

# A SHORT STORY

## TITLE: "The Man in Dark"

He was walking on the left-side corner of the road, holding a black umbrella in his right hand. His black jacket and dark blue jeans were all wet as the heavy thunderstorm was cracking over his head with a striking light appearing after each collision of the heavy clouds. There wasn't a single vehicle or a man, but a sequential silence all along his way.

He didn't know where he was, even where he was going. Following his path, the bombarded sound of the clouds was just letting him think about how he could reach his house. Every single thought was causing him restless and helpless. He started to run faster and faster into the dark, shivering due to cold and then All of a sudden.....

My eyes just opened of that dark dream, wondering me to think about what that actually was that I dreamt.

"That was a life of a hard-worker. He faces all the hindrances and difficulties in his life, loses many times, but he Never Loses Hope. Even the time comes when there isn't a way for him to pursue, but his believe on himself and God uplifts him, and surely, a day comes when he is rewarded."