



The ectic tik

“



The dew cried out the mist, as the sun rose, shining the blue sky to look like a picture of the Atlantic ocean, taken from some far space. My eyes were itchy as usual, I took my eye drop to witness the regime of the day. I reached for my dry bread and softened it with milk to adjust its hardness. My boots were filled with mud. I used a stick to remove some sticky mud before putting my jacket on, my blood-reddy shirt, and my wet pants. I woke up Jitts, my dog and my friend Cicil. “Where is my mansion?” she asked shockingly. "You left it in your sleep, buddy”. I replied. I wondered why sweet dreams always disappear, while the same nightmare will be repeated over and over, until you decide to stay awake all-night. Trying to ignore my thoughts, I took my hiking stick and stepped outside the door.

Our legs were the only mode of transport. The mountains were clouded in by the thick forest between. The monkeys were chattering, and the sweet melodies of birds made me feel music notes on my blood streams. I wondered why birds were not featured in big music concerts.

“I can’t wait to see mom and dad, they told me that when humans die, they reincarnate to small birds. If you see any bird coming our way, don’t kill it, just allow it to rest on our hands and we will be reunited.” Cicil explained. “I am sorry, Sis, your dad was driving while drinking, I blame him for my MOM'S death.” I said.

We reached a long bridge that was old, it was like a timely mistake. I stepped on the edge of the bridge. It swung entirely, the shaking made my leg weak before I rescued it from stripping. I patted my dog before deciding to risk the way. When we were in the middle, my dog was looking down below, only to see its reflection. It backed up and the echo made the wind stop blowing and change direction. Jitts jumped higher than I was expecting and on my notice, it was struggling with the speed of water down below. I decided to be a hero. When I looked back, I didn’t see traces of Jitts. My spectacles were nothing. I had little experience in swimming, so I jumped up and dived right into the flat surface of the water. It was as deep as an ocean of hell. I opened my eyes, only to meet some crappy teeth that were sharp-edged. I tried to discern what it was, but its size could only allow me to see its mouth.

I couldn’t let it happen, not when I had the chance to save it. I dived right back trying to gasp for breath. I felt the wrath of water that day. Right at my back, when I turned, I saw my dog lying at the shore, showing no signs of breath. The flowing water had no business with it again. It was like a tissue paper, or a

non-renewable object, used up and thrown or flushed away. I administered some first aid, but the aid was not enough to calm down death. I pushed its chest for thirty minutes, the scorching sun, turning my hair grey. My sister came in and we pushed together. At the surge of giving up, Jitts spilled out some excess water from its lungs, it's like he released death to the atmosphere. It was the start of the eternal, lonely and worst experiences in the whole universal stretches of nature.

We rewinded the journey, like a video game, forgetting the silly gate of events. The adrenaline pushed us forward to the unknown future ahead. I always watched documentaries of forests. I learned that some different scary trees, long and holding together at the top, scary animals that took any life apart from its shell. We were making our way through some narrow path that led to nowhere. The hope of reaching a small space with less trees was vanishing.

The sun was beaming its rays. The shadows were lying long down. I drank some water from a nearby stream. "This water as it's source from this tree," Cicil said, obviously disappointed by the smell of the water. I didn't bother to taste them. My last pot of food was turning pigment. It was exceptionally important for me to eat this food before it became my dog's. We rested down on a shadow of a tree. I wondered when I would finally climb to the peak of Mt. Longtime, not only that, but I was curious to know what the lee ward held for my eyes.

We lit some fire using some random two sticks. After much struggle of scouring, the light beamed, making it hard for us to distinguish between day and the real darkness of nights. We were confident that the fire would chase away some hyenas.

The snoring of my dog, my friend between me, the nights went on, until some sleep took my mind away from the real events. My dream was waiting for me to

drive me to an unknown setting. I woke up with the dream that I always had. My friend was telling me all about this forest. There was once a creature who was very glutinous, demanding everything from your family for food. I saw it step on our home, his legs spreading all the compound. "I came with peace, I came to take my life back, ooh, where are my manners? My name is Feud. During the evenings, you must have seen some silly brown sky. I am reminding you of the lives I have taken away."

I was standing still like a statue before I had something penetrating through my skull. "Take the one in the blue shirt, my Lord." My mom replied. I looked at my shirt to confirm its colour, it was me. My eyes were dry, even the source of tears stopped to relieve the shock. I opened my mouth to utter something, but my voice was already added to the monster's. Having no option left, I waved goodbye to my family before the hand of the monster gripped mine. It was electrical. I alarmed my heart to stay ready and welcome death.

I woke up, cold sweat cooling my back. I ensured it was a dream before realising the source of my pain. My leg was close to meeting the fire we lit yesterday. It was painful, but at least it gave me hope that this was the reason for the nightmare. I cancelled my thoughts and woke up my companions. I stood up, my eyes were struggling with the height of the savannah grassland, not that I was short, but to confirm that everything was okay.

I took my spear and arrow to kill some bird for breakfast. My last pot of food was out of supply. In my years of hunting, I have competed with some best bird hunters in the village. I wish they were there to give me motivation, I wish they were there so that I will declare proudly the quantity of birds and rats I have

killed, I wish they were there to show me theirs. Here, the reason for my hunting is not for dumping yet it was to relieve my hunger and of my partners.

My stomach protested loudly, featuring my friends'. We had no choice but to kill using the available resources. I paid attention to my steps, targeting a chirping bird nearby. Little did it know that its body would rest on my crunching stomach a little later. I shut off my one eye to make sure I was precise enough. I released the spear, and in a fraction, the bird was crying on the top of my spear. My spear landed on a big tree above. That didn't bother me. I spat some saliva on my hands before climbing the tree. I held a branch after some struggle, I realised myself later lying flat on the ground. The branch was dry and weak, so I set it free, though. I closed my eyes to see myself up there, but after stretching them up, I was still lying on the ground. I tried one last time, and it worked.

We burnt the bird. The meat was divided into two parts, sections for my dog and for two humans. We followed the road that led the journey, travelling with the sun above. It reminds me of Wise Men from the east, except that we were going to some unknown place to seek rescue, freedom from oppression from the kids that had their parents alive with them. Sleeping in the streets, stealing some disposable bread or even sniffing some glue for pleasure and driving in hallucinations.

The journey to infinity. The journey to hell. The journey to another new world.

