**VINDICTIVE**

I am drowning in hate. Have been for a long time. But recently I’ve been going down deeper and deeper. It doesn’t mean that I’m always angry and don’t agree on anything. Well, that does happen, but there are many more things. Hatred is self-sustaining. The hatred in me is always on the lookout for things that will increase itself. That is what I meant by “drowning”. If you don’t know how to swim, you will have to give up the light and embrace the depths. To be precise, the depths embrace you, in a steel-hard grip, and squeeze the hopes out of you.

I have very few good memories. All of them are from my school days, and all of them are slowly fading. I haven’t had any good moments since then. Nothing in high school nor pre-university. I’m in First year B.Tech now, but I already know that these 4 years are the going to be the worst of my life.

You might be thinking that I am an extreme introvert. Well, you are partially correct. I am an introvert, but only because I have no one to talk to. Or, I talk to no one. The hatred doesn’t allow me to. It makes me look at the worst aspects of a person and hate them for it. That is the reason I have no friends in my class. I hate every one of them. I can’t help it. I’m just too deep in this hole to get out. I can’t enjoy the hatred, nor prevent it. It is quite a suffering. But a suffering I can manage it, as I have till now.

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No. Don’t look. She is looking at just because she thinks you are rich. She is a gold-digger. She doesn’t care about you. She is ready to bear your ugliness if you loosen up your wallet. This is not the first time. They are all the same. This is like a part-time job for them. Catch a rich guy. Show fake feelings and compassion. Make him drown in love to the point of no return. Use him like a debit card. And throw the card when you get another card with better facilities. So much for feminism! Yes, the hate is overcoming the feelings. You might think my thinking process is flawed. But you can’t expect anything else from a person who has survived solely on hatred. People will advise to give up this hatred, but I’m afraid to even think of a life without it. I’m just too dependent on it. This is not something that many people understand (explains my lack of friends). I don’t even expect them to try understanding, as they are all self-centered, selfish idiots who don’t care about others nor their feelings. I am no different. But it is only because I had no choice. Compassion was never a choice for me. Or, it ceased to be a choice since that day……

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The happy memories from school days are the only thing keeping me sane. It was a time when I was devoid of hatred. Devoid of any feelings except happiness. I used to be quite the cheerful boy in our class. Always up to something, pranking others, just spreading smiles. I had a band of friends. Three of us. We had the best time of our lives together. At least I had. Not sure about the others. I don’t even know where they are now. We used to be neighbors, before my family had to move. We spent a lot of time together, doing things that sent our parents into a rage times. But they loved us, nonetheless. Our friendship lead to a friendship between our parents. One family would call the other two over for lunch, dinner, cricket matches, and the most important: birthday parties(obviously). At first, we would call many people for the birthday