# A Haunted Relic

## The Empty House

Roudro rolled over to the other side of the bed trying desperately trying to sleep. Things haven’t been easy for Roudro since Nisha had left him. He couldn’t so much as lie down for the first few days. Other than ten or twenty cups of Tea he hadn’t been able to eat much. Perhaps out of desperation or maybe out of his lack of will to live anymore he smoked 4 joints along with a cocktail of chilled beer and 3 pegs of vodka. Not sure if it were a spiked metabolism or a physiological anomaly that didn’t allow Roudro to pass out nor die. Other than a few moments of feeling dizzy and nauseous it was long day for him. Tears rolled down from his cheeks as every second felt like a decade and reflexively he searched for Nisha’s hand to hold on.

After 6 months, which probably feels forever to Roudro he sometimes manages to doze off for a few hours. All thanks to the prescribed Prozac and Zoloft pills. During his waking hours Roudro had immersed himself in work to hold the pain at bay. Sometimes he could outrun it but he knew escaping the memories wasn’t an option. This night he had worked on a presentation he wasn’t supposed to. The laptop and the glass of alcohol was lying on the other side of the bed and he probably had passed out while working. It was November and the winter had started settle. He started crouching, while his body shivered from the cold winds blowing in through the widely open windows.

Not sure how long it had been, when Roudro started feeling the touch of the soft blanket on him. It felt a bit warm now, warm enough to be comfortable something he hadn’t felt in a long time. He pulled the blanket tighter as the winds started becoming become colder. Startled Roudro woke up.