



Here To Where!

"A change was vital and I made it actual," these were the words which came up in my mind pushing aside my grave and miserable past. In the eyes of the murderer I could see the pleasure and not guilt even when the crowd surrounding him hurled words fueled with curse and disgust. That moment, I saw the twinkling eyes of my elder brother in him, the very same pleasure he too used to exact by preying on his game. "Will this make any difference in my life?" I asked to myself while the policemen grabbed the criminal and forcefully pushed him into the police van. His eyes were still fixed on me. His gaze never frightened or discouraged me but took me to my past. Those days when I used to ask to myself, "Here to where?." But now I know where I am, I was destined for this. My entire childhood ^{was} filled to the brim with the innocent blood of his game ~~was~~ ^{for} this very resurrection...

I was lost in my thoughts for a moment, before I could regain my senses he was taken away. Despite the uproaring of the crowd of how 'his' brother brought the criminal to the light, my thoughts were still nailed onto the fact how I broke the shackles which had bounded me for years and years restricting me from leading a normal life. Even when my past began to slowly engulf my thought processes, I thanked myself for being ^{here} where I was meant to be. I sighed turning my back towards my ancestral home "From there to here, I am here". My eyes ~~was~~ welled up as I wrote the last words of my book and it felt as if I had delivered my pain with my words.

"That's all for today's press meet, I would like to thank all of you for your support. Keep reading and will meet again next week" Rachel rose from her chair and began to take her walk towards the exit of the press club. Teenagers often surprised Rachel with their enthusiasm to read her book but at the same time she often hated conversations because she liked to be alone, socialising made her exhausted at times. She gave her autograph to a young boy who had ran past the guards and was pleading ~~for~~ ^{for her} my autograph. But his question pierced ^{her} my soul, "Ma'am, you're here found where he was meant to be, but what about you, from here to where?". The boy's ^{pupils} eyes dilated, his feet trembled at her ferocious look filled with anger. She stared at the



boy and walked out of the club and into her car. She seemed to be angry but guilt began to overpower the anger and she burst into tears. All her joy was overtaken by hatred for towards her childhood, herself. She felt pathetic that even young children clearly knew of her past. She murmured to herself. "Do they really love my works or do they want to know how I am going to end up in my life?"

Rachel's childhood in her ancestral home was gruesome. She had an elder brother named Jake. Both of her mother and father died in a car accident. The more pathetic fact was that their corpse was ^{nowhere} ~~never~~ to be found. But Rachel who was a baby was miraculously found in an unconscious state along the road. Unfortunately, the car had met with an accident at midnight, the car lost its control and fell into a deep valley beside the highway. Her brother who returned after his music class fainted at this news but he never cried, not a

single drop of tear was shed. The brother waited with his baby sister outside ^{the} police headquarters for weeks. All the witnesses said that he never believed in his parents' death and knocked all the possible doors waiting for their arrival.

Jake after years, had overcome his trauma. He seemed to be fine and ~~to~~ had already begun to sacrifice his own life for bringing up his sister. He took great care of her. He always took care not to make her feel the pains of not having a mother to nurture her and a father to protect her. Everything was going well but it was then that Rachel started noticing some changes in her brother's attitude. He went on from a calm and composed man to showing mercurial behaviour. She thought that it ~~was~~ ^{was} all because she was grown up and have started to take things seriously. But that day that moment she lost her breath, while looking outside through her window at midnight she saw his brother dragging something heavy in a sack ~~into~~ ^{into} the shed and could evidently see a hand washed in blood projecting outside through a tear. That moment, ~~she~~ ^{she} realised ~~she~~ ^{she} had been spending ~~my~~ ^{her} life with a man who preyed on men. ~~My~~ ^{her} body convoluted at this thought and ~~she~~ ^{she} felt feverish. ~~she~~ ^{she} threw ~~myself~~ ^{herself} on to ~~my~~ ^{her} bed staring at the ceiling. ~~she~~ ^{she} could finally process the fact that the twinkling in his eyes was not out of joy for ~~her~~ ^{her} but it was because of the mere pleasure he got ~~for~~ ^{from} killing men...

The very next day, ~~she~~ ^{she} woke up with the sight of him staring at ~~her~~ ^{her} from the door of ~~my~~ ^{her} room. Before ~~she~~ ^{she} let out



a. swam, ~~I~~^{she} tried to ~~request~~^{prepare} myself to act normal. He looked really normal but that twinkling in his eyes still remained a concern. He was preparing to go out for his work, after having the breakfast prepared for ~~me~~^{her} he left. He usually left for ^{work} with a kiss on ~~my~~^{her} forehead. But this time it felt unusually cold and numb as if it warned ~~me~~^{her}. ~~I~~^{she} could no longer look at his face like how ~~I~~^{she} used to. Soon after he left, ~~I~~^{she} ran to the shed just fifty steps away from ~~my~~^{her} home. The front door was locked so ~~I~~^{she} ran around the shed looking for an area from where ~~I~~^{she} could enter into it. Fortunately, there was another door behind a panel of wood. ~~I~~^{she} used ~~my~~^{her} might to cut the panel using an axe and behind it was a door in ^{wood} ~~not~~ all covered in dirt and ~~I~~^{she} tore through the dewy and dense spider webs and reached out for the handle. A gentle twist and a great lot of thrusting helped opening the door. Everything felt

normal till I saw another door in front of her. That door was half open. I approached the door and my hands felt cold at the touch of the metal handle. I opened the door with a shiver and I could feel something liquid, cold and dense against my bare feet. I could not look down to my feet as my eyes were stuck onto that puddle of blood. My feet sank into the pool of blood. A few weapons all covered in blood were on the table. But no corpses were to be found. She thought about her. She blamed her for her ignorance. She blamed herself for being alive. That moment she felt that it would have been a blessing if she were dead that day. Rachel was not ready to give up. She ran to the nearby police station. She was driven by an unusual force, though she was about to expose her own brother, she was not sad about that. At first the police officers did not believe but they saw it and had to believe. Even after constant search a fake could not be found. He disappeared but something else did, the title of the criminal's sister upon Rachel. She was blamed for his deeds. She was alienated. When the accused and evidence of corpse could not be found, the case was closed. Her life got confined to her home. And that's how Rachel, the great crime story writer was born. Though her books always focused on the punishment of the criminal, she she could never accomplish that. Like any other writer she too delivered her pain and exacted her aims through her character. That question took her to her entire past. She felt



miserable of how her own fans looked upon her. She returned home and asked all her helpers to leave as tomorrow was Christmas. She gave them extra payment on behalf of Christmas. As they all left, Rachel was alone in her home. She could not bear the pain anymore, she read a few verses of her favourite poetry book and instantly her eyes watered, it was the book her brother used to read to her. She still loved him but despised the evil in him, she despised herself for being the source of that evilness. She scribbled something onto her notepad and went to her room. Two days after Christmas, her helper arrived in the morning, the front door was already open because Rachel goes out for a morning walk ^{usually}. The home was unusually looking messy, she began clearing all that up. She went to Rachel's room for doing the same. But there, ^{Rachel's upper body} she ~~was~~ ^{was hanging down from} hanged on to the ^{the} ceiling fan, her body half decomposed but her lower

The lady felt nauseous.

body ^{lay} onto the bed all infested with worms. ~~The~~ She
helped ^{then} ran outside yelling and calling out to
~~his~~ ~~the~~ neighbours. The entire neighbourhood
shook at this news.

That night, Rachel wrote on her notepad "Here to
where?, but I have nowhere to go. I FAILED". People
asked among themselves and was confused how a
single question made her tremble to the extent
she chose to end her life while her body was ^{being} taken away by
the medical officers.

And with watery eyes, I put an end to my story.
As I put my pen down I asked to myself "He
brought the criminal to the light, she ended her
life and they found peace overcoming their
crisis. Now what about me? From here to where!"