

STARS

IN MY LIFE

SIMRAN MAHARSHI

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE PEOPLE AND MOMENTS THAT SHAPED MY SOUL



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I am immensely grateful that this book is in your hands. This book is not based on some concept it's about stars in your life whom you know or not even know still their role in your life gives deep meaning. I have given all I have to give in the writing of this book for you. And I greatly thank all the very good people around me who have stood with me to the completion of my book.

With love +respect

In the vast sky of life, we all have stars-guiding lights that help us find our path in moment of darkness. These stars are not celestial; but human: the people who love us unconditionally, stand by us in silence, lift us in struggle and celebrate with us in joy. This book is a tribute to the stars in my life. My mother, father, friends and others whose light has made my world brighter.

Table of Contents

CHAPTER 1 THE FIRST STAR	1
CHAPTER 2 THE SECOND STAR	4
CHAPTER 3 THE CONSTELLATION OF FRIENDSHIP	7
CHAPTER 4 THE THIRD STAR	13
CHAPTER 5 THE UNBREAKABLE CONSTELLATION ...	16
CHAPTER 6 THE BRIGHTEST STAR.....	19
CHAPTER 7 MY GUIDING STAR.....	22
CHAPTER 8 MY FALLING STARS	25
CHAPTER 9 MY HEALING STARS.....	28
CHAPTER 10 THE NIGHT SKY OF MY LIFE.....	30

CHAPTER 1

THE FIRST STAR

In the life sky of mine, my mother is the very first star that ever twinkled. Much before I could comprehend the world, I could feel her heat, her hands, and her heartbeat. She is my heaven when the world was too cacophonous, my cheerleader. If love were to have a shape, a voice, or a face—it would be my mother. She is not a star due to great deeds or popular acclaim. She is a star because, in the backrooms of daily life, she illuminated our household with her unconditional love. From the early morning tasks through late-night frets, her existence was a round-the-clock affair of caring for her children. She never sought adoration, yet her presence would have kept our world lit. My mother taught me that strength does not always have to roar; sometimes it whispers itself through gentle words, silent sacrifices, and endless patience. I remember when she used to stand strong in face of adversity, concealing her own hurt so we wouldn't worry. Her strength was covered in softness, her bravery hidden in simplicity. As a child, my safest heaven was in her lap. She understood how to calm my phobias with a touch on my

forehead or a gentle lullaby. When I wrote my exams, it was her faith in me that bolstered me. She welcomed my tiniest triumphs with a smile that could thaw even the toughest day. And when I failed, it was her arms that remembered me that I was still enough. To this day, her words reverberate in my heart: "Always do good, no matter who sees it or not." That was my guide. Her instructions were never boisterous sermons; they were practiced through conduct—honesty, kindness, and faithfulness. My mother might never tread a red carpet or bear a great name. But to me, she is the queen of hidden heroism. She gave without receiving anything. She toiled unseen backstage so that we might shine on the stage. As I grow older, I realize the extent of her sacrifices. The dreams she put on hold, the comforts she delayed, the weary evenings she lived with a smile—all for us. And she never made it look like a burden. That's the magic of a mother's love—it is boundless, selfless, and timeless. Whenever I feel life is uncertain, I refer to her. She is my first source of strength, my first mentor, and the first person who taught me the true meaning of love. She is not my mother. She is my guiding star. And in the heavens of my life, her light will never cease. There was the time when I used to misunderstand her and she always tried to show me right path rather than going on wrong path. I am so aggressive sometimes on small small things she used to be silent she is the lady I want everytime when I born other time in other world. When I leave my home to be independent so that I can give my parents much more better or best life but living without mom is very hard it's not easy because there is no one to take care for you. That time I came to know how hard my mother works every day when I used to live alone in another

city without her. I used to be very sensitive on every thing I used to cry I become stubborn strong because of mom. She is the woman who inspires other woman she has diabetes, blockage still going for job daily . she used to do government job as pera teacher but due to issues in family she left her government job two times . she used to take care her mother when no one was their to support her rather than me my brother and my papa. She is the brightest star in my universe. My mom lost her mother father her both sisters her both brothers still standing like a stone for us there is no one for her rather than us. I love you the most mom I want to give you everything you deserve. As you turn these pages, I hope you see not just a mother's love, but the invisible, powerful way it holds a family together. And I hope it reminds you to hold your own mother closer—to say “*I love you*” before it’s too late.

*She held my hand before I could walk,
She heard my silence before I could talk.*

*In her eyes, I saw the world begin,
In her arms, I always win.*

*No crown, no fame, no name so grand,
Yet she built my life with her bare hands.*

*A quiet star in my sky above—
My first, my forever, my mother's love.*

CHAPTER 2

THE SECOND STAR

If my mother is the warmth in my life, my father is the backbone. He is the silent guardian, the steady hand, the unshaken pillar who stood behind every step of my journey. My second star does not dazzle with emotion or shine through loud words. Instead, he glows with quiet strength and calm determination. My father may not have spoken many words, but his actions always told a story. I remember watching him wake up before dawn and return home after dark, his face tired but never complaining. He carried the weight of responsibilities not with burden, but with pride. He taught me that love is not always expressed in words—it is in the things you do every single day. There were no grand speeches, no long lectures. But one look from him was enough to remind me of my values. He believed in discipline, honesty, and doing the right thing—even when no one is watching. And though he rarely said it out loud, I always knew he believed in me. When I was a child, his hand felt like the safest place. He would hold my tiny fingers in his large, rough ones as we crossed roads or walked through a crowd. That one simple gesture made me feel

protected, always. As I grew, that hand let go—but his support never did. I often saw him put the family first. He denied himself luxuries so we could have comfort. He never asked for appreciation, but now I realize how much he gave up without ever mentioning it. A new pair of shoes for me meant he wore his old ones longer, he travelled from bus and book tickets for us of train and flights. A good education for us meant he worked harder, spent less, and sacrificed more. There were times I misunderstood him, especially when I was younger. I mistook his silence for distance, his strictness for coldness. But now I see the love that was hidden in his worries, the care wrapped in discipline. His high expectations were not pressure—they were belief. He wanted me to rise because he knew I could. He taught me that real strength is not loud—it is steady. It is coming home every day, no matter how tired you are. It is standing tall even when the world pushes you down. It is staying calm when others panic. And above all, it is doing your duty with honesty and grace, without expecting applause. As I look back now, I realize how deeply his presence has shaped me. My courage, my sense of right and wrong, and even my calm in chaos—all of it comes from him. He is not just my father; he is my foundation, my shadow, and my silent star. In the night sky of my life, he may not twinkle like the others—but his light is the strongest. It is the one that never flickers, even when storms come. I know papa you are tired but I promise you to give you everything you deserve. You and mom are my whole world without you both I am nothing. My second star, my father, continues to guide me—even when I walk alone. I love you papa. This chapter is for all the fathers who rarely hear “thank you,” yet give their children the world. It’s

a reminder to look at your father a little more closely—because behind every wrinkle, there’s a story of love.

*He didn’t say much, but his silence spoke true,
A man of action, loyal through and through.
With hands worn from life, and a heart made of gold,
He was my strength, quiet and bold.*

CHAPTER 3

THE CONSTELLATION OF FRIENDSHIP

If my mother is the warmth and my father is the strength, then my friends are the constellation that colors my sky. They are not just stars but an entire galaxy—each one adding laughter, comfort, and meaning to my life. Through moments big and small, they have given me memories that sparkle even in my darkest nights. My earliest constellation formed in the corridors of my school in Lucknow. It was there that I met Nikita, Mehul, Hardik, Taniya, and Aakansha—names that are now etched in the most colorful corners of my heart. Each of them brought something different into my world: Nikita's calm wisdom, Mehul's endless energy, Hardik's humor that could lighten any moment, Taniya's warmth, and Aakansha's quiet loyalty. Together, we created a space where joy came easy, where even silence felt safe. We grew up together—passing notes in class, sharing tiffins during lunch, and whispering secrets on the playground. We celebrated birthdays like festivals and supported each other through every

exam, every scolding, every heartbreak. These bonds, formed in the simplicity of school life, became the roots of my understanding of true friendship: unconditional, unfiltered, and unbreakable. As life moved forward and paths changed, the sky expanded. And with it, more stars joined my constellation. I found a new kind of sisterhood and strength in Mansi, Khyati, Suhani, Prekshi. They weren't just names or classmates; they became my mirrors and anchors. With them, I learned how friendships evolve—with deeper conversations, late-night calls, shared dreams, and even shared fears. Whether it was helping each other through stressful times or dancing in our happiest moments, they stood by me not just as friends but as family. Then came a bond that was unexpected yet unforgettable—KIRTAN, my made-brother in this journey. He wasn't someone I grew up with, but our connection was instant, real, and pure. In his protective presence and thoughtful words, I found a brother I didn't know I needed—a star that burns with loyalty and care. In the vast galaxy of my life, friendships formed one of the brightest constellations—each star unique, each shining in its own way, guiding me through my darkest nights and celebrating with me in moments of light. Some stars appeared early and stayed constant; others arrived just in time, when I needed them most. It all began in new school when I got shifted from lucknow to jaipur, where three stars—Yash, Sanchit and Mansi—first lit up my path. We laughed through classes, shared secrets, survived exams, and built memories that stitched the early pages of my story. They weren't just friends; they were the first people who made me feel seen, known, and understood. With them, every school corridor felt like home. In their

company, I began to realize that friendship isn't just about being together during good times, but staying beside each other when everything else feels like it's falling apart. Some friendships don't need big promises or long talks—they are built in everyday moments that slowly become *everything*. With Prakhar, Sourav, Sudhansh, and me, it was never about doing something special—it was about doing everything *together*. We laughed over silly jokes, planned after-school food missions like they were adventures, and made memories over the smallest things—a *shared plate of momos, samosas, a walk home, a silly fight turned into a hug*. We shared secrets, dreams, worries, and endless inside jokes that no one else would ever understand. In our little four-person world, I felt free, accepted, and always supported. There was never a dull moment when we were together—whether we were planning what to eat next or playing like kids who never wanted to grow up. This bond is a constellation of loyalty, love, and pure friendship—and I'm endlessly grateful we found each other in this galaxy called life. And just when I thought I had understood friendship, life surprised me with Rohit. He didn't enter with a loud bang but became my calm in a storm. At a time when I was lost in my own poor decisions, wandering in the fog of confusion and regret, Rohit became my light. He never judged my mistakes—instead, he listened, guided, and stood by me when I couldn't even stand with myself. His friendship wasn't about fun or laughter alone—it was healing. Rohit became a mirror that showed me who I was and who I could still become. That kind of friend is rare: the kind who walks into your darkness without fear, and silently switches on the light. Then came college—the chapter where I met the ones

who now feel like family. I met Bhoomi, Dvij, Yash, Radhika and Neha—each of them teaching me something new about life, friendship, and myself. College was not always easy. Some days were heavy with pressure, others with loneliness. But because of them, I walked through the gates of college every morning with a smile on my face and warmth in my heart. They gave me a reason to show up, not just for classes, but for life itself. Whether it was laughing over chai breaks, late-night calls before exams, or silent support on the days when words weren't enough—they stood by me, never letting me fall too far behind. With Bhoomi, I found a friend who felt like a sister—protective, wise, and full of heart. Without her my cab journey from college to home or home to college wasn't be fun. With Dvij, laughter came easily; his sense of humor was the sunshine on even my cloudiest days. He's not just a best friend, he's a kind soul who carries compassion in everything he does. In a world where many speak, he listens. Where many look, he sees. Dvij is the kind of person who makes everyone around him feel safe, seen, and respected. He's the dream every girl wishes for—not just because of how he looks, but because of *how he loves*. Respectful, caring, understanding—his heart is his most beautiful feature. For me, he's been a silent strength, someone I can laugh with, cry to, and rely on without question. Having Dvij in my life is like having a star that never dims—a friend who turns ordinary moments into golden memories. Yash my crime partner love to spend time with him. Radhika and Neha taught me grace—how to stay kind even when the world isn't. This constellation of friendship was not formed overnight. It was shaped through countless shared moments—some loud and crazy, some quiet and meaningful. These friends didn't

just stand beside me; they shaped me. They believed in me when I had stopped believing in myself. They taught me how to forgive, how to grow, how to laugh again. I look at them now—not just as friends, but as stars in my life’s sky. Each one is a spark that keeps me going, a reminder that I am not alone. And maybe, when someone looks at me and sees a little light, it’s because of the light they poured into me. Each friend, old and new, added a new shape to my sky. We may not talk every day, we may be in different cities or even living entirely different lives, but the connection remains untouched. True friendship doesn’t fade with distance or time—it only deepens. Together, this constellation taught me the value of companionship. That friends are the ones who see your rawest side and stay. They celebrate your wins as their own and hold you up when you feel like falling. They laugh with you in joy, cry with you in pain, and never let you walk alone. In the ever-changing sky of my life, this constellation of friendship keeps me steady. It reminds me that no matter where I go, I am never truly alone. These stars, these friends, are pieces of my soul, and their light continues to guide me with every step I take. These names I’ve written here are not just people—they are proof that real friendship still exists. In today’s world, friendship has become so fragile, so fake, that it breaks over silence, ego, or distance. I’ve known what it feels like to have people who once called themselves “friends” walk away when I needed them most. Some were never real—they were cowards hiding behind smiles. That’s why I chose to mention every name in this chapter—because these people earned their place in my life. They stood by me when others disappeared. They shared food, laughter, secrets, and pain. They were never

temporary. I'm lucky now—not because I've always had true friends, but because I finally found the ones who are *real*. And that is a blessing I'll never take for granted. This chapter is a celebration of friendship—the kind that stays, grows, forgives, and never fades. Cherish your friends. They are stars that make your life constellation complete.

*We weren't born as one, but hearts chose the way,
Laughing through chaos, brightening each day.
A galaxy of memories, wild and true,
My stars of friendship, I found in you.*

CHAPTER 4

THE THIRD STAR

They say being an elder sibling means being the protector, the guide, the one who leads. But in my life, that role was quietly and beautifully reversed. My third star is my younger brother somen—yet in every way that matters, he’s been like an elder one to me. From the very beginning, our bond was different. He didn’t need to grow up to earn my respect—he already carried a wisdom far beyond his years. In his calmness, I found reassurance. In his strength, I found stability. And in his words, I often found clarity during my most confused moments. Despite being younger, he has this natural instinct to take care of everyone around him—especially me. Whether it’s helping me handle a problem, giving me honest advice, or simply sitting beside me in silence when words aren’t enough, his presence has always had the power to make things feel okay. He is kind to everyone. We fight allot but our bond remains same. He notices the small things—my mood shifts, my tired silences, my unspoken stress. And without asking, he steps in. Sometimes it's a silly joke to make me laugh, other times it's a firm reminder to take care of

myself. He's been my motivator, my emotional support, and, in many ways, my role model. It amazes me how naturally he plays the role of an "elder" brother. When life gets tough, he stands like a shield. When I doubt myself, he believes in me louder than I can. He pushes me to do better—not with pressure, but with faith. And when I fall apart, he helps me pick up the pieces without making me feel weak. We've shared countless memories—late-night talks, late night dominos snacks, playful fights, shared secrets, and dreams spoken under whispered tones. He's seen my worst and never judged me. He's celebrated my best without jealousy. Our bond isn't just about blood—it's built on trust, love, and deep understanding. He knows everything about me. He carries a maturity that often stuns people. He doesn't need to shout to be heard, or show off to be seen. His presence is steady, his loyalty unmatched. And though he's younger by age, he carries himself with the strength of someone much older—someone who has chosen responsibility over ease, love over ego, and family over everything. Sometimes, I wonder how I got so lucky. To have a brother who is not just my sibling but also my friend, my guardian, my biggest cheerleader. In moments when I feel lost, his words bring me back. When I'm overwhelmed, his calm energy grounds me. If he has power to do something for the people he will give everything whatever he has he is very emotional towards poor people who don't have anything. He is, without doubt, a star in my sky—a unique and constant one. Not the kind that needs to shine loudly, but the kind whose glow keeps me steady when I feel like drifting. My younger brother may not realize it, but he's been my elder in spirit, in strength, and in love. If you have a sibling like this,

hold them close. They are rare stars—shining not for attention, but from pure love. Sometimes, the youngest carry the oldest hearts.

*You came after me, but stood like a wall,
Lifting me higher whenever I'd fall.
With wisdom rare and care so deep,
A brother like you is a promise I keep.*

CHAPTER 5

THE UNBREAKABLE CONSTELLATION

A sky is never complete with just a few stars. It's the presence of many—each shining in their own special way—that gives it its true beauty. In the sky of my life, beyond my mother, father, brother, and friends, there are other stars whose light surrounds me daily with warmth, love, and blessings—my extended family, my roots, and even those who are no longer here, yet live on through their love. My elder brother Aadi—is one of those quiet stars who shines with care and responsibility. He may not always express everything in words, but his actions speak volumes. Whether it's checking on me, guiding me, or standing silently by my side when I need strength, he has been a strong, comforting presence. His maturity, his way of handling challenges, and his ability to make me feel protected makes him one of the brightest stars in my constellation. Then comes my aunt and uncle—more than just relatives, they are like a second set of parents. Their care feels like an extension of home. My Aunt's gentle scoldings and

soft concern, My uncle's calm advice and warm smiles—they have shaped many of my values just by being who they are. Their home always felt like an extension of my own—a place of safety and belonging. My elder sister Anjali is a star that twinkles with love, guidance, and friendship. She has been a guide, a role model, and sometimes even a second mother. In her arms, I found comfort. In her words, I found inspiration. From sharing clothes to secrets, from silly arguments to heartfelt hugs, she has been a constant light in my life—one that glows with unconditional support. And then, there's —my grandfather. A pillar of wisdom and a reservoir of stories. His presence brings calm, his words carry meaning. He connects me to the values of the past while guiding me toward the future. I treasure the moments spent sitting beside him, listening to his experiences, feeling a connection that only grows deeper with time. There are also two stars I never got to see much of—my maternal grandfather and maternal grandmother. I don't have them with me physically, but I feel them. Deep inside, I believe they loved me in ways that words can't express. Even though I couldn't spend time with them, I know somewhere they are watching me, smiling, and sending me silent blessings. Sometimes, in moments of confusion or fear, I feel a gentle strength around me—and I like to believe it's them, guiding me from the heavens. Together, all these family members form a circle of stars that surround me with love, strength, guidance, and blessings. Some of them walk beside me every day, while others live in my memories and my heart. Everyone in my family loves me allot and I really really adore them.

And all of them, in one way or another, make my sky brighter. They remind me that I am never alone—that behind me stands a family whose love is timeless, whose support is unshaken, and whose presence, even if silent, is always felt. In the sky of my life, these are the stars that make me whole. Family is the first star we receive and the last one we remember. Don't wait for time to take them away to understand what they truly mean. Value them. Cherish them. Because they are the only star that never stops shining, even in your darkest nights.

In a world that changes, one truth stays near,
A bond so deep, forever clear.
Not made of stone, nor cast in gold,
But love that never grows weak or old

CHAPTER 6

THE BRIGHTEST STAR

In the galaxy of my life, one star shines with a different kind of light—warm, unconditional, and pure. Her name is Stella, and just like the meaning of her name, she is truly the brightest star in my sky. Stella is not just a pet—she is family. Her presence fills our home with a joy that words cannot describe. From the wag of her tail to the spark in her eyes, she brings a kind of love that asks for nothing but gives everything. She listens without judgment, comforts without asking, and loves without conditions. People often say animals can't speak, but Stella has taught me that love doesn't need words. I can see it in her eyes when I'm sad. I can feel it in the way she curls up beside me when I'm tired. I can hear it in her happy barks when I return home. In her own special way, she reminds me every day what loyalty, kindness, and compassion truly look like. Sadly, not everyone sees animals the way I do. Too many people treat pets or street dogs, cats, and even cows as if they are lesser beings—unworthy of kindness or respect. It breaks my heart to see animals being mistreated, ignored, or abandoned, just because they cannot speak for themselves. But

they feel, they trust, they hurt, and they love—just like us. Animals, whether in homes or on the streets, play a vital role in our lives. They are part of our ecosystem, part of our emotional world, and often, the purest source of love and loyalty we will ever know. A dog on the street is not a threat—it’s a life looking for love. A cow is not an obstacle on the road—it is a gentle creature with a soul. A cat isn’t just a shadow in an alley—it is a being capable of affection and trust. Stella has taught me that if you show love to an animal, you receive it back a thousand times over. She has made me more patient, more caring, and more connected to the world around me. When I look at her, I realize how much animals give us—companionship, emotional healing, laughter, and even a deeper sense of humanity. If every person could experience the bond I have with Stella, I believe the world would be softer, kinder, and more understanding. We don’t need to do grand things to make a change. Just offer clean water to a thirsty stray, feed a hungry dog, or simply show kindness instead of fear or cruelty. That is enough to make the world brighter for someone who cannot ask for help. Stella is more than my pet—she is my teacher, my friend, my therapist, and my brightest star. Through her, I’ve come to love not just one animal, but *all* of them. Because love isn’t limited by species or language. It’s something that flows freely—if only we allow ourselves to feel it. So, this chapter is not just for Stella. It’s for every voiceless soul who waits for love on the streets, every creature who gives more than it receives, and every pet who becomes someone’s family. Let us be the voice for them. Let us be their shelter, their friend, their star—just like they are to us. Animals are not “just” pets. They are stars. And many are waiting

unloved—on streets, in shelters, in pain. Please, love them.
Save them. Because in their eyes, we find a kind of love this
world needs more of.

*No words you spoke, but your love was loud,
Always beside me, gentle and proud.
A wag, a stare, a heart so wide,
My brightest star, my soul's soft guide.*

CHAPTER 7

MY GUIDING STAR

Among all the stars that light up my life—my parents, friends, brother, family, and my pet—there is one star that constantly shines from within. It doesn't come from the outside world but glows deep inside me. It is the guiding star of faith and self-belief. Life has a way of testing us, again and again. There are moments when everything feels uncertain, when people doubt us, when even those we love may not understand what we are going through. In those moments, the only thing that carries us forward is *faith*—faith in something bigger than our struggles, and most importantly, *faith in ourselves*. There were times when I felt lost. Times when I questioned my choices, my dreams, and even my worth. But in those moments, a quiet voice inside me always whispered, “You’ve come this far. You are stronger than you think.” That voice—my inner strength, my belief—has been the silent light guiding me through storms. Faith doesn't mean everything will go perfectly. It means believing that *whatever happens*, I will survive, learn, and rise again. Self-belief isn't arrogance—it's knowing that I am capable, that my effort matters, and that

even if I fall, I have the courage to stand again. Sometimes, people wait for someone else to believe in them. But I've learned that the most powerful thing is to believe in yourself. When I started trusting my own journey—whether it was in my studies, in relationships, or in personal decisions—I found peace. Even when things didn't go as planned, my belief carried me through. My faith has also been spiritual. I believe that a higher power is always watching over me—guiding me, protecting me, and blessing me even when I don't understand why things are happening. That quiet trust gives me the courage to keep going. It reminds me that everything happens for a reason, and even pain has a purpose. In a world that constantly tries to shake your confidence, self-belief is a form of quiet rebellion. It's saying: "Yes, I can. And I will." Every time I've faced fear, uncertainty, or failure, I've come out stronger—not because I never doubted, but because I never *stopped* believing. This inner star—my belief in myself and my faith in the divine—has given me direction when I had none. It has lifted me when I felt invisible. It has made me believe that even ordinary people can live extraordinary lives if they trust themselves enough. I am grateful for this guiding star. It doesn't shine in the sky, but within my heart. And as long as it burns, I know I'll find my way—even in the darkest night. The most powerful star you'll ever find isn't above you—it's *within you*. Nurture your faith. Believe in yourself—even when the world doesn't. That is the beginning of becoming truly unstoppable.

When the world grew quiet, and hope ran thin,
When I searched for light, not found within—

A whisper rose, so soft, so true,
A voice inside that simply knew.

It didn't shout, it didn't shine,
But held my heart like steady spine.
Through every doubt, through every scar,
It stayed with me—my guiding star.

Not in the sky, but deep in me,
A spark of quiet certainty.
Faith in life, and faith in pain,
Belief that I would rise again.

Not born from ease, but from the fight,
It taught me how to find my light.
To trust my steps when I can't see,
To be the strength I need to be.

So when I stumble, when I fall,
I rise because I heard the call.
A star that shines when all feels far—
The light within—my guiding star.

CHAPTER 8

MY FALLING STARS

Not every star in the sky stays forever. Some fall too soon, leaving behind silence, memories, and a longing that never truly fades. In my life, I have been blessed with many shining stars—my parents, siblings, friends, and inner strength. But I have also lost some of the brightest lights. They are the *falling stars*. Their absence carved a quiet space in my heart, one that still aches with the love I never got to fully express. Each one of them left a mark so deep, so personal, that no words can ever truly capture the emptiness their absence left behind. And among them, the star that tugs the hardest at my heart is my maternal grandmother. She dreamed of seeing me in a white coat—as a doctor, standing tall and confident. Her eyes sparkled with pride whenever she spoke of me, as if she had already seen my future. But fate had other plans. I lost her before I could fulfill that dream. Before I could say the words that now echo in my heart every single day—“*I love you, Nani.*” I never got the chance to say it. And that is a wound that never truly heals. Sometimes, I close my eyes and imagine her smile. I picture her watching over me, still proud, still believing in

me. And in those moments, I promise myself that I will become what she wanted me to be—not just for me, but for her. Her dreams are my motivation now. Her love is my unseen strength. My Mama and Mausi were two more stars who brought warmth, laughter, and love into my life. They were always there in small moments—celebrating my wins, comforting me in loss, spoiling me with care. I miss their voices, their hugs, their quiet presence. I often wish I had more time with them, more chances to say thank you, more reasons to visit, call, and simply be close. And then there’s my maternal grandfather and my grandmother—my roots. They were the wisdom, the tradition, the history of my family. Their stories, their blessings, their prayers still surround me, like whispers in the wind. Losing them felt like losing a piece of my identity. But I carry them with me—in my values, in my memories, and in my dreams. I didn’t get to say “I love you” to all of them the way I wanted to. But I hope they knew. I hope they felt it in my presence, in my words, in the way I looked at them with admiration. I hope, wherever they are now, they can see me growing, fighting, and living with their love in my heart. They may have fallen from my sky, but they are never gone. Their light still lingers. In my dreams. In my tears. In my determination. In my silence. Every time I feel like giving up, I remember them. Every time I achieve something, I whisper it to the sky, hoping they hear me. And most of all, I carry their love forward—not only by remembering them but by living a life that would make them proud. A life filled with kindness, purpose, and heart. Because even fallen stars still shine in the memories they leave behind. Please don’t wait. Love now. Speak now. Appreciate now. Because once a star falls, we only

have memories left to hold. Let this be a reminder to value your people before they become silent prayers in your sky.

*They left the world, but not my heart,
Their love remains, never to part.
I whisper dreams to the stars above,
Still wrapped in their silent, eternal love.*

CHAPTER 9

MY HEALING STARS

In the middle of chaos, sometimes it's not the people around us, but voices from afar that pull us out of the dark. For me, during one of the most overwhelming and emotionally draining periods of my life—BTS became those stars. It was the COVID lockdown. The world stood still. But inside, everything was crashing. Exams were near, the pressure was endless, and the isolation felt unbearable. Every day felt like a battle with my own thoughts. I was trying to study, trying to stay strong—but the sadness, the anxiety, the feeling of being stuck—none of it made sense. And that's when I stumbled upon seven voices—seven stories—BTS. More than just a K-pop band, they became my comfort, my safe place. Their music, their words, their vulnerability gave me strength I didn't know I had. They told me through their songs: *"It's okay to not be okay."* *"Love yourself."* *"You're not alone."* Their journey from underdogs to global stars inspired me. Each member—RM, Jin, SUGA, j-hope, Jimin, V, Jungkook—carried their own pain and transformed it into light for others. They showed the world, and me, that it's okay to cry, to fall, and to rise again.

Their sincerity wasn't just entertainment; it was healing. I remember late nights crying silently with their lyrics in my ears. I remember smiling during breaks just because of a funny VLive or a touching speech. When no one around me understood how broken I felt, BTS did. Without even knowing me, they stood beside me. Like stars—distant, but always present. People often mock them—"Oh, it's just a boy band." But they're wrong. BTS are not just idols. They are stars in millions of lives. They don't just perform; they connect. They listen. They lift. If you're reading this and ever feel like no one understands you—play one BTS song. Read one lyric. Let them reach you like they reached me. Because sometimes, stars don't just live in our families or friendships. Some shine through headphones, lyrics, and screens—and save us when we don't even know we need saving. Thank you, BTS, for being part of my constellation. You'll always be the stars I didn't know I needed—but I am forever grateful for. Sometimes, healing doesn't come from people around you, but from unexpected stars far away—stars that sing to your soul. BTS reminded me that it's okay to fall, but it's braver to stand again. If you've found your healing in music too, then you know—it's not just sound. It's salvation.

They sang my pain, they felt my scars,
They turned my silence into stars.
With every lyric, I found my way,
BTS—my healing light each day.

CHAPTER 10

THE NIGHT SKY OF MY LIFE

As I look back at the journey of my life, it feels like a vast, star-studded night sky—each star representing someone who touched my heart, walked beside me, guided me, or simply made my world brighter. My parents, the first and forever stars, burned with a light so pure it lit up even my darkest nights. They are not just stars—they are the sun and moon of my existence. Every sacrifice they made, every silent prayer they whispered for me, every tear they wiped from my face without letting me know—they did it all just to see me smile. In today's world, it breaks my heart to see how many children forget the value of those very stars who gave them everything. They grow up, get busy, and sometimes turn their backs on the very hands that once held theirs. Some even abandon their parents in old age, forgetting that the only people who ever loved them without reason were their mom and dad. If you're reading this, I ask from the deepest corner of my heart—please value your parents. Not just in their presence but in your every action, every word. Don't wait for regret to teach you what love should have already shown. You

never know which star may fall from your sky tomorrow. And once it's gone, no apology, no gift, no memory can bring it back. To my stars—my family, my friends, my younger brother who feels like an elder, my mentors, my Stella who shines with unconditional love, and the falling stars I carry in my heart—I say thank you. Your light has made me who I am. You made my sky not only bright but meaningful. I now pass this light on. I want to be a star in someone else's sky. Whether it's through kindness, care, or compassion—I want to give what I received. And that includes how we treat those who don't have a voice: our pets, our street animals, the cows and dogs and cats we ignore or mistreat. They too are living souls, full of love, emotion, and innocence. A little food, a gentle path, or even a moment of kindness can become a galaxy in their world. We often search for meaning, for signs, for miracles. But the truth is—we are surrounded by miracles. In our parents' love, in the loyalty of a pet, in the arms of a sibling, in the smile of a friend, and in the silent strength we carry within ourselves. Don't wait until a star leaves your sky to recognize its light. Hug your parents. Say "I love you." Care for those who cannot ask for it. Be grateful. Be gentle. Be present. Because this life, just like the night sky, is always changing. But gratitude, love, and kindness—those are the eternal stars. And they are what make life truly beautiful. I hope this book helped you look at your own sky more closely. Look around you. Say thank you. Say "I love you." Forgive, care, and never take a single star for granted.

Because life is uncertain—and you never know which star might fall next.

*Some stars held my hand, some walked beside,
Some were lost too soon, but in my heart they hide.*

*Each one a chapter, a whisper, a light,
Guiding me softly through every night.*

*From parents' warmth to a pet's soft grace,
From friends who stayed to love's silent space,*

*I carry them all, both near and far—
The night sky of my life, lit by every star.*

As you close this book, I hope you don't just walk away with
stories—but with feelings.

Feelings of love for your parents.

Gratitude for your friends.

Compassion for animals.

And a deep awareness that the stars in your life—big or
small—are precious, and not forever.

Value them now.

Say “I love you” now.

Forgive. Appreciate. Hug.

Because one day, life will change quietly, and you'll wish you
had just one more moment with someone you didn't thank
enough.

Stars in My Life was not just a book—it was a piece of my
heart. A tribute. A release. A promise to never take life, love,
or people for granted.

And now, I pass this light on to you.

Go find your stars. Hold them close.

Before they become just a memory in your sky.

With love and light,

Simran Maharshi

THANK YOU