

"Ad Infinitum" - Sarah thought to herself,

She gave a faint smile remembering what it meant. She stepped closer to the ledge, 'The Biggest Mall', - the word echoed from the ground, reaching upto her. She had miscalculated the height, it is too much for one jump, "everyone shouldn't see me crying after my death" -

That absurd and unlucky positivity reassured her, the denim jacket in her hand started to sway in the wind. her hands lost grip - it fell, a regret can't be regretted again, the price for that jacket was enough for her to change her reality. To her surprise, the jacket's collar held on to a decorative light above the neon sign. Voices of vloggers echoed from below, nothing reached up again, her mind replayed her conversations, regret hugged her tightly.

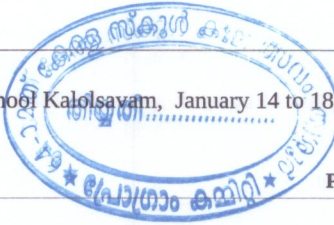
All you monkeys, see blood and craves

Among them, where is me?

Keep my flesh in this crude maze.

- She recalled Jonathan's words - his last words, fingers dug into her palm, regret bashed her skull.





over and over. "YOU SHOULD HAVE SAVED HIM!" it yelled at her, though she caught that brutal and 'frenzied poet'. She couldn't save Jonathan the human, tears fell past the jacket, still they didn't reach the ground. Thoughts and words repeated again, 'why did I throw the knife? why didn't I follow his orders? — I'm sorry!!' a violent smog spread inside her head.

"Swallow your regrets, get your strength from it, every single one of us regret something, Sarah, this makes us human and not monkeys."

She felt the detective's hands on her shoulder like that time. Vomiting regrets made her pale and weak, but strong enough to not jump. She regretted that decision, no one was there atop the concrete to help her. The silence after the chase, those memories with Detective Stephen, resonated throughout her. Those two years flashed through her eyes, the sky got darker and the city got brighter yet she had no colour to blend in.

"Three mouths taped shut, six ears cut off two lines written on the wall using the victim's

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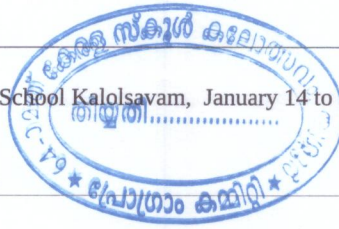




blood and all women". The detective spoke, he looked at the board filled with grotesque pictures and clues from the crime scene. Somewhat fed up, proud for himself, he looked at Sarah who've been assembling the files, she knew what he wanted, putting the files aside gave him a dozen of claps. They were one step closer to finding the killer. He didn't tell his assistant any crucial details but let her follow him to the lion's den. He was bugged, annoyed by the questions along the way still gave no answer, the destination was not far, one bridge stood among him and the den. She looked over, a familiar and 'Traditional' house, it belonged to none other than her own cousin, he didn't look back, ran - leaving her behind. One last word - "Detective Sarah, I leave the world in your hands".

He had reached the house before he concluded, without looking back at the tired girl, he waved and entered the house.





The sailing began to shake, Sarah woke up from her trance, her eyes moved left, a young man is trying to climb up the rails. Hurriedly she moved and pulled him from the edge. That boy tried to get across her but she kept evading his desperate punches, after some turns his hands wore down. Seeking the opportunity, she tackled him and threw him at the door. Even after the impact he stood up, both were tired, she looked at him, she could see herself in the eyes of that man. He felt to his knees, clenching his mobile, he started tearing up.

"Day could've ended dif. if I, why di-"

Unable to finish his words, he slammed his head on the ground. She held him tight, she recognized her kin and didn't decide and jumped straight to the conclusion.

"Yes, the day could've ended differently, but, this day will give you the most comfortable nap"

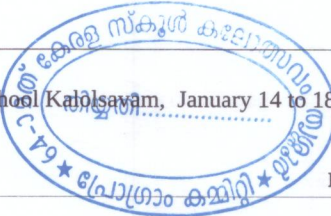
Those words didn't belong to her, a sentence which was used to mock herself. She held those





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words, repeated it everyday, from that evening, the brave man, her boss gave herself the key to a room, which inscribed 'Private detective Stephen Thomas' in golden letters. No words were spoken between the lad and the girl. she wanted to know him and his sufferings, help him out. She remembered when she threw a knife at Jonathan, which he used to silence his voice forever. he began to speak, his mother and daughter had gotten into the plaza last day and a terrorist blew it up. Messages popped up on his mobile, she noticed the wallpaper. a portrait of an infant and two women, one would be his mother and the other could be his wife. He blamed himself, if i'd not gone there, stopped them, went, flew on and on, he chanted it like a prayer. The mall didn't pay attention to the Shady figures. Sucking in the brightness from the light. Vloggers were testing out some fancy fast food. There were a ton of people there, like a civilization is thriving after a river washed up gold and gems.



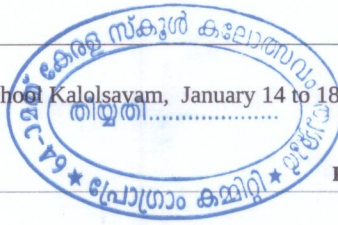


She Cracked open the door, Crouched herself inside to see a body, blood was still flowing out. beside it, a man lying on his knees, hands and shirt drenched in blood red. 'Jonathan!?' she cried out. he left his face, wavering at the sight of the new guest, he stood, told her "Why?" repeatedly, took a step forward. She fell behind, took a knife and held it towards him, shivering. Another step, she screamed and threw the knife, but Jonathan tripped over the dead detective's corpse, he gazed into the blood. he took the knife.

Oh! How the day would end  
Fall of some and fall of a crown  
Adorn miseries the blood would send

Atop the babel-towers towering  
underneath the graves of atlantis  
Sirens mourns their fallen cords.





The winds rose, witches fell  
who'll search for their treasure  
Oh! dear mother will you forgive me still?

Oh! friend, my brave savior  
why leave her without thy wisdom  
except her you know what, 'they' will see.

All you monkeys, see blood and graves  
Among them where is me?  
Keep my flesh in this crude maze.

Sarah smiled as she regretted again while remembering that, the door opened automatically, the contrast between the 'Mall-Ad Infinitum' and the highway was drastic. They took a step out. The clouds started clearing, all the astronomy geeks jumped up as they saw the lunar eclipse. She looked up at the red moon - is her memories and spirits following her - she thought. As they moved





forward, the jacket fell down behind her. She let his hand go. She sighed.

"The day could've ended differently but this day will give the most comfortable nap".

She ~~picked~~ picked up the jacket, took the keys from it's pocket, dusted it and wore it. The man, who she thought to be younger than him, stared at her. She went up to him.

"What is your name?" She asked with a tiny bit of shame. He got into the car, started up the engine. He unrolled the window and said,

"Stephen, ... - Stephen Thomas"