

Reading sample

Ophelia Amaru

Soft but Unhinged

self-help | spirituality

*This book may cause unexpected sobbing, rage cleaning, or questioning your life choices.
Proceed with softness.*

You're allowed to fall apart.

Gently. Wildly.

Your way

I didn't come here to fix you.
I came to remind you.
Of the softness you buried.
Of the wild you silenced.
Of the parts of you that went into hiding when the world got too loud.

This is not a manual.
It's a reclamation.
A hand extended through the smoke and noise, guiding you back, not forward, not higher, but inward.
To the place where your nervous system exhales for the first time in years.

Here, we speak in lowercase truths and uppercase love. Here, your survival is not measured in milestones but in moments you choose yourself over the noise.
Here, we burn the scripts that told you healing had to be glamorous, photogenic, or quick.

You are not here to perform your becoming.
You are here to inhabit it.
With a trembling, unapologetic Yes.

So take a deep breath,
shake the glitter out of your hair,
and meet yourself where you are —
not where they told you you should be.

This is your permission slip to slow the hell down.
To let the edges fray.
To stop curating the mess and start loving the real.
Because we are not climbing ladders here.
We are planting gardens.

With all my love and blessings,

Ophelia Amaru

P.S.: Just like you and I, this book does not strive for perfection. As a self-published author, I consciously chose not to have it professionally proofread, embracing the rawness of its creation. It is as imperfectly perfect as the journey of life itself. If you find some grammar gremlins or typo trolls, they've found a home in this book.

Trigger warning

This book holds stories stitched together with truth. My truth.

It speaks of anxiety, depression, trauma, dissociation, and other experiences sometimes labeled as “disorders.”

It explores pain. It doesn't hide grief. It invites shadow into the light.

And sometimes, these pages may stir something inside you.

If at any moment a sentence feels too sharp, too tender, or too heavy. Please, pause.

Breathe. Step away.

You are not required to finish anything that overwhelms your heart.

This book isn't a test of strength. It's an offering of softness.

And your nervous system always gets the final say.

Some chapters are heavy. Some may feel like home.

All are shared with care, devotion, and the hope that you'll meet yourself more gently through them.

Take what serves. Leave what doesn't.

And remember: you are the sacred author of your own healing.

If you ever need someone to talk to, you'll find a lovingly curated list of emotional support and crisis lines on page 429.

Please use them. You matter too much to carry everything alone.

And my mailbox is open 24/7

With love,

Ophelia

SOME NOTES BEFORE WE BEGIN

This isn't a book you use. It's one you feel.

You don't need a pen, a plan, or a perfect mindset to begin. You just need your heartbeat.

Read her in order or don't.

Cry in order or don't. Or cry on the pages. Hug her deeply.

Flip to the page your soul needs and pause there, like it's a doorway.

You'll find journal prompts and blank pages.

Poems and prayer.

Scattered truths and gentle invitations.

But none of it is homework.

You don't owe this book anything.

She's not here to be completed. She's here to keep you company while you unravel, and maybe, remember.

Use her like a ritual.

A late-night conversation.

A velvet couch for your sadness.

A confession booth.

A little cracked mirror.

She's a friend who doesn't flinch.

She listens. And holds.

Mark the pages. Write in the margins.

Underline. Scribble.

Tuck her under your pillow or let her disappear for weeks.

She'll wait.

This book is not a task.

It's a tenderness.

A blanket.

Warm honey for soft souls.

Come as you are. And I'm talking about the whole, unwhole, sacredly undone version of you.

She's already glad you're here.

You were never too much.

*You are just a soft soul,
in a world that had forgotten how to listen*

BEFORE THE BLOOM, THERE'S THE BREAK

It doesn't start with a scream.
It starts with a silence too loud to ignore.
A breath you didn't take.
A smile that suddenly feels like a betrayal.

You don't wake up and break.
You erode. Slowly. Softly.
Like ocean water licking away the cliff of who you used to be.

This is where the unraveling begins.
Not as punishment, but as permission.
To fall apart.
To be undone.
To stop performing "okay" and start whispering *true*.

So come down the stairs with me, one soft step at a time.
No rush. No fixing. No masks.
Only truth.
And I am here with you.
You not walking this path alone.

Some days, anything is too much.

I feel too much,
or nothing at all.

It breaks me apart in million little pieces
only to become union again
It takes all of my breath
just to fill my lungs with life force.

It shows me my deepest fears and doubts,
and pushes me right into them,

to face them,
to see them clearly,
to turn them into beautiful, loving creatures

All the demons behind me?
They just want to be seen.
They just want to be loved.

The moment I turn around and look at them,
they change.
They shape-shift.

They are not my enemies.
They are parts of me,
parts longing for my love.

They are my emotions,
my desires,
my doubts,
my fears.

They just want to be felt.
And set free.

THE INVISIBLE BRUISE

When Dissociation Looks Like Strength

Some wounds don't bleed.

They don't scream.

They don't stop you from brushing your teeth, answering emails, or smiling politely when someone asks how you are.

Some wounds are internal—

wrapped in cotton silence,

hidden beneath the autopilot of "I'm fine."

They go unnoticed because you *still show up*.

You still go to work.

You still meet deadlines.

You still post funny memes.

And so the world claps.

"She's so resilient."

"She's strong."

"She never breaks."

The truth is, dissociation isn't resilience.

It's not a badge.

It's not healing.

It's survival.

It's the soul's way of saying,

"This is too much to feel all at once,
so I'll go somewhere else for now."

It's what happens when your body stays present,
but your *self*...

slips quietly out the side door.

And yes, sometimes dissociation looks like showing up.
Like functioning.
Like doing all the “right” things.
But inside, you’re a constellation of numb.
A ghost in a skin suit.
A woman praised for being strong,
when all she wants is someone to see the bruises on her soul.

Let me remind you:

You don’t owe the world your functionality.
You don’t have to prove your worth through performance.
Your softness is not weakness.
Your stillness is not laziness.
Your absence is not failure.

And just because they can’t see your pain,
doesn’t mean it isn’t real.

A WHISPER FROM THE GARDEN

*Not every seed blooms all year.
Some only rise under the full moon's glow,
others show their petals for just a fleeting
moment
and that's enough.*

*Some will grow tall like ancient trees,
roots sunk deep into truth.
Others may carry thorns,
not to harm,
but to teach you how to guard your softness.*

*Your garden doesn't have to be perfect.
It only has to be yours.*

*So take your time,
tend to it gently,
and trust that what's meant to grow, will.
In its rhythm. In its season. In its sacred way.*

CRAWLING BACK TO OURSELVES

The most sacred return is not forward. It's inward.

It came to me during a cycling class.
Yes, me, crying on a stationary bike.
Pedaling through pain I didn't even know I still carried.
Not moving forward, not going anywhere,
and yet, somehow, something in me was arriving.

I realized it wasn't about climbing out of some metaphorical cave.
It was about crawling back, back home to myself.
Not escaping the dark, not racing toward the light,
but surrendering into the space where truth lives quietly.
Sweat, tears, breath, surrender.

The moment I stopped performing, even for the voices in my own head.
And began to whisper:

You did well.
You're still here.
You don't need to earn your place
in your own heart.

We're not crawling out of the cave to prove anything.
Not to perform.
Not to be seen.

We're crawling back to ourselves.
Raw knees and all.

Back to the inner sanctum.
To the softness beneath the scars.
To the girl who didn't know what safety felt like.

To the woman who now chooses not to abandon her.

This isn't a grand comeback.

This is a quiet homecoming.

A return that doesn't need an audience.

It's a ceremony held in your own body.

A path carved not by ambition,
but by gentleness
and fierce devotion.

A path paved with self-credit, not self-criticism.

Where we whisper, "You did well."

Where we hum lullabies to our inner child,
and sing love songs to our grown self.

Where we stop handing out applause slips to everyone but us.

Where we stop waiting for someone else to say we're enough and start saying:

Yes. I am enough.

Yes. I did that.

Yes. I'm still here.

This is not weakness.

This is radical.

Feral.

Holy.

Self-love.

No more crawling out just to climb into someone else's expectations.

We crawl back, muddy, breathless, luminous,
because we've always belonged to ourselves.

On the next pages is a sacred space for you to paint your own path back to yourself.

Before, ask yourself:

What would it feel like to stop running?

What part of me is asking to be welcomed back
today, without needing to change first?

Thank You

Thank you for reading these sample pages.

If something in these words resonated, stirred, or softened you, I'm honored.

If you'd like to **pre-order your copy**, feel free to message me on Telegram (if we're connected there) or send me an email at: hello@ophelia-amaru.com



Pre-orders are open until **September 20th, 2025**



Books will be lovingly shipped by the **end of September**



The official publishing date is **November 21st, 2025**

From my soul to yours,
thank you for being here.

Ophelia