**Sorry……I am lost**

“It`s not my fault I am not a genius like you mom”, He shouted. “ I am not the one who starts shouting whenever your son comes to talk to you! I am not the one who doesn`t appreciate the fact that their son is into creativity. Likes reading, writing and plays instruments. Teams starts making their way down Augustus eyes and his cheeks and forehead become hot. “I am not the one who says ‘ I don’t care anymore, about you mom”, Augustus says quietly.

Mrs White stares at his son. He stands there in front of her sniffing and fighting back tears. His hair is ruffled with his face glistening and eyes red and watering. His hands clenched in a fist while his other, held the headphones, which is the reason for everything. Mrs White sighs heavenly and pinches the top of her nose. “Oh, Augustus”, she mumbles.

“I don’t understand him-“

“Exactly mom!” Augustus shouts angrily.

“You never understood your own son” he accused.

Mrs White`s eyes widened with shock. Her eyes narrowed as she said, “Didn`t understand you? Augustus, you are saying that?” she pointed at him “You know who your dad is? He is the CEO of a huge company Gus”.

“Don’t call me that, mom”.

“Don’t you dare! Now, have you ever thought how he felt? When get your papers from school, do you understand how embarrassed he feels walking down the halls of your school with your report card! Whereas the people working under him smile with pride because their children topped”.

Augustus felt a blow, as if punched in the stomach. He couldn’t believe what his mother just said.

“We are tired of your friendlessness. You not wanting to talk to others but, just being shoved in your room and do whatsoever you want to”.

Everything in the room was blur in Augustus`s head. Just the voice of his mom irritated in his ears. Everything seemed diminutive around him. The air thickened and seemed still. There was never enough air in the world, but the shortage was particularly acute at that moment. Somewhere, deep down, in the middle of his chest a pain radiated. He felt himself drift away.

Now, even his mother voice seemed numb. More of a soothing hums. The sound of the breathe was the only sound he could hear. He felt his knees given out. All he could see was his mother blonde hair fly about everytime she turned her head to emphasize a point. Her thin pale hand was used dramatically to express her. everything seemed……. Lost.

Later, that night Augustus sat by his window sill with his face on his face on his knees. He sat there eyes closed and let the moonlight fall on him and let the stars kiss his scars and letting his sheen make him glow like the fireflies in his darkest night. There words of his mother, as he was going in his room, dawned on him. His ears rang “You are lost Augustus”. “You lost me, mom” Augustus said has he wiped a tear.

“You lost me”.

Never had Augustus felt so lost, lost in dreams and reality.

The next morning, Mrs White came to Augustus`s room. “Augghei? Augustus?” No reply from beyond the door. Mr White came along and called him too. He opened his door and found no one inside the room. Mr White searched even in the bathroom, other rooms and backyard until, he heard Mrs White crying he rushed back inside and saw Mrs White holding a crumpled paper.

It said:

‘Mom, dad, I have left for somewhere unknown. I needed to find myself, mom. You were right, I am lost. You need to be lost before you are found, mom. I realized, I am not like you both and I was alone. If I were to return before I am found, please ask me to wait. “At some point we look up and realize we all are in a lost maze”. John Green had said. Never was he so right to point that the maze was our thinking, our thoughts. The more tangled the thoughts are the harder the maze. My maze was the hardest, mom. I got lost trying to find a way out. Don’t worry, I am going to get through my maze. I just need to sort my thoughts out. I will do it soon. I promise. I love you mom and dad. And love is keeping the promise, anyway.

See you soon.

Augustus

(Sorry…….I am Lost)