



Item Code:

951

Participant Code:

108

TO DREAM , TO HOPE

Hope..... It feels like an unimportant four letter word, stacked away in some corner of the dictionary. Humble and meek. No one searches for its meaning. Why would they? It is such a simple word that everyone knows its meaning. But no one knows the strength and power the word holds. But those who know, hold on to it for their dear life. Like it would give them a life. And it really does....

The moon was brighter than usual that day. Or maybe he only felt like that. Edward was sitting on his reclining chair by the porch, with a key hanging in his hand. His eyes were welled up with the unshed tears he had as he sat there reminiscing about the good old days of his life. He had lived all his life in the hope of living a life that he always dreamt of. A small house by the side of

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a lake, in one edge of a street. With a family he created with the ~~life~~ love of his life Alice. Alice was the light of his life. She was there for him when he struggled to live. She was the one who injected the small ray of hope in his mind which later spread and became the sun sun which ~~started~~ ^{encouraged} him to live.

And all those wishes of his came true. He worked hard and bought a small house by the lake. And the street name 'Hopestreet' was like a cherry on top. Even if the house was small, it was perfect for him. He married Alice, the one whom he wished to spend his life with. Alice and Edward were like a match made in heaven. Perfect for each other. They were like the lock and key. Perfectly made for each other. And later they had their little girl Ava. Soon their life started revolving around Ava. She had her father and mother wrapped around her little fingers. Everything was perfect for Edward. The

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life he had wished for was playing before him. The little family goes for occasional outings, picnic etc. Year by year Ava started growing and turned seven. The way she liked to spend her time the most was by playing near the lake. Edward and Alice loved watching their daughter play around. Everything was like a dream to Edward. But what he didn't know was that everything was the calm before the storm.

Their world turned upside down the day Ava decided to visit the lake ~~un~~accompanied by neither of her parents. The couple had not noticed that their little girl had slipped away from their ^{sight} ~~side~~. And when they noticed, it was too late. Ava had fell in the ~~water~~ and the lake and the water had ^{already} sucked out the life and soul out of ~~her~~. This was a devastating incident for both Edward and Alice. Having to see their daughter pale as paper with no hint of life. They were always mourning over the loss of the little bundle of joy they had was like a knife being

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pierced through their heart.

Slowly they started moving on. After all they had the rest of their life in front of them to live. But everything came to a tragic turn when Alice was met with an accident and faced instant death. Edward watched could do nothing but watch as his the life he dreamt of slipped away from his palm. The tragedy of his family spread like a wildfire in his neighbourhood. Everytime he walked out of his house he only recieved looks of pity and sympathy. People started identifying him as 'the father in hopstreet' and his house as 'the house on hopstreet'.

Everything was devastating for him. Or even depressing. The thoughts of having to live without his wife and daughter haunted him day and night. Finally he convinced his mind to leave that place behind. It was hard for him because that house held the memories of wife and daughter.

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It held the laughs they shared, the time they spent. But he need to move on. Not by forgetting them but by cherishing their memories.

He decided to leave his house. Or 'the house'. He stood swept the one or two tears drops that escaped his eyes. Slowly he stoop, stood up from the chair, with the key of his house in his hands, and started walking towards the lake. Without a second thought, ~~the~~ he key threw the key of his house into lake. He watched as the key sank deep into the water. Without glancing back he walked straight out of his house. ~~The~~ The entrance of the street was his target. Not even glancing sideways he walked to the ~~entrance~~ towards the entrance.

When he reached the entrance he stopped for a moment. There stood a board that read 'Hopes street'. But Hopes street no longer held any hopes for him. He set his foot ~~house~~ out of the street and a ghost of a

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smile escaped ^{on} his lips. For no apparent reason. He no longer had a reason to live for. He walked ahead. With no predetermined destination in mind. After all the infinite vast of land was spread out in front of him. A land of possibilities. A land of opportunities. He no longer had a reason to live for. But he had hope. Hope that he will find a reason. Hope that everything's going to be okay. Hope that everything will be fine. Hope that he will find another 'hope street'. And that is what he needs to hold on to. Hope....

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