

NOBODY LISTENED

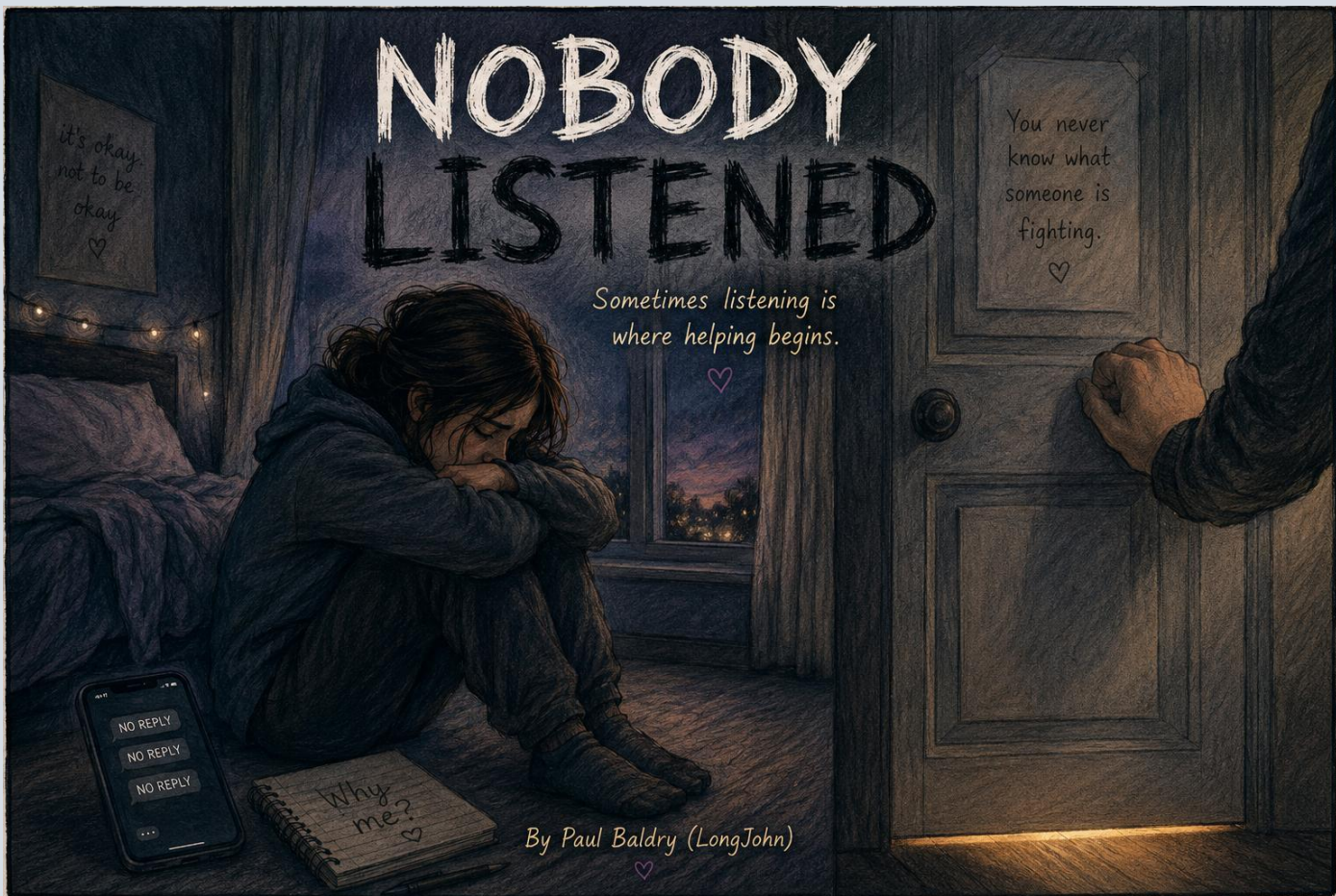
*Sometimes listening is
where helping begins.*



*You never
know what
someone is
fighting.*

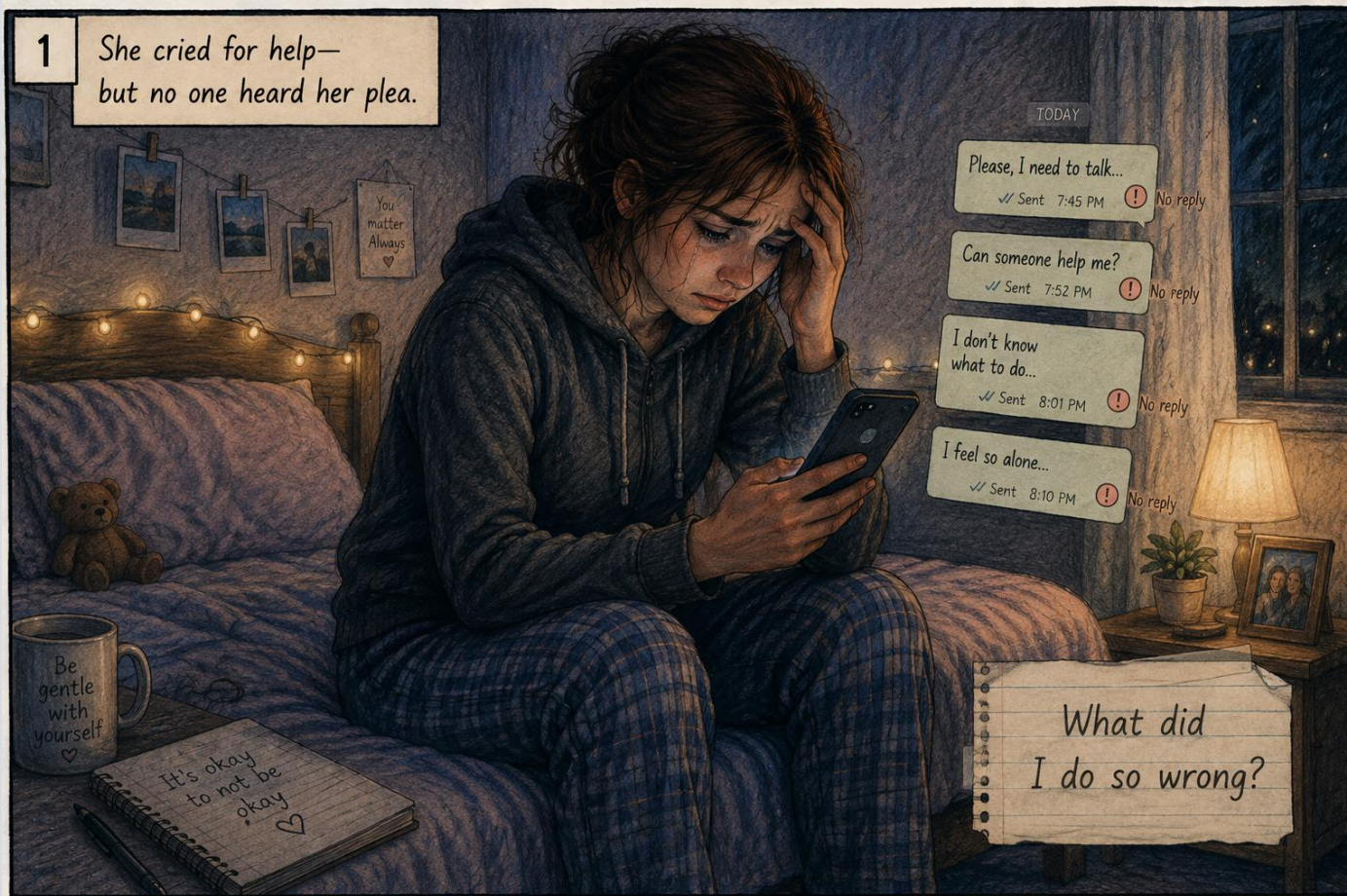


By Paul Baldry (LongJohn)



1

She cried for help—
but no one heard her plea.



TODAY

Please, I need to talk...

✓ Sent 7:45 PM



No reply

Can someone help me?

✓ Sent 7:52 PM



No reply

I don't know
what to do...

✓ Sent 8:01 PM



No reply

I feel so alone...

✓ Sent 8:10 PM



No reply

What did
I do so wrong?

The Cry

She had tried to tell them. A message here, another there—small cries for someone to notice that she wasn't all right. She watched the screen and waited. Minutes passed, but no answer came. She couldn't understand what she had done to make everyone stop listening.

2

She whispered to the void,
yet still
nobody listened.



What Did I Do?

From her window she watched the world carry on without her. People laughed, talked and went about their lives as though nothing had changed. Her reflection stared back from the glass. She searched that familiar face for an answer.

What had she done so wrong?

3

*A pain not marked by scars—
invisible, yet unbearable.*



*Why me?
Why me?*

Invisible Pain

She walked among them every day. They passed close enough to touch, yet nobody seemed to see her. There were no wounds for them to notice, no bandages or bruises to explain her pain. She looked like everyone else. Inside, however, every unanswered question hurt.

4

Why me?
Why me?



Why Me?

The rain fell around her as she sat alone on the bench. She no longer cared that she was getting wet. Her thoughts simply went round and round. Why had everything changed? Why had the people she trusted disappeared when she needed them most?

Why me?

5

You were
my friends...



Friends

There had been happier days. She remembered the laughter, the silly conversations and the promises that they would always be there for one another. She had believed those promises. Looking back, those memories almost hurt more than the loneliness.

They had been her friends.

6

But they were gone—
vanished, leaving her
behind.

Hey, are you there?
7:12 PM ! No reply

I really need to talk.
7:13 PM ! No reply

It's important...
7:15 PM ! No reply

Please...
7:17 PM ! No reply



Gone

Now there was only an empty space beside her. She sent another message, hoping that this time somebody might answer. Nothing. She couldn't understand how people who had once been such an important part of her life could suddenly become strangers.

They were simply gone.

7 The Burden

Am I truly such
a burden?



The Burden

Through the café window she could see them laughing together. For a moment she wanted to open the door and walk inside. Instead, she remained outside. Perhaps they were happier without her. Perhaps she asked too much of people. A terrible question entered her mind:

Am I really such a burden?

8 Behind the Door

What did I do so wrong?
But no one replied.



Behind the Door

Home should have felt safe, but now her bedroom had become somewhere to hide. Beyond the door, life continued—voices, laughter and ordinary conversations. She sat quietly on the other side, still trying to understand.

What did I do so wrong?

Nobody came with an answer.

9

Nobody Listened

Now she hides, shrouded in shame,
alone with the weight of
unanswered cries.



Nobody Listened

Eventually she stopped asking. She stopped sending messages and stopped trying to explain pain she couldn't put into words. Shame convinced her that silence was easier. Yet somewhere beneath all that darkness remained one tiny hope—that somebody might notice she had gone quiet and care enough to ask why.



The Knock

Then, in the silence, came something unexpected.

A shadow stopped outside her bedroom. A hand slowly lifted towards the door.

Perhaps somebody had finally noticed.

Perhaps somebody had finally understood that silence

doesn't always mean everything is all right.

Knock. Knock.

For the first time in what felt like forever, someone had come to listen.

Sometimes listening is where helping begins.



Epilogue — *Nobody Listened*

I wrote *Nobody Listened* to give a voice to the pain that can exist quietly behind a smile, a closed door or an unanswered message. Not every wound can be seen, and sometimes the people hurting most are those who have become tired of asking to be heard.

The girl in this story keeps searching for an answer: *What did I do so wrong? Why me? Am I such a burden?* Yet perhaps she did nothing wrong at all. Perhaps what she needed was not an explanation, judgement or advice, but simply someone willing to notice, sit beside her and listen.

That is why I chose not to end her story completely in darkness. There is a light beneath the door and, finally, a hand raised to knock.

We may never know the battles another person is fighting behind their own closed door. Sometimes the smallest gesture—a message, a conversation, a knock and the words “*Are you okay?*”—can remind someone that they have not been forgotten.

Nobody should have to cry into silence.

Sometimes listening is where helping begins.

Paul Baldry (LongJohn)

NOBODY LISTENED

Sometimes listening
is where helping begins.



*Paul Baldry
(LongJohn)*

Be kind
to
yourself
♡

Please
respect
my
space
♡

