The Boy

Chapter 1:

The moon rises with stars glittering in the night sky. It cast a calm glow over the city that was once called York several hundred years ago. People were walking, running, and flying around the campus seemingly oblivious to the shifting tides of fate. Among them, a brave boy was determined, acting, and aiming big in a tiny cell of the exam centre. Frustration, toughness, and the panic of failing popped out of his mind, threatening to burst forth from his mind. He didn’t understand why success seemed elusive in all aspects of life, extending beyond academics to his social life, leaving him unable to find interest even in the city's historical roots. He felt more like a ghost flying above the ground in the metropolis.

The question of whether he was a man, or a boy lingered. the blurring identity not only confuses him but also makes his journey harder. As the moon continued its ascent, the boy, with an ice-cold heart, pondered the complexities of his existence, wondering if he was a civilized being or an uncivilized beast. The conflict within him raged on, a struggle that extended beyond his battles to the broader canvas of humanity. The journey ahead remained uncertain, but beneath the icy exterior, a true heartbeat, as resolute as the stars that adorned the night sky. The loss of innocence warned him if he could do better or what he would do if he was on the island in the Lord of the Flies. He is such a complicated and simple person. The conflicts a contradiction hovers on him or, more aggressively, a huge group of people.

After the typical Tuesday night at school, the weight of uncertainty and pressure hit him like a cold gust of wind. With all parts of bodies covered up, His face, frozen by the harsh reality, betrayed the internal turmoil. While thinking and seeking solace, he automatically slipped into a quiet coffee shop in the corner of the street. Caffeine, which is not warm embraces or friendly banter, becomes his refuge. the alcohol seems to be replaced with the cost of the higher heartbeats in reward of such tranquillity in a bustling metropolitan.

The metropolis outside, illuminated by towering skyscrapers with the noise of the trains flashing underground, showcased the city's development and how great the system humans created called the city is, yet the boy remained unnoticed, craving attention like Conor McGregor in the early days of his MMA career. Sometimes, the city resembled the prime Conor, a beast taking charge of everything he could. When you turn around, it became the Conor after Conor McGregor vs. Dustin Poirier 3. The wound and the cast tell you he is not invisible but having trouble with a fractured leg. The scenes arouse his curiosity to discover.

The city's lights reflected off his face, giving it an otherworldly glow. In the corner, he was a solitary figure, craving recognition for his true heart, as resilient as the champions he admired. The city buzzed, but he felt isolated, the snow was not coming but his heart was ice cold. To outsiders, he may not have been as exceptional as Conor McGregor or as fortunate, but his true strength lay in the unyielding beat of his heart. The coffee shop became his sanctuary, the caffeine replacing the warmth of alcohol with the accelerated rhythm of his heart, providing tranquillity in the midst of chaos.

Chapter 2

Falling asleep with adenosine, which cannot be suppressed by the caffeine beverage. The podcast near the ears appeared to be less exciting and contagious. He closed his eyes, turned around, and moved his arms with no idea where to put them. All silence. Several hours later, the first glance of sunlight of the day shot into the apartment, marking the new world to the boy, to the city, and to the world. In most The new and old are always such controversial and fascinating.