Never before had he felt such a surge erupt inside of him. This was different than anything else. Frustration? No, he was not feeling anything. Agony? Regrets? None. But he was disturbed. Something is going on, and he did not quite know. His body was undergoing some new change. It was making him restless every growing moment. But the heart beat was constant, breathing normal, eyes focused, nothing was out of place, yet there was some anxiety. What is happening? There has been just one constant urge tonight. To run. Nothing more. Where to? No idea! Why? No answers, just an urge. As if blood was being pumped into the legs and would spill out if he did not run. It forced him on to his feet. All he had been doing is flipping on his bed after his friends had shrieked at him when he was flipping the table lamp incessantly. No respite, no escape. Quietly he slipped from his bed and out of the dorm.

A breezy night, moon was a crescent shining in some place that seemed to be the edge of the cliff, half hiding in the clouds, diffusing an orange hue in them. Willows were fraying melodiously with the breeze. He felt like flowing too. His shoes now seemed to be a hindrance. The surge was forcing him out of them, out of the steadiness. Something was pushing him.

And so he ran, and ran so hard. He ran until he was spent and could run no more. It was exhilarating, adrenaline pumped through his veins and arteries and he did not know when this would end. He ran into the forest, he ran over the ditches, in and out of the shallow stream, and yet all he wanted to do is, run some more. He started on the upwards steep. His legs were burning, but the urge made him adamant. He did not focus on anything around, just the narrow pathway shimmering in the moonlight like it too was lit up to mark the way.

And then came the fall. He tripped, slipped and fell on his nose. The ground, he discovered was mossy, and damp from the falling dew. He was still burning to have felt anything else, he just flipped and lay there, laughing, like a mad man. A man who had just lost his wits and was laughing with nobody. He had run quite a distance to be heard by anyone. He was feeling awesome, and just when he tried to stand back, he snapped ‘Ouch’, and fell again. And, he laughed again!