*‘You may miss me. But I will miss you’, he said and jumped into the jet-streaming river. All the slides and rocks from among the spot he fell onto were spattered with the remains of his brain. Soon, they were washed away by the rising stream. Not a speck of his face was as I remember it. He survived yet he is dead. I thrived only to die every day.*

“Why did you do it?” I asked the ethereal space of air.

“Why did you jump?” I enquired with no response in return. I just stood with awe not owning the loss I feel, not feeling anything, just analyzing the situation yet I think there is something in me that woke up in that moment.

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Good thing about the mornings after waking up is the steaming coffee. Doing the daily chores, I brewed some of the leftover beans and made a mental note to buy some new. The overlord shouts at the creepy neighbor waking up, as usual. That is my regular alarm clock these days. Honestly I hope for something soothing and calm. Yet all I have is this. The busy neighborhood, the early to bed-early to rise folklore make my night life much easier for no one cares about others after the sunset.

Mostly this is an elderly setting I have around me. My past life no longer bothers me except for the nightmares I have every night. Mostly they are dreams now. I dream of that same day yet it bothers me lesser as the actual event gets farther in my life. My mom called me last night after I came back from my shift at the work. She is still mad at me for not moving on. Her definition of moving on is settling down, marrying someone and have a couple of kids to show the society of how strong and willful I am. And that gives her a satisfaction to not show worry about me socially for her.