

The ART *of* BECOMING *the* AUTHOR

- Poojith R



Volume- 1 Margins of Her Memory

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This book is a work of fiction deeply inspired by real emotions. All characters, metaphors, and scenarios are the product of the author's imagination and emotional experience. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, is purely coincidental — or poetic.

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“ Some stories aren’t written to be understood.
They’re written to be felt. “

POOJITH R

Foreword

This isn't a story about a girl. Or a breakup. Or pain.
This is a story about **books** that were never returned.
About pages that smelled like her perfume, paragraphs written in hope, and margins filled with desperate what-ifs.

This is the tale of two boys —
One stuck in a loop, trying to reread a chapter the universe had already ended.
The other, a quiet librarian of loss, helping him shelve memories without setting them on fire.

We've all been Aarav.
And we've all needed a Kabir.

This journey will not give you a 'how-to' on heartbreak.
It will give you something rarer —
A mirror... reflecting how we turn people into books, stories into wounds, and grief into poetry.

So open these pages slowly.
Let each line sink into you.
Because some books aren't meant to be finished.
Some are just meant to be **understood... then left behind.**

Introduction to Volume 1: Margins of Her Memory

They say the loudest parts of a story aren't the headlines — they're the scribbles in the margins. The underlined sentences, the folded corners, the ink stains where you paused too long.

When people see the title “Margins of Her Memory,” they assume this is just another breakup book. But this isn't about losing love — it's about losing authorship. It's about how easy it is to hand someone else the pen, and how hard it is to take it back.

Aarav isn't crying over a girl. He's searching for the writer he used to be — before the edits, before the censorship, before he became a side character in his own novel.

This volume is a reflection. A reckoning. A conversation between two voices — one still stuck in the footnotes of yesterday, and the other whispering: "Bro, your story didn't end there. That was just a misplaced comma."

So no, this isn't a love story.

It's a reclamation arc.

One told in metaphor, memory, and the quiet desperation of a boy trying to stop re-reading and finally... write.

PART-1

EK AISI KITAAB JO DUKAAN MEIN KABHI
THI HI NAHI



Aarav (fingers brushing the cover): Kabir... tune kaha tha ki let go karde. Par mai kaise chhod doon ek aisi kitaab... ko jiske words ne mujhe likhna sikhaya tha?

(Kabir... you told me to let go. But how do I abandon a book whose words taught me how to write?)

Kabir (leans forward): Bhai sun ... tune na ek purani diary ko sacred scripture bana ke baitha hai. Har lamha ussi page pe jake rukta hai, jahan emotions smudge ho chuke hain. Aur Yeh Kab tak Chalega ?

(You've turned an old diary into a sacred scripture. You keep returning to the same smudged page of your emotions. And For how long will this go ?)

Aarav (voice cracks slightly): Yeh kitaab itna simple nahi tha yaar. Isme sirf kahaaniya nahi thi... mere sapne chipke hai iske har line mein. Uski aankhon ke italics, uski hanshi ke commas... sab kuch highlight kiya tha maine.

(This book wasn't that ordinary. It just didn't hold any story — my dreams were clung to every line. Her eyes were the italics, her laughter was commas... and I'd highlighted it all.)

Kabir (takes a sip of chai, steady): Aur mila kya tuhe? Ek half-written climax? Ek spine jisme binding hi nahi thi? Yaar, sach toh yeh hai... ki tuh ek draft pe apni zindagi ka final chapter likhna chahta hai.

(And what did you get ? A half-written climax ? A spine with no binding ? Bro, the truth is — you're trying to write your life's final chapter on someone else's draft.)

Aarav: Par usmein kuch tha Kabir, Kuch aisa joh bestsellers mein bhi nahi milta. Ek aisi intimacy... jahan blank pages bhi poetry lagte the.

(But there was something in her Kabir, Something not even bestsellers offer. An intimacy where even blank pages felt like poetry.)

Kabir (calm but piercing): Aur tu bhool gaya... ki kuch kitaabein sirf ek baar chhapti hain, Limited edition. Woh milti nahi hai dubaara. Aur mil bhi jaayein, toh har reader ke liye nahi hoti.

(And you forgot... some books are only printed once, Limited edition. Not found again and again. And even if they did, they're not meant for every reader.)

Aarav (whispers): Main uska perfect reader tha...

(I was her perfect reader...)

Kabir (puts his hand on Aarav's): Shayad... par uske liye toh tu bas ek rough editor tha. Kya pata uski final draft kisi aur ke liye likhi ho.

(Maybe... but for her, you were just a rough editor. What if her final draft is for someone else?)

Aarav (bitter smile): Aur main abi bhi yeh soch raha hoon... ki ho sakta hai ki woh kisi shelf mai rakhi hai, aur mera intezaar kar rahi ho...

(And here I am still thinking... that maybe she's sitting on a shelf somewhere, waiting for me to pick her up...)

Kabir (slow exhale): Tu us kitaab ka fan toh tha... par author nahi. Aur uske chakar mai tu apni khud ki kahani likhna bhool gaya bhai.

(You were a fan of that book... not the author. And in the loop of being a fan you forgot to write your own story bro.)

-- Rain outside grows heavier. Aarav closes the old journal — not with peace, but maybe... with a pause.

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PART-2

MAIN BOOKMARK THA YA SIRF EK COFFEE STAIN?



Next evening. Rooftop. Aarav and Kabir sit on an old mattress under the open sky, a typewriter between them. Aarav's journal lies open — some pages torn, others untouched. A candle flickers between gusts of wind.

Kabir (lighting a cigarette): Tu kab tak pichle edition ka reviews padhta rahega ? Life ek new print edition chhap rahi hai aur tu ab bhi purani typos mein uljha hai.

(How long will you keep re-reading reviews of the last edition? Life's printing a new version while you're still stuck correcting old typos.)

Aarav (staring at the blank sky): Par kabir, mai samajh nahi paaya ki ... mai uske liye ek permanent chapter tha ya bas ek bookmark? Ya ho sakta hai... main sirf ek coffee stain tha, kisi purani raat ka galti se gir gaya hu nishaan?

(But Kabir, I don't know... If I was a permanent chapter or just a bookmark? Or maybe... just a coffee stain from a forgotten night?)

Kabir: Tu bookmark hota na... toh wapas wahi page se shuru karti. Agar tu stain tha, toh atleast yaadgar hota... lekin tu reader ban gaya yaar, Aur Author banna bhool gaya.

(If you were a bookmark, she would've picked you up from where she left off. And even if you were a stain — you would be memorable. But the problem is, you became a reader... and forgot you were meant to be an author.)

Aarav (smiling faintly): Usne ek baar likha tha margin par — “this part feels like home.” Tab laga tha mai uski story mein permanent ho gaya.

(She once scribbled in the margin — ‘this part feels like home.’ That moment, I thought I had become a permanent part of her story.)

Kabir: Aur tu bhool gaya... kuch log har jagah ‘home’ likhte hain. Unke liye har chapter temporary shelter hota hai.

(And you forgot... some people write ‘home’ on every page. For them, every chapter is just a temporary shelter.)

Aarav: Toh abb mai kya karun ? Jala doon is journal ko ? Mita doon saari underline ki gayi lines? Wo broken sentences jisme emotions complete hone se reh gaye?

(Then what should I do? Burn this journal ? Erase all the underlined lines ? and forget the broken sentences whose emotions never got completed ?)

Kabir (firmly): Nahi !! Jala nahi hai... chhupana hai. Rakhi jaati hain aisi kitaabein, Kyunki yeh tujhe yaad dilathi rahengi ki tune kitna likha tha. Par aaj se, I mean abb se tu naye page pe likhega — bina woh past ke ink drops ke.

(No !! Don't burn it... keep it. Books like this are kept safe, They'll always remind you how much you've written. But from starting today, you will write on new pages — with no leftover ink from the past.)

Aarav: Mujhe ab bhi lagta hai... uski ek line adhuri reh gayi thi. Usne likhna chaha tha — 'I'll be back to finish this' — par shayad kisi ne uski page hi chura liya.

(I still feel... one of her lines was left incomplete. She probably meant to write — 'I'll be back to finish this' — but maybe someone stole that page.)

Kabir (shaking his head): Ya fir usne kabhi likhna hi nahi chaha tha. bhai, Tu bas khud ko believe karata raha... ki yeh story adhoori thi. but truth is, kuch stories complete nahi hoti — wo sirf ruk jaati hain, Beech mein !!

(Or maybe she never intended to write it. You just kept convincing yourself that your story was incomplete. but the truth is, that some stories never end — they just stop. Midway.)

*-- A gust of wind turns a blank page in Aarav's journal. He looks at it.
White. Empty. Waiting.*

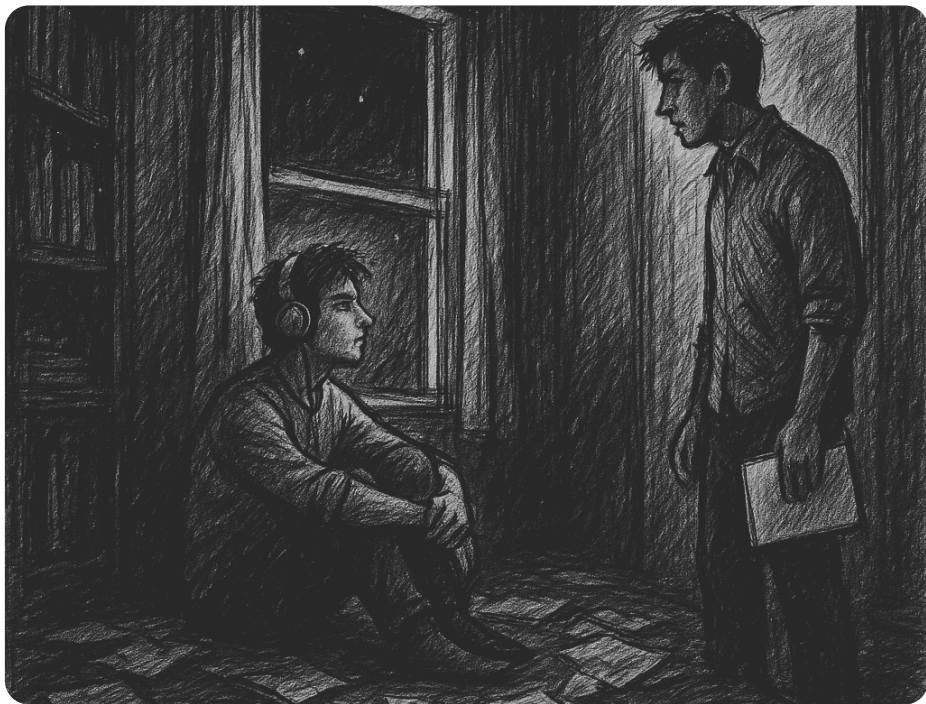
Kabir (grins): Dekh, universe ne bhi tere liye page palat diya hai. Ab Toh likhna shuru karein ?

(Look, the universe just turned the page for you. Ready to start writing ?)

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PART-3

THE AUTHOR WHO FORGOT HIS OWN STORY



Late night. Aarav's room. The floor is scattered with torn papers, open books, highlighted sentences — all in chaos. He sits by the window, headphones in, looking out. Kabir walks in slowly, holding a fresh, blank notebook.

Kabir (looking around): Yeh kya haal bana rakha hai bhai ? Tere kamre se zyada to kisi rejected manuscript ki duniya tidy hoti hai.
(*What mess is this, man? Even a rejected manuscript looks neater than your room.*)

Aarav (without looking): Kabir... mai likhna bhool gaya hoon yaar. Mujhe lagta hai ki mai khud ek unfinished novel ban gaya hoon... jiska plot ab kisi ko samajh hi nahi aata.

(*Kabir... I think I've forgotten how to write. I feel like I've become an unfinished novel... whose plot no one understands anymore.*)

Kabir (sits down beside him): Tum kisi aur ki story ka side character ban gaye the... isliye tu apni khud ki kahaani bhool gaya hai. Tu itna busy tha uski paragraphs perfect banane mein, ki apni spine hi fold kar baitha.

(You had been a side character in someone else's story... that's why you forgot your own. You were so busy in perfecting her paragraphs, that you bent your own spine.)

Aarav (voice hollow): Main toh bas ek line tha uski poetry mein... wo bhi usne kabhi recite nahi ki. Jo likha gaya, sirf diary ke chhupaye hue page pe likha gaya.

(I was just one line in her poetry... the one she never even recited. What was written in it, stayed hidden on a torn diary page.)

Kabir (firmly): Bhai... tu line nahi, Tu pura novel hai. Problem yeh thi ki... tu kisi aur ki pen se likha gaya tha.

(You're not just a line, man. You're an entire novel. The problem was... you were written with someone else's pen.)

Aarav (almost laughing): Uski handwriting mein kuch toh tha, Kabir... jiski har shabdh kisi raaz se bhara hua tha. Har comma kisi kiss ki tarah... aur har full stop, ek goodbye.

(There was something in her handwriting Kabir... like every word carried a secret. Every comma was like a break... and every full stop, a goodbye.)

Kabir: Aur tu khud se puchte puchte reh gaya... 'Kya main bas ek filler tha uske plot twist ke beech mai ?'

(And you kept asking yourself... 'Was I just a filler between her plot twists?')

Aarav: Nahi bhoola jatha yaar... us din joh usne kaha tha — ‘This chapter has to pause... my parents won’t approve to this story.’

Tab laga jaise meri existence koi misprint ho... jaise mai kisi galat genre se aa gaya ho.

(I can’t forget, Kabir... the day she said — ‘This chapter has to pause... my parents won’t approve of this story.’ At that moment it was like my existence was a misprint... like I belonged to the wrong genre.)

Kabir (gently): Aur tu wahi pause pe zindagi ka full stop laga baitha hai bhai... wo toh bas ek torn-out page tha. Kya pata, uske baad tujhe likhna tha sabse khaas climax.

(And you turned her pause into your life’s full stop. Bro... maybe that was just a torn-out page. Who knows, maybe the best climax was supposed to come after.)

Aarav (looks at the new notebook in Kabir’s hand): Blank hai?

(Is it blank?)

Kabir (grinning): Har page. Tere liye. Tere words. Tere plot twists. No borrowed ink.

(Every page. For you. Your words. Your plot twists. No borrowed ink.)

Aarav (touching the cover slowly): Mujhe darr lagta hai yaar... kya pata main phir wahi galti dohra doon

(I’m scared... what if I make the same mistake again?)

Kabir (smiling): Galti tab hoti hai jab tu kisi aur ki kahani mein jeeta hai. Apni kahani mein toh har emotion valid hota hai bro.

(It’s only a mistake when you live inside someone else’s story. In your own story... every emotion is valid.)

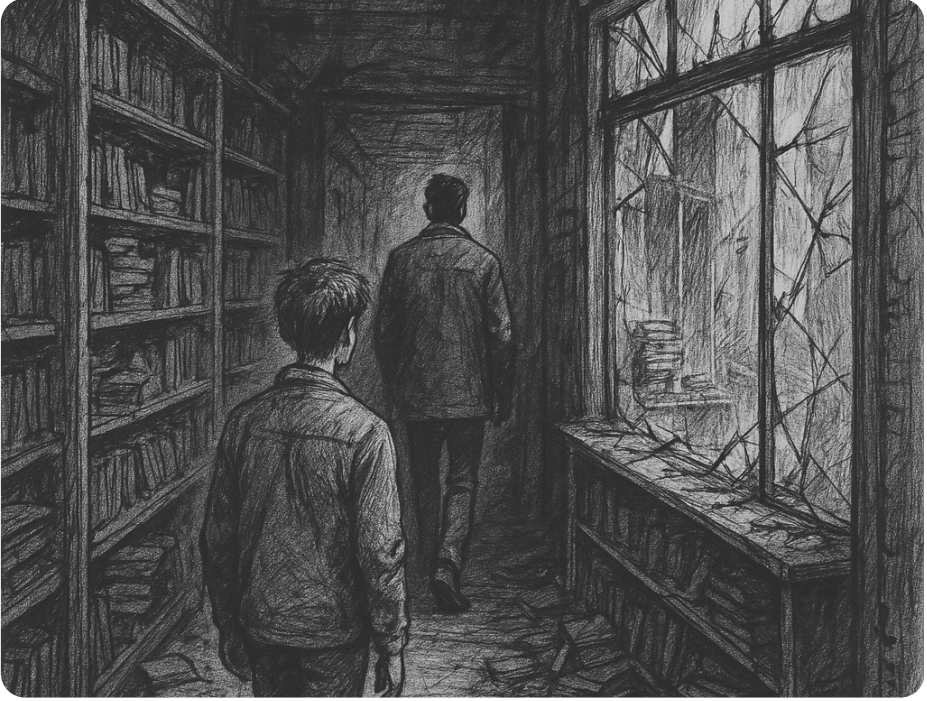
-- Aarav opens the notebook. The first page is blank, waiting.

Aarav (pens the first line): ‘*Once there was a boy who thought he was just a chapter, until he discovered — he was the author all along.*’

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PART-4

THE LIBRARIAN OF LOST STORIES



An abandoned bookstore in the city's old quarter. Dust on every shelf. Broken glass windows. Aarav follows Kabir inside — the silence is heavy, like it remembers.

Kabir (wiping off a book spine): Yeh jagah mai tujhe pehle kabhi nahi laaya... yeh meri library hai. Un stories ki jo maine kabhi complete nahi ki. Sab kuch yahan shelved hai — under ‘Almosts’, ‘Maybes’, aur ‘If Onlys’.

(I never brought you here before... this is my library. Of stories I never finished. Everything's shelved here — under ‘Almosts’, ‘Maybes’, and ‘If Onlys’.)

Aarav (walking slowly, touching the shelves): Har book kisi yaad ki tarah lag rahi hai. Jaise kisi lamhe ne shape le liya ho.

(Each book feels like a memory... like a moment took physical shape.)

Kabir (pulls out a book titled “She Called Me Sky But Never Took Flight”): Yeh padh le kabhi. Tere jaisa hi hai — ek banda jo kisi aur ki udaan mein apni zameen bhool gaya tha.

(Read this sometime. It’s just like you — a guy who forgot his ground while trying to help someone else fly.)

Aarav (quietly): Mujhe lagta hai... meri bhi ek kitaab yahan hai. Woh wali jisme maine har page uske liye likha, bina jaane ki woh kabhi read karegi bhi ya nahi.

(I think my book’s here too. The one where I wrote every page for her... without knowing if she’d ever even read it.)

-- Kabir walks to a corner shelf labeled “Unread Letters” and pulls out a thick, half-burnt journal. He hands it to Aarav.

The title says: “For the Girl Who Promised to Return After Page 99”

Aarav (staggered): Yeh... yeh meri handwriting hai.

(This... this is my handwriting.)

Kabir: Maine chupke se sambhal ke rakhi thi. Tujhe dene ka mann nahi tha... kyunki tujhe dekar lagta tha tu phir se usi loop mein jaayega. Par aaj, de raha hoon. Taaki tu khud samajh sake... yeh book ab tujhe heal karti hai ya haunt.

(I kept it safe without telling you. I didn’t want to give it... thought it’d throw you back in that same loop. But today, I’m giving it — so you can decide if this book heals you... or haunts you.)

-- Aarav opens it. Flips through pages. Every entry like a cut reopening. Scribbles. Doodles. A Love that had no plans. Paragraphs that start bold and end in tear stains.

He pauses at Page 99. It ends mid-sentence.

It reads:

“ Maybe one day... when the world makes sense, I’ll come back and... ”

That’s it.

It was blank after that.

Aarav (tears building): Usne vaada kiya tha Kabir... page 99 ke baad wapas aayegi. Kaha tha ‘wait karna’... par lagta hai wo khud bhi apna chapter bhool gayi.

(She promised me, Kabir... she said she’d return after page 99. Told me to ‘wait’... but I think even she forgot her own chapter.)

Kabir: Ya shayad... uski pen hi khatam ho gaya tha. Aur tu ussi khatam hue ink se kahani poori karne ki koshish kar raha hai.

(Or maybe... her pen ran out. And you’ve been trying to finish the story with her dried ink.)

Aarav (softly): Yeh library... yeh sare books... yeh toh hamari yaadon ki museum jaise hai, na? Aur main bas ek security guard ban gaya hoon is museum ka.

(This library... all these books... this is like a museum of our memories, right? And I became just a security guard of it.)

Kabir (serious now): Security guard mat ban. Librarian ban. Decide kar kis story ko display karna hai... aur kis story ko basement mein daal ke bhool jaana hai.

(Don’t be a security guard. Be the librarian. Decide which stories deserve the spotlight... and which need to be locked in the basement.)

– Aarav stares at the book in his hands. Walks to a dusty shelf titled “What Could’ve Been”. He places it there. Closes the shelf. Locks it.

Aarav (whispers): Itna beautiful kitaab tha yaar... lekin reader hi wrong tha

(It was such a beautiful book... but it had the wrong reader.)

Kabir (smiling): Nahi bhai... reader wrong nahi tha. Bas library mein ek aur kitaab thi, jo likhi hi kisi aur language mein gayi thi. Tujhe ab apni language dhoondhni hai.

(No bro... the reader wasn't wrong. There was just another book in the library, written in a language not meant for you. Now, it's time to find yours.)

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PART-5

THE ART OF LETTING GO VS. THE ART OF HOLDING ON



Rooftop. Night sky full of stars, city lights blinking like unspoken thoughts. Aarav and Kabir sit on opposite ends of a bench. There's silence — the kind that's not awkward, just full of meaning.

Kabir (breaking it softly): Tere hisaab se... letting go kya hota hai?
(*According to you... what does letting go mean?*)

Aarav (staring up): Pehle lagta tha letting go ka matlab hai ki sab kuch bhool jaana. Uski voice, uski handwriting, uske saath wale plans.. par ab lagta hai letting go matlab usse yaad karna... bina phir se likhne ki koshish kiye.

(*I used to think letting go meant forgetting everything. Her voice, her handwriting, our plans... but now I think letting go means remembering them— without trying to rewrite it.*)

Kabir (nods): Jaise ek purani diary jise tu padhta toh hai, par phir band karke wapas shelf pe rakh deta hai.

(Like an old diary you still read sometimes, but you close it and put it back on the shelf.)

Aarav: Haan. Pehle mai usi diary ko har din rewrite karne ki koshish karta. Sochta tha, agar mai aur clearly likhta, toh wo chapter wapas shayad chal padta. Par kabhi kabhi... kuch stories bas ek short story hoti hai. Novel banane ki zid mein uski beauty chali jaati hai.

(Yeah. I used to rewrite that diary every day. Thought if I wrote it better, maybe the chapter would continue. But sometimes... some stories are just meant to be short stories. Trying to force them into novels kills their beauty.)

Kabir: Aur holding on?

(And what about holding on ?)

Aarav (after a pause): Holding on... woh hota hai jab tu har baar usi ek chapter ke characters mein khud ko bhool jaate ho. Jab tu plot change hone ke baad bhi usi purane version ko repeat karta hai... hoping ki kisi naye edition mein sab sahi ho jayega.

(Holding on is when you keep losing yourself in the characters of that one chapter. When, even after the plot changes, you repeat the same old version.. hoping a new edition will fix everything.)

Kabir: Toh tu kis art ka master banna chahta hai ab — letting go ka ya holding on ka?

(Which art do you want to master, The Art of Letting Go or The Art of Holding On)

Aarav (looks up, then down at his hands): Pehle main sochta tha ki letting go is weak, like giving up. But ab lagta hai letting go bhi ek art hai... aur usme bhi apna ek craft hota hai — jaise last page likh ke pen down karna, Respectfully, Without burning the book.

(I used to think letting go was weak. Like giving up. But now I feel letting go is an art too... and it has its own craft — like writing the last page and putting the pen down, Respectfully, Without burning the book)

Kabir (smiling): Aur holding on?
(And Holding On)

Aarav: Holding on... maybe that's the art of carrying the story with you — but not trying to edit it anymore. Letting it be... jaisi likhi gayi thi.

(Holding on... maybe that's carrying the story with you — but not trying to edit it anymore. Letting it be... the way it was written.)

Kabir: Bhai... tu ab dono art seekh gaya. Ab tu writer ban gaya hai, reader nahi.

(Bro... now you've learned both arts. Now you're the writer, not the reader.)

– Aarav smiles, finally. The kind of smile that doesn't need to explain anything.

He takes out a new notebook. On the first page, he writes:

*“ This book has no heroine. Just a boy, a bench, and a blank page.
And maybe... that's enough. ”*

Kabir (watching): Kya naam de raha hai is naye book ka?
(*What're you naming this new book ?*)

Aarav (looks out at the sky, thinks, then writes slowly):
“ The Art of Becoming the Author.”

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Epilogue

Somewhere in all of us, there's a dusty little bookstore.
One that smells like rain, regret, and the ghost of someone we
once loved.
Its shelves are filled with stories that never made it to print —
Letters unsent, confessions paused at the throat,
And endings that came too early.
But every once in a while, someone walks in.
They don't ask for those old books.
They don't dig into the archives.
They just hand you a blank notebook,
Smile, and say: "Let's write something new?"
That's when you know...
You've finally mastered the art —
Not of letting go.
Not of holding on.
But of turning the page.
And maybe that's where healing begins:
Not when you forget the old story,
But when you stop trying to rewrite it...
And start writing yourself into something new.

Author's Note

I didn't write this book for closure.

I wrote it because I didn't know where else to bleed.

There was a time I thought healing meant forgetting. That letting go meant deleting memories, blocking people, and pretending like certain pages were never written.

But grief is not a glitch.

It's proof that something mattered.

And sometimes, what hurts isn't the ending — it's realizing how long you kept rereading the same chapter, hoping for a rewrite.

Margins of Her Memory was born from those silences — from nights I whispered to myself, from mornings I stared at my reflection wondering, "When did I stop sounding like me?"

This isn't a guide.

It's not wisdom.

It's a messy draft of someone who didn't know how to move on... so he picked up a pen instead.

If you've ever lost your voice in the noise of someone else's story — this one's for you.

Not to relive the past.

But to remind you: you can still be the author.

Even after the heartbreak.

Even after the rewrite.

Especially then.

– Poojith R



In life, we often find ourselves torn between holding on to the stories that were never meant to be or writing new ones of our own. In this book, two friends grapple with the question of when to move on from the past and how to become the authors of their own narratives.

