

Why shade of the sky shrinks

New York was as busy as always. It was a balmy, soothing day with a moderate climate. The wind whipped and blew my cropped hair through the windows of the car. I was making my way to the only beach in New York, 'Manhattan Balldsmith' beach. I would sometimes go there to make my head cool down from the busy, tough-scheduled job that I engaged in. Today was the pay day and I got from office so early. The driver with a knock on the cab got me out of my thoughts. I walked far away from the cab to the beach...

As I moved from land to the silvery, smooth granule sand I could feel my ~~feet~~ feet. I removed my casual slippers and slowly dipped my feet in the wet sand. I continued walking having no particular destination. It was the afternoon but there were no strong rays of the sun disturbing me. I picked up a shell that was fully deposited with the sand granules. I washed it and took some water in it. I found a spot

for me to rest. A dark wooden bench down a coniferous tree. I laid my back fully supporting my neck. The beach was a snapshot of the most eye-catching view on this planet. The giant blue waves went one after the other, destructing the first wave that went before it. It formed irregular patterns and filled my eyes. The sky was also blue, amidst it were the cotton-candy like clouds. Everything collaborated each other. I sat in the middle of the beach watching all the splendid views and the people who had come over to spend their day, just like me. But the only difference was that I was alone, consuming the loneliness in the air. Everyone was accompanied by their friends, families or even soulmates.

It made me think of the old person I was. Someone came and sat next to me. I didn't notice the person. But suddenly I realized that the person had gently clipped his hand over mine. With a shiver in my spine, I looked the unknown stranger. I knew that somewhere deep within my heart I knew him. I looked him closer. He had a long, bushy beard and his eyes were ^{too} deeply deep within the eye socket. I guessed that he would either be a drunkard

or a person who has not slept for months. But I quickly noticed the eyes-glued on to me. It resembled with the eyes of the whom I had fallen, for some years ago. Yes, it was him.

He looked at me with no flattering emotions. I wondered what had turned the old Rahul into a no emotion robot creature.

"Rahul, ----- You".... I cut in mid-sentence I was not able to fully take in the reality.

He did not respond. All that he did was to look down. His hands now had turned into an extreme cold ice, ready to melt down in any moment.

I strongly held his hands and looked straight into his eyes. He now slowly began to look at me. His eyes welled up. A river had outpoured from his eyes. It rolled down his cheeks and some of them clinged on his beard. I could feel the amount of regret he had in him. I could no longer pretend that I don't feel it. By the time, Rahul had somehow managed to speak a word.

"I am sorry. I was all wrong about you". He said.

I went cycling through my brain, digging the old memories. I had met Rahul during the time of our graduation. We realized how our friendship

has taken ~~into~~ its course into a never breaking relationship. We never even had a single crack on it until the moment I met Arif, who was so dear to me, as a friend. As it happens like in any relationship a mere misunderstanding had driven ^{it} into a relationship that would exist no more. We both realized that our relationship was on the edge of a steep rock that would fall and crack into fragments at any moment. We separated. That was long ago. But the scars that Rahul had left behind remained in my soul.

I came into reality.

The sky now lost the shades of blue. The transformation from the bright blue to the vague blue indicated that time skipped. The white-cotton candy like clouds have now been dipped in the orange shades of the sun. The sight was as beautiful as the colours mixed in the palette of a painter. It was soon going to be dusk.

Within the time, we had accepted the fact that both of us were wrong. Both of us took a deep breath, which smelt of the whole of the beach. I told to him: "I shouldn't have left you just the way you did so easily".

Years of happiness rolled down our cheeks. He now stretched his lips to give me a very smile.

The shade of blue now totally shranked
and the bright red shade of the sky scattered
across the endless beach waves. The clouds hung
low in the horizon. The waves have now
settled. Not only the waves in the beach, but the
waves of distrust that we both carried were also
settled. I took the shell that I had carried to the
beach and kept it in our clipped hands. ~~I~~^{We} raised
it to the reddish sky and I murmured: "Now
I know why the shade of the sky shrinks."