



From Darkness To Light

It was night. Everything had become dead silent, except the rushing ocean waves and the roaring winds of the beach ^{where} I was standing. Even in that chilling night, everything seemed beautiful. The shimmering moonlight made the ocean way more appealing to the eyes. Stars twinkled in the sky. In that freezing night, I admired everything. The silver moon and its pleasant light, twinkling of the stars. Even the tiny grains of sand made me admire the world we live in. The cold winds of the ~~at~~ night, touched me with its cold but soft fingers. I was staring at the ocean which seemed vast and infinite. It felt like an eternal bliss.

At the same time, the question which haunted me for years, returned at that peaceful moment.

"Where is she?"

13 years back...

I had just entered middle school. Discriminating.



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eyes stared at me, a poor little thing dressed in rags for the first day of school. Some of them even began to gossip about me being the son of a criminal who was in the news recently. I wondered, "Why don't these people understand that the children of criminals may not be criminals?" In my mind, I felt disappointed and enraged about my drug dealer ^{father}, who squandered all our money and went to jail. Now we were deprived of comforts and dignity. As I was about to leave the school and cry into my mother's lap, a voice stopped me. I turned around and discovered a pretty girl clad in pink. Her hair was covered in thick black curls and she had the most beautiful smile on the face. She invited me to play with her and we spent the rest of the day playing, chatting and eating together. I was little bit disappointed when the school ended. I wished that the day would

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end. From that day on, I insisted my mother to take me to school everyday so that I could meet the girl every day. Soon, we became thick as thieves. I learnt that she was Rosie, the daughter of the rich merchant in the town. She was so kind. She bought me new clothes, new stationary ^{items} and even insisted her parents to enroll me into the same school. She was ^{to support me through} there ~~in~~ ~~my~~ thick and thin ~~times~~. She would be always present in the front row of the audience to cheer me in my stage performances. But, they say "Every tree has to wither some day" so did our friendship. Her mother who was fighting with ~~the~~ cancer soon succumbed to it. From ~~there~~ that day onwards, I never saw her come out of her mansion and one day, she mysteriously disappeared. I searched for her, all over the ~~p~~ years but to no avail. And then, One day, I heard a news of a mysterious



disappearance of a girl clad in pink with black curls in the ocean. They also described the brooch of the girl which sounded similar to the one I had gifted Rosie many years ago. Soon I gave up. One day, at a reception, I saw a figure which resembled that of Rosie's father. As I went on chasing the figure, it disappeared mysteriously. As I left that crowded place and reached the ocean side, I noticed a note in my wallet. It read "SHE IS ALIVE!" This rekindled my hope. Soon, I was able to track down Rosie's address. But, when I reached the place, I saw an abandoned house. The gates were creaking when I opened them. Did Rosie live here for the past 13 years? As I went inside, I saw rusted window bars and cobwebs in the corners, nook and corner of the house. As I was about to leave the place, thinking that the building was abandoned, I saw, at



a distance, an old man, watering the rose plants in the garden. As he turned towards me, he was startled and the water can fell from his hands. I soon recognized that it was Mr. Patrick, Rosie's father! I gave him no time to escape. And soon, we were in the backyard sipping coffee. "Where's Rosie?" I asked. "She's dead. She went to play in the ocean but the ocean gulped her down through its throat." "Do not lie to me. I know that she's still alive. You shouldn't be trying to hide anything from me." As soon I finished, Rosie's father broke down to tears and narrated the story after their departure. "After my wife's death, I couldn't focus on business and steadily we incurred a huge loss and a heavy debt. Also with her mother's death, Rosie wasn't doing well and had frequent breakdowns and hallucinations. Slowly, she incurred a mental disorder and it



succumbed ~~he~~ consumed her. Soon, my princess who was ^{world} ~~everything~~ to me became a mental patient. Everything became so sudden for her. The sudden death of her mother, separation of her bestfriends ^{including} and you from her etc. It was like an indigestible bitter truth for her. At last, she decided to commit suicide. But luckily, someone discovered it and informed me. Soon, she was admitted to a mental health care centre, and I haven't seen her since." Now, majority of my questions were answered. Now, I was a step away to meet Rosie. I soon, went to the mental health care centre mentioned by Rosie's father. But I was shocked when they ~~told~~ ^{there was no} informed me that ^a person named Rosie. But when we checked the records of last few years, we discovered that she had left the faculty years ago. Dejected, I went to the same beach where I and Rosie



played together when we were kids. I recalled a moment when we were framing quotes for the National Science Day Logo. I began with the famous quotation "A good scientist is the one who asks good question." Rosie, with her literary intellect turned the quotation into beautiful poetic verses. "In the absence of light, darkness remain | In the absence of answers questions remain" A good scientist is the one who answers the unanswered." Suddenly, I remembered something. I had not answered all of my questions. Some questions were unanswered. If I managed to find answers for them, maybe I'll get the hint where Rosie is at the present. I tried to recollect all our memories and tried to find the places where we spent our time together. Suddenly, it hit me, Our school library! She loved books so much that she used to drag me to the library to instill some love



for books in my heart. Memories of her flooded when I stepped into the corridor after so many years. With the permission of the librarian, I went in. I searched for the poem corner, her most adored one. And there lay, a beautiful young lady who tied her thick black hair into a bun. She was attentively enjoying the poems of Robert Frost. She looked over and saw me. Tears flooded from her eyes when she saw me. She rushed towards me and hugged me. "I really missed you." She whispered into my ears: "Me too." As we were enjoying our cup of coffee, I finally asked her ^{my final or unanswered question} "Why didn't you contact me when you left the faculty?" She didn't respond. She remained silent. After a few minutes, she said, "I wanted to. But I ~~did~~ was not sure how you'd take that. See, who just wants to befriend a poor, miserable, Rosie?"



"It is I who want to befriend Rosie, but not out of sympathy. She always stayed true to her words and gave me the best time in my life. She ^{supported me through thick and thin} gave me good memories. If she turned a miserable young boy to a confident young man, then, I Can't I change the destiny of the so called "miserable Rosie?" Rosie didn't respond. Tears welled up in her eyes. She hugged me and said "I love you." With a soft voice, I said "~~Me too~~" "I love you too."

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