



Whithering Hearts

Sapphire was at her desk again, mind tired from running and running for about two hours now and still the page was blank. It was at these moments she ~~would~~ doubt herself, irrespective of the fact that always at the end, an idea would spark. More than a writer, she liked to call herself an artist who create worlds which knew peace, where the shy would blush at the first kiss of dawn and clouds would soar high. She was an artist who wove words with letters and sew hearts with them, a tapestry to find peace in. ~~It doesn't pretend to.~~

A river of questions was flowing through her mind, shattering walls and rocks, creating an uproar, like an inferno through a deep forest. There was times where it ~~soothed~~ was a soothing warmth and times at which it was pure torture. Today was the latter.



Sapphire got up from her chair and went out to the snoring world. There was a certain amount of comfort in being alone; that too in a city teeming with life. There was a morbidly beautiful truth only she knew: people were absolute idiots. They pretend everything's right when nothing was and loved to preach about 'a better world'. Good and evil, virtue and vices — they loved to draw the distinction between the taking. She had had enough.

Writing was how she let her feelings known; when the pen bled into the paper, offering company and affection. ^{it}It was both a scar and a star. The paper would no longer be alone, albeit their ~~solid~~ solitude was stolen by a burning stain that left a lingering touch. Just like people. To cleanse it she needed blood. The answer to ~~all~~ the unasked question, the pleasure to the unquenchable pain, ~~she~~ she wrote with blood.



Sapphire meandered through the city, in the yellow
hue of casted by streetbulbs. People - how they loved
to praise the man who offered food to the starving lady
and her child, even if they themselves had crossed that
bridge many times and turned their face the other way
everytime. Sapphire had noticed them there before.
A shy smile danced ~~was~~ on her lips when she heard
the baby's loud, intuding cries.

Poor being, & she ~~to~~ ^{it took} thought, so innocent. It would
take only the time ^{it took} to lay its feet on the land to know
that the ground is adorned with thorns. Let her save
the trouble. By the hospital, there was a closed pharmacy.
Light never had the courage to tap on its door,
making it ~~idyllic~~ ideal. ~~The syringes and~~ The mother
was the first to breathe the last breath. Tomorrow,
~~they~~ the police could make an empty promise for
the second time this month alone: they would find
the blood-thirst killer. ~~Later~~ They would find the answers.



to everyone's questions. Jokes on them, Sapphire
was never the answer to anything; not to her parents'
prayer, not to the social problems.

She took more time with the child. ~~It~~^{It} got
The room ~~filled~~^{thundered} with whines, and screams. Then it got
quiet. The tiny heart, yet to bloom and yet to be loved,
withered in her hands. The blood oozed out of its body,
onto her palms, then down ~~her~~ her arm, like the
screaming wail of a bird who lost its wings.

People searched for peace with violence, love
with hate. They'd look around the world, at its marvels
and evils, eyes searching for a particular quest to
discover and uncover, not knowing what they were looking
for are inside their veins, flooding through their body.

The warmth of fresh blood had dried up in her palms.
There was an ~~and~~ unadulterated smile on her face,
features stained red.



On her way back, she thought of the sound of bones cracking, almost like the soft whispers of a hearth. Sapphire looked around. The world was asleep, hoping tomorrow came bearing answers. Such a dangerous virtue, she thought, hope.

The rain tapped gently at her window, like a long-lost friend seeking shelter. The sun had painted the world with its hues. Sapphire looked at her hands, kissed blue by the pen that drew a masterpiece last night. Sapphire washed herself and went to work.

"Sap?" It was her co-worker, Charlene. She was the one who called her by the sobriquet. "Did you see the news?"

"What's up today," it came out more like a statement than a question. Sapphire was done with the small talks about weather.

"I know, the ~~killer~~ police found the ~~bodies~~ of two bodies



by the lake," Charlene's voice was hushed, as if she was afraid someone would hear. Sapphire was light-eyed and bushy-tailed.

"They did?"

"Wait," Charlene said, picking up her phone, "watch this."

Sapphire dragged her eyes around the screen. The police was giving an interview.

"Ah" ... whoever did this, count your days. We'll find you next."

Sure, you will, Sapphire thought.

"Don't be frightened, everyone. We'll find the answer to all your questions. We won't allow more bloodshed. The psychopath ~~was~~ will be behind the bars soon."

Sapphire raised an brow. Sick-sweet odour of blood.

"Sap?" ~~Charlene~~ Charlene's voice brought her back to the present. "Sapphire?"

"Yes," she answered, "yes, I'm here."

"Do you have any more stories?" It was how they



Item Code:

Participant Code:

~~became acquaintances~~ began to talk, through Sapphire's stories.

"Give me a minute," Sapphire excused herself. She got in the washroom and locked the door.

"The inflammable idiots," she laughed at the mirror. "Aaron Warner was right."

~~People~~ People liked to search for answers, even those changing idly in the air like dust. They created an absence, creating a dark hole of idiology ~~just~~ and jumped into it, just to pretend they don't know. The answer was written out in the sand for them and they pretend, do all they could, that the waves crashed on it. People ~~do~~ never know where to look.

How can they miss it? All the five hearts were itched ~~imprinted~~ with a letter each. Only one was remaining.

Sapphire's phone rang, the noise a glass that shattered the silence that fell in the room. It was Charlene.

Sapphire took it. "~~Yes, R?~~ ~~It's me.~~ ~~Char~~ "It's me."

"Yes, R?" Sapphire smiled, the last piece.