‘Ben, I am here, I am with you’, the little boy could now hear this voice crystal clear as he started to walk on the edges of that sinkhole, that the earthquake had created in his very own house. He could now feel people patting his back as he made his resolve strong. There was no one around. ‘Ben… Ben…’ his mother’s surprised and troubled voice was getting more and more distant as he edged towards those weak narrow stairs. She was calling him back. Half angry, half worried, she called at him, from not so far, but still she was barely audible.

They hadn’t been there. Something had driven them away from the house, into the jungle when it had happened. No one close had died, rather nobody had died at all. No one had suffered injuries either, what was going through his mind? What demons possessed him to willingly enter that abyss?

Careless steps on the narrow ledges, and still no break. People would cling on to the wall to dread into such places, and yet he walked with his hands in his pockets. He was numb to everything.

He did not fall, and what could have happened next, I could not possibly know. I woke up. What was that? I did not know.

I haven’t seen any movie remotely related to this or read anything close, and why would that boy be named Ben? I don’t know. Such names don’t come to my mind when am conscious. It was a dream, a very bizarre dream to me, I had it written on a page the moment I woke up (Dreams are such fickle visions, they seldom stay). I don’t know what triggered it, but today, I found that page again and thought of sharing it with you all. Can anyone explain?