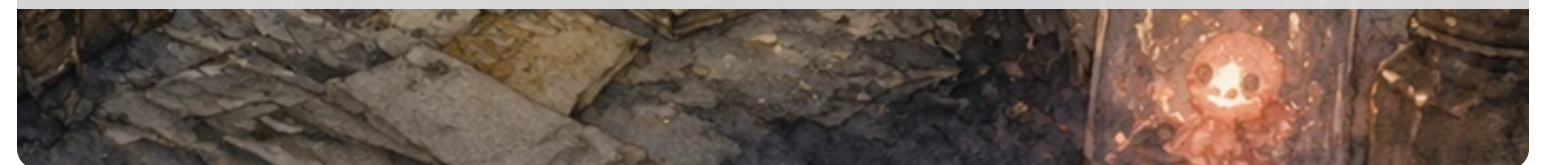




The Girl Who Collected Lost Feelings

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Lina walks through the twilight city with a small wooden box and empty glass jars, her eyes sparkling with a secret sight. All around her, the world is painted in soft hues, but only she can see the tiny, shimmering sparks of light that people accidentally leave behind in their hurry.



In a quiet classroom after school, Lina kneels under a small wooden desk where a student sat earlier that day. She gently scoops up a flickering, jittery blue light—a forgotten bit of nervousness from a morning math test—and tucks it safely into a jar.



At a cold, rainy bus stop, Lina spots a pale violet glow sitting alone on the damp bench. It is a wisp of loneliness left by a weary traveler, and she carefully captures it, watching it swirl like soft smoke against the glass walls of her container.



Rummaging through a dusty thrift shop, Lina finds a bright yellow warmth tucked deep inside the sleeve of an old, oversized wool sweater. This golden spark of happiness is so strong it makes her fingers tingle as she seals it away for safekeeping among her other treasures.



Deep in the library, hidden between the pages of a worn adventure novel, Lina discovers a fierce, fiery orange spark. It is the courage of a young reader who finally felt brave enough to face their fears, and it glows with a steady, defiant heat in her palms.



Lina's bedroom is a constellation of colors, with hundreds of glass jars lining the wooden shelves from floor to ceiling. Each jar pulses with its own unique rhythm, lighting up the room with the colorful echoes of the city's collective heart.



One evening near a frozen park fountain, Lina finds a heavy, throbbing crimson light that feels colder than the winter air. It is a boy's heartbreak, jagged and restless, vibrating with a sorrow so deep that it makes the ground beneath it tremble.



Back in her room, the heartbreak refuses to be contained, cracking the glass jar and slipping through Lina's fingers like liquid shadow. Realizing this feeling is too powerful to be stored, she follows the trail of dark, pulsing light back out into the moonlit streets.



The trail leads her to a boy sitting alone on a park bench, his shoulders slumped and his eyes dull and empty. As Lina approaches, the restless crimson light in her hands begins to glow softer and warmer, recognizing its rightful home in the boy's chest.



Lina gently places her hand over the boy's, guiding the glowing heartbreak back to him until his eyes regain their light and warmth. As they sit together under the stars, Lina realizes that while some feelings are beautiful to keep, the most important ones are meant to be felt and shared.