

TOPIC: WHY SHADE SHRINKS

Page No: 1

## THE BLACK PAST!

Behind the rusted iron bars, he was alone in the dusted corner. The cunning sunlight ran around the prison, searching a site to penetrate deep in, and at last, it tickled <sup>his</sup> the half-opened eyes. With an embarrassing scream, he got up from the dark floor, reduced himself at the corner with a heavy regret.

Gently, by closing eyes, his mind raised the curtain of bitterly misty veils, what we call as 'memory'. When he tried to escape from that stage, he was pulled back to enact the dirty play. His mind echoed with her innocent smile, his eyes opened through her vanishing dimples, and he touched her soft little fingers she created a such a wonderful aura around him but it was ebbd at that second when he felt himself guilt on what he had done. An IDEAL BROTHER! Moreover, the CRIMINAL OF that Murder!.....

He ran his eyes through his hands, it was still shimmering. ~~It~~ He could notice black blood stains appearing and vanishing here and there. But his thumb finger still glowed <sup>with</sup> as ~~one of~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ a moon intensity. It was those finger which was caught gently by the little angels hands when she was

isolated in that sterilized room, around the beeping machines and masked people. The last word uttered by her - "brother"..... still highlighted the fact that she was unaware of the man behind her worst situation. That single word, tried to melt his rock hard mind. What is the meaning of living as a brother? How I had committed that worst thing? Those insignificant questions, as a haunted spirit, criss crossed his mind, created a traffic jam, some hit the wall, some penetrated the walls, which then melted and evaporated through his real eyes..... He had died deep inside but he pinched himself on his body to assure a pseudo promise to his mind that he is still alive!

By the time, he noticed an idle chalk piece at one corner. He took it vigorously, sat on his knees, tiptoed towards the smoky walls. His fingers slipped one or more times, finally confirmed a position and spit words on the walls -:

"Dear papa, Dear Maa; when she came to the world, I thought the shade from you on me getting shrinked. But.... I was wrong. If she needs justice from <sup>this</sup> a brother, I should swell as <sup>another</sup> a shade".....

Time swept more than thousand times the clock with an escape velocity. ~~Then~~



Through my <sup>hostel</sup> windows, I could see huge Gulmohar tree, showering deep red flowers simultaneously with the cool breeze.

Beneath the tree, two little angels were dancing around, their chubby cheeks, rubbing with the little fringes.

The tree was so ~~vast~~ <sup>large</sup>, providing a vast shade, which seems to compensate something that occurred in the past! By this time, I could see ~~still~~, the gods were smiling near unlit lamps near my room:.....