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……