



Item Code: 951

Participant Code: 444

ONLY IF WE HAD MORE TIME

It was a hot and sultry friday morning and I was still in my bed. I could hear my mother yelling from the kitchen to get my butt out of my cosy bed. You couldn't blame me for wanting to sleep in an extra 5 minutes on a friday morning. I'm currently studying in 12th standard and any 12th grader would certainly understand me when I say "Hell seems better than my so-called school". As exams are coming up, so are the practicals, so all you could see are record books flying around in the classrooms like golden balls from Harry Potter.

Please
Don't call me out, if they aren't called golden balls, it's been a while since I last saw them. Oh man! Those were the days.

Back when I was a p Potterhead, I used to dream about flying like that. Flying over the mountain, skimming just above the waves, it felt like



Item Code: 951

Participant Code: 444

a dream. Just then my mother's broom hit my drooling face, and that's when I realized that it was truly a dream. I knew that this was my mom's last warning and I don't get up at that instant, I'd have to crawl back to my school. So I hurriedly did my morning business and ate my mom's special chicken sandwich. Unfortunately, I told her one day that her sandwich is dope and she makes it every single day and I don't have it in me to shatter her pride and happiness and tell her the truth. So I quietly enjoy her chicken sandwich.

When I reached my school, it felt as if I was stepping into a beehive. And there was nothing I hated more than this morning crowd. I somehow squeezed in and entered in my glorious 'Beverly Hills School'. I have three friends here. I ~~so~~ guess you might've understood that I'm not that bubbly, 'All sunshine and rainbows' type of



63rd Kerala School Kalolsavam - Jan 04 To 08, 2025 - Thiruvananthapuram

Item Code:

951

Participant Code:

444

boy. But I'm satisfied with who I'm. My only friends are Ryan and Aiden. Ryan is ~~th~~ a golden retriever dog in human form and Aiden is just Aiden. Sometimes, I feel like I'm friends with two extremes. Ryan is the kind of person who attracts attention, in a good way. He knows everyone and apparently everyone knows him as well. I don't know what to say about Aiden, he doesn't talk much, always keeps to himself. At first, I thought he was trying to built a ~~be~~ bad boy reputation, cause for some reason, girls would die for such boys. But later I realized that, he wasn't pretending. He was that silent pale ghost lurking beside us, unnoticed by everyone.

It didn't take me much time to meet ^{up} with my golden retriever and black cat. As I was walking towards them, my heart stood still when I saw Aiden giving me a full blown smile with his pearl like teeth. You might think I was

(This page will be scanned to publish the article in Schoolwiki. So write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf)



Item Code:

951

Participant Code:

444

exaggerating but I've never seen him smile with so much content. When I reached there, he immediately pulled me into a bear hug. This was so unlikely of him. It felt like somekind of aliens have abducted my 'Real Aiden' and replaced him with this fake one who somehow looks exactly like my Aiden. When I looked at Ryan, I knew that he was as confused as me. When I asked Aiden about his change of mood, he replied that he just feels like it's the best day of his life. Ryan's first guess was that Aiden's finally got a girlfriend. When he enquired Aiden about it, he laughed it away. I was suspicious of his change of behaviour. You might think why aren't I, as his best ^{friend} friend, happy for him. All of this seems so strange for me. Maybe it's just a feeling.

Right now, we should have been listening to Mrs. Walker's boring lecture about 'how Shakespeare is the greatest man to ever live', but we are actually



Item Code: 951

Participant Code: 444

humming to Coldplay's 'All my love' at Bloom's coffee shop down the street. You wouldn't believe me when I say that it was Aiden's idea to bunk today's class. At first, I thought I was tripping but then I ~~too~~ came to the realization that he really had hit his head somewhere, because there was no other possible explanation to this phenomenon. Anyway, now we are sipping Americano and thinking how to get the fullest of this day. Then Aiden voiced out that there was a carnival going on at the south side of the city, he added that then we could go for skinny dipping at our ~~some~~ secret spot. It was as if he had planned all of this beforehand. Nonetheless, Both of us agreed and without much delay, we hit the road.

All throughout the ride, I was observing Aiden. He looked so peaceful and calm as if a ~~one~~ he was a small feather flying about with the sea breeze. Within half an hour, we reached our 1st



Item Code:

951

Participant Code:

444

destination. The Carnival wasn't much crowded, most probably since it was 11:30 a.m on a week day. Aiden ran to get some cotton candy and ~~swalled~~ swallowed a huge ball within milli seconds. Then he ran around like a waxy little monkey getting on each and every side without leaving behind any.

When Ryan refused to enter into a rollercoaster, Aideo picked him up in bridal style and secured in one of its seats. Even though Ryan was screaming like a dying crow and threw up his whole breakfast, I knew from the ever lasting smile of Aideo, that we were having the best time of our life. Soon it became 4:00 p.m and we were too exhausted to laugh anymore, we decided to start our journey to our next location: Bumbleton lake.

That lake has always been our favourite place but it's been a while since we last visited.

I blame my school, and our education system for that. When we reached there, I could see from my rearview mirror,



Item Code: 951

Participant Code: 444

a small smile grazing the pink plum lips of Aiden. Without waiting for us, he stripped off his clothes and dipped in the cold water. He screamed as if there was no tomorrow. Then we joined him. The cold water made his skin more pale and his dark circles looked darker than ever. I wanted to ask him how he was ~~doing~~ holding up with the loss of his grandma. It's been a month since he lost his grandma to leukemia, it's been a month since he became an orphan. He was too adamant to live in a foster home saying he only has a few months left to be 18. Call me selfish, but I didn't want to ask him about his darkest phase of life and wipe off that beautiful smile from his face. So I stayed silent.

Now we were back on road, heading home. Suddenly Aiden asked me to stop the car and he immediately got out and ran towards a particular direction. When we followed, we reached a cliff where



Item Code:

951

Participant Code:

444

we could clearly watch the mesmerizing beauty of the setting sun. It looked so serene as if we were in some kind of a magical world. The sun was kissing each one of us but it felt like the warm rays of sun was caressing the ~~tender cheek of Aiden~~ Aiden's cheek, with so much love and tenderness. I knew he didn't want to leave from there but it was already late and Ryan had to drop us off at our houses. The oranges hues were soon replaced by the dark abyss of the night and the moon looked like a perfectly curved sickle.

When we reached Aiden's house, he slowly got off the car and turned to walk away, but something stopped ~~me~~ him, he slowly turned towards us and said that he would never forget this day, till he die. and added he couldn't ask for better friends than us. But his last sentence shook me to my core, he said that he wished he had more time. When I tried to ask him what he meant by that, Ryan beat



Item Code: 951

Participant Code: 444

me to it and asked him if he's gonna go back to his cold behaviour tomorrow. But he never answered that question and walked away from our car, ~~was~~ not forgetting to give ~~us~~ us a small smile.

I reached my home and as usual it was empty as my ~~parent~~ workaholic parent's are still at their office. Then I sat down ~~at~~ on my sofa and started to think about today's event. The most important part of my day was Aiden's cheerful behaviour. I felt truly happy for him and deep down, my guts were in alert. I felt strange like something was out of place. I decided to call Aiden to check on him but he wasn't answering my calls. My heart was pumping with an inhuman speed. With shaking hands, I took my bicycle and drove straight to Aiden's house.

I was met with a ^{Compassion} ~~compassion~~ of people, police neighbours, reporters. I ^{stood there} ~~felt~~ dumbfounded and my feet rooted to the road. I felt the road crack under my feet when I ~~to~~ eavesdropped a cop talking

(This page will be scanned to publish the article in Schoolwiki. So write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf)



Item Code:

951

Participant Code:

444

to his walkie talkie. Aiden committed suicide. He put a bullet through his head. The neighbours called the cops when they heard a gunshot. My shivering hands found my phone and I somehow dialed Ryan. But I couldn't bring myself to deliver this to Ryan. It felt as if ~~my~~ I was tongue-tied and I somehow uttered the words: "Aiden, gone!". Then I felt the my phone slipping through my fingertips, just like Aiden's life slipped away from us.

I was thunderstruck with what I learnt, I couldn't believe my ears. But then it made sense to me.

He showed all the signs. His depressive attitude, everlasting dark circles were the signs that he was mentally fading away. He was silently calling out to us for help. But we were too dumb to even notice. He wasn't fine after the passing of his grandma, he was just pretending in front of us. He was slowly fading away just in front of our eyes. He was too



Item Code:

951

Participant Code:

444

deep down the road that he felt like the only thing he could do to get out of this misery was to end his life. Regret and guilt kicks in to my heart like a swarm of darkness. His smiles ~~and~~ are flashing before my eyes and I could still hear his giggles as Ryan screamed his throat off inside the rollercoaster. If only I talked to him about his pain, ~~if~~ if only I tried to help him when he faked that he was fine; if only I wasn't stupid enough to think that you were changing, finally, if only I was a BETTER FRIEND!

I know nothing could bring him back now. I feel totally drained. It was him who ended his life, but it is me who feel like ~~my~~ life was drained out of my body. If only I could bargain with Grim Reaper to give me just one ^{last} day with Aiden, to talk him out of this. But I knew, There's nothing I could do now. "Oh Aiden, only if we had more time!"