

August, 2017

Mindreaders' camping trip

A good short reading assignment

I was sitting by the fire when a gust of wind blew from the south along with a piece of crumpled paper that hit my chin. Across the bridge a new area for campfire has been created, but we chose one of the old and familiar ones. Besides cafe, brewery and a pub was also there near the office of the guides of the camp. Timberley, my friend from junior year who catapulted that piece of paper at me, walked towards the campfire with a Coors from the pub. I teased, "Some archery expert you have become." He won against me in a pre-election for frontrunner of the camp, although the margin was small. I thought too much about the precept timberley discussed in his pitch and how it got them convinced. "When did you concoct overambitious administrative ideas about the ceremony that won everyone over?" I asked as I bit on the cannoli. He was my only friend in this group of mindreading metaphysicists and when I heard he was going to run against me, I felt physically ill. When the reddish embers from the campfire soared above, his face was glowing. It looked like as if some spell of juju lighted up his eyes as he looked at me and said while preparing to leave, "Do you see how much you need to catch up, Ari?" I was left alone in the chilly november night, again.