

CAPRICE OF ROSE

Moonless night.. The silent scream of the faint breeze echoed, protruding deep into the prevailing silent phase like an arrow. The breeze passed along the brook that stood still, mourning in her sorrow. Ripples ruffled the stillness. Mother nature wailed for reasons untold.

"I don't find anymore solace
to escape from this solitude"

Amaana, eighteen years old girl, stood by her window like a lost soul. Piercing deep into darkness, eyes half closed- much disturbed... she craved for a mirage!

"Is it a sin to be a part of
a muslim family? Or is it only
because I'm a girl?"

She spoke all alone like a psycho. Her heart travelled back into the past... where innumerable lost souls dwelled like that of in a prism!

"Amaana, aren't you coming?"

We'll all have lots of fun out there.

Come... Come... join us."

"No, dad won't agree. He'd kill me"

"Never mind, no one is would know"

Riya, her roommate forced her to join for night party. She couldn't refuse as a repeated request has reached its ultimate zone. They left for the party. By the time, she didn't realise that it was a trap, that was powerful enough to bring darkness that could never be erased.

"Amaana, just wait here babe.

I'll be back soon."

The lunacy at closer hands, thick lipstick coated, untamed girl spoke without erasing her fake smile. She left her alone in the street.

Time passed. Amaana felt like few shadows encircled her and that was true. She stood nervous stricken, shivering, cold shrunk as a block of ice, unable to move or yell.

"Come on my girl....

The night is all ours"

Dark hands surrounded her body and the smell of whisky





won over the 'aroma. of safety'. She screamed for help and tried her best to escape from the clutches of those filthy people. Rays of lust reflected in those deep, 'cannabis' driven eyes.

"Hey, what's going over there?"

An angelic glow!

"Sir, please help me... help me"

She yelled at all her voice. She extended her plea for help to a stranger, who was still behind shades. The shadows left her there, and ran away so as to escape from the stranger, who was all alone but lived in reality when they existed in cannabis created fantasy world.

"What happened dear? Are you ok? Who are they?"

"I don't know sir. I came here with one of my friend. But these animals approached me like a beast."

"Calm down. Let me take you home."

④
"No, I live here in my college hostel. Please, could you help me reach there?"



"Of course. Get in the car."

The car rushed through lone street. He dropped her safe and

said: "Be careful, our society isn't much safe for such a 'sweet rose' like you"

She nodded and passed a smile, thanking him.

'I'm much disturbed. What about a forth night off and leaving home?'

The next day welcomed her with a majestic sunrise. The long and tedious two and half days long journey. The train, with all its people of variegated moods, mannerisms and justifications. Some people who lament for reasons unknown, a few who expressed expressions of hope and belongingness and a few stark secluded and virtually indifferent to matters all around. She intensively felt that the train with its crew, herself and others, reflected the paraphernalia of existence itself.

'Life is a journey undertaken by us without a definite destination' - She sighed.

"Amaana, my sweetheart... why are you so late?"

"Mother, I promised you I'd turn up. Train late as usual"

But her father didn't care her at all. For him, she was a 'sin'! She craved for a spirited encomium from her father for each victory she gained. But it never happened. Since birth she was ignored for being a girl and believed to be a curse! She 'See the way lack of education flourishes.'

"You aren't going back again.
Get married soon. and leave"

"But Dad, I'm just ~~eight~~ and has not yet finished my studies. How come I marry off so soon?"

"Don't utter any word! That's my final decision"

And that was the final commandment from the grand sire. She didn't retort. The coarseness in his voice left her baffled. Eyes filled, heart yelling but her inner voice said:

"You're a girl! Nothing more and nothing less! The most

UNWANTED'

She locked herself in her room.

"Are you still awake?"

An angelic voice. She woke up from deep thoughts. She wanted to reply to her mother's question. But she stood still, dumb-mouthed.

She moved towards the cupboard. A razor smiled at her. It wished to bring a smile on her wrist too. Her fingers moved towards it.

'Am I the most unwanted?
How come I be? I'm going to make
this unwanted life much worthier'

She closed the cupboard and moved towards her bed with a heart that was busy in recollecting courage. The sudden caprice in her made herself proud and hopeful. She had a peaceful sleep.

The lushy caress of a fond reverie healed her pain. The rustic picturesqueness that followed cobbled her soul and the dream, ultimately set her soul ^{free} from the cavern of lost souls. And 'the bleeding poem - her life' finally found a light ~~and~~ path ahead.

Golden rays kissed her eyelashes. The dawn chimes of birds & ~~reverbs~~ vibrated all around. The slight chill of the ^{previous} winter night left over, was finally wiped off by hope that stood silhouetted against encroaching darkness.

She smiled like a newborn, once and forever !!!