

Unquiet Darkness

Avsbq

It was a country that always rained. And he preferred it such that.

All flights were delayed and wouldn't touch down until 13 PM Eastern. Above me, hanged the sky, poorly drawn and tuned up to the colour of dead-telly. Its loose threads, stared back at me, continuing the notion I held, that they looked nothing more than splodges of dirty paint on clean canvas. And there seemed to be a constant racket of murmuring, just within earshot.

Yes, today was the day, I was set to leave. The date was the 29th of February; I'd just graduated from one of Britannia's finest universities and was ready to be packed and shipped into one of those dinky little office cubicles they kept in the big city.

Having, shifted through years of state education as a child, it felt only fitting to, with much boyish glee, show Father my university scores. He had insisted, that I age 12, sit London's toughest of secondary exams and be it no sooner, was to realise, that he fostered a child who had

little-to-no interest in the rat race of scholarship seeking. And if fate had it, was told one sombre afternoon his son hadn't the guts to enlist in the great teutonic exam.

And after many tears and rows, I was to learn that in the latter of my college years, I was due to visit one of England's most prestigious of schools. And it was then. That I realised, I had no place. Or interest, in high society.

It felt easy to feel rich in London, it was the capital after all and just within a stones throw, you'd see great glimmers of poverty and glimpses of fine grandeur. But never, have I felt more out of place in my life.

I was given a host, a "buddy".

He was a few centimetres taller than me, but perfectly chiselled and gave of a sort of greco-roman appearance. He was one year younger than me, but took on the part of man, much better than I could have shown up to be.

His name was Will.

It'd rained heavily that morning, and Will showed me around the school's grand grounds and neat

pastures. A mass-production pen remained tucked away in the warmth of my blazer, only to spoil and bleed all over the inner lining of my suit. So it was decided, that upon departing from the coach, coupled with an ill-fitting suit and ink stained hands, I was to feel as though I had come out of an oil-rig, rather my own college. It wasn't my shyness to wealth, nor was it their abundance of it or the laughter, with long groans between each chortle. It was something else that had left a stain on my young mind.

Over the course of those final academic years, I had developed what I could only describe as an unprovoked and unimagined scorn, to every man I was to meet.

Yet, one man was exempt from my criticism.

Akbar.

Yes Akbar, Akbar was exempt. If tolerance, is a continuous chain of suffering, then... There was something gorgeous about him in the midst of it all, some heightened sense of alertness,

as if he was related to those *self-aware* simulations, locked up hundreds of miles away.

When most registered men, did nothing more than look away and raise a handkerchief to their face, as if to politely protest your presence. Akbar would waver you on and give it no second thought. Those same men, took much apart into mere prattle without practice and seemed only conditioned to make permanent of decisions, on nothing else but temporary emotion. Akbar had not. And to me, Akbar was more machine than man, in that sense. In my worst of temperaments, I had snapped and yelled.

“What do you want Akbar? Money, Broads, Dames, Hookers... There’s loads of them downtown, you should go there one day. Do a man like you some good”.

”I don’t know... I want something that isn’t this, old sport”.

This annoyed me to a great extent and I was

just about done with his type of character.

He looked to me, as if all principle left my body, resumed his current task and continued with his sanguine walk.

I knew what wasn't this. And I knew never to ask again.

No-Akbar, had turned out alright in the end. What preyed on Akbar, was something I believed every good man must be put through. Before it be considered, that he be recognised for his actions.

If not for her, I'm certain his sort of character would be taught to every newborn of our generation. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, capable solely for her.

Chapter 1

Darkness knocks

“You’re laughing. We tipped over a cow and you’re laughing.”, I finally managed to let out after holding onto borrowed breath for too long.

“Wh-y why, yes!” he replied statically, “We did!”.

And just like that, we found ourselves, on the wet pasture floor, covered in mud and sweat.

“I-I”

I couldn't speak and we both waited a few minutes, whilst we regained our breaths. It wasn't until I was absolutely certain my heart wouldn't blow down its cage, that we both got up and slowly began to admire the great bovine, that had lain just besides us.

"So tell me, how much did the cab, charge to bring you here" I asked.

"Just £65".

"Sixty-five-pounds! Why, that's an absurd amount!" I said, wheezing at the heels. "You've got to lowball these things man! Otherwise you'll be know better than those goose-necks at boarding" I said, this time with more breath.

"Now you're starting to sound like a Jew" he said, flashing me a wide grin, before bursting into a fit of laughter again. He leaned over the metal fence and gave a smiling look. It wasn't to be long, before our grandeur was to be in-

terraptured.

“Houston’s been delayed” a husky voice called.

“Ay, so I’ve heard” a younger voice replied.

“They given a reason yet?” the older and tougher sounding voice replied asked.

“Nay, but I reckon it’s something to do with the date”.

There was a tread of footsteps, squelching on wet grass and the warming glow of a far-away lantern was beginning to reflect onto the metal gate. There was a tread of footsteps and the warming glow of a lantern was beginning to reflect onto the metal fence.

“Quick, you bumbling baffoon, they’ll have us rung up like geese.” I sharply whispered, pulling him to ear level. “I say, where’s Akbar, we all agreed to meet at this spot!”.

“Look to your right, yes, right over there do you see what I see?” his hushed voice replied, guiding my trailing eyes.

And just like that, an angular figure was starting to make out in my mind. Perhaps, it was the unquiet darkness or the distance between us but something seemed unsightly about Akbar’s appearance.

Akbar had looked and stood in a way, that made But, Akbar’s eyes and body remained fixed and looking upwards, fixed in a way that made more sense, if a telephone line was attached from one end of the eye, to the lights that lit up the blanketed sky ahead.

“Cotton gilled, that’s what they are, no concept of money or saving” the gruff voice, exclaimed. “I tell you if it wasn’t for good honest folk, like us, toiling in the fields all day, you’d think they’d all starve, go mad and eat each other! No but they don’t beca- his voice

trailed of. hell freeze over. "What's he doing!" my friend, angrily inquired. are you sure thats him, yes! look at his clothes. I saw a long black jacket "I hate her I snapped". and we continued the remainder of the walk in silence. Not looking, to have my insides tickled. What happened to you and the hooker? Oaf and I were walking towards Akbar discussing it. He looked like a sneeze. Why, weren't you seeing a girl from Cathay. I wasn't sure if it was his choice of clothing that made it hard to distinguish, of if the farmers were incapable of turning their heads. I wasn't sure if he was a scarecrow or not, but it was almost midnight and I wanted to find my friend. He looked and stood in a way that made more sense, if a permanent telephone line was fixed from one end of the eye to the blanketed skies that lay above. You fool, thats not Akbar, thats a bloody scarecrow, you daft bastard, I ought to leave you here and hope the ravens peck out your eyes He had a kind face, but tonight there was a sense of unsightly beautiness to him i could have

sworn it to be him