

Lost

He looked at the wall clock one more time. Sixteen hours and 34 minutes, it showed. It had been staring at the same screen for a long while, wondering what to do. Sometimes you can get really lost in thoughts, you know? He sighed sonorously, spun his chair around, looked through the window... It might actually rain, he thought silently.

Feeling a small drop of water on his shoulder, he looked up and saw the sky, suddenly black as night. He could feel the wind on his skin, and wondered why he hadn't brought his umbrella with him that day. The air felt electric against his skin, and lightning struck on the horizon. Surprised by a gust coming from behind him, he turned himself to face its direction. It stopped, as inexplicably as it had started.

Home. He was sitting in his living room, looking at the walls. They were dripping wet from the strong rain. An uncomfortable feeling took over his body, but he wasn't able to do anything about it. He was hungry, so he went to the fridge and found only a bottle of beer and some old bread inside it. "Well, that will have to do it, I suppose". He got to the bottom of the bottle in less than a minute. It didn't help making the feeling go away. Would anything ever?

Someone knocked at his door, and he knew instantly that his parents had come to visit. It had been a long time since they had last talked to each other, something around five years. God, he might not even recognize his mother and father; or worse, they might not be able to recognize him. He had changed so much in those years. "You should eat more", his mother would say. His father would ask about his work, his current pay, and his relationships. "So, how are things with Mark?". Mark. It had been a while since Mark, but they wouldn't know. He opened the door.

He looked down before telling his father that things were over, and noticed that his mother was looking at something behind him. Feeling a hand on his shoulder, he turned to see a familiar face.

They were in a park, him and Mark, and it was a sunny autumn day. A strange feeling ran through his body once more, but this time it felt different. Mark's bittersweet smile shone in his direction. They walked along for what felt like seconds. Too little time. There was never time. He strayed away, walking towards no place in particular, until he fell on what felt like a big heap of paper.

He rose to see what he had fallen over. A variety of things in paper were spread under him. Some of them were handwritten, while others looked like important mail. He recognized his mother's calligraphy... "I miss you. Come home soon". How old was this note? He also noticed the electricity and internet bills, which were due in a couple of days. He picked them up and put them in his jacket, leaving everything else behind.

Something vibrated in his pocket. His brother was calling to know how his life was and what had been going on with him in these last days. This was the only family member that kept in touch with him on a regular basis. They talked about their parents, their cities and their dreams. Brother was going through some trouble again. "I wish I could do more for you", he said, but no words came out of his mouth. They were now chatting about work, and complaining about the usual stuff: being locked up all day, like a robot without really knowing the people around, feeling meaningless. The signal started to weaken, his brother's voice was breaking to the point where it was no longer understandable.

He looked at the wall clock once more. Sixteen hours and 36 minutes. Sometimes you can get really lost in thoughts, you know?