Amidst the chaos of a frenzied train station, where desperation hung heavy in the air and the cacophony of fleeing voices drowned out all else, stood a solitary figure, engulfed by the throng. With a heart pounding with urgency, she scanned the chaos for a glimmer of hope amid the madness. But then, in an instant, a forceful shove sent her reeling - her world spinning into uncertainty.

“Ahh!” Her cry echoed amidst the chaos as feet trampled over her. “Please, stop! Stop!”

Suddenly, she jolted awake, heart racing, breath ragged. She emerged from the grip of her nightmare, her body drenched in sweat. Slowly, the familiarity of her room enveloped her, and with a deep breath, she wrestled her racing thoughts into submission.

“Sana?” Her mother’s concerned voice pierced the silence. “Is everything alright? I heard you yell.”

“Yeah, I’m alright, Maa. Just a bad dream,” Sana reassured her.

“Well, now that you're awake, could you do me a favor? Can you fetch the eggs from Uncle Kasar?” her mother asked, concern etched in her eyes.

“Of course, I'll go,” Sana responded, rising from her bed, the morning chill sending shivers down her spine.

Wrapped in her dupatta, she ventured into the dawn, where the sky blushed with hues of yellow, orange, and red. As she traversed the familiar path to Uncle Kasar's house, thoughts of the chill lingered in her mind.

At Uncle Kasar’s doorstep, she knocked eagerly, greeted by the sight of the stubby old man who welcomed her warmly. “I'm Aiza's daughter. She sent me for eggs,” she explained, her breath misting in the crisp morning air.

In the backyard, Uncle Kasar handed her a dozen eggs. With gratitude, she exchanged coins, mindful of the impending monsoon.
“Thank you, Uncle Kasar. Take care,” she bid farewell, adjusting her dupatta against the cool breeze.

As she made her way home, raindrops began to descend, a harbinger of the turmoil to come. Rushing back, she found her mother watching the news, the grim reality of violence casting a shadow over their sanctuary.

“We must go to Pakistan, Sana. It’s too dangerous here,” her mother urged, her voice trembling with concern.

With a heavy heart, Sana acquiesced, her mind racing with uncertainties. “But where will we go? What about our home?” she questioned, her voice tinged with apprehension.

“I care about your safety, Sana. We'll figure it out,” her mother assured, determination flashing in her eyes.

As they prepared to depart, the town buzzed with activity, eyes lingering on them as they embarked on their journey. “We’re going to the train station,” Sana’s mother told the rickshaw driver. Boarding the rickshaw, they navigated through the streets, the wind carrying whispers of impending change.

Arriving at the train station, chaos erupted as they fought through the crowd, their hearts pounding in unison. “Hold on to my hand!” her mother yelled. Amidst the frenzy, they clung to each other, navigating the tumultuous tide together.

“Mom, I'm scared,” Sana admitted, her voice barely audible.

“It’s okay, my child. We'll get through this together,” her mother reassured, squeezing her hand tightly.

Riots were breaking out and the sense of urgency intensified.

Choo choo! As the train beckoned, Sana's mother struggled to climb aboard, her efforts thwarted by fate's cruel hand. With tear-filled eyes, “Goodbye Sana…” her mother's words etched with love and longing.

“Maa!” With a heavy heart, Sana watched as the train pulled away, her mother's silhouette growing fainter with each passing moment.
Soon, the train reached Pakistan and everybody got off board.

As the rain poured down, Sana stood amidst the ruins, her resolve unyielding. She looked up and saw her mother's smile illuminating the sky, a beacon of hope guiding her forward. She knew, that no matter the trials that lay ahead, she would face them all, for her mother's legacy lived on within her.