was still full of pain, but the pain had stopped suffocating everything.

Narin went into the bedroom, sat on the bed, and took a deep breath. She knew Elania would come. She knew it without needing to explain it. It was a feeling that didn’t come from logic, but from a new, fragile connection.

And then the light appeared.

It was softer than before, almost like a warm mist wrapping itself around her. Elania stepped out of the glow, her face calm, her eyes full of warmth.

“Mommy,” she said. “Tonight I’ll show you the fifth realm.”

Narin smiled for the first time in weeks. A small smile, barely visible — but real. “I think... I’m ready.”

Elania nodded. “You are.”

The room began to change. The light grew brighter, but not harsh. It was like a sunrise that didn’t come from the sun. The walls dissolved, the floor turned into a soft, shimmering carpet of light.

Suddenly Narin stood in a place that looked like a garden — **23** but not a garden of Earth. The plants glowed in colors she couldn’t name. The sky was soft as silk, and the air smelled of something both familiar and strange.

“This is the Realm of Healing,” Elania said. “Here, what was wounded on Earth begins to mend.”

Narin walked slowly through the garden. Each step felt light, as if the ground itself carried her. She touched a plant, and warmth spread through her hand — not heat, but a gentle, soothing warmth that traveled into her body.

“What is that?” she whispered.

“Healing,” Elania said. “Not healing of the body. Healing of the heart.”

Narin closed her eyes. She felt something loosen inside her — a knot that had grown since the accident, a weight she had carried every day. It didn't disappear, but it became lighter.

Suddenly she heard voices. Soft, gentle voices drifting through the garden like wind. She turned — and saw people. Not made of light, not made of memory, but something in between. People she didn't know, yet who greeted her as if they did.

“Who are they?” Narin asked.

“People who have been healed,” Elania said. “People who passed their trials. People who learned to keep going.”

Narin watched them. They seemed peaceful — not happy in the earthly sense, but in a deeper, quieter way.

24

“Can I stay here?” Narin asked.

Elania shook her head. “Not now. Not like this.”

Narin felt her heart tighten. “I don't want to go back.”

“I know,” Elania said. “But healing isn't escape. Healing means returning — and living on.”

Narin sat down on a glowing stone that felt warm beneath her. “I'm scared.”

“That's normal,” Elania said. “Fear is part of healing. It shows you where you need to grow.”

Narin looked at her. “Will I ever be happy again?”

Elania smiled. “Yes. Not like before. Different. But yes.”

The garden began to fade. The colors withdrew, the sky darkened, and Narin stood once more in the bedroom.

Elania stepped closer. “You healed a little today. Just a little. But it’s enough.”

A tear slid down Narin’s face — but it wasn’t a tear of pain. It was a tear of relief.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

Elania smiled. “We’re not finished yet.”

Then she disappeared.

25

Narin remained — alone, but not lost. She felt... lighter. Not healed, but healing.

7 – The Realm of Truth

Narin sat in the living room; her hands wrapped around a cup of tea that had long gone cold. The day had been quiet—almost too quiet. Devran had worked, Arda had slept, and for the first time in weeks, Narin had felt that the world wasn’t made only of pain. It was a fragile state, delicate as glass, but it existed.

When night fell, Narin went into the bedroom. She sat on the bed, closed her eyes, and waited. Not out of desperation, but out of a new, gentle expectation. She knew Elania would come. And she knew the next realm would not be an easy one.

The light appeared softly.

A faint flicker, a breath of warmth, a pulse that felt like a heart-beat. Elania stepped out of the glow, her face serious, her eyes deep as an ocean.

“Mommy,” she said. “Tonight I’ll show you the sixth realm.”

Narin felt her breath catch. “Which realm is that?”

“The Realm of Truth.”

The room began to change. The light sharpened, became clearer, almost piercing. The walls dissolved, the floor vanished, and suddenly Narin stood in a space that looked like an endless mirror. Everywhere light reflected, shadows moved, shapes shifted. It wasn’t a place one entered— it was a place one endured.

26

“What is this?” Narin whispered.

“The truth,” Elania said. “Not the truth of Earth. The truth of the universe.”

Narin looked around. In the mirrors appeared images— not memories, but revelations. She saw people transforming: those who had lived well, who had loved, who had forgiven. And others dissolving into darkness, falling into black voids, losing themselves.

“Why... why do some disappear?” Narin asked.

Elania stepped beside her. “Because they destroyed themselves. Because they harmed others. Because they didn’t pass their trial.”

Narin saw an image: a man who had lied all his life. He fell into a black hole that opened like a mouth. Then she saw a woman who had spent her life helping others. She transformed into light that split into a thousand colors.

“And what about those who take themselves?” Narin asked quietly.

“A life-break is difficult,” Elania said. “It prevents the transition. But no one is condemned. Souls who take themselves are guided to other realms where they can heal. Many return to Earth, as many times as needed, until they die a natural death. Only then may they enter the realms.”

Narin looked into one of the mirrors—and saw herself. Not as she was now, but as she could be: older, calmer, with a smile born not of pain but of understanding.

27

“That’s me?” she whispered.

“That can be you,” Elania said. “If you accept the truth.”

Narin turned to her. “What is my truth?”

Elania placed her hand of light on Narin’s shoulder. “That you are not guilty. That you did not fail. That you are not lost. And that you still have a purpose.”

Narin felt her heart open—just a crack, but a real one.

“What purpose?” she asked.

“To live,” Elania said. “To love. To heal. And to show Arda and Daddy that life continues.”

Narin closed her eyes. When she opened them again, the mirror-realm was gone. She sat once more in the bedroom, the darkness around her warm as a blanket.

Elania stood before her, the light around her pulsing gently.

“The truth is heavy,” she said. “But it frees you.”

Narin nodded. “I understand.”

Elania smiled. “We’re not finished yet.”

Then she disappeared.

Narin remained— alone, but not shaken. She felt clear. Not healed, but knowing.

28

8 – The Realm of Connection

Narin sat in the living room that evening while Devran typed quietly and Arda slept on the couch. The house was still, but no longer oppressive. The silence felt like a breath she could finally release. Narin sensed something shifting inside her— slowly, gently, but unmistakably.

As the night deepened, she went into the bedroom. She sat on the bed, closed her eyes, and waited. Not out of despair, but out of trust. Elania would come. She knew it.

And then the light appeared.

This time it was different— not just warm, but alive. It pulsed like a heartbeat, syncing itself with Narin’s breath. Elania stepped out of the glow, her face soft, her eyes full of love.

“Mommy,” she said. “Tonight I’ll show you the seventh realm.”

Narin smiled. A small, quiet smile— but real. “I’m ready.”

The room began to change. The light grew brighter, the walls dissolved, and suddenly Narin stood in a place that looked like a sky without a sky. A space woven from strands of light that crossed, connected, separated, and found each other again.

It was like a web— an endless web of glowing lines moving like living beings.

“What is this?” Narin whispered.

“The Realm of Connection,” Elania said. “Here you see how all souls are linked.”

29

Narin walked slowly through the space. Each strand vibrated when she touched it. Some were bright, some faint, some pulsing, some calm.

“Every strand is a life,” Elania said. “Every soul is part of this web. No one is alone. No one is separate.”

Narin noticed one strand glowing especially bright. It pulsed warmly, familiarly.

“What is that?” she asked.

“That’s you,” Elania said.

Narin placed her hand on the strand. It vibrated as if greeting her. Beside it she saw another strand—brighter, younger, full of energy.

“That’s Arda,” Elania said.

Narin looked further. A third strand—steady, deep, grounded. “Devran.”

Then she saw a strand brighter than all the others. It pulsed in colors she couldn’t name—alive, warm, full of love.

“That’s me,” Elania said.

Narin touched the strand. It vibrated so strongly she felt it through her whole body. It was as if Elania were embracing her—not with arms, but with light.

30

“We are connected,” Elania said. “Always. Even when I’m not on Earth.”

Narin looked around. Strands everywhere—millions, billions, endless. Some bright, some dim, some nearly invisible.

“Why are some so weak?” she asked.

“Because they’ve lost themselves,” Elania said. “Because they’ve harmed others. Because they’ve broken their connection.”

Narin saw a strand almost black, barely vibrating. “What happens to them?”

“They fade,” Elania said. “They dissolve. They go into the darkness.”

Narin felt a sting in her heart. “Can they be saved?”

Elania shook her head gently. “Some cannot. But many can reconnect— if they regret, if they learn, if they love.”

Narin saw a faint strand slowly growing brighter. “That one... it’s getting stronger.”

“Yes,” Elania said. “Because someone is thinking of them. Because someone forgives them.”

Narin closed her eyes. “That’s... beautiful.”

“It’s truth,” Elania said. “No one is alone. No one is forgotten. Every soul touches another.”

31

Narin opened her eyes. The space began to fade. The strands dissolved, the light softened, and she stood once more in the bedroom.

Elania stepped closer. “You’re not alone, Mommy. You never were.”

A tear slid down Narin’s face— but it was warm, not painful.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

Elania smiled. “We’re not finished yet.”

Then she disappeared.

Narin remained— alone, but this time she felt connected. Not just to Elania. To everything.

9 – The Realm of Time

Narin sat in the living room that evening and watched Devran switch on the lamp. The warm light filled the room, and for the first time since the accident, she felt that this light wasn't fighting the darkness — it was touching it gently. Arda slept on the couch, his breathing steady, his face relaxed. He looked like a child again — not like someone who had seen too much too soon.

Narin stood, walked into the bedroom, and sat on the bed. She no longer waited out of desperation, but out of a quiet certainty. Elania would come. And she would show her something larger than pain, larger than healing, larger than anything Narin had seen so far. 32

The light appeared softly.

A flicker, a pulse, a warm breath moving through the room like a gentle wind. Elania stepped forward, her face calm, her eyes deep as a sky without end.

“Mommy,” she said. “Tonight I’ll show you the eighth realm.”

Narin drew a deep breath. “Which realm is that?”

“The Realm of Time.”

The room began to change. The light sharpened, became clearer, almost crystalline. The walls dissolved, the floor vanished, and suddenly Narin stood in a space that looked like an

endless stream of light. Lines, spirals, circles — everything moved, everything flowed, everything was in constant transformation.

“What is this?” Narin whispered.

“Time,” Elania said. “Not Earth’s time. The universe’s time.”

Narin looked around. Before her appeared an image — herself as a child, playing in her parents’ garden. Then another — herself as a young woman, seeing Devran for the first time. Then one where she held newborn Arda in her arms, small and warm.

“That’s my past,” Narin said.

“Yes,” Elania replied. “But it isn’t over.”

33

Narin frowned. “What do you mean?”

Elania stepped closer. “Time isn’t a river that flows in only one direction. Time is a circle. A web. A space. Everything exists at once.”

Another image appeared — Narin older, gray-haired, with a quiet smile. She sat at a table, writing something — maybe a book, maybe memories.

“That’s... my future?”

“A possibility,” Elania said. “Time isn’t fixed. It moves. It shifts. It responds to decisions.”

Another image appeared — Narin lost, overwhelmed, unable to go on.

“That could be me too,” she whispered.

“Yes,” Elania said. “Time shows you paths, but you choose which one you walk.”

Then Narin saw an image that stole her breath: Elania, older. Not sixteen. Not a hologram. But a woman — maybe thirty, maybe forty — with a warm, steady smile.

“That... is you,” Narin whispered.

Elania smiled softly. “That is what I could have become. A possibility that wasn’t taken.”

34

Narin felt her heart tighten. “I could have watched you grow... live...”

“Maybe,” Elania said. “But time isn’t loss. Time is change. I’m not gone. I’m just different.”

Another image appeared — Narin with Devran and Arda at a table, years later, older but content. It wasn’t loud happiness, but quiet, deep, matured happiness.

“That... could be my future,” Narin said.

“Yes,” Elania said. “If you keep going.”

Narin closed her eyes. When she opened them again, the stream of light was gone. She sat once more in the bedroom, the darkness around her warm like a coat.

Elania stood before her, the light around her pulsing gently.

“Time isn’t your enemy,” she said. “Time is your companion.”

Narin nodded. “I understand.”

Elania smiled. “We’re not finished yet.”

Then she disappeared.

Narin remained — alone, but this time she didn’t feel threatened by time. She felt carried by it. Not only by the past. Not only by the future. But by everything in between.

10 – The Realm of Harmony

The next day was quiet. Not heavy, not empty — simply quiet. Narin woke early, made coffee, opened the windows, and let the fresh morning air into the house. Devran sat at the table and looked at her as if, for the first time in weeks, he recognized that she was truly there again. Arda played softly with a small wooden car he had brought home from the hospital.

It wasn’t a perfect morning. But it was a morning.

Narin felt something inside her had shifted. The truth Elania had shown her had been heavy, but it had opened something — a space long sealed shut. A space where pain and hope were allowed to exist side by side.

When evening came, Narin went into the bedroom. She sat on the bed, closed her eyes, and waited. Not out of longing, but out of trust. Elania would come when the time was right.

The light appeared gently.

It wasn't bright, not pulsing — it was soft, warm, like light that comes from a heart. Elania stepped forward, her face calm, her eyes full of peace.

“Mommy,” she said. “Tonight I’ll show you the ninth realm.”

Narin smiled. “Which realm is that?”

“The Realm of Harmony.”

The room began to change. The light turned golden, warm like a sunset. The walls dissolved, and suddenly Narin stood in a place that looked like a sea of light. Waves of color moved gently, without hurry, without force. Each wave was different — some dark, some bright, some quiet, some powerful.

36

“What is this?” Narin whispered.

“Harmony,” Elania said. “The place where pain and love exist together.”

Narin walked slowly through the sea of light. Each wave touched her differently. A dark wave brushed her hand — she felt pain, but not destructive. A bright wave followed — she felt love, warm and soft. Then both came at once, and Narin felt something she had never felt before: balance.

“I don’t understand,” she said softly.

Elania stepped beside her. “On Earth, people believe pain and love are opposites. That you can only feel one at a time. But that isn’t true. They are two parts of the same force.”

Narin saw a wave that began dark and ended bright. “That’s... my life.”

“Yes,” Elania said. “You loved. You lost. And you will love again. Not like before. Different. But you will.”

Narin felt her eyes grow wet. “I’m afraid the pain will never go away.”

“It won’t disappear,” Elania said. “But it will change. It will soften. It will quiet. It will become part of your love.”

Narin saw a wave split — one half dark, one half bright — moving together without fighting.

“That is harmony,” Elania said. “When pain no longer destroys and love no longer runs.”

37

Narin sat on a glowing surface that felt like warm sand. “I always thought I had to defeat the pain.”

“No,” Elania said. “You must accept it. It is part of you. Part of me. Part of us.”

Narin closed her eyes. She felt the waves around her — pain, love, loss, hope — all at once, all in balance.

“I feel... peace,” she whispered.

“That is harmony,” Elania said. “Not the end of pain. The end of the fight.”

The golden space began to fade. The waves withdrew, the light softened, and Narin stood once more in the bedroom.

Elania stepped closer. “You’ve grown stronger.”

Narin nodded. “I can feel it.”

Elania smiled. “We’re not finished yet.”

Then she disappeared.

Narin remained — but this time she didn’t feel torn. She felt whole. Not healed, but balanced.

11 – The Realm of Purpose

The morning began quietly, but not empty. Narin woke early, made coffee, and watched the steam rise from the cup. It was a small moment, unremarkable, yet it felt different. She sensed that something inside her had settled — a quiet core that was no longer fragile. 38

Devran came into the kitchen, still tired, but with a look that no longer held only pain. Arda sat at the table drawing something that looked like a beam of light splitting into many colors. Narin watched him and felt a warm pull in her chest — not pain, but a reminder that love continues.

That evening, when the house grew quiet, Narin went into the bedroom. She sat on the bed, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath. She knew Elania would come. And she knew the next realm would not be easy — but necessary.

The light appeared.

This time it was clearer, stronger, almost majestic. It filled the room without overwhelming it. Elania stepped forward, her face serious, her eyes deep as a star-filled sky.

“Mommy,” she said. “Tonight I’ll show you the tenth realm.”

Narin felt her heartbeat quicken. “Which realm is that?”

“The Realm of Purpose.”

The room began to change. The light widened, opening like a horizon stretching endlessly outward. The walls dissolved, and suddenly Narin stood in a place that looked like a vast, glowing circle. At its center pulsed a core of light — warm, powerful, alive.

“What is this?” Narin whispered.

39

“This is the origin of your task,” Elania said. “The place where every soul recognizes its purpose.”

Narin walked slowly toward the light core. The closer she came, the more she felt something — not pain, not fear, but a deep, steady strength rising from within her.

“Why am I here?” she asked.

Elania stepped beside her. “Because you need to know why you must keep living.”

Narin looked at her. “I thought... because of Arda and Devran.”

“That too,” Elania said. “But not only.”

The light core began to shift. Images appeared inside it — not memories, but visions. Narin saw herself speaking to people who were grieving. She saw herself helping those who had lost something. She saw herself writing, telling, comforting.

“That’s me?” she whispered.

“That can be you,” Elania said. “That is your purpose.”

Narin felt her breath catch. “I don’t understand.”

Elania placed her hand of light on Narin’s shoulder. “You experienced something that broke you. But you’ve begun to piece yourself together again. And people who were broken and become whole carry a special strength.”

Narin looked into the light core. The images sharpened. She saw herself explaining to others what she had learned — not the realms, not the light, not the visions, but the truth beneath them: that pain is not the end, that love continues, that healing is possible.

“I’m supposed to... help others?” Narin asked.

“Yes,” Elania said. “You’re meant to share what you’ve learned. Not as a prophet. Not as a healer. But as a human being.”

Narin closed her eyes. A tear slid down her face — a tear of understanding.

“I always thought my life was over,” she whispered.

“No,” Elania said. “It’s beginning again. Different. But new.”

Narin opened her eyes. The light core pulsed stronger, as if welcoming her.

“And you?” she asked softly. “What is your purpose?”

Elania smiled. “My purpose was to love you. And to show you that you must keep going.”

Narin felt her heart open — wide, warm, clear.

“I’m afraid,” she said.

“That’s good,” Elania replied. “Fear means you’re alive.”

The glowing circle began to fade. The colors withdrew, the core shrank, and Narin stood once more in the bedroom.

41

Elania stepped closer. “You know now why you must keep living.”

Narin nodded. “Yes.”

“We’re almost finished,” Elania said. “One realm remains.”

Then she disappeared.

Narin remained — but this time she didn’t feel only strong. She felt guided. Not from outside. But from within.

12 – The Realm of Return

Narin had felt it all day: a quiet tension in the air, a gentle pull in her chest, as if something inside her whispered that the journey was nearing its end. Not the journey of grief — that would

stay with her — but the journey through the realms Elania had shown her.

Devran worked at the computer, focused but calmer than before. Arda sat on the carpet building a small wooden house from pieces he had gotten at the hospital. Narin watched him and felt a warmth she hadn't felt in a long time. It wasn't loud happiness — but a quiet, deep, matured happiness.

When night came, Narin went into the bedroom. She sat on the bed, closed her eyes, and took a long breath. She knew Elania would come. And she knew this would be the final realm.

The light appeared.

This time it was different — not bright, not pulsing, not majestic. It was soft. Gentle. Almost like a farewell. Elania stepped forward, her face calm, her eyes warm like a summer evening. 42

“Mommy,” she said. “Tonight I’ll show you the last realm.”

Narin felt her heart tighten. “Which realm is that?”

“The Realm of Return.”

The room began to change. The light widened, opening like a horizon that slowly closes again. The walls dissolved, and suddenly Narin stood in a place that looked like a blend of all the realms she had seen: threads of light, golden waves, shimmering gardens, mirrored spaces, streams of time.

Everything was there. Everything connected. Everything one.

“What does return mean?” Narin asked softly.

Elania stepped beside her. “It means you go back. Not into pain. Not into darkness. But into life.”

Narin looked around. “Why do I feel... sad?”

“Because farewells are sad,” Elania said. “Even when they’re right.”

Narin closed her eyes. “I don’t want you to go.”

Elania smiled. “I’m not going. I’m changing. Just like you.”

The space began to shift. The threads of light withdrew, the golden waves softened, the gardens faded, the streams of time thinned. Everything dissolved like a dream slowly ending.

43

“You’ve seen what comes after death,” Elania said. “You’ve seen that I’m not gone. You’ve seen that you’re not alone. You know now that the universe has infinite realms. Life after ‘death’ continues — and it never ends.”

Narin nodded, tears running down her face. “I’ve learned so much.”

“Yes,” Elania said. “And now you must live it.”

Narin looked at her. “Will I see you again?”

Elania placed her hand of light on Narin’s heart. “Always. Not like this. Not as a hologram. But in you. In your light. In your love.”

Narin sobbed softly. “I’m afraid of falling again.”

“Then stand up again,” Elania said. “That’s life.”

The space began to fade. The light grew smaller, softer, more delicate. Elania stepped back.

“Mommy,” she said. “I’m proud of you.”

Narin felt her heart break — but not like before. It broke open. It opened wide.

“I love you,” she whispered.

Elania smiled. “I love you too.”

Then she disappeared.

44

The light dissolved. The realms vanished. The space became the bedroom again.

Narin sat on the bed, alone — but no longer lost. She drew a deep breath. And for the first time since the accident, she felt ready.

Ready to return. Ready to continue. Ready to live.

Epilogue – After Death

The morning after the final realm was clear. A quiet, bright morning — the kind one rarely experiences. Narin stood at the window and watched the sun rise slowly over the rooftops. The light was soft, gentle, and for the first time since the accident, she felt that this light didn't just brighten the day — it brightened her.

Devran came into the kitchen, still tired, but with a look that no longer held only pain. He looked at Narin, and in his eyes, she saw something new: trust, hope, a cautious rediscovery.

“You seem different,” he said quietly.

45

Narin smiled. A small, quiet smile — but real. “I feel different.”

Arda joined them, his wooden house in his hands. “Mom, look. I finished it.”

Narin knelt beside him and examined the little model. It was crooked, imperfect, but full of love. “It’s beautiful.”

Arda beamed. “I built it for Elania.”

Narin felt her heart warm — not painfully, but gently. “She would love it.”

The day passed quietly. Narin went shopping, spoke with a neighbor she hadn't seen in weeks, and for the first time didn't

feel like a shadow. She felt like someone who had returned — not to her old life, but to a new one.

That evening she sat at the kitchen table, took an empty notebook, and opened it. The pages were white, still, waiting. Narin held the pen and felt a gentle pull in her chest — a feeling she recognized.

Elania.

Not as a being of light. Not as a hologram. But as warmth. As memory. As part of her.

Narin wrote the first words:

“Sometimes life begins only when you believe you’ve lost it.”

46

She paused. Breathed. And continued writing.

She wrote about pain, about love, about loss. About the realms she had seen — not as visions, but as truths. She wrote about truth, harmony, purpose. And about return.

She wrote because she knew her story would help others — people who were lost, people who believed death was the end, people who didn’t know that love continues.

When she finished, she closed the book and placed her hand on it. A faint breeze moved through the room, though the window was closed. Narin smiled.

“Thank you, Elania,” she whispered.

She knew her daughter would not appear again — not as light, not as a hologram. But she also knew Elania was there — in every decision, in every memory, in every breath.

Narin stood, walked into the living room, and sat beside Devran and Arda. She placed her hand on Devran's arm, and he placed his on hers. Arda leaned against her.

The family was no longer the same as before. But they were here. They were connected. They were in balance.

And Narin knew that life continued — not despite death, but after death.