THE PARK (pg1)

Prologue

… he was transcended again, he experienced something he could never be accustomed to ever. It was a vague feeling of harmony. Harmony he bore with whole nature around. Harmony in the vast chaos of cosmos.

The park. He was oblivious about how others considered the place, what they named it. He called it The Park. It was an isolated field about an hour walk from Thapathali straight to northeast with appropriate shrubby bushes and enough wild ferns to repel anyone to casually sneak in and look what the place was about. He first found the place when he was desperately seeking, a couple of years before, for a shortcut from Thapathali to Pulchowk. He did not find any shortcut, but he had found the place. The Park seemed so less visited by people. Maybe it was an abandoned public land, the documentation of which, was missed by those yawning development officials of government. Sometimes, some libido excessed lovers would come searching for a place to fool about but the apparent lighting and a sense of openness of the park always posed a risk of being tracked down or filmshooted. Apart from them, nobody seemed as eccentric and loner as him to see the park as a paradise and continue visiting the place for two years continuously. He knew why he did it, and he was happy to know that nobody except him knew it.

Today too, he found it hard to carry on. He had been to college. Without any great expectation. He knew college would be the last place here he could find his “solace”. He was one of the weird bestos of college. He never went that regularly. Never took notes. Never seemed to visit library. Never seemed to consult teachers. But still, exam seemed to be his cup of tea. While others would come with a happy or sad disposition after returning from exam hall, his expression seemed always neutral. It was neutrality of transcendence of contentment. He knew it was not the case two years back. He was desperate to succeed then. Desparate to be the one on the top of the list. But now, it hardly mattered. Maybe value of desperation decreases by attainment. The very allure of our dreams remains as long as they are not realized. But the cliché was just a part of truth for that disposition. And he knew the ethereal nature of that academic success very clearly.

Some, for the sake of academic perk had even approached to talk to rebuild friendships with him.

“He, I am Rahul. I…”

Before completing the sentence, Ryan used to complete the rhetoric, in the most sarcastic and cynical of tones. “I have come to befriends with you so that I could suck in our papers in exam without cramming whole month over studies.”

“That bastard!” Rahul had thought. It was the part of truth that he could not deny and so had many others. He never even considered even splitting to that rude maniac. Ryan was a soar grape. Some bravados even dared asking for the second time but he had so strongest memory of previous conversation that he cussed them with so vehement a sarcasm that they used to feel like whole existence momentarily caved in. Oh yes, Ryan could make you do that. “He is an illuminates!!”, said they. It seemed to do him no bad. Infact a social isolation within the circle was the least bad he could ever consider. Today, he was feeling the past ennui building up. The insignificant chimes started bothering him even more so. He decided to leave in the middle of thermodynamics class. Mr. Shastri, the teacher could not defend anyways. If he did, the best he could do was try to embarrass Ryan in front of the whole class asking him a rare exam question. But he knew the genius Ryan. Ryan would return the answer with such an arrogant diffidence and more than that, would retrospect him, as a prophet, about a problem that was almost close to mathematical impossibility, but indeed was answerable. Shastri’s anger will backfire on him even more severely. Almost all egoistic teachers had already been hit right one time or other, on the spot and had resolved to keep away from Ryan. It was best for Shastri too, to just let him go. He didn’t even stop his lectures when Ryan finally stood up and moved out. Everybody acted so indifferently as if he had been some sort of HG Wells legend. And Ryan, he didn’t give a damn about those things. Self conscious was the last thing he felt now. He smiled a mystical smile.

After he left the class , he felt a fresh breeze of air hitting his rough cheeks. He felt good after so long . the corridor of his college building was empty. Everyone were in the class. He could have been proud to think that he was unique in doing so. But he did not give it the second thought. For him , it was now a new plain fact. He knew that he did not belong there. It was not about the being right our superior than others. He was doing what he did not belong there. It was not about he being right or superior than others. He was doing what he thought was right. He had no deelusions about absoluteness of his rightness. Everything was relative and he knew it. He might be wrong, but he was right in his own grounds. And it felt right to do what you felt was right, now what the people said was right because he knew, deep down that would also be just a part of reality. To be half right was far convincing than to be half wrong.

After a minute or two, ryan found himself out of the college compound. He did not have any phones or watches with him. He despised those things. He did not feel any compelling need to posses them. Though not a denialist, he was a minimialist. He just kept it low. He just assumed that it was about midday challenging the usual notions of everyday life hadnot been easy. He had been frustated before because sometimes he couldn’t keep up with world and its ways. It ran too fast for him and sometimes, worked at slug speed. He wasn’t a paper bag swaying in the direction of whirlwinds. He was a bird who had a choice to move with or against air whatever he felt like it. The illusion of change of speed the world tried to create did not bother him now. He used to sneak out of the tangible reality most times. Ehen he needed it, he would join the speed. He would use money for buying his essential or use booth to call his parents who were too busy to catch up with his seemingly mysterious life, otherwise he was thw master of his pown free will apart from hius basic survival necessities, he had no reasons to connect in world of people who seemed utterly hypocritic and unoriginal. He decided to take a walk instead of bus. It was not about denying to ride; he just found it too pointless to take a bus that moment. More than thatr, he enjoyed walking. It gave him more sense of freedom , a feeling of control over his life and more than that, a slowly changing background of world as he slowly trotted in the footpath observing multitide of textures , colour, solid shapes , many things as that, he knew where he was going , he was going to the park.

That place would give him enough isolation and shield from the world for a moment so that he could really go deep down inside him to organize his thoughts which were restlessly bubbling inside him again. That screen vacuum would create a negative pressure and he could pour out everything compacted like a huge ball of gas into its surrounding which he knew , would diffuse them too well. Within four walls, in the roads , in any place except the park, the thought would get trapped and again pinch him. But the place provided a portal for release into the oblivion to that enormous blue mother sky that took in everything there was, for a fresh start.

He crossed the pulchowk bridge and reached the chowk. There was no reason to believe he could be followed. But he double checked everything , looked if anyone was curious about this weirdo. Then he sneaked his way across coffee station block to reach past norvic hospital and several twisred and twirled roads to finally reach his paradise. He felt identical sense of nostalgis filling his heart like he had felt when he came there for the first time, not knowing what this place had in reverse. He remembered the first time he came there with same awkwardness that was at his core of his character but with much a negative and defensive aura . in those days , he was being killed by the sense of strange apprehension and dread . he didn’t hate them. He dreaded them . he was not with at ease with himself. Something seemed missing at him. He was afraid of anythinf and. It was just more than just a social anxiety.and he was desperate. He was desperate because he was always thinking about suicide . he had already achieved a lot. He had won them. He did not get satisfaction in whatever he did and that was when he had found that palce. It had aan appeal. Something that stopped him right in his quest to find shortcut. He looked all around and observed something intreresting . it constituted a perfect hexagon of formations. All the structure around and their boundaries formed a empty field which was a perfect hexagon. It dazzled him . he dared takinga rough estimation of length of each border. And it roughly measured fifteen feet from all side. He had felt a strange sense of contentment when he stumbled upon this discovery . he had found the “positive vortex”. He had read about the neutral vortices in earth where magnetic field worked on to create a clockwise spiral of field that enlightened a person instantly. The p[erfect hexagon, though a myth, had its own mathematical significance. And then he paced himself towards the center of hexagon with an adrenaline surge and a slight fright. Anything couldhave happened. But a dying man rejoices the stupidestof hope. Then it had happened. The experience was something that changed him forever……

… he was transcended again. He experienced something he could never be accustomed to ever. It was a vague feeling of harmony. Harmony he bore with whole nature around. Harmony in the vast chaos of existence. That first experience had made him feel right at peace. Every other encounter to that magical center had awakened another latency in him. And that’s how the changes had begun. After that, He had found himself crossing any barrier of thought that came before. He could separate himself from his own thoughts. He had learned the art. The art to control his mind. It was not just about the place only. It was a mutual relationship. He had felt a human feel with place. As if there existed a soulmate in a nasty deception as the park. As if in giving that meditative consciousness to Ryan, the park also derived something to make itself happy. Ryan had learned to channel the harmony to things he was good at. He aced at anything he thought about doing. He found himself more confident. To be best was not a thing to get a popular vote. He only did things that would make him feel good. The social isolation was not about the choice now. Outside, nothing had changed. He had always been a good student. He had always been lonely. But everything had a halo of awareness now, a deeply ecstatic meaning associated. He knew what he was about and for last two years was really happy to be without feeling a shame, guilt or dread. Maybe that place was really a gift from god for all the tortures and sufferings he had to face because of his social awkwardness. Or just a rough coincidence that was bound to occur. Maybe the park was really about it; a positive magnetic field in earth, a positive grand vortex!! Or maybe it was a coy of his psyche to bring about best in him and decorate it with a science phantom to let his cynicism relax. Whatever it was, The Park was something that had made him the person he was. A metaphor, a smbol, or a tangible realit. Did it really matter?? With the feeling of ecstatic nostalgia again returning, approached he again, to the center of that hexagonal paradise to be more that what he was.

Nandani