

The Book of Oblivion

(*aban*)

This time, he was more weary.

Living with relentless, persistent memories was like a fish silenced by a sharp blow to the head, yet still leaping desperately, unaware that it was dying.

Poor creature.

It doesn't know this is its last painful dream.

But he knew well.

He had given up the fight.

Now he knew that even without resistance, his life would end.

Just like the day he first opened that strange, silent book—unaware of the price it would demand.

Now he understood.

Now, for every memory that was too painful, he turned a page.

No plea. No reflection.

Each page erased a piece of his past.

Each erasure made him a little lighter. A little emptier.

A little closer to peace.

And so, before his last breath,

he turned the final page—

and silently vanished.