



# COLD TIME

MY  
SIMULATION  
BLUNDER

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SHAAN CHANGOTRA

# Cold time: my simulation blunder

## 1

I didn't know that the aftermath would be so bad. I woke up astonishingly this morning with a lot of headache. I saw a television in front of my bedroom wall just beside my room door. I was shocked. The windows were closed which was unusual and the sensation that i felt this morning was different. It was a slugabed morning for me. The most tantalizing thing for me was that someone was sleeping on my couch covered with a black mask on his face. I felt tremulous and went for looking out for my gun. As soon as i reached my drawing room i saw him looking at my face with an innocent look unraveling his mask. He had jet black eyes with a withered face, lush eye brows and a pale body. He asked me with a magnanimous gesture “Do you remember me?”, i said “No, who are you?” with an empty mind. He replied “Are you out of your mind?” and nefariously asked me for a cup of coffee with a cream on it. I was getting quivering again. “What, is this really happening? who is he? what does he want?....shut up , just listen to him” says the other me. He told me that i would get all my answers while having breakfast. Everybody gets an emotional pinch but my emotional pinch told me to take an action. I moved slowly with hesitation. When i reached my kitchen, nobody was there. I thought he likes to play but he was gone and i was surprised as i was making some conjectures of what could have happen last night. He didn't tell me his name. The pain in my head was increasing and it was quite insidious. I took a pause when the other me spoke “What is going on? why am i thinking too much? is this the effect? i should stop asking too much questions to me”.

The crepuscular evening looked made up. I was with my friends, enjoying and dancing in a bar near Allis, trying to forget about the morning incident. I suddenly saw somebody looking at me with a constant stare. His eyes had a strange color. The kind that makes someone odd. The ostentatious fellow just ran away when i tried to approach him. It was an awry thing for me and i started following him. He went outside and it was snowing. I wasn't able to see anything clearly. The pain was getting numb by my mind's majestic commenting. I presume that it was a thick wooden stick that got me this way because when i woke up the uncertainty was unclear. It made me think about

the thought i had before that thick wooden stick hit me. It reminded me of that dying sensation when i was trembling in a dreadful way. The mind tried to sooth me to get me the familiarity of all the certainties when it said “Oh god! am i going to die? whom am i talking to? is it me? or is it the imaginative person that i have created? who is narrating this thing as i’m going through this fading experience?”. It didn't solve anything.

The exception of uncertainty was uncommon. Though i woke up but my slumbrous eyes couldn't understand why i woke up in chains tied behind my hands and over my legs with a chair. By the way the chair was dirty. My clothes were different. Rusty chains had rust dirt on my hands. I thought we were far improved. When i heard something in the depth of that dark room, in that second, i knew that i slept for days. I also knew that doctors had performed the magic of scars given by that thick wooden stick. My head was plain again but my longanimity was over. The frustration and furiousness caused by the resistance inside my body was also putting the brakes to the connection of our unmanifested source. My groaning needed a response. Suddenly a man came from behind me covered in a black mask. The lights can only see him. The blue eyes, the slimness and the way he talked illustrated his peculiar morbid sense of humor. I recognized him as the same person who visited me that morning but how can his eyes are blue? i later on thought that he might be wearing contact lenses but are contact lenses allowed in this world? weird but damn!, right?. At least i had that reaction. In the midst of conversing with myself, the blue eyes contact wearing guy was staring at me. “My billions of neurons had this dominant patter? don’t think, just feel the present moment and everything will be alright”, my mind was talking as usual and my mouth was covered with a tape and it was an otiose thing for him. I felt like killing him at my first shot. He told me that if he will not get his television back then i would be in a trouble. I was confused and brainstorming my head as i couldn’t able to make out as what was going on. “What is so special about that t.v?? he can rob me right now? he can torture me?”, i thought. Out of nowhere the room was filling with some kind of gas, through that gas i can see a fogdog, “What?! a spark? is that the shining? is that the silver lining for me?”, the other me said. But this was not the thing. What it actually appears to be was a swashbuckler who was a Chinese warrior. “Is that the old world?” i again thought and thought and i couldn’t able to make out as what the hell was actually happening. I felt like i am dreaming in a dream but dying. The splash of water kind of took its thing to

the other rare boom where everyone is connected. Birth and death doesn't matter. I thought i am back but the illusion took me to the peak of the sky where i couldn't breath as a normal human being. Suddenly everything seems to be cloudy and clumsy, it was fugacious. I was hearing my name as somebody was calling it very loudly. I felt dizzy and saw a bright light traumatizing my eyes. After a struggle i saw my mom and sister seeing me in a hospital. They told me that i was in coma for two months.

It was fortnight since i got out of the hospital. I felt weak and was having nightmares. I didn't know what to do. After some days of recovering from coma i felt good and my consciousness was becoming better. I even started going to the dinner table by myself. I had lost 25 pounds. My skin had become pale as if i had donated blood to demons, i thought. After the desert while going to my room upstairs, the train of thoughts travelled my mind. 70,000 thoughts a day human beings have in their mind and i was thinking about my ex-girlfriend who had left me for some random guy. "Seriously, all this misery and this thing is coming? the gravitation pull is higher here ... oh god! but wait.... no god here. Am i still talking to this person? i? or i'm?", the commenting went on. The guy Pearl was dating was good looking and maybe belonged to a rich family. She thought maybe her future is bright with him. I thought some things stay the same and life is predictable this way but i know that Pearl was probably fucking him as this thought made me insecure. My head was paining like if somebody is bashing it with a corrosive bottle of spell. I wasn't able to sleep. Whenever i close my eyes i could see the guy who wore that black mask. May be the overloaded medicines are the spells that doctors are giving me to cure me to make me healthy so that i could get rid of all the ignis fatuus feelings i get from nightmares.

Alone in the room, late at night, the openness of my body provided me some easiness. The one thing that remained the same was the feeling of separateness. I don't know if it's Minnie's fault but the entertaining realm of continuous thinking, my own world made me sleepy and i slept. After half an hour i heard a bombinating sound from my window. First i thought my mom is calling me then i thought my own world is calling me but when i clearly opened my eyes i could see the shadow of a man. I presume it was the burglars night and they are very rare these days. As soon as i cleared my red curtains i saw a man wearing a black mask standing just outside the window looking at me. He said with a ruly manner "do u remember me?". I didn't

move. I hoped that the satellite is recording him. He added “you repel me!”, “This is happening...this is happening? why this is happening?”, my mind bowled over but he was so close that i could see something inside his crystal blue eyes which was amazing but this was indeed the question that everyone is afraid of answering. If i answer, i might end something. It apparently looked weird to me, weird because i seriously started to doubt that my dominant thinking had this pattern?. A pause moment occurred not because he was staring at me but because a fabulous picture of my dad fell off from my room due to a loose nail. Was it a predictable thing? maybe. Was my shouting a predictable thing? that allowed my mother and sister to come into my room or was my nervous anxiety is designed this way? maybe. I couldn't able to speak when Abby and Agatha saw me. I kept on trembling with my open wide eyes. They could feel me and saw me as i saw a giant monster from jotunhiem planet. I started fainting and there was some amount of blood coming out from my nose. I felt dizzy again and lost my consciousness. ”There you again, telling me this bloody fading experience”, the commenting went on.

The next day when i woke up in my bed i was amused to see my ex-girlfriend, Pearl, setting in front of me holding my hands. Was it predictable? it was not but i absolutely loved it. I was carried away by my spontaneous emotions. I started to think about my past, i tried, then i started thinking about the histories of the worlds that are very organized in digital papers. When you read it you would think if you were there you would correct that particular incorrect circumstance but you are wrong. "Learn to comfort your uncertainty!", this thought came and the awareness put me back to where i was. It was quite in fulsome joy for me to feel the heat of her hands over mine. It felt like a real medicine. My emotions were attacking my logical explanations. The velvet of her touch made my cheeks red and i thought to myself "Is this heaven?" then suddenly she interrupted my thought and said "Agushti, are you okay?. For all her quiddities, she looked cute and generous. She added “you look nice....and by the way.....”. “What?” i inquired but she continued thinking innocuously to reflect upon what she was about to say. Abby, my mother came to my room with a cup of coffee and asked me whether i would like some cream on it as i always liked it that way but she could see my open wide eyes opening again. The door of fear also opened for her. She kept the cups on the table and suddenly asked me for alternatives. Pearl was tensed. She tightly pressed my hands. It gave me erections and at

the same time i felt foudroyant. My eyes started blinking. My mind was saying one thing and my body was rejecting my vivid mind. After having me just milk and she having coffee, Pearl asked me about the last night and conveyed to me that she prayed for me. We were alone in the room. She came close to me, so close that i could smell her fragrant breath. Her big brown eyes were splendiferous. The moment her warm beautiful lips touched mine, i suddenly remember that i forgot to brush my teeth but went with a flow as i didn't want to ruin the moment. After thirty seconds of canoodling, my sister came and ruined the moment we were having. Agatha asked us for breakfast. Pearl smiled and didn't say anything. My sister knew my awareness of being caught up in the past sometimes becomes a problem. It was a problem for her once but she accepted it and came out of it. She didn't want to disturb me but she thinks that Pearl's influence is bad on me. My emotions delivered this dilemma in an opposite way but the pragmatic part of it was right.

Today evening doctors came into my house. The doctor who was wearing a red tartan shirt underneath his regular white t-shirt looked quite decent. His name was Dr. John and on the other side was Dr. Kellie. She is the type of person you wouldn't know how to deal with, the minute you think that you're starting getting to know her that is the time she flips her coin. Her best quality is her art of deceiving but deep inside she is the kindest. You all will be thinking how do i know that much? well, she is our distant relative but stays near us. When she came into my room with Dr. John, she looked curious. It was inadmissible for me to go outside for some days. My mom brought some tea for the doctors in my room. Dr. Kellie asked me gingerly about my health. I could see that she was putting extra care. "I'm good, thank you" was my reply. She seemed sincere and looked attractive by the way. It was all about me healing well. I didn't like this kind of attention. What pissed me the most was that Abby has been creating many rules in the house which indirectly concerns me and she thinks that it is necessary for me to recover. I understand that all the mother's in all the worlds wants their child to be healthy but this puts me in a position where i find her indirect excuse rather disingenuous. The evening was following it's schedule and my doctors left the house after having a wonderful dinner.

The reason doctors were there to see me yesterday because they were prescribing me more medicines to prevent my noise bleeding which don't

occur usually. Abby always thinks that prevention is better than cure but i told her that medicines are working heavy on me, i don't need it more. Her face was telling me the opposite. Meanwhile, my sister came from the college. Her banging the door loudly made me paused for a moment. I felt as if the beam of light is passing through me without affecting my core beliefs. Agatha straight away went to the kitchen and opened the fridge. She looked inside the freezer and grabbed a chocolate ice cream. She looked right at my face and asked "Do you want some ice cream?? your face looks dry!". There was so much joy that i didn't say anything. My eyes were recording that moment. The gratulation on her face was special because there was a time when i didn't use to remember her birthday. I know how time changes but it is not fast, it's slow. It looks fast because our psychological time is fascinating but most of the time deluding. I went to my room to spend time with myself and check if any college is available for me. I was later accompanied by my sister who was still eating that chocolate ice cream. She brought one for me. I thought her tendencies had variations but this looked normal to me because she used to have hot chocolate in a hot summer. Our conversations went wild and ended up with a touchy side of me. "How can a girl change a boy so much?", she asked me this and i didn't have an answer. I don't know whether so much concern creates this but i think sometimes the emotional part of us hijacks the logical part. Abby was doing the same when she cried. We heard the wailing from our dining hall while i and Agatha were having ice cream. Her crying made me more concerned because she is more objective rather than subjective because she works for the world government. Here more objective means more logical then emotional (subjective). When i saw her, the tears coming out from her eyes were not that much compared to a normal human being. May be she is trained that way. I think that is why it made me more concerned. She kissed my head and then tightly grabbed me and went to her room. I send Agatha to make sure if Abby is alright, if talking is required to sooth my mom then Agatha knows how to take care of it. Everything happened out of blue.

I still miss the bugs creating those white noises but these artificial bugs sometimes runs out of battery. The solar charge for these artificial bugs hampers the process. When the battery is low, it doesn't create white noises for a minute. Engineers are solving this problem and they are also bringing other white noises so that if an artificial bug stops then other white noises can replace it, just to make our sleep better. They are making it a feature so that



they can raise the maintenance cost of the globes. Bugs were not helping me with my sleep. I always wanted a waterfall white noise but my sister insisted that in nature bugs making noises are more natural. I guess i had to put my earphones back on in the old fashioned way.

At night when i finally was having my sleep alongside feeling the senses of my body, somebody was knocking my door very loudly. I was in deep sleep and was dreaming i presume. Suddenly i heard “Do u remember me?”, i woke up very dreaded as if at death’s door. I cleared my eyes and saw my sister saying me “Do you remember me giving you the remote?”

“What the hell Agatha?? i'm sleeping!!” i ranted.

“Yes! i know! but do you have the remote?” she asked.

“What remote?” i spoke.

"Remote for shutting off the bugs. Mom is not sleeping..." Agatha replied.

"I don't have it! is she alright?"

“Yeah, she is fine”. Agatha knitted her brows when she said that.

“What happened?” i asked.

After a pause she answered “It’s .....nothing”

I know that she was lying. It’s a known psychological fact that when a human being says ‘it’s nothing’ then it surely is something but we humans, we are mesmerizing creatures. I kept on asking her about what she was hiding because i know that she will get irritated. At the same time i had a bit of lassitude on my part even to speak more. She conveyed to me that the doctors weren’t sure of my thing. This intrigued me. I sometimes feel that people should talk with facts. My other attempt to unravel this thing made her to change the subject but she couldn’t able to do it because i just simply asked her for the last time “What is the fucking matter?”. She just got fumed when she spoke “The doctors weren’t sure that you will be safe so they send you out to ...somewhere”. I thought that, that chocolate ice cream had made her mind dolorous. It appeared as if she said something that she didn’t want me to hear. Her face was becoming red. I felt some tremendous amount of heat in the room then i felt a little cold. I wanted a blanket. I thought may be the fever is hitting me. She went to her room without saying anything.

Sometimes saying nothing fills the conversation on a deep level. I think she



thought that i needed this but this entangled me into thinking more questions. I slept but my mind was active the whole time.

It was an auroral morning for me. I can see the dew on trees and the way the tress were dancing. I felt positive. But on the other hand, my neighbors were quite surprised to see me jogging early in the morning but i didn't really care. Birds were chirping, especially the sound of those mockingbirds who were mocking house sparrows. I didn't know if the artificiality can mix with the nature, at least some part of it. They were right about the technological wave. It was hard to differentiate but i could see the intersection between nature and it's beautiful creatures. Nature seemed precious. The voice of those birds were mellifluous. It was music to my ears. I started jogging fast. I felt right and nostalgic to see my high school friends seeing me. They were surprised too. What do you expect? when someone sees you and they know that you have been in coma? even one of the boys from the car was staring at me which was odd. After half an hour i felt tired and started walking. "What are you doing early in the morning?" some random girl shouted from behind me with a bunch of other girls. It was Beth. I didn't recognize her voice, her pitch was shifted. Whenever someone in the school has done something wrong, the teacher always say "Be like Beth" but i know and everybody knows that what kind of person she is. As a matter of fact, she is Pearl's best friend. I and Pearl were famous for our relationship back in the days. But it wasn't really quite like that. She thought that we were famous, i didn't. A lot can happen when you're seventeen and when you turn nineteen. The cosmic gaps between these times are terribly splendiferous, either it can break you or it can make you an outstanding person but you won't get to know these things instantly because you won't get everything instantly. Nature has its own way of teaching and balancing thing. And i was sure that it has balanced me pretty awfully well.

I was home. I felt as if my taste buds had registered it's cells in that present moment as my stomach rumbled but they were very ahead of the game as if the vibration of matter and energy of the worlds has locked it's power to eat that homemade pancake first. The pleasant smell of a coconut oil attacked my nostrils and made me rejuvenating. The lingering scent of our home seemed dulcet and how fluffy that thing seemed on a plate. The way you fletcherize your gums and the way your taste buds feels that sweetness and the essence of the crust which enables that magnificent effect on our brain is god

especially that thickness which is somewhat salty but mixed with sugary water, it seems like the cool syrup and the heated pancakes worked in harmony so that they can create such an impact. You can feel that the cooperation and coordination go hand in hand, one without the other are ineffective. I couldn't wait. When the plate had devouring slices of pancakes, there was a wide smile on my face. As gently as it touched my mouth, the whole thing assaulted my brain and the only thing on a plate was the leftover bits of syrup. It was so good because it was homemade and homemade today is every billionaire's choice. I made everybody some coffee. My sister asked me if i could pour some cream on it. There and then i felt if something ill was stored in my body and it's just giving me the effects because i kept on staring at her like a lunatic in a movie. "What's the matter with you?" she shouted. "It's noth.....nothing" said i with a ferhoodle mind. She gave me a creepy look and added "You're sweaty, let me do it by myself". I thought of focusing on pancakes and started gormandize. There are different ways a person can eat a meal, if your appetite is low then u can scratch your way in taking your meal but i was a kind of person who was very hungry at that time and was more likely to gobble.

"Take it easy boy!" spoke my sister.

"I know!" i responded in a tired way while gulping.

"Why do you want a 'waterfall white noise'?" asked Agatha with a sign of curiosity.

"I don't know. I think it's more comfortable while sleeping rather than bugs accompanying you in your sleep. Don't you think?" said i.

"Mom! why don't you answer that question?" told Agatha.

"It's banned!" said my mother. She knew the implied criticism of such white noises. When i asked her about the reasons for its ban. She simply spoke "Because it's water! water! everywhere!"

## 2

"Do you need some ridiculous help?" spoke my dad while i could see the war.

"Dad, what are you doing with this thing?" i asked.

“It’s a notebook son.” he replied.

“I know that but what are you doing with it? what about the paperless regime? what are you even writing?” i pleaded.

“Can't you see? the war is happening right now! when you will grow up and study history, you will think how foolish we all were. My only request to you is don't study it because the history in papers is too organized.” he responded.

A Gordian knot occurred when everything went white than suddenly black like i’m riding a ship in the sky and can only see my vision and nothing else. I couldn’t able to make out why this is happening or is this happened to me before? but one thing was sure that, that it was sparkling like it was saying to me that you are in vicinity to your vision. The ship stopped and the clouds stood still and a voice echoed through my mind “Do you think you have by passed those horsemen?”

“What....who are you?” i asked in a simple way.

“I’m you but the deeper you” somebody replied.

“What? ....why am i stuck here?” i asked again.

“You know the answer....” responded someone who claims to be the deeper me.

“Who are you? is this for real?” i queried.

“I’m the friend of your vision; I’m that ‘infinite intelligence’”

The next thing i saw was the sky flashing a light and everything was black and white again. We were on the ground. I looked at the eyes of the sky and tried to perceive the air which was ungentle. The absurdity of the bald grass which was once dense, warm and green looked like a bad omen. It was covered with barbed wires. And they were covered with parts of dead human beings which were left for decompose. You could smell putrescine and cadaverine, the smell of death. At first, your body starts trembling and your gut gets uneasy and you realize that the heaven and hell are on the same place. “Dad! Dad! Where the hell are we?”, “I think we are playing the game.” said he. We were in a pit, deep pit. The same thunderstorm which showed the light of eternity and silver lining was now haunting us by its grumpy sound. The earth started shaking and you could see smoke rising

from the dusk of the ground saying 'apocalypse is coming, apocalypse is coming'. I closed my eyes and then slightly opened it. My dad was no more there but there was somebody who was standing behind me, staring and wondering why we all are here. First, i looked at his shoes and thought 'am i a coward?' and then without looking at his face i looked at the sky high above then again i thought 'am i the optimistic one?' then i looked at his face and just thought 'am i the realist?' who is trying to adjust heaven and hell?. His face was covered with a black mask. The way his eyes saw me was unusual from the previous occurrence i had with him. I felt every time that there are different individuals but this time he was in an outfit of a soldier but didn't look like one. He spoke roughly "Do u remember me?", "You repel me!" he continued, "Be jealous!" was his last words. Everything got shut as i started seeing that the light of the world is slowing down. Black and white clouds were gone. It did not matter. Everything went dim then dimmer and dimmer. My head started paining. I felt if i'm trapped inside an endless loop. "Wake up! Wake up!" shouted she. "Agushti, it's me....wake up!!". The harsh voice turned into something smooth. I opened my eyes and realized that i indeed was in a dream again. It felt real like somebody hacked my brain and was playing with it. "Are you alright?" was the words of the beautiful Agatha who was giving back my lost vim. I told her that i will be down there, in the hall, for breakfast in fifteen minutes.

Let's talk about Pearl, but do we really want to talk about it? i mean who is she really? a stalwart person? or just a joke? is it necessary to talk about her? i know that my emotions are getting entangled or may sound convincing with all the logic that i'm presenting to myself. For her the motto is 'you love her and she loves it' and by loves it, means love all and be carefree, shit always look good on the other end. But again i could be wrong, maybe she has transformed or maybe she is on the next level or maybe it's just emotions and nothing else. With all of that reaction my mind jumped into about Pearl, i took my brush out from the automatic 'paper tile' but there's a background music which keeps on playing that lure your ears but it's really dazzling your brain, keeping your hopes high and faith long lasting and you know that you will get something which you have never dreamt before. This phenomena is called desultory illusion which means thinking positive, this happens to every human being when they woke up and listen to some songs and feels they have conquered the world, at least some of them feels that way especially when they are taking a massive shit. But desultory illusion is a little bit

different, you have to think positive in every way possible but this doesn't happen overnight. It is different for different individuals and of course the sensation of it. But the sensation it has landed me on was yet again completely different. I just closed my eyes while brushing, waiting and preparing myself for the breakfast but when the eyes got opened, all i could hear was the voice which insisted "Do you have the black mask?"

"What? where am i?" i exclaimed.

"Do you have a black mask? just answer me" spoke the voice again.

"What is going on?" i yelled.

"Do you have it or not!!?" added the voice.

"I don't know what you are talking about!" i shouted but it didn't have any impact.

"Just check your pocket or you be send to a tour!" the voice cautioned.

"What?" i tried to shout but i couldn't shout.

"Just do it what i said if you want to live here..." urged the voice.

This was not what i had in my mind. Some voice was talking to me. The only thing that i recognized was that the ground was brown colored and the sky was completely black. But it was no sky, it was black and nothing beyond it.

"Just wear it" the voice came again, "Wear what!?" said i, "the mask!!"

answered the voice. The ground that i saw and the black murky thing that i watched was changed into something completely different, something revolutionized that i have never seemed so right before. "Welcome to the cosmic Lila!" told the voice but this time i could see the person who was very tall and have an emerging light. Everything happened in an indefatigable way and we both felt very light on the ground as if going through some transition process. The atmosphere was silent. There were people everywhere. Their gestures were so expressive as if they were talking very loudly but i didn't able to hear the voice. "What is going on? i can't hear them!!" my question was deliberate, "Just look at me" spoke the tall guy again. I looked at him and i felt a sudden rush of adrenalin as if i can't wait for anything. An artificial logic was formed. If you're talking loudly then the high pitched voice doesn't go high, only few people can hear you then your voice frequency is kept low by the guardians. The guardians set the volume frequency for the people.

They decide the voice for the common masses. Due to artificial logic i got to know that particular environment where i was standing. And whenever i was in some kind of doubt, i just have to look at that tall guy to form an artificial logic. And you can form an artificial logic only if you're friendly with someone and that too i got when i looked at that tall guy. The social heredity of the masses are controlled that means it's just peace and no war, no negativity, just improvements. That's why they are enhanced in every way. "It is time for you to go!" said the tall guy, "What!!?" i exclaimed. My guts reverberated and i splattered as if my anxiety was outweighed by something so relaxing but desperate. I looked at my elbows giving me goosebumps. As i watched the white format tiles on the floor i realized that i was sitting on a toilet seat, pooping. I felt like taking two showers.

How do you know something when someone who is very close to you is opposite? i thought she was sweet, loving and more importantly possessive about me in all ways and refined in every other way but i didn't expect that she would have this rare but quotidian quality. I felt like she introduced me to the right people and also introduced me to the wrong people so that she could be mysterious and at the same time a charming person. I know she is perfect but why am i thinking like that? why am i getting this feeling in front of my mother, Abby? and while about to have a breakfast? the only way to get rid of this is to indirectly ask her and tell her about what just happened to me in a bathroom while brushing.

"Do i have to say this every time? what are you waiting for?" said my mother.

"Mom, i wanna ask you something!"

"Can we eat breakfast first?" she added.

"Mom, it's important!"

"What is it?"

"Why are you behaving this way?" i asked.

"What do you mean?" she spoke.

"Like nothing happened to me. It's like everything is normal. And it's not. Why are we behaving in a family manner?" i replied.

"Because we are a family?" said she. After some time, upon my silence she

continued "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine mom ...but something happened to me .....i have never been that energetic before. I feel strong. I feel like i have travelled a lot but at the same time i feel why are we here? i feel like i have gone somewhere then i get tired then a background sound keeps on playing....why is this happening to me?? i saw something which was real, i felt something and thought that i'm going far..far away..."

She hugged me then something glowed in her eyes. I see that she is not the kind of person who just make meals for you. In her eyes i saw the ignition of self-sacrifice, her own dependency which she scrutinized when we were born. How marvelous is that? but there was a frowsy factor which was telling me that there is more. But in the end all the emotions went away as i started feeling a rush which was quite uncommon but had a sizzling effect. I got up and wanted to go to the bathroom. At that time our house door opened with a beep and there was Agatha who looked at me and wanted to talk to me but i ignored her. I went to the bathroom and this time i looked at my face in the mirror. The black mask was all over my face. There were some dots on the mask. "Holyshit!" i said to myself. "I wanna talk!! where are you Agushti?" spoke Agatha. I panicked and everything was now a psychological game show to me. Whenever i try to get rid of the mask, it doesn't come off. I could only feel my face. "What should i do? should i tell her? should i stay here? do i wash my face?" all these trains of thoughts loudly emerged in my mind in an antediluvian way. I could hear her footsteps within my proximity, she was coming nearer and nearer. I tried to swallow my anxiety which was sudden but as the footsteps finally completed its short journey, Agatha started knocking my bathroom door. My anxiety acted like as if the door-knocking is stabbing my heart each freaking time. "Agushti? are you alright? can i come in? .....i just wanna talk to you?" i took a deep breath and came out. Agatha hugged me. "What happened to you in the morning?" she rolled her eyes towards me. "OKAY!" i replied. After looking blank, i told her that it was just a dream. But i know that it was not just a dream. Then i suddenly realized that it's just fear and nothing else. Fear brings dogmas which assassinates the soul but the universe have different pathways in which you are the ship who has to steer the wheel of your life through hardships. May be this was my mental hardship or may be this was just how the chapters of my life were written. Who knows!!



### 3

Green colored lakes collect everything with the help of a basin but do not know what to do with it. Same way, hurricane rides in its devastated passion and destroys everything but along with its brutal journey it also collects different kinds of materials with it and doesn't have any clue what to do with it. Either one of them don't know what to do with those unsettled materials but cause hindrance. One causes fish to die and other causes humans to die. Its origin starts from the environment. The environment is our adjustment and in order to adjust the unsettled materials in the environment, some things need to be shifted. These shifts create rudeness which causes hindrances. We were those hindrances, at least most of them were. This hindrance is the dirty passion that gives birth to those horsemen which innocuously formulates and presents this dilemma since the day human beings were born. But the powerful weapon this civilization has was something simple, something ordinary, something that is with us every moment of our life whether it's our past, future or present. It is the greatest power in the entire universe. It is our ability to think. And i think, this process of thinking has sent me in such an inevitable couple of months that has changed my life. But the main question here lies is WHY? Why I? in order to figure out i need to dig more and more and in a meanwhile, there was this thing which my dear sister was telling me before i have been to coma and before this commotion of missing-time happened to me. I'm eighteen but i still feel the same way as if i'm seventeen. I'm sure you must be thinking what could a year gap can do? A year gap can either make you to get to those heights that you have never seen before or it could just make you a jobber. In my case, it was those two years gap which i would like to call it 'The cosmic gaps of Lila'.

Agatha is one year older than me. She is spiritually far mature than any of us, i think that's why she don't have any boyfriend. She is beautiful, gorgeous, and has the collection of adamantite oenomele which is nothing but a quality of physical strength combined with sweetness which she articulates in ways which a normal human being is incapable of, at least i think that way. May be i am fragile or maybe it's true. But the most important thing is that she is my sister who guides me every time whenever am in some kind of situation. But i didn't know that in what ways how i am going to say this confusticate adventure to her, let alone things about a year gap. For Agatha it may be a creepy thing but she is smart, that i am sure. I have planted in my mind the

seed that i am going to tell her everything but something has pulled me away. And for the past few days i could feel the force inside me, some part of it is telling me that i should tell her everything but the other part is quite contradictory, as always the pain of doublethink. Right now, i am sitting at a staircase outside my home. I'm resting and soon i have to attend any available college. As i was stretching the sweet hard rubbery thing through my tongue with the help of my teeth, i realized that i had lost the flavor of my chewing gum. I took out some of the gum through my hand but the other pole end of the gum was still stuck with the front teeth, i looked down as i made the long-stretch, making a bounce-back. Then i looked up and saw my sister staring at me.

"This is definitely creepy!" spoke she while watching my teeth playing with it.

"I wanna talk to you Agatha about something."

"What??" she asked.

"It's very important ....first tell me that you won't say it to anybody." i added.

"What is it?" she queried.

"First promise me?" said i.

"Okay!! i promise!" she replied.

"I don't know for the past few days i have been feeling something and then i was somewhere else....i feel an energy inside me but i don't know how to describe them ....they are mixed....u getting me?"

"Yeah, i'm getting you.....are you seriously alright? like seriously?" she told.

"Yes Agatha i'm fine..."

"Then what energies are you talking about? the energies that you are unleashing every morning when you are in bathroom? do you have any idea how difficult is it for me?? ...its embarrassing Agushti! i'm using mom's bathroom..."

"But this is not what you think Agatha...this is important!!"

"Save it for latter, i have an assignment to do!" said she with a sniff. Agatha slammed the door and went to her room.

Well, i didn't expect that but at the same time i didn't feel much. I know that she will get to know this thing one way or another. But when she will know, i hope that it will not turn into anathema of some kind towards me. I threw the gum, i was awkwardly optimistic as i watched the sun sunk behind me telling me that he is discharging his duties and gonna lit some people tomorrow but he sure wasn't lighting me up today, to that i felt a little awkward but he also conveyed me that he is discharging his work to moon so that they can coordinate and cooperate in harmony to run the universe, to that i felt optimistic. The sky was drawing its paintings and adjusting its dynamic course as the colors of the sky turned into high spirits. I wished i could feel that vibe but watching the heavens was enough for me.

## 4

Everybody hates Beth, Beth doesn't hate anybody. The only thing you want to know about her is that she knows how to put logic first to reconcile everything irrespective of applying any emotions. That's why she is the queen and of course the best friend of Pearl. How someone at that age goes at an optimum speed without getting entangled with emotions? but don't get me wrong, she does have emotions. The universe is constructed in an algorithm suited for each and everybody. And it sure has his ways to test anyone, even the 1% of the elites. When Beth was born, the doctors stated that she has 10% chance of survival as she was a premature born baby. At an early age, she has equipped the tools which her parents gave it to her. Beth's parents were hard working and her mother used to do several jobs at a time to make ends meet. She always remained stressed in her ending days of digital era. Her mother always told Beth that 'if something goes wrong just eliminate emotions out of it and you're half the problem is solved!'. I guess that's what Pearl did to me, how ironical is that? life filters in a way which goes deeper and deeper and creates a chain reaction in everybody's life. A human being always connects the dots after the event is done. But enough of that, the way Beth sliced her dagger upon my life is unpardonable. Now the only way to get things in order is to meet her because the threads she has tied between my mother and me has resulted in some misunderstandings which got me kicked out of the house.

It was the sweet November as everybody says but it seemed like a bitter sweet month for me. As days passed by, the vividness of my mind was

becoming more intense, there were some changes on my body. My cheeks were red with pimples but it was not that bumpy-sore, my upper arm muscles felt light and my glutes were tight. The whole body felt completely different since the last visit from 'Lila'. The name itself looked too made up that it appeared kind of shitty to me. The kind of things that my pupils captured in Lila was so different that the image is permanently stored in my mind and who can forget the black mask, the frequency sounds, and all the obligatory things happening in an inexplicable way. Is this the way how universe operates? Well, these things seemed pretty worthless when i returned home that night. November was about to be over. And the eldritch look on my mother's face was telling me that this is not my night. Her pressure ignited when she saw me as she opened the door. The smile on my face was a turn down for her. She came from her work and looked obnoxious. The whole thing went pretty dark. She straight away went to the fridge, opened it and went to her room taking her shake without even looking at me. I stood there alone, thinking what is going on. First i thought it may be the stress but as Agatha came in the kitchen she informed me that i shouldn't stay in the house. Agatha told me that she don't want to see me, if i stay here then Abby will have to go. I thought Abby had a bad day.

A lot of questions popped inside my head but i automatically chose the opposite as my body didn't know how to react to what just happened to me there. I didn't want to have a bad day either. Is the universe testing me in a weird fashion? the whole thing appeared as gracious in a weird way but a vicious manna to me in another way because i thought about Harley the second i got kicked out from my house, verbally. Christmas was about to come and i was out in cold. When i thought about Harley, it made me a little bit comfortable because i sometimes used to think 'what if my ass got kicked out from my own house?'. It eventually happened to me in an obsolete manner. As i stepped outside the door i saw something looking at me as if i was some kind of a lonely sycophant. The tall guy was standing still, staring at me, especially my eyes.

"So what brings you here?" spoke i with a rasping tone.

"I see that you are going through something which is not good but right now i want you to look at me real hard!" replied the tall guy.

"What the fuck!?" i exclaimed but the tall guy kept on saying "just look at

me, i want you to look at my eyes real hard!”. Did i had any choice? yes! i could have ignored that asshole but i didn't do that. What i did was what he exactly told me. I looked at his eyes thinking that magic is indeed a wrong word, then something happened to me. I felt the essence of those satellites that are recording our lives. They are the new holy scriptures. Then i started seeing lights flashing towards me. The memory that it stored made me say “They wanna come here.....”. Things got simple for the tall guy as he heard that but the psyche of the strange world had swallowed me into smithereens which were left to explore.

They wanna come here just because everybody in their planet was exploring and they wanted to do some experiment, but they are doing it by observing us for the past 13,500 years. You don't hear this kind of thing usually? do you? but this was the truth said by this tall friend here. In fact, he presented this thought in my mind which i think that it is from my own mind logic but it's not true. He said that he manipulated the vibrations in the sky and manipulated my mind. I asked this tall guy "What do you mean by that? care to elaborate?". The tall guy spoke “your brains produce vibrations which are connected to a common thread called ether and this ether creates all the creativity and innovations in the universe through matter and energy”. “Wow!” was my reply but i still didn't get it what he said. They wanted to come to our planet earth. He also told me that earth is combined of all the souls that are living on it and the earth's demise will only come when there is no soul. All soul is equal to our planet earth that means the earth will go on forever except when there is no soul. ”But that won't happen right?” i asked. “Only if we all are together and if the third eye won't open!” answered the tall guy.

Again let me state this fact that they wanted to come here just because everybody in their planet were perfect, their social heredity were maintained to produce the mass effect to connect the infinite intelligence, not like the hoi polloi selfishness created by us, at least indirectly emphasized by majority of us. Perfect means no more of getting sick which means more life expectancy. This happened when the guardians settled their target line which has resulted in putting their body enhancement in automation which just keeps on improving. Now they wanna come here and explore. And this is the only reason they want to come here and live with us, i mean among us but slightly taller.

“All the technologies in the world... i mean in the universe and there are so many planets?? why us?” i asked.

“Yeah, there are so many universes but we wanted to live in trees and observe lives for years!” tall guy answered.

“That’s all?” said i.

“That’s all” spoke the tall guy.

“I mean i have so many questions? i’m so confused? can you explain everything in bits and pieces?” i asked.

The tall guy stood still without an expression, presumably seemed bored.

“See....” he said. “When the big bang occurred your planet was not the one that contained life, in fact your planet came after 1 trillion years in this one of the milky way of this infinite universe. Most of the planet that contains life have one thing is common and that is the creature that lives on it tend to destroy themselves. They all have set their own dogmas which reduce their life expectancy in long term as a whole. For instance the life on planet earth, humans presume that they are the dominant creatures but as a matter of truth, it’s not, their common thread is divided into religion, politics, countries which creates variations which indeed goes deeper and deeper and ultimately creates hatred which results in destruction. If things go this way then these human species will end up in some million years and don’t think that millions of years are long in fact it’s short, it’s that short that universe is taking just a small breath. And as we come earlier than all of you, we have revolutionized, that means we have superior technologies and we even can live inside the leaf of any plant if we can, that means our whole planet can live on one leaf of any plant. Some of the other species are still living like this and are even observing you.”

“What happens when someone take out that plant? or pluck a leaf? or destroy that whole plant?” i queried.

“Our planet just simply transfers to another leave.” replied the tall guy very casually. “Look, the reason i am talking this way is because your mind is used to it and you are liking the way i am talking to you physiologically. It’s just the way i talk to other moles in other planets which creates us the one that will bring the whole universe together. We have established that common thread that will destroy us but we have to able to reverse that

thread.”

“Ohh...” i responded. “But you said your planet is enhanced in every way possible and exploring? then why are you seeing me? i still don’t get it? like seriously? and you say you have revolutionized?” i continued.

“We needed someone from your planet.” said the tall guy.

The conversation ended in a perpetuity of endless predicament which was telling me that why i have to know all these things? is this the game of infinite intelligence? "Oh, the infinite intelligence", i thought then i started seeing that same vision which i always see but this time i was conscious. "Oh the ship, our ship, our ship..." i started speaking these words slowly but intimidatingly as i was walking down the road. The vision was still not clear and the thought of leaving the house wasn't even in my mind. The thing that was bothering me the most was that i felt different. I started remembering that when i was born, i was born a creator not a devious ignominy person whose only purpose is to survive but not with peace? The eternity of our social heredity was indirectly projecting a movie in my mind describing the crucifying events that we have gotten into. There was a time when cows were getting pregnant with the hands of a human being, not enjoying their free life, the first day of calves fate was in the hands of a human, he or she was not called by their names but by a laser tag drilled inside his or her ears. The hormones which they needed were delivered to us. In their eyes they saw us as their delightful guardians but it turned out to be a delight sin for most of us. The first day of baby chicks were processed in a way in which a human prepares a dish, they couldn't walk, they couldn't see, they couldn't act but get stuck in a machine. Their social heredity was robust, but our tends to fluctuate because our collective civilization tends to move in that way. But are we moving in the right direction?, these strangely nonconformist thoughts started immerging with a rapid speed in my mind. I was walking fast and reached a local store. There i met Harley.

## 5

Harley is the kind of person that everyone should have in their lives. He is gentle, he is sweet and at the same time very dangerous adventurous person who likes to live on the edge. But living on the edge every damn fraction of second can sometimes create a problem or maybe it just creates a problem



every time. I mean who plays video games at 2:37 a.m. in the morning near the chimney? and it's not a real chimney, it's just for show which indicates that we care for our past civilization. The only reason he was doing that, when i asked, he said he wanted to feel the cold breeze. 'BundsVille' is the street he lives in. The streets are covered with lush green trees and most of the lawns are covered with an artificial grass. But that didn't bother me, what intrigued me the most was that the car which was parked near two blocks away from Harley's house. The rims looked flashier than the headlights. The car started looking more familiar as if i have been inside that car. As i reached near the car, the eight months old tan brown leather sheets got on that white Chingo's car made me think when everything was too fast and too rough. Time flew on wings but that didn't change as my grey matter started the tale of an over infatuation. It was the time we were driving across the streets and we were both happy. We stopped the car and i went out to buy a pack of condoms at a drug store. I and Pearl were excited and were going to have out first moment in a car. When the excitement got bashed with an awful turn via steering wheel due to some silly bugger driving nonsensically, everything went blur as if the smog appeared in front of my eyes. You couldn't process but can only experience and realize that your pain receptors are unleashing the painful demons inside your body telling you to quit but the cells of your body are forming an army which are collectively working together to bring you back, again adjusting the dynamic environment in seconds and when the humanity returns, the darn sexy look of the Chingo gets you thinking whether the car is wrecked or not which ironically makes you distressed about the car and not about when you were nearly going to die. But that was not enough, in that swift precious seconds and then a minute, the important thing was my Pearl, i looked at her face, her left cheek was bruised, the small grace over her forehead made me think how beautiful she is and the lower lips of her was tinsy bit cut and of course the little bit blood coming out of it. Pearl looked at me, we both came closer and closer, mine and her head were touching, and we could both feel our breaths peacefully. As my upper lips touched her sore sentimental lower lips, we both felt a good sensation as if our vibrations were positive and we could both feel the healing of our body cells who just fought the demons. It was out first kiss.

"Is that the damn Chingo? that you used to drive Agushti?" shouted Harley. I didn't said anything, the only word that was coming out of my mouth were 'ah..eh' as i was in a numb state, thinking and staring at the car who gave me

and Pearl the small but touchable moments of our lives. You know how it goes when you are once carried away by your unbidden emotions which deplete your serotonin, a chemical in brain which causes a happy feeling but that shit doesn't work when you're in these kinds of situations. The only thing you can do is to fool your mind but that too comes with practice. I looked at the car and touched the hood, feeling the heat. I looked down, then up and saw Harley who was still standing outside his house showing me the gesture via his hands depicting that we have to leave. The feeling of leaving the home was still there. I started walking slowly and reached his lawn but as me and him were standing on his lawn, my eyes gazed upon the familiar ripped tight jeans two blocks away where the car was parked and probably Pearl had also flickered her eyes seeing me multiple times on Harley's lawn as i saw her coming from someone's house. I was sure that we both could feel high nerves speeding up the circulation of our blood, i could feel mine. But her insignificant friends rushed her into to move fast as they saw me too, looking at her. That didn't bother me. I felt like crap but at the same time there was this strange vibe. It was telling me that i have to stay away from her. What a monotonous, untiring and bizarrely attraction of a human mind? you hope everything is going to be alright but new world's proverbial saying 'expect the unexpected' resulted in 'what goes around, comes around' gold mine phenomena.

Harley's home was quite a comfort. It looked like the home of a decent family. But not his room. It was spacious. The whole room consisted of several computers, Xbox's and PlayStations. There were vintage CD's scattered all over the room to look like the cool kids from the digital era and one can see the random gaming t-shirts lying on the floor begging me to be washed by a washing machine stored inside his wall, you just have to press a button and it just pops like an automatic door. The t-shirts were also accompanied by some empty cans of coke and a dirty Calvin Klein underwear, and at the center of the room there were two twin beds. The room had a weird smell. And it wasn't too long when his step dad appeared in front of us, giving his intense gesture. His briskly brownny mustache was of like the cow boys in movies. He was a slim dude, wearing a check rough blue t-shirt and a blue jean. His creamy crisp long hair was wet. The way he looked at me with his stern V-shape face made him look like he was in his forties. "Roney!" said he, smiling at a distance. We shook our hands. The toughness of his stern face turned him into a decent looking man when he smiled. My

eyes gazed upon the yellowish brown dot on his left pocket. Roney saw me looking at it.

“That damn mustard sauce!” he spoke, rubbing his shirt.

“Agushti, you can stay as long as you can....these types of things are normal...i sometimes worried about this bastard!” said he, looking at Harley.

“Don’t worry, everything will be alright boy!” he continued.

“Thank you sir, i appreciate it.” i replied.

His deep toned voice was quite soothing for my ears. Roney was a cool step dad. I mean who gets a cool step dad these days? he wiped his left hand across his forehead making his face sharp looking before leaving the house. Seeing his step dad so supportive made me think about something. But that something didn’t have any memories but just a photo hanging on a wall. And was it worth it?

## 6

The ability to get into a college is determined by how loyal your love is towards earth. Not surprisingly, most of the students are very beatinest at pretending this thing at the time of admission. To be honest, they would do much better in acting. But nevertheless, my college was about to start. It has been three months and i haven’t been in contact with either by Agatha or by my mother. I’m doing a part time job in a factory where i am a package handler. My friends are now in second year and they feel pity for me. The factory isn’t that established and is lacking funds. It goes by the name ‘The Bob centre’. It’s a warehouse for protein supplements. Abby knew about my job. The money that i was making was not enough. Abby also knew that and she used to deposit the check in the bank so that it gets credited to my savings account for the college. It was an embarrassment for me because i want to do this by my own. She was still depositing the check to which i knew that she still cares for me. The reason for kicking me out was still a mystery to me. The heartsease between things was not at all in order. I still had many questions which were left unanswered. Whenever i can, i try to focus on my normal life, a happy human being without any sentiments who loves his job but that was not the case. I had the advantage to work overtime as my college is starting next month which allows me to make extra bucks which will help

in alleviating the checks send by my mother and ultimately standing on my own. It's not the job i am proud of but got to save for the college.

Working at a factory requires discipline and in the end it teaches you how to man up in rough situations. The one thing i realized working there was that everybody was working for the money and not for the company. The manager was shabbily dressed but what can you expect at a factory? I thought that the manager was purposely doing his job involuntarily because i didn't see any efforts coming out from him. But the owner was quite a ripsnorter who had recently left his job and was going to start the chain of 'The Bob centre'. I always had doubt on the conscience of the factory owner acting in this no business manner way because there are so many warehouses in that area who stores protein supplements but Bob got my attention. He was lacking funds but he was sure that his factory is going to be turn into a boon. I still remember when he said "If your peace of mind matches your actions and thinking then you tend to convince the one to whom you come in contact with", but the workers weren't getting influenced. May be they were lacking the passion. Nowadays who says these kinds of things to their employees? Not a factory owner, i had thought but i was wrong. Day by day the whole picture started getting its color filled from the scratch. Again, the dynamic environment was working behind the unwillingness of mine, teaching me in ways that were uncommon. When i started working here, the only thing on my mind was to pass the day or to just get busy. I didn't make any efforts in learning things which turn out to be a hard laboring job for me. Before all of this, when the odd things started happening to me, i felt that my body is going through some changes, especially when i started seeing the tall guy. And i had seen him only two times, one time on this blue precious world when i was kicked out from my house and when i met him in Lila. I still feel optimistic and this time the awkwardness of doing things are gone. Finally, a spark to be a creator.

Hardwork is boring, lazy and helps in filling the time so that it can create busyness. What you really need is to cut short everything so that it can check your smart strength and most importantly whether you produce the work efficiently and effectively. You are here and getting busy, do you know it took civilization millions of years just to produce the modern era human through evolution and time? you are special. Nobody is like you. Everybody have their own special skill set. So find yours and don't do hard work. How

do i know this? Well, this happened when the owner's wife came to check the condition of the warehouse but that was not the thing in her mind. See, the environment there was quite rigid, thanks to the hard working employees. I was not getting any of this because i think my observing of her wasn't accurate but when she asked politely "How many workers do you have here sir?" to the manager who was surfing on the internet, not paying attention. She looked cool but intensely dissatisfied. When i saw her like that, it looked as she saw a bug in her machine that is causing the machine to not work properly. To her question, his answer was "I don't know...i don't have time for all this, just do your work and go....by the way why are you even here?", that answer didn't anger her but instead there was a smile on her face. "I'm send by the owner to check the listings" said she. The manager didn't pay any attention to her answer. There were five guys who were with me unloading and keeping the packages in the factory. I finished my work then i even started helping others for which i didn't get paid but my main emphasis was on the enjoyment and learning new things which seemed weird at first but i acknowledged it. You must be thinking what pleasure do i get from uploading and unloading boxes from a random vehicle? Again, to be honest, i don't know but my mind was focused and the owner's wife saw that on my face when she was coming from the manager's office and smiled. She came near us and introduced her as the owner's wife and not as a worker. I could feel some mesmerizing weight in her voice. Bambi was her.

The appealing look of her diction was another factor for motivation for us. She asked "Are you a Gandhi or Bonaparte?", "What do you mean?" questioned Tom, the bearded guy. He was the only man that i knew but not that much. "These are the people who led masses of people in a war time but they both are different. The first one is like the happy ocean and the other one is like the bad ocean. Happy ocean tends to create a lovely sensation when you are on the water riding the boat, that time the ocean is with you enjoying and coordinating. The water brings us together with peace, enabling us in some weird way to defend ourselves with the cruelty of the world. The highlight here is peace. On the other hand, bad ocean is the one that befuddles your mind with harsh tides which sometimes can lead to your demise, it controls the sky and turns the blue sky into dark grayish one. This is the time when the ocean is authoritative, commanding, moody and showing no mercy. There is no hot sun, no blue ocean and no celebration but dark water filled with anger. What you need that time is that to just follow orders

and cooperate with that ruthless aggression. The highlight here is no peace. If you bring harmony then you can do anything. That's why Gandhi is Gandhi and Bonaparte is Bonaparte. Nowadays a person is either a Mahatma Gandhi or a Napoleon Bonaparte or nothing or either a mixture of both which is hard to find or is nearly nonexistent. My question to five of you is 'which category do you belong?'"

Everyone was with Mahatma Gandhi but Tom said he is the mixture of both. The whole portray of the show was seen by our manager who was keenly staring us. He didn't know that Bambi was the owner's wife.

"Lady you can't stay that long...what are you doing? ...these boys have to work!"

"Do you even know who she is Pretchet?" added Tom.

"Who is she then?"

"She is Bob's wife" replied Tom.

"Which bob?" asked Pretchet.

"The Bob that goes by the name 'The Bob centre'!" answered Tom. His infuriated fubsy looks got trashed and the manager responded "I can't believe i did this, i'm so sorry ma'am!" and came near us.

"Bambi!" spoke she.

"What?" said the manager.

"Bambi is my name, no need to call me ma'am."

"Is there anything can i do to repay this?" he pleaded.

"You just have to stand with the boys, just stand there and answer my question, 'are you a Gandhi or a Napoleon?' ....you know what? just keep quiet, i want you to learn something.....these boys will soon teach you something or maybe everything. What i need from all of you is that you should avoid the habit of mental procrastination so that you can learn enthusiasm and initiative which will help you to work with happiness and not tiredness so you don't have to wait every week just to get paid. I know these things are known to everyone and also sound preachy but you gotta do what you gotta do. You can only get happiness if you treat everyone with happiness...right Pretchet?"

“Yes ma’am! ...oh sorry Bambi...yes Bambi!!”

“Good then....you all can see that this place is like the collection of a schlockmiester’s home but one day the whole world will know ‘The Bob center’ warehouse. Just remember, it is better to do something then just to delay even if that thing is wrong.”

Pretchet stood still while she was leaving. The whole infra dig reflection on his face was telling us something, that his own recklessness brought him in this beautiful cruel kindness delivered by Bambi.

## 7

It started happening just before a day, actually it was before two days when my college was about to start. I have been sleeping in Harley’s house for months. I feel like a battered who is indirectly getting robbed by its own karma. Are the forces inside me telling me that? When i was sitting on a chair near the twin bed where i usually have my cup of coffee without a sugar, i heard a voice from downstairs. I was checking a local advertisement and some discounts from Admerck. People love seeing ads there but as i again heard that strange voice, my nervous anxiety got trembled. I went downstairs but couldn’t find anything then i heard a weird sound in a dining hall. I went there then again i heard that similar sound. It seemed like a wounded voice. "Who is it?" i shouted. Finally, i ended up in a basement where i saw Roney sobbing and dressed all schmatte. He had a gym there with some light blue lightings. Actually it was the carpet that was blue and the white lights which were making the basement appear light blue when i saw Roney lying over his one of the treadmills.

“Roney! are you okay?” i asked.

“Who is it? ....Agushti?...i don’t know...i’m ...ah....i don’t wanna talk to anyone right now, i have done something really bad!” he replied.

I was curious about what got him that way. I also did not want to disturb him. Let he vent out things in his own way. To him i spoke "Okay!" and as i took the stairs, i said to myself that all i need to do is to just ask and that's all. So i asked “Roney if you need me..... i can be a help?”

“You’re a good kid Agushti but right now just leave me here .....and don’t tell Harley. He is a good kid too!”



"I know all this is none of my business. But you can share this with me, if you want to. Sometimes it's okay to vent things..."

He took his time and responded "Ah...look...see...i don't know how to start.....uh...yesterday i had an argue with Harley's mom, i really love her....sometimes i feel ...what if...we get separated?" he answered.

"This is it?" i exclaimed.

"You don't understand Agushti, i really love this woman. I'm emotionally attached to her. I don't even look at another woman!"

"Okay.... i don't know who am i to say this but everything will be alright Roney. Your fealty to her is special!"

"Fealty??? seriously? are you watching that stupid show now?" Roney added.

I was glad that i changed his mood a little bit. I was technically staying at his house. So i had to say something, "I mean who gets this kind of love these days? at that age? people are getting divorced. You are divorced but your love is true, at least this is what i can make of....you know...everybody is spending more time in office just to buy more things rather than increasing their value of knowing things and putting that passion into reality. You're lucky sir to have that in your relationship."

"So you have been binge watching that show? am i right?". I looked blank. To my blanked face he continued "I'm just kidding! thanks for those lines!"

"Where did you get those lines? ...i know it's not really the show because i hardly see you here. Well, you can watch that show somewhere else but Harley told me you have been working...." inquired Roney, continuing the conversation.

"I think it's the job that's getting into my head!"

"Yeah job is important...college too but there is something that we all need other than the system."

"Yeah sure!" i told.

"Your girlfriend must be proud of you...." he said.

"I don't have any girlfriend sir..."

"First, don't call me sir, just call me Roney. You're a fine boy, you will get

plenty of fluff!”

“Oh...well thank you i guess.” i replied.

The whole thing went kind of footle for me because i considered Roney as a rowdy man but when the human interacts with the emotions, the chivalry of some great personalities tends to do the opposite things. And i think Roney was doing exactly that. For the past three months in his house, i rarely see him. This was the fifth time i was seeing him.

## 8

Your emotion drives you in different directions and doesn't settle on one particular thing when you step inside a college after a long time. Everyone just look at you and you feel special in a weird way. This was not the thing on my mind that was going on. I just returned after a coma and the reasons were still unknown to me. Abby said that it was an accident. I thought it was true because mother's take care of us. They are the care takers, it doesn't matter whether the thing your mamma said is true or not if it's healing you. They are protective, possessive, defensive and most importantly they are your mother's who provided you the ticket to be with the big blue precious mother Nature. This line of thought was just one emotional factor that was just passing through my mind when people in the college were looking at me in a corridor. It's like when you try to write an answer in an exam, some songs of your favorite playlists keeps on playing, hitting your head whenever you think. I felt the same way when i was going to Lila. I didn't know how i reached there. But it was an odd experience. I also met that tall guy there for the first time. Is it the same desultory illusion? That hits your mind when you wake up when you listen to songs? Positiveness? Which gives you energy? Is that the energy or force inside me? This was another factor of thought-emotion which passed my mind when i reached the door of my class. I stood still for a minute, breathing calmly and saw Beth who appeared suddenly in front of me. But there was no surprise on her face. She was casual.

She was standing next to me thinking that i might say something. “Hello! do you wanna just stand there or enter the class?” Beth shouted in a cool manner.

“Yeah” spoke i.

The whole look on her face seemed very whigmaleerie. I know that Beth knew something and on the other part, she also seemed different. The last time i had seen her was when i was jogging early in the morning. “Long time ah?” she added.

“Yeah, long time Beth...”

“I know that most of your friends are in a third year of college. It’s a sad thing that you were in comatose and a good thing that you have recovered. If you need any help, you can talk to me? right?”

“Thank you Beth...”

There were two things on my mind when i was sitting right on that fine bench inside the classroom. First thing that was bugging me the most was that Beth was terribly nice to me which was stultifying for the fact that i couldn’t believe in her because she is not like that and the second thing was that girls don’t change that often. I didn’t know whether it was the circumstances that changed her which i am unaware of or is she now an excellent pretentious person? Which is way, way dangerous.

“All the giants used to follow traditional characteristics but usually as the time passed, they need to adapt to the dynamic environment which is a constant factor in any organization, through this analogy we will discuss the characteristics between traditional and modern organization and that we will talk about in our next class!” the students dispersed as the bell rang and Mr. Matthew made the kind gesture of watching the students going maturely through the snuggery class. You know the time when you used to hop around without a care in the world then gradually as you go along you started understanding things in your own way. Time helped you to grow in every transition and the time was and is still the constant factor which developed you into an adult. Students going outside the class made Mr. Mathew see that transition. His blue eyes were constantly looking at two things, the students and the book which he was teaching with. He looked passionate in a true sense. The first day of the college was not that bad. I met Harley outside his class.

“How was the class?” he questioned.

“It was nice, do you know that Beth is in my class??” i spoke.

“Do you know Agushti, Pearl is in my class?” he responded.

“You gotta be kidding me? what the hell?”

“I thought you knew that!” added Harley.

We were walking past the chemistry lab and i saw Pearl standing in a circle with some bunch of girls near the staircase. She saw me but pretended to talk with her friends. “You both okay?” asked Harley.

“I don’t know man! the last time i saw her, she was in my house...in my couch.”

“So?” stressed Harley.

“I grabbed something, she also grabbed something!” i replied.

“And you both don’t talk?” said he.

“Yeah” i told.

“Seriously? so many boys wanna tap that ass? and you don’t talk?” spoke he.

“We didn’t talk after that incident! she thinks it was my mistake!” i answered.

“Then you should talk to her” spoke Harley.

Harley and i were outside the college, talking about which football club he is going to join and at that moment Beth consciously and then politely barged into us.

“Do you wanna ride?” said she.

“What?” i asked.

”I heard that you’re doing a part time job in center of Allis district. Is it called ‘break point?’” she replied.

“I’m going there. So...wanna ride?” she continued.

“Okay.....which road are you gonna take?” i added.

“Uncollision!.... so i will wait for you outside the gate then... see u in a minute.” spoke she.

“What’s wrong with her?” asked Harley.

“Is she alright Agushti?” he inquired.

“That’s what i was going to tell you after the class! she is behaving very opposite!” i responded.

“She is looking hot with that blue short skirt by the way...” said Harley.

“What’s wrong with you man?”

“I’m just saying Agushti that...be careful and i see you at night then!” Harley had a football practice so he went on doing that. And there was that Black Chingo which was reminding me of something.

“Hey, come on in!” beamed Beth.

That black Chingo car was outshining everything that was coming in her way. Soon i realized that Pearl had the same car in a white color. Seeing the car in black avatar was cool. The way Beth interacted with me all day made me think about different persona of her or am i over assuming things?

“So how long you have been working there?” asked Beth.

“It’s just been three months.” i answered.

“How do you know that i work near Allis?” i asked.

"My dad told me...he has seen you near the trucks unloading packages..."

“So what’s your dad do?” i added.

“He is the owner of some chain of stores near Allis.”

“That’s great. He must be making huge bucks!” said i.

“Yup!” spoke she.

“So Agushti.....how’s everything?”

“You have asked me this question earlier!”

“Like seriously. I mean it! how are you?” asked Beth.

“I’m good! how are you Beth?”

“I’m great! actually awesome!”

The car got stopped in the interrogative section of the panagem road. Here the robots do their work to rectify the car. They can’t see us inside the car. They are programmed that way. Usually there are people who do the work in the interrogative section of the uncollision road, not the panagem road. "I thought we were taking the uncollision road!" i spoke. She didn’t blink her eyes for a minute. “You have changed!” said she. “So do you!” i replied. She was

becoming a bit comfy and started nattering about things that i didn't want to get involve into. Beth came closer and her eyes were gazing upon my neck. "The mole on your neck looks cute..." she continued. She took my right hand and slithered under her left boob, her slybootness were getting filled with dark emotions which i don't want to be a part of but as her whole body canoodled upon mine, she was all over me. Her toned ass was half naked and she then took my hands and gingerly placed over her ass swiftly and then slowly while adjusting. It made me stiff and i could touch her G-string while grabbing her ass tightly. The whole scene was ossifying me as my emotions took the other road, emotions always take the road which helps your lower self to win in a pleasurable way, putting you in a guilt trap and infecting your mind. But there was a voice which was outweighing my lower self and thus was loud whenever it tried to get out. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" said Beth. Gently i took my hands off her butt. Beth became quite rigid seeing me slightly going the other way which she didn't expect. Her cruel excitement got turned into a thrasonical approach. My emotions were the main villain that got stuck with her like a magnet. And reversing the irreversible was the hardest part. "I respect you Beth. But what you are doing now, right now, is wrong!", i could have shouted but the inner voice which was immerging filtered my self-control.

The more you hate, the more you suffer and more the cupidity increases to starve you to get things on your way. This is good to get your juices going so that you feel motivated to do things that you want to achieve. But what i wanted to achieve was to just cover the college fees. As i was back doing my shifts, the aftermath of that incident with Beth was hitting my brain really hard. Are now the emotions mocking me? the emotions were telling me that i could have done the opposite. I knew that Beth was being dramatic, eloquent and wanted to do things that seem right in the moment but out of everything, she was hacked by her emotions. That 'feelings for you' thing which i have been through many times. In this deeper variation, each story is different and the best of the best irony is, that both the person has spent almost all the time together yet their story deviates as the emotions goes deeper and abysmal or intimate depending on the influence of the one who is more involved into a relationship. It's a vicious circle and yet a majestic spell and a cool way of balancing the humans. Ignoring all of this, i concentrated on doing my work as the whole voiceless moaning got turned into a noiseless journey after me and Beth came back to our normal senses.

## 9

It was a dim light sky in the evening as it changed its color, then it was suddenly night and i have to do my night shift with Tom. He was the only guy i knew there. Others were generic doing their work and were looking very fatigue. It was an eighteen hours of work. Uploading and unloading the boxes was not quite wonderful in the long run as we both have to wait every hour to wait for the trucks to come. So technically it was of four hours of work. If organizations give emphasis to lower levels and their minor things and convert it into something special to enhance the productivity, then the firm accelerates the beginning of a spiritual journey as a whole and starts the perspective to look at the world differently. But aren't they too materialistic? Unloading and uploading while half asleep was dull-ly lubricating my mind with the puckishness of an uncommon spiral where the conscious and subconscious were playing the game which is known as life. It hit me when i got the break at 4 a.m. in the morning that my mind and body were proceeding in a different direction. This realization went inside me and i started looking at Tom. This was the first time i felt the present moment. It felt present and was just present but kind of light.

It was just two hours to see the light not as a disguise but as a shining upon my soul asking me that how does it feel to work for the earth? Pathetic, i was telling myself that but i knew that there is something good or must be greater to all the things that am doing. I still have to attend the college though, at 8 a.m. And i left the 'The Bob centre' at 7 a.m. In this period, the cosmic gap gave me the feels as i threw my body on the bed at my home just to see that in one minute it was 8 a.m. And in the sense of contrariwise, the same cosmic gap played the role as a time just to tease my mind that how long can be an hour if the lecture is on its way, not ending and just going. Mind has its own way to play with the time dimension but isn't that belief a mythopoeic? Myths are just a pharaoh's beliefs which have been proceeded over the years to the generation as a cliché and the whole rumor is just getting feign and losing its false value. It's nothing and actually has no value in realism and this is the process today how modern young people worship gods. But still isn't this belief a mythopoeic? Again myths are people's beliefs now and how they take god to the next level while showing apathy to our blue precious silver lining called earth is yet an awful mystery. The earth is not giving up and is just giving us, nothing but hope and faith so that we all can



rebuild everything to keep the flow in balance. As i took a deep breath, i focused on the tall guy whom i haven't seen in months. Then i asked myself "Are their real energies or forces inside me?" because the changes of my thought patter was continuously changing every fraction of seconds ever since the visit in Lila and i can't handle it. Or am i feeling too sleepy to continue? attending the lecture and doing the work seemed heavy and at the same time a dreaded privilege.

As i opened my eyes i saw somebody looking at me, murmuring and telling me something. The fierce pendiculation of my body due to all the work that i have been putting in the factory, and attending the lecture with just one hour of gap enabled my body cells to avenge in a manner that they had become the captain of my ship, putting the ship at rest. "Wake up! Wake up!" someone was whispering, it looked like whispering and the whispers were going through my ears like it was the last heyday of the evils and something good is going to come. The same whispers went inside my lazy wit which was producing echoes to my ears, thus appearing everything in turtle's pace and nothing was clarion on my retina, it was just blur and was getting fuzzy. "Mr. Mathew is watching you...", i rubbed my eyes and saw Beth who was not whispering but was loud enough to tell me to wake up.

"Is there any problem Mr. Hoffman?" asked Mr. Mathew.

"No!...no...Mr. Mathew." spoke i and stood up as a ballon but to the class i looked flustered. May be my eyes were portraying something deep about me or it was just lack of sleep.

"Can you care to elaborate any characteristics of traditional organizations?" added Mr. Mathew.

"Well...ah...these types of firms are quite rigid...they were used to". I took a pause and made a half-handed gesture just to brainstorm my head and take some time. "They have their own dress codes and all the non-obligatory stuff to worry about while in modern firms you can even wear your sweat pants to finish the work, task in more important than your whole outlook....i think we are doing that for 30 years at least."

"That's one way to put it and it's also a one side of a coin. When traditional organizations modified to modern organizations years ago, there was this core belief or i would rather say beliefs which remained stuck in their

minds....the creators...so in order to alleviate those core beliefs certain exercises was developed such as repeating certain things in front of a mirror, playing virtual games and many more which you can study from your phone in the college e-library. In fact, that is the first assignment.” replied he.

“You can sit down Agushti...” Mr. Mathew continued.

The lecture ended in a hotsy-totsy kind of way where i was the only one seating on the bench, sleeping and daydreaming. I don’t know about this but when you’re more asleep and a little bit awake, you don’t know what the hell you’re talking about especially when the teacher is around you. The diurnal capacity of me was exhausted and needed a heavy fuel tank of sleep which i was having on the bench. I was out of comfort but the heavy sleep accompanied my comfortness with delighted gentleness which brought my cerebrum to act weirdly and pass a thought in my mind which created something that i was more sudden aware of, "What would we do if the humans find a way to alleviate the sleep? wouldn’t that be fun?"

“Are you gonna sleep all day here Mr. Hoffman?” asked Mr. Mathew.

“Black mask! just black mask!! do you have one?” said i.

“Are you alright Agushti Hoffman?”

“Ah! what? where am i?” i blurted.

“It’s Mr. Mathew! wake up!”

“Oh! shit!...i apologize Mr. Mathew...i was up all night, i couldn’t able to handle my body!”

“Then you should take rest properly, not here, at home!” spoke Mr. Mathew.

“Can i sleep just for 15 minutes here? because i don’t have a home right now.” i told.

“Oh boy! what happened?” asked he.

“I was kicked out, not forcefully but just with...you know, with words and i don’t even know the reason!”

“So where do you live now?” added Mr. Mathew.

“At Harley’s house!”

“That kid is great at playing football but he just plays football!...why don’t

you go at his home and take some rest there then?”

“Yeah! i could do that but sometimes i feel embarrassed because i don’t like staying at someone’s house all the time, no offence to Harley of couse!.... so can i sleep here?” i replied.

By looking at his face then at his grey vainglorious eyebrows, he made an intense look on his face, thinking whether he should say it or not. The foreseen layers of his skin who had already had a massive experience of coming tyros in his life were causing his body language to utter in a manner in which his experience was about to add an another yet quixotic adventure to which he looked he was sure. Then he uttered “Were you in comatose?” while seating next to me on a bench. He was ready to listen to the whole story but what can i say when i can only say that it was just a car accident. It felt like a monotonous thriller of an old fashion but was it really a car accident? i do not know.

Just saying things to end a conversation can lead up to humongous little things to which i know that i was the one who is going to be held responsible for. But this is not enough, the tough part is that you have to answer those little things and put yourself in a guilt trap every time someone asks you what happened? Guilt traps are small little cages but if kept inside your heart for a long time then it becomes a colossal explosive and the person who faces that explosion becomes an unprivileged victim. When Mr. Mathew asked me to describe everything in a precision, i didn’t know what to say to him. It was like an ‘inexplicable a month’s past things’ to which i didn’t feel like talking about it but even if i say these things to him, would he believe it?

“How you felt when you were in comatose?” asked Mr. Mathew.

“I didn’t feel anything, it was like being in a sleep for a long time and then you wake up surprising everyone in your room but deep inside it’s a different show, much like sleep paralysis.” i expressed.

“You know Agushti when the world war happened, there were chaos everywhere. Everyone was fighting and everyone was following, they all thought that if they win, then the earth is there’s but no one has able to conquer the earth. Initially i thought that hate is present amongst us to balance things in order to proceed ahead but as the never ending war started to rotten us, we all got infected. We all got infected by the humbuggery

proverbial saying ‘if you tell a lie thousand times, it becomes a truth’, as the government played that game a long time ago and still does it by creating a sudden-offence occurring substance which you call anger, by injecting in the air the anger through media which gets contaminated among the hoi polloi and is especially made, for the people, of the people and of course by the people. What anger does is create hatred then it emerges into jealousy and then it destroys everything like a furious tornado. For the government, it has the two-fold advantage. First, there work is done by the public and if you angry somebody than that somebody is giving you a special power which only you have the right to manipulate. Imagine this with millions of people. What i call this unsocial phenomenon is a ‘hoax of spiritual lullaby’ which i know nobody understands but it’s nothing but a depleting step towards spirituality. You must be thinking why the hell am i saying all these things to you and especially you? right?” he explained. He didn’t want any answers from me yet. He wanted to continue. And he continued.

“When the earth shattered into different places and numerous islands due to the gift of global warming, the 76 percentage of earth’s surface which was covered with water got swiped with 89.3. We were overly delighted by the drops of this rude water available in ocean. All gurus like to put this thing in a fashionable way but this mega unburdeness which was previously a gift has become a serious melodrama all over the countries. This sweet tragedy provided by our home which is called earth has given rise to modern superstitions. Now is that balancing? i don’t know. The world has come a long way and we the people had adapted a familiarity with strangeness that we ourselves don’t know about. You live in a numinous country which is known as ‘The Fondness’ with a staggering population of 35.6 million, you don’t know in the future if this number will increase or decrease. Today every country and imminent countries have their names in relation to the synonyms of love. But do they act that way? god knows!. Now we have countries like The Tenderness, The Attachment, The Warmth, The Liking, The Sweetness, The Dearest and other 843 similar countries and counting. When we got to know that the world war three is not between the humans or with the space, we got terrified and we were curious. We later found that the war was with the nature who took care of us but got tired by our untiring redemption. It is said in the bible that ‘all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets’, nature gave us everything but in the end it started acting in a way

in which we acted with her for all these years and hence the product was global warming and the governments who came together and decided to blow up the wide areas of earth, providing us with only four billion people on earth looked very cruel but it was necessary . It's sad, it's like the people and the government worked hand in hand while they were blindfolded to prevail this unsolicited fate. Now is that an irony? i don't know. And you must thinking still why the hell am i saying these things to you?"

"Okay!" I replied. I stretched my 'okay' with a sotto voce. For two minutes the room was covered with a complete silence, we both felt like we were processing each other, our mind was talking but my mind bowed to the magnetism of his mind.

"You know Agushti, you are luck...we are lucky that we live in a country that has four states while others have two states or....didn't even have one. I know that the four states are small but at the same time it's a luxury. We have sixteen places in total and in that we have two districts and the two districts gets the supplies from the world government and these districts spreads the supplies all over 'The Fondness'. One of the districts is our Allis and the other one is the Waver. These are the people's name who had contributed to the nature at its extreme like the monks who had once abandoned their life in the love of Buddha to achieve inner peace. Now we all get supplies in poise because of the decrement of the population. Allis and Waver now have two big places which of course includes the famous 'Bundsville' street and the 'Cutsville' Street , total making thirty-two streets all over 'The Fondness'. Now internal desire matters the most. Happiness and love is outweighing the time. You still.....i mean still must be thinking why the hell am i saying these things to you? my question includes my answer. So my question to you is that which part you are playing Mr. Agushti Hoffman?"

"I don't understand you Mr. Mathew..... what do you mean?" i asked.

"See i have a way with things, i have a way with people and nowadays maybe i am developing a way with the nature, i don't know. You were so normal? your mom alright? how's her boyfriend?"

"Why are you asking me this? it's weird and she don't have any boyfriend." i responded.

"I don't mean it that way...i mean suddenly you're doing all this work?" said

he.

“I guess i’m a young adult now?...who needs to make some kind of living for a starting....”, i didn’t know what to say to him. He was asking some questions that seemed not answerable. Then he said “You seem changed?”

“Realization...” spoke i to his gaucheness.

“What?” he exclaimed.

“Maybe it’s some kind of realization!” i replied.

“Now tell me which part you are playing?” queried Mr. Mathew.

”I’m playing the part of an adventurer...i guess?” i didn’t know why i said that but Mr. Mathew looked quite amazed. And after his amazed look, he politely uttered “You will find out soon, don’t worry.”

Mr. Mathew Praba’s entelechy proved that his experiences were massive and unorthodoxly my dominant thoughts were reproducing themselves into a reality somewhat i guess because i feel weird for some days but was it kick starting my actions? may be the lord knows that or maybe nowadays the nature is taking over on all the historic mighty lords so certainly that the nature is aware of things, thus she is reproducing herself, allowing everybody who is with her or is for the betterment of the environment to be in unison to achieve the common objectives and carry along the people with her who are truly alive. Sometimes being alive enables us to be in funk and that funk can change someone else in a way that you don’t understand, just like the way when Harley came into the room and didn’t said anything. He was quiet and deliberately shy. His eyes were red and the red eyes depicted that he had lost something.

“Angels of devil!” he shouted.

“Angels of devil succumbed my team” he shouted again.

“What are you talking about?...what do you mean succumbed your team? you play that game right?” said i.

“Not the video game. I’m talking about football! we lost the match Agushti!”.

His seriousness of winning every time had affected his robust perspective in a way that it was hard for him to accept the defeat. And it was also the first time that i met his mother Martha who came into our room with Roney when

Harley was squat seated on the floor, crying and with runny nose. For all her quiddity, Martha looked overly generous when she hugged Harley. She looked at me in a way as if she was surprised to see me.

“How are you Agushti?” she asked.

“I’m good ma’am” i replied.

“Roney told me everything, you can stay here as long as you like...” spoke she.

“Well, thank you ma’am...”

“Do you guys want anything? we are going outside!” Martha added.

“Nope, we’re fine” said Harley.

“Did you hear that?” asked Harley when his parents closed the slide.

“Hear what?” i queried.

“There is a party going on!” spoke he.

“So?” i exclaimed.

“So?” said he.

“We both are going there right now!” he continued

“Do you even know them?” i asked.

“Yeah. I don’t have a clue. I’m fucked up right now!”

The new world government had introduced a policy which states that ‘Happyness is the main agenda, for it we all are one’, this policy has generated a lot of controversies over the years. Overnight parties have become a vagary through which every new trend gets electrified on the boards of every home. This has indeed created a system of cashless world economy to reach one of the ultimate goals of establishing a paperless happy society which is yet to be achieved. But as the ongoing inventions are shaping innovations which are good of course but it has also resulted in things which are going fugacious and i thought Harley was going through that or something similar. As we reached the home, the festoonery door has a sentence plate on it rather than a name plate which said ‘love me or hate me?’.

“Interesting” spoke Harley.

“I don’t think that it’s a good idea Harley!” i added.

“Then go...” he retorted.

“Are you kidding me?” i exclaimed.

“Then come!” said he.

The one thing i admire the most about Harley is that he knows how to introduce good people to the good people and bad people to the good people to make the circumstances in his way. The hall was covered with blue lightings and the drinks which were getting served had formed with a formula that no one possessed or no one knows. The new day drinks has an impact which only lasts for one hour. These drinks can be heavy on an amateur but didn’t have any effects on the ‘regulars’. It is said that these drinks are formed by taking the specimen of the body cells of humans who were born post world war two and died before world war three. Therefore, today’s inventions are the new innovations but are based on the short-term satisfactions of the people. It has become so short that it is getting narrower and it is fading very fast.

There was this déjà vu which was giving the essence of similarity of the old us that used to happen when we were in high school. That essence felt like a software which was present with us back then and got outdated as we went along. This old software tried to load on Harley thinking that he was still present and has the ability to manipulate him. It was trying really hard to get back inside his body and install the same software to his body cells. The software revolted but his new dynamic body which was made up of new Harley software was too smart to hold all that jazz when he was dancing with some random girl. If the old software somehow had the ability to hack his brain and then his body, Harley would have been sitting on a chair and thinking ‘should i talk to that girl?’ but instead the software got corrupted when it tried to patch the old Harley. Old Harley wasn’t even there.

Essentially i thought that his anxiety is going to enter his vain to disrupt him doing things that he rather not prefer doing it in front of everybody. But everything happened in an antithetical way when Harley grabbed the left cheek of that girl’s ass when he was still dancing. Then he winked at me, smiling and feeling every bit of her fluff as that random girl showed that she



too has the hots for him. Then it again got me thinking as i raised my beer high enough to be as gratulant as i could be to give him a kind gesture which made me constant realize that ‘everybody is a fool in everybody’s eyes’, so what we have to do is take a chill pill and relax because god only make us creatively mad when we initialize the process of impressing somebody that we don’t know and that we do as often as it can be.

I grabbed my beer, listening to the music. Most of the people looked crapulous due to the ‘regulars’. ‘Regulars’ are the ones who drink every type of drinks making them a special kind of a drinker. The modern day drinks can only last for an hour which means that if you drink a beer, its effect can only last for an hour and not beyond that, it does not matter if you had one beer or two. Today the mechanism of our body cannot adapt different types of alcohol that means if you had tasted a brandy for the first time in your life just for fun then you can only drink brandy as an alcohol for the rest of your life and nothing else or else your life span will become shorter and you become a ‘regular’. It is said that this thing has played a huge role in decreasing the country’s population and this is the modern day decease. So what ‘regulars’ do is that they drink every types of drinks making their life shorter and if a ‘regular’ drinks ten different varieties of an alcohol then his or her life becomes even shorter. Statistics have laid the marginal lifespan as 3 to 4 years at most. Now if a person is in depression, he or she is bound to get attacked by this decease. And the worst part is that ‘regulars’ won’t be feeling or having any effect when they get accustomed due to the heavy drinking. It is the addiction and in the end it’s just a taste. This is caused by the curse that had been put on by the vicissitudeness of our nature who didn’t like our habit of drinking and decided to change the environment over the years, says the gurus. Meanwhile, the music had the beats to hypnotize the hearts of the youngsters but as Harley was having it’s time with that girl, things also got a bit interesting for me.

“Do you want to go to ‘The creativity’ or ‘The Intimate’?” asked some random girl while i was having my beer.

“Now they got ‘The creativity’?” i exclaimed.

“Yeah, they got that country last week. So tell me where do you wanna go?” spoke that random girl.

“What’s got in ‘The intimate’?” i asked.

“That country has the naughty guys and gals. Some says that if you’re born there or if you’re from ‘The intimate’ country then you are very lucky...” answered that random girl.

“That’s great!” i said.

“That country is now having a good population, do you know that?”

“Yeah, i can imagine...” i replied.

“But you didn’t answer my question? do you wanna go to ‘The creativity’ or ‘The intimate’?”

“Why are you taking about ‘The creativity’ if it formed last week?” i added.

“Cause everybody is talking about it and how they are gonna go there and enjoy the new supplies...” she told.

“‘The Fondness’ is a cool country and is leading. Who would wanna leave this country?” i spoke.

“I will!’ said she.

“Haha! what’s your name?” i asked.

“Maggie”

“That’s an intriguing name...” i responded.

“I’m Agushti!”

“That’s an odd name” said she.

“That’s odd? if you know my mother’s name...you will think....”

“Think what?” she asked.

“That it’s very odd!” i replied

“What’s her name?” asked Maggie.

“Abby!”

“I can guess why you are odd!” Maggie told.

“Yeah!” i simpered.

“I’m just kidding. Abby is a normal name but yours is peculiar. I like peculiars....” said Maggie.

“Wow...” i spoke.

“haha....i mean you are peculiar....you look peculiar at least!”

“So you’re cursed by only drinking beer?” she continued.

“Yeah! and you’re delighted by only drinking vodka!” spoke i.

“Haha! yeah..” she laughed.

“Do you wanna go outside? there’s a lot of noise here...” i asked.

“It’s not that noisy but yeah... why not!” said Maggie.

We were on the ‘BundsVille’ street and the night was a bit cold but not too comfy for me as we walked, by looking at her wet highlighted hair, she looked warm with the dance she just had in that party and as the cold breeze were touching her body’s sweat without a permission which made the wind quite rude and her voice quite shuttering as she talked. She rubbed her arms which were looking quite chilled and she said “Do you know Agushti some people say that the world government is the main culprit in creating this drinking decease to control the population?”

“May be!” i responded.

“What maybe? do you even know that today we have alcohol serial killers?”

“Today we have a lot of different things. Can we change the topic please?” i insisted.

“Okay! okay! hmm...have you ever kissed anybody Agushti?”

“Yeah! have you?”

“Yeah of course...” she replied.

“But did you really mean it?” she questioned.

“What do you mean?” i asked.

“Like if you kissed that girl, you felt it? or was it just for fun?”

“I don’t know.... did you feel it?”

“Yeah. It was intense but guilty at the same time.....do you wanna come?” Maggie beamed.

“Where?” i exclaimed.

“Agushti! do you wanna come to my home?... will watch a movie and have some coffee probably...”

“Okay!” said i.

Her couch had the needs to fulfill the satisfaction of our comfort when we were watching the movie called ‘The need for us’. She lives in the 5<sup>th</sup> globe of the ‘BundsVille’ street. There are total 47 globes in the ‘BundsVille’ street, every globe includes 21 houses and the third house of the 5<sup>th</sup> globe was her home. As the movie enrolled in our eyes to entertain us, most of my attention got attached with the thinking of doing the shift that i have to do tomorrow but she needed the blanket, she needed the blanket to feel more warm. Both our eyes were on the movie but as the sleep started creating the excuses in my mind, it was hard enough for me to tell her that i have to go for work. She didn’t say anything. Maggie knew that how i was feeling probably as she also made the kind gesture of putting her head beside my shoulder showing me the indirect courtesy that she also feels the same. But as she wrapped her right leg over my left leg to feel extra warmer, it kinda baned my sleep for a minute. Her skin felt very soft and we both felt the mutual warmth which was shared mutually by our warm interests in that small couch before my mind slowly went into the mansuetudeness of endless napping where rest for me was must. Maggie went into the same motion and slowly slept maintaining that same posture and the next thing i remember was the deep toned voice of somebody that was indeed very familiar.

The name itself sounded and created beleaguer for my ears when it hit them, Maggie and me were in the same position on that same couch and were sleeping but slightly tilted, breathing with our open wide mouths. Besides me and her, it didn’t occur to me that someone else was also there, enunciating with the words through his mouth in a vitriolic manner which twitched my ears. The twitches who were converted into the signals reached the holistic me via my veins. As my stiffed eyes tried to catch the sunlight providing the nine our gone light energy back to my pupils, there was this big black dot in front of my eyes which appeared like a human body shadow in between the sunlight where the pupils were forming the image. ‘Olly! Olly’ it says, but as my clogged senses got back to my shrewd senses, the picture started to crystalize in a way that it indirectly stabbed a dagger in my gut for a sec. “Roney! it’s Roney. For fuck’s sake! wake up! ...Maggie!! Agushti wake up!!” Nothing was beleaguered for my ears, in fact it was the dizziness of the

sleep which for many days were incomplete due to the workload.

“Oh shit!” i gasped.

“Yeah! what are you doing with my daughter?” Roney shouted.

“Your daughter?” i cried.

“What’s up everybody?” said Maggie who was still in a lucid dream.

“It’s time to wake up” spoke i loudly while shaking her shoulder.

“What is going on?” Maggie shouted.

“What is going on?” Roney shouted.

“Oh god! where am i?” i wondered.

“Dad relax! Agushti is just a friend!”

“Dad!!??” i pleaded.

“Friend!!?” Roney shouted.

“Agushti you knew my daughter!!? why you didn’t tell me?” Roney continued.

“You know Agushti dad!!?” Maggie inquired.

“Yeah. He lives with your step brother, Harley. And by seeing you two holding each other like that, i mean....what do you expect?” pointed out Roney.

“Roney i assure you that nothing happened between me and Maggie. We were just watching a movie and were very tired. That’s all!” i told him.

“Well if that’s the case Agushti then fine. I believe you. I know you’re a good kid. You know it’s just a dad instinct, that’s all.”

“Yeah the instincts.” i acknowledged.

The cruel instincts got to give away the prejudices for which i know that, that’s not true. Everybody’s got prejudices which allow them to decide whether the thing is right or wrong in their own way sometimes. For Roney it was the right thing to have a doubt on me. Prejudices are formed everywhere, for someone who had suffered a heart break in love will have a different perspective because he or she didn’t see the opposite side of it yet and for

someone who gets activated by being in love with somebody enables a different perspective, that's what makes us human. It all depends on the different chapters of individual lives which are somehow ironically interconnected in a way that we also don't know. Now is that infinite intelligence? Nobody knows it or even the meaning of those words. What happened to me today was quite different than i expected. Roney was being petulant and i was going to become one too but it didn't happen. If it could have happened then it would be the different chapter of my life. Since my visit from Lila, the whole book of mine, my life, seems entangled like it wasn't supposed to happen but it somehow happened. There are some highs and lows in life. I think i am just experiencing the highs. I think this is what i can make from the energy or the forces inside me.

## 10

I had certain qualms about things for which i still felt like a neophyte, just like when something out of the blue started coming in your way and you don't know how to react or just fathom, knowing that you are very or we are very unprepared for this modern world. This modern world who didn't know that when it was formed it was eating itself and other species that were coming its way to evolve itself from coming infinite civilizations, so what this modern world decides to do was that it gave his powers to ancient dinosaurs which remarkably lasted for many decades but this modern world regretted doing that because they were becoming tyrants, then the modern world gave power and crowned the kings and the queens with the help of the nature and i am certain that you all know that who are the kings and queens today. The kings and queens were us and god almighty, we were very happy about that deep inside but the planet got disappointed so in conclusion the nature itself crowned herself as the one and only queen. And global warming was one of her minor punishments. But the insecurities due to the global warming which were getting immensely popularized in countries had ferhuddle the minds of the experts to decide what comes next, again the uncertainty; it's always the new finding. And my insecurities who doubted itself allowed me to ask myself whether now i should stay with Harley or not?

Week by week, day by day, the work and the college which didn't approve to coordinate with me at first allowed me to felt my schedule in a different way

but not tiring this time. I have been started listening to Mr. Mathew; he speaks a lot when he is directly talking to you. The last time we talked, his actualization got me to the point of realization somehow for which i know that this is something that will help me doing things in a caveat. Doing things in a caveat helps you, but it also helps you wonder sometimes that whether you are getting productive or just getting busy? ever since i met that tall guy, who appears to me like a white light, had done some things which are getting me focused more on the work but not on the overall experience which in reality makes me wonder that maybe this tall guy and the visit to 'Lila' is just an illusion or some kind of a dark dream that had kept my vision beneath the water because today water, water is everywhere but there is just shadows of dreams. And to find dreams, i have to be available in work but the work is not all, it's the creativeness that involves passion in your work that's why the countries are the synonyms of love. It sometimes feels like a burden but it's just an exhaustion. It is the exhaustion and a bit of weed which always talks to me which is now telling me to go home and forget everything and just sleep!, to let my lower-self win and indulge me in a vulnerability to miss my sister, Agatha and my mother, Abby because at the end of the night, the lower self always wins.

A little bit of weed after the work helped me in providing my mind the sex fuel to allow me to behave in an old patter. Oh yeah, i was high and was pretty much exhausted when i came home the other night, but my night was not in Harley's home, my old pattern enabled me to walk to my home and say 'hey' to my lovely sister who dearly didn't want to see me with this panglossian attitude. I was carrying a lot of guilt traps which by the time i know that i didn't want to explode this thing in front of anybody and the wing-ding coming from my house was quite a shock to me. There was some Christmas celebration going on. I felt like an acquaintance to our house and thought that my quick departure didn't affect any of them. I saw the house door adorned with some flowers like a festoonery season. Without knocking i went through that door, dragging myself through stairs. I could see the big green tree and some people in the hallway. I wasn't able to recognize any of them because i was high like a flying spacecraft. My eyes were red and my chicks were quite swollen. "Oh my god! look he is here", all that chit chat started coming through my way in a compressed file where my body and my mind couldn't control my sightings. After a second, i saw my sister shouting at me. The whole house was now a mystic fog for my eyes where the

cloudiness of things mocked my brain that i should wear a cool spectacles to see things clearly. Agatha's face looked terribly rejuvenated when she looked at me. She slapped me then i heard something collectively from the crowd again as a compressed file which processed the crowd's shouting in a way that my brain interpreted the word 'jackass' due to the pleasurable sex fuel, omitting the paragraphs again from all the chit chats that were coming in my way and going to my brain. I didn't feel anything at the moment as my appearance was belittling. When got slapped again, i suddenly turned my head to the right and saw Pearl showing fake munificence to party attenders who were very keenly involved and having the time of their lives. I was enjoying every bit of that clumsiness vision which was giving me the fading experience miserably as i walked and proceeded ahead. I could see that the weed was working quite heavy on me. The famishness of mine was indicating me to grab the leg piece of that chicken that was looking very crispy fresh on one of the party attender's plate. I went to grab that crispy piece of chicken but as the water deceives the eyes of a human to unclear it's depth, it was very unclear for me to be able to grab that lovely piece, somehow the barbarian inside me got hold of that piece which seemed quite overwhelming for a minute for that party attender who was cautiously starting at me but after 30 seconds, the mystic fog got stuck and in the plethora where the devils who had written the chapters of my life had pressed the pause button at that moment to personally remind me that how deranged my life is. But soon this awful feeling got changed into the sensation of tanginess in my mouth which depicted that my stomach wasn't adjusting well with what i just ate and drank. I puked not in barbarian mannerism but just like a normal ordinary man trying really hard to say something to Agatha. I tried to apologize but the words coming out from my mouth were not on the clarion of being understandable by my sister. My sister was nervous and at the same time couldn't resist my misdemeanor. She asked me to leave the house politely; maybe she was afraid of Abby seeing me like that. I understood her didactic gesture and went through that adorned door again like it was the end of the season. I wasn't feeling right, not at all. The old patterns of mine had deluded me into the situations where it was very hard for me to re-reverse this recondite knot. I was out of the house in just an hour and now the snow which was falling from the heavens like a crystal flake bit my body as if the snow didn't like what it saw so the crystal flake ambushed me like a sharp edge of a knife. The wind made my body colder due to which



i wasn't breathing well. The street lights on the 30<sup>th</sup> globe were giving me the yellow flashes to walk the path with confidence. I was looking down and didn't know where the path was going or where it will end but there was something, something that was telling me that it is coming, it is coming through that paradigm shift which is going to befuddle the all. Then and there i barged into somebody and that somebody had a black mask on, he looked at me as i was standing still. "You repel me!" he yelled. "Jealousy!" he warned.

"Welcome back! welcome back! how are you? you have been thinking a lot right? is that fruitful to you Agushti? maybe now you know how it feels when you mess up with me. A new experience right? you don't get to decide what you want because i know what you want, you are shattered, we are shattered and now the world is shattered!" my ears began to feel uncomfortable like they have gone deep inside this inflammable rage where they are not supposed to go but went because they wanted to find something, something that was long gone and needed a service on the dusty piles of memories. This is the service which needs improvement and improvement can only happen when someone genuinely realizes something. In the midst of this fairy land where everybody likes to be there, they know what to do there and what they can do with it with all the determined opportunities they have. But they know that it's just a fairy land aka fugazi but what lacks to convert this into the real world is action. And this action was needed when i was seeing the images which i have never seen before, dealing, struggling, structuring, alleviating the old system and fighting the fears. "Are you alright boy?" said an old man. I couldn't see his face, it appeared black like a shadow but as soon as he approached with his right hand to pull me up, i could see that he had been drinking, wondering why i laid down on the street.

"What happened to me?" i asked.

"I thought you were dead. I was walking alone. I needed peace not noise. I decided to take a long walk then i saw you on the street, lying. And what are you doing here in the 'CutsVille'?" he responded.

"I was in the 'BundsVille' right?" spoke i while quivering.

"What? are you sure are you alright?" old man added.

"I don't know" i stuttered.

"What's your name?"

“Agushti”

“Agushti what?” he queried.

“Agushti Hoffman!”

“Okay! I’m Tim. I don’t want any fancy in morning. Understood?”

“What do you mean?” i exclaimed.

“Don’t start. I know you don’t have a home. And you need some place to sleep and you live in the ‘BundsVille’ and ‘BundsVille’ is far far away right now!”

“Yes, you are quite right Tim but you don’t know me!”

“Again don’t start. I’m 52. I know the kinds!”

“Where do you live?” i inquired.

“I live on the 50<sup>th</sup> globe of the ‘CutsVille’ street where 21<sup>st</sup> is my house.”

“There is 50<sup>th</sup> globe now on the ‘Custville’?” i spoke.

“Yeah! actually the 50<sup>th</sup> globe was formed two weeks ago and i have to buy a new home to keep increasing my assets.....anyways so when it was formed, a celebration was going to happen and that celebration was today. And luckily i was wondering here and there and i found you!”

“Oh, that’s kinda...”

“Amazing right? You are not lucky Agushti!”

I didn’t know whether i should stay with him or not, i didn’t have any options and he was giving one which was kind enough to appreciate. Now is that the different kind of dynamic environment that is going to etiolate me at first and then going to add some things to my arsenal? i don’t have any idea about that but going with this straight forward man seemed kind of risky.

Every home had a smell once but nowadays the smells are the same, maybe some good things are becoming the past and to involve it with the present, it breaks the comfort zones of some people and they like it that way so they can stay in it. Past looks cool now but people don’t want to adapt the past. The technologies set the formal rules and regulations. Whenever a modern machine is formed, it always comes with some specifications on how to

handle that machine but the modern machines with specifications are also setting the way in which we interact everyday, they are creating our time, thus setting the obligations to work. It should be us to create the time, not the machines. This is the one way to give the power to artificial things. But it also had an impact in a more moral way to help us live more just like the way when they decided to blow up the core surfaces of earth to create more islands, in fact more lands into pieces ultimately creating more versatility between people to create a new approach. Every day is changing rapidly like the way we treated the hens once, their growing rate was changing at such an unnatural way that their legs used to cripple. I know it's all cliché and we considered them small but the golden rule was for everybody and that we didn't analyze. What we did was coming back to us and the coming things which we had already experienced were coming in such an opposite manner for which we developed the unfamiliarity or much say uncertainty to tackle things which went wrong and are going wrong. The same things were new to us. And seeing that white meat on Tim's dining table prolonged my physiological time to guess his senectitude for which i made a grimace of agony, i thought maybe he knows something that's why he is enjoying the rest of his time doing things that he can do at his best. Meats are expensive today. Animals are rich. Now it's the era for animals to enjoy because they have gone artificial, my mom told me about the animals and that hen story, how small things generate big bombs. It's not a fugazi, it's real with nature's action, it's more.

Morning was about to have an awful shine on me but before that my eyes saw something extremely white, it made my mid face and frown lines hard, very hard. Soon after feeling this apathy of forced sensation which was caused by me falling into the fainting spells last night as one of the reasons, it also made my eyes open and look through that eudemonic light where the earlier past regrets were set to the mode of healing emotional wounds. I felt light, very light. I was laying on some kind of a thing, still thinking that i am about to wake up early in the morning at this nice home which is quite strange because i only met Tim last night. I don't know who he is or what he can do. He might be an alcohol serial killer. But i need to survive. I can't sleep on streets. I will die with that bitter coldness soaked inside me. I can't even go to Harley's home because i am in the 'CutsVille'. I didn't know how i end up here but the 'BundsVille' street is very far away.

“But it ain’t ‘BundsVille’ or the ‘CutsVille’ buddy!!” somebody spoke.

“Fuck!” i exclaimed.

“Calm down Agushti!”

I woke up straight and saw that i was laying on some kind of a threaded bed. The half-moon was behind me, showing off its lighted scars which everybody loves. I felt like it was the last attempt of the moon to control me, so to my avenging, it threw favonian air. I thought that i was in fugazi aka fairy land again, the kingdom of fantasies but at the same time i felt light again and that lightness was familiar and this familiarity was already developed back then when my senses reminded me of this place. “Welcome again to Lila!” said the tall guy.

Same brown ground and the murky sky, it’s like we are standing right between the color brown and the color black. And on the tip of a brown color ground where the black murky sky meets, it appears that way, stands the people of Lila. They are controlled, i presume it that way but they don’t lack literally anything.

“Why am i here?” i asked.

“Just look at me!” replied the tall guy.

“I don’t want this mind to mind thing alright. In our home, we speak. Can you speak?”, though i weirdly somehow knew that speaking takes time.

“Agushti you have to soon develop mind to mind talking through artificial logic. And it’s actually not talking. It’s just understanding. When we were formed, we had developed the habit of talking and were continuing for billions of years. In your wordings, the blue dot which you call home has variety of different languages; every language possesses different kinds of words. Each and every word have its core meaning which sets different beliefs system in every human being, this is the reason why every human being is different and unique. Every human being varies on how much the amount of words is installed in their brain which collectively sets their own belief system for them and helps in establishing different characters, personality, self-esteem, vulnerability and whatever the things coming in your mind right now.”

“But why am i here?” i inquired.

“The language you speak is like a virus for us, it helps in setting dogmas, superstition, and many sadistic things which helps in destroying its own species insidiously. Right now i am not talking about the good things of words which set the different heavens in your language, it carries civilization but it’s just a bubble, it’s not true. Every word and every meaning has its positive and negative effects in different dimensions. That’s why we don’t speak. This is done by the collective powers of six universes who is with the present moment and don’t want us to tap the full powers of infinite intelligence. These powers are automatically created to run different universes. The common thread between all the universes is the language they speak. Just like some years ago in your home when wealth was the main thread to get done things through the people, it was revolving around like an addictive spell in the minds of the people, similarly all the languages are there just to create different emotional layers which always overlaps and is the main ingredient of creating the different experiences of everyone’s life which is quite hocus pocus for me but there is a saturation point where everybody in different dimension realizes that realization which make them forgive everyone in their path in the end, this realization happens to majority of the living, living in the hands of the automated powers and the rest who don’t experience this realization of minute piece are the people who are born with cupidity and they create furious passions, this is contagious. Everybody in every dimension thinks that they are subconsciously carrying civilization through interacting but none the less they are embedding more words into their brain creating different layers of emotions again which flies at such a speed that sometimes it indirectly threatens the automated powers which runs the collective universes. Now that’s one percent usage of infinite intelligence. That’s why we don’t speak, we use our brain and that’s why the people who choose to live in a different world like some of them have done in the past at the start of civilization, are devastated trying to fix things and you livings call them gods. Living in different reality is like opening a third eye and this is beyond infinity. And coming to the point, the main objective of the automated powers is to keep us in that spiral hoax to live and just vanquish. But along with the guardians of Lila who had done a little bit exploitation of automated powers have come to a point where we need to connect everybody so that we can all live inside infinite universe. We are the sixth dimension and you Agushti... you belong to the first dimension, it is still pure. Our guardians think that the automated powers had come before them, they create

everything and we are in their game. And in order to play a game, we have to take care of the civilizations. Remember, the universe have the power to eradicate the civilization in just a breath and your home have one big advantage and that is the ability to think, not talking, just a brain-brain connection. If no souls on your home, no home! no earth! no blue silver lining! and you are with me right now is because we needed someone from your home.”

“Holyshit! sorry! holyspaceshit! what are you even saying? don’t get me wrong. The more i tried to understand, the lesser i understood?.... understand?.... who are you man? i don’t wanna know all this. This is massive shit! i don’t know right now how to express this shit feeling through artificial logic.”

“You just did Agushti...”

“I don’t want it man! i don’t want it! this is big and you needed someone? to be in all logic shit, tell me what was the procedure.....like what was the basic things which allowed all of you to think that i am the right guy to know all of these things?”

“We needed someone from earth, we found you not because you’re special....” after a pause tall guy replied “It was just... random...”

“And now it’s not hurting you that you’re telling me this?” i pointed out.

“I know how you are feeling. But try to understand that it’s about the livings that are present everywhere and you are just venting things because you like doing that. You know what to do and you feel it how to do it. Artificial logic is the base here and you have already got it. Don’t ask, just see and see the guardians...” spoke the tall guy.

“Today meats depicts people’s self-interests, ain’t that right Agushti Hoffman?” asked the guardians when i entered their house. I was expecting it to be much larger but i was in a small room.

“How does that matter?” i exclaimed.

“It matters because you live there...” responded one of the guardians, among the three.

“I mean you live here and i live there, what’s the point if you know everything about my home and can’t even do anything about it?” my question

was rhetorical.

“Can i ask you something Agushti?”

“Yes! sure!”

“Who created the problems in your home and why the nature is upset?”

“Hmmm...we?” said i.

“Can you say it louder?”

“We!.....we!!we!!we!!...i can’t shout here!” i spoke.

“We set the frequencies here and we have eliminated the negative things that were coming when we were formed through consistent meditation, even the emotional bursting negative energies. It automatically gets converted into positive energies. I’m just labeling these things, it cannot be labeled, you can just feel it. Here you can only see improvements. We all are guardians.”

“That must suck! what’s the point of living this life if there is no adventure?” said my mouth in an earth-thy way.

“I don’t want you to die.” added the guardian.

“What!?” i gasped.

“The things you are seeing with your eyes are not real. This brown ground, murky sky as you see, is not real. If i show you the real Lila then your pupils who form the real imagery will not be able to cope up with the things, that’s why the visions you have about passing those horsemen’s are obligatory. This is the reason why the ship got stuck in the clouds, blocking your vision.”

“How do you know about my dreams?” spoke i. He looked at me and i understood that they all came before us; he conveyed it by forming an artificial logic.

“But why say it artificial logic?” i added.

“Because you understand it that way.” spoke the same guardian, among the three.

I thought that in fantasies, you enjoy everything but this was not a fugazi, it was something much more than that. Those horsemen are the ultimate vengeance. It contaminates the emotional layers. They are the ones who define the bad and good experiences of life. They raise the people with

cupidity who create furious passions like Adolf Hitler or Martha Whitner who understood and manipulated the emotional layers at that era and spread that furious passion through the ether which connects the vibrations of the sky. The other person that comes in this category is Napoleon Bonaparte; he had everything except self-control and tolerance which indeed created the furious passion. Furious passion involves pleasure with short sightedness but this kind of passion pleases the brain and the brain likes that and whatever the brain loves it, it tries to imitate it and few people for the past fifty one years now are doing it, they are imitating these leaders but don't last very long because their cardinal trait is corrupted by the modern civilization. They won't be able to do it. They just can't. It hardens the way this thing go because when i had that dream where i was covered with a velvet blanket of clouds, steering my ship and finding the path where my vision hold, it was the vision who was calling me, asking about me, waiting in desperateness, when we will unite but that desperateness holds something which enables us to be like the opposite end of the magnet. This is the reason i see those people wearing black mask, at least this is the possible and most accurate conjecture i can come with.

## 11

“Jealously? are these kinds of emotions are allowed? or justified? is it the nature of supremacy that tends to instill these unjustified thoughts on to us?”

“What!!?” i exclaimed.

The class looked at me in a toodle-oo manner, probably assuming the consequences of what i had done. I pitied the class and looked them back with a whammy mouth figuring how the hell i am here. My conversation with the guardians didn't end like the way it supposed to be. My visit in Lila the last time was different but kind of was in the same page where i ended up being in my bathroom, pitting my bathroom tiles, didn't care how drastic the color of the tiles changed when you don't clean up. It sometimes also gives me the chill when the goose bumps activates the thinking speed of ours when we are popping and the same time you see your tiles becoming darker and it starts intimidating you, it's weird but it's quite true for me especially since the visit and the happenings from Lila. Now the class, oh the class!, where the consciousness started to take the beautiful imagery of the things happening on our home earth and not the brown ground and the murky sky.



The inhalation of the oxygen felt pure, as the eyes started to see that i am somewhere else, it was too late for my brain to comprehend and in-between that moment my mouth slipped and shouted ‘What!!?’ in a sense that it made my teacher look foolish. It was hard for her to resist, her face looked weighty but as she opened her mouth to berate me and tell me to go outside which i presumed, and she halted herself and her emotions and capriciously asked me if i am alright or not. The faithful courtesy of the teacher seemed quite effective on the students who were keenly listening to her. I wonder why the students have an opposite reaction towards Mr. Mathew. He’s kind to some people and cruel to someone who’s not listening to him. And that’s the indirect teaching of the golden rule, the way you react to someone, that someone will react in the same manner, but the situation might not be always similar. As my mind started getting attracted to the beautiful words that were coming from her mouth, i didn’t know which subject she was teaching or her name but something popped inside my head which goes like this “Does the golden rule apply in Lila?”

‘No’ is the word which says ‘yes’ for the most time when you experience a drift that changes a certain perception. This thing happened to me when i saw Beth looking at me right in the eyes and was coming in my way. Last time when i saw Beth over me, about to do the edge of heaven on a car seat, feeling and touching her wavy hairs with both hands like she didn’t belong to this world, everything got changed and i saw someone else in her. The soothing perception got drifted into the tracks where everything seems right for the person who is deeply entangled into you but not really you, it’s just a conjecture, a deep illusioned person that they create which only exists in their brain and not in real life. This is the hardest thing to tackle in the long run but one of the most valuable experiences of life. Looking at Beth, smiling and trying to forget about the last moment at the same time made me think about Lila because now i was relating everything with Lila and the tall guy and the guardians who just awkwardly vanquished in just half an hour ago and here i was in a class which ended with an interesting ending and a bonus assignment which went over my head and now Beth who was coming in my way and whose way of dressing went inside my head which made me look sideways, purposely pretending that it’s not intriguing but it was.

Her way of saying ‘hey’ was quite cantankerous for herself, she could say ‘hey’ casually but she zip zapped her lips with a caveat and intentionally

from her heart, she is thinking continuously just because of the heavy drifts she gets whenever she sees me. “Hey!” said Beth, “Hey!” spoke i, we both were waiting that one of us is going to start the conversation but the conversation loaded with a half second awkward staring at each other which allowed both of us to say something together but after a pause she added “You go ahead...”

“You shoot first!” i consoled.

“No, it’s okay! you go ahead...” she insisted.

“Okay! i was saying.....how are you?”

“Hmm... i’m good...how are you Agushti?”

“Confused!” i replied.

“About what?” said she.

“About everything!”

“Okay!...i just wanna apologize for the thing that happened last time when we were driving...” spoke she with a low voice sob way.

“Just forget that...it’s better if we forget about that...” said i.

“Can i...do we.....well see you in next class Agushti. Take care!”

“You too Beth...”

The thing about emotions is that we all are at it’s basic, when we all were born, our mentors who were our parents, teachers, uncles, sisters and even some friends emphasized the fact that everybody should have some kind of ‘show the world skill knowledge’ which is just an external part of who we are but who we really are is the question very few of them finds out. People are superior in knowledge, superior in knowing some facts, superior in talking, superior in looking someone below the ceiling but we all lack the one basic thing which is the base in which we all are formed, this thing is excluded from everything instead we brag about going ahead and accomplishing things, it is superior but what if, if one level is at optimum and the other level is just low, very low, like in the scratch? this is the difference between just an intellectual person and the emotionally intellectual person. Starting from the bottom, emotionally intellectual person keeps the poise between his emotions and his intellectual level and the other one just keeps increasing his

intellectual level and the main cause of this hurtful ignorance are the mentors who bends the minds of these young enthusiastic people. But some mentors know that how to solve this thing and they are the ones who fly high in the sky and the others just compete below the ocean. Whether now it is the balance that i have to keep or the understanding of our home with the Lila is a fascinating thing to imagine but the emotions that i feel in Lila are nil, maybe it is related to the frequency they set or maybe it is the game that guardians play. But the bombarded emotions available in this planet earth makes you feel like everybody that are available here, on our home, our earth, it is sparkled with igneous aroma that lights the earth at night and flashes the home earth in morning so that the stars in the universe have an awesome show watching us all glitter. Seeing everyone at sudden in class and the talk with Beth who was all puzzled made me think about the different chapters of our lives but it started making sense, at least a little bit about how it feels to be alive.

There is nothing nice than going back and following my left over schedule. You feel bilious when you do something that you weren't a part of but has to do it for some unknown reasons, the reasons which you don't want to find out but has to look to unveil to yourself and get a personal touch with the nature to just redeem everything. When something doesn't go your way, the most deducible outcome which the mind projects in that moment is that you remember and imagine the previous flashbacks of how that monotonous job of yours looked so good, so enjoyable that if you have the chance again you would do that same work very flawlessly like the way all the herds everywhere do their regular shifts and expect a great in return which most of them doesn't get, but inside the brain everything seems so perfectly executed. In the depths of all this, i was very happy that i was back again where i left but i sure as hell didn't mind the gaps because i didn't knew about them at the first place. After the class, i went to play basketball, no one was there at that time, i did a shooting practice for fifteen minutes and after that i had a really nice time taking nap on the seats only to be interrupted by some random fellow who was unperceptively staring at me.

It was the floodlights that were sour for my eyes when it lit up, soaking all the sunshine of the day reminding me that how mandatory and crucial is the solar energy today. "Don't you have a home?" said the janitor who was watching me taking a nap.

“What’s your problem?” i shouted.

“Where’s the love? ...you can’t sleep here, you know that right?” conveyed the janitor.

“Ah! ...yeah.... i’m going!” i spoke.

It was not a lovely evening for me, i decided to take a walk and estimated that in half an hour i will reach the beautiful center of Allis district where the development is reaching at its zenith, creating more opportunities for the people of ‘The fondness’. The major and the most incumbent thing for the past year is the recruitment process of deciding to whom to give a job, it’s for the people who compete below the ocean and majority of the herd belongs to this category and i am one of them, knowing that allows me to work more but i still have some kind of satisfaction which is ineffable but creates this comfort level which sometimes despises me but it remains the same, may be this happens to the majority of people who just doesn’t want to be up there. The process to give jobs to the people indirectly includes the testing of your interests with the company’s interests. Previously, about twenty-five years ago to be precise, companies just used to check your resume and used to conduct an interview but today if you tell this to your children, she will probably have a good laugh telling her friends that and having a nice day. But love is the priority today, there are still people who work with self-interests but the system is changed, a little bit, it has included ‘going with the heart thing’ in every category so that it can predetermine to initiate to help people choosing from their heart rather than going with the higher pay grade which at the end doesn’t help , that’s why an organization tests the amount of love you possess, that’s right, so you can do more work without getting fatigue and at the same time you are enjoying and based on that they select the jobs which sounds crazy but it’s happening so that we can rise above the ocean because the paradigm shift can only happen if you change the way you think, nature aggressively and indirectly decided to change that. There are few recruitment processes for the part time job, most of the times you are not allowed to go through the process unless it involves some kind of technicality for which you have to train first and involve love, this i don’t have to do with unloading and uploading boxes but has to bring love. Nowadays some people fake love in recruitment process only to be in high pay grade which ironically doesn’t work well in long term because most of them are found frustrated and ultimately quitting their jobs. Some says the whole love cliché thing is to

bring financial freedom available to everybody's lives so that they can skip the rat race and involve a newer level of creativity so that it can lubricate the wheels of the earth which is our home to function more effectively and efficiently.

## 12

The automated craft of keeping the things continuously in the past is an art which also shows the balance between things and converting the things to get involve into a moment each and every second and staying there is a blissful thing to do, that's how the time was getting behind when it submerged itself as i took each steps and walk through an empty road, feeling alone in the evening and when the blue sphere got turned into a dark night. It showed the bridge between the past and the present and how the present was in a moment. This is the nature's jurisprudence why everyday is another day and everyday is another chance. Going to 'The bob centre' at night seemed usual. Same old work, same old thing but you feel different again when you see a friend whose friendship was form just on the base of work. He is hilarious, soothing for girls but quite uxorious when attends parties because he only hits when someone is with someone, that is one of the personal qualities of Tom who was amazed when he saw me tugging my work shirt and coming through the door.

"Wo!" he exclaimed.

"You look relaxed. See that girl over there?" Tom continued.

"Where?" i asked.

"Near section 1 where all the merchandises are there."

"Where?" i stressed.

"Agushti!" he uttered in an impolite way.

"Tom, there are total three shops where merchandises are kept, and the other one is.....oh! wait a sec, i can see that, is that the girl that is just talking to Bambi right now?"

"Yeah" he replied.

"But don't you think Tom that she is quite ....old for you?"

“Common is for all, rare is for one, only one. And i need that!” he responded.

“What?” i exclaimed and then gawked at him.

“You will understand this one day Agushti, one day.”

The warehouse was like the ground and the first floor of the mall. Malls nowadays are limited and our warehouse looked like a small mall which had it's ceilings shaped like a hut but if one's gaze flick through inside, the view is marvelous. It also creates the presence of asseverations when you work there but there has been a change since the last week, we have to mutually select a song of our choice and sing it together loudly when we do our work so that, as Bob thinks it, will help us to stick to our work.

The environment was not tiring and when i saw my watch, it was 1 a.m. in the morning. Tom looked quite tired but it was not due to the unloading and uploading boxes, it was because of the foolish submissiveness towards bigger women. It's the desire of intimacy that drives him doing things passionately. When i asked him “was it good?”. He replied me as if he was writing a philosophy related to his encounters with bigger women's, here it was just a woman.

“When she was standing there with Bambi, i thought i won't be amazed by her boobs but things got changed when i met her in a washroom, i slid her to the male room but was a bit worry, straight away we went to the toilet section...i mean where we usually poop and there she pulled something out and our worries got the touch of something... i think it was spirituality i guess but it was then intense pleasure. In between the penetration, i jiggled with her boobs, and the way she was touching my body with her cold hands made her orgasm very heavily. She knew she didn't have anything like that in her life, knowing that thing, she want it all. Her boobs started releasing some kinda sweat-scent which made me go hard, getting rid of her upper cloths completely so that i could have a full view, she loved that and then i went slow, like real slow but hard again. We both were putting our best shows as if we were the only one in this world, like Adam and Eve were once upon a time, combining their strengths and weaknesses into the whole and producing something esoteric which gets beautifully contaminated in our minds but the technique remains unknown, only the masters are aware of it. This thing created a spontaneous connection within us and then i pushed her to the other side aggressively having the bird's eye view, she loved that too but had to

adjust a little bit because the space was not that commodious. I could see her but she couldn't see me, thinking that made me more erect and a bit careful because she was orgasming all over me. The journey ended with a long lasting fierce stretchability, she took it all inside her and our clothes were entangled. We remain hugged because our bodies were getting cold. We took our clothes from our foot fingers which was hard enough to untangle some of the clothes, especially her panties which were being knotted with my underwear somehow. It was.....something!"

"Who was she? is she still here?" i asked.

"She was that same girl dummy!' spoke Tom.

"What do you mean??" i added.

"The girl who was standing with Bambi! that was the girl i had sex with!" stated Tom.

"What was her name?" i asked.

"I don't know. But she told me that she is from the 'CutsVille'"

"Just 'CutsVille'? no globes?" i inquired.

"Yeah.... she said she will come tomorrow." Tom answered.

"Alright, so you're thinking it as a usual thing with her?" spoke i.

"What do you mean?" giggled Tom.

"Like having sex!" i replied.

"I don't know!" said Tom without thinking.

We went on doing our work till 4 a.m. because the solar trucks were everywhere. They get charged on the way and stand upon us on our shifts. By 4 a.m. and afterwards, the amount of noise had its volume up to the top, it looks like as if it's an afternoon party. There are total 17 solar trucks, means 17 drivers and all of them were chit chatting in a way that sometimes we have to put a noise cancellation buds on to work with peace, it helps in generating a nice work. Most of the firms compulsory follow the love metrics system to decide the pay grade of an employee in a long term. Before the business metrics was there to measure the performance of the business but today the metrics is slightly different, actually it's the same but it has this 'going with the heart thing' which the employee have to deal with every single day when

he or she goes to work.

Tom needed rest but he had forgotten his noise cancellation buds at home and people were talking, voraciously. He didn't know what to do. He kept on staring at me. I wasn't feeling lethargic at all. I gave him my buds. Every company has its thinner wrist watches which check the amount of desire how a person works in an organization which helps the organization to decide the fixed and the variable pay of an individual. The thinner wrist watches are based on the emotions, it depicts different kinds of emotions that a person has, like his satisfaction level on work, his approach on how to handle a group, attending the meetings and so on. These watches are given to everyone in the company, not even the ceo can escape it. So, now if i have to give my buds to Tom, it means compromising on my work and my part time income, plus the double work because Tom is going to have its nap time but this is fine by me.

The dozing was not even at its peak when it was an another day and another chance, 7:33 a.m. and still going, not a sense of telling myself that the college is about to start at 8 a.m. sharp but how could you break a moment when you are so engrossed in doing the thing that you forget that it's just uploading and unloading boxes? but starting from the bottom is what gets you to the top, there is no dimensional gateway like in the space which helps you get past one era to completely different era, it's how the space works to create shorter ways because it's infinite but earth is not infinite, it has it's north and south poles. It's the universe of different opportunities just like Lila is in a way. The presence itself doesn't deny that it's okay to dally things so that in the end, it becomes better and even stronger. But the presence which i felt pumped the root level wires of mine, telling my beliefs that it's not okay to dally things, it's the same old guilt trap which careens the trigger and gives birth to furious passion again. And to fence the beliefs in order to get rid of outer conditioning, it requires awareness, adeptness, more appreciation to the ones we hate and more forgiveness to the one we like to kill. This is how somebody feels when they arrive at Lila, their beliefs achieves that acuteness which gets connected to that emotional layer, which is the only emotional layer that builds and circulate the environment, which makes them feel complete. And nobody who is ever born in the blue silver lining has ever felt complete. Lila is the presence of the slightest and slightest touch of infinite intelligence, there's no denying of that.



Last night joyride was the phase of amusement which gave Tom a nice sleep even when he was sleeping inside his car secretly but uncomfortably. I sometimes wonder that his gluttony will hit a point where his creativeness with the sex will create a hindrance, but he keeps on going and he is also blessed with vodka unlike me who can only drink a beer; well it's still a privilege but a sickening one. It was now 7:40 a.m. and i was still going but had to put the brakes because the college was about to start and going in Mr. Mathew's class late is like entering a new kingdom where your delectation is not at all allowed. To be straight, it's pissing for him and i don't want to be a part of that because he thinks i have realized something and he wants me to realize 'Which part am i playing?', isn't that weird? You have been in a coma for months, you have been vaguely introduced to some whacky fellows who wear black masks and none the less, you have been spinning around in Lila and meeting the tall guy. And when you get the chance to suddenly appear in a class room and from there live a normal life, everything looks blank, your face becomes a question mark and it becomes irrelevant 'Which part am i playing?'

Irrelevant things produces malfunction, maybe it's the bad omen that caused the car to pause at every single minute which restricted Tom's car to be in the neutral road. I didn't know how Tom got us to the neutral road, maybe my mind was somewhere else. Neutral roads are made for those cars that lack satellite protection and mostly who are not genuine. These roads have the higher risk level and some of the stations are not upgraded which allows them to be in an uncouth locality. In short, you can't drive there. It's illegal because these are unfinished roads. One single mistake can cause your demise due to the clouds that act like fog in the sky.

"Why the car is not automatic?" i shouted.

"It's because i was sleeping in it." answered Tom.

"What the fuck that supposed to mean Tom?"

"I needed a good music sleep, so i downloaded something wrong which lead to something wrong and now the car is not automatic, this is my fault..." he addressed.

"Shit man! do you think i will reach the college on time?" i asked.

"May be, if..."

“What?” said i.

“If we directly get past by all the jammed stations, we will reach faster and we won’t be paying any fine!”

“Do it then!” i asserted.

The paramount legacy of brutal kindness is what the cruel gentlemenism looks like, it’s not how they do things, it’s like how they act upon it with less obsolete apprehension. The celebration often begins when the other opponent is in complete bloodbath, this is what people do nowadays to get rid of their frustrations and those who are in complete guilt traps, it’s unclubbable but quite tremulous inside the head of a competitor who is new but this is frustration we are talking about, it can make him or brake him to pass that threshold which gives rise to furious passion. This is what looks like in the realm of a fight and where this is held? this is held in that perpetual state where the mind sees only one thing. This is what uncouth locality where the stations are situated looks like through indoors.

Gravity is mighty in front of anything, but when the human skull gets introduced to the floors which are made up of crystal cement, things are not nice for the eyes that are capturing that moment. The knuckle bones are more feeble than the skull which makes frustration more painful and dangerous when a person falls down, muscles seems to be weaker instead of tighter and the gravity gets a win-win victory. I was sure enough that i was going to miss my lecture and seeing those guys fighting in that jammed station made me a little bit sensuous about how realism works, it is chaotic, unpredicted and not the worst of worst which means seeing things not worse than they are but as they are. I thought what if Tom didn’t downloaded that programs, we would be sitting in his self-drive car without worrying. The self-drive road which is called the uncollission road has its daily average speed, sometimes it varies between the different roads for different cars, but the uncollission road is the most known road, half the cars travel there and it’s average speed is between 110kmph to 310kmph, the speed gap enables the car to set its own timing to reach it’s particular destination and my destination was my college where my estimated time was set to 7:50 a.m. ‘The bob centre’ and my college is not that far, it is located in the center of the ‘BundsVille’ and the ‘CutsVille’ streets which is called ‘Break point’. As we went, Tom’s car wasn’t crying out for speed, it seemed also hard for the car to comprehend what’s coming

for it. We entered the jammed uncouth station. Entering gets the noticing of the crowd and there we were, spasming with the clamor that got us by the traps laid down by the small careless things one does which can demand our lives and that was not the only thing. We were there and the people went nuts, not because we were there but because the fight was there and it was about to end.

The feign shininess of the car rims got some truculent attention, first it didn't occur to us why some of them are suddenly looking our way but they weren't actually looking at us, again it was the rims that got their attention and changed their expressions. The sense of collective behavior of theirs in that mad house made us more alert. One chubby guy who had a fancy portmanteau tied in his left hand to look more classy came right at us. He knew that we were new but what he did not know was that we didn't come for the fight. He was quite sagacious about his way, thinking that he can make a few bucks by putting us in a fight. Tom looked at me and i looked him back, talking through our alertness. But the same alertness which we both were showing made that chubby guy think that we are here to get rid of our frustrations but it was already a frustration for us to be there. He forthwith acted with his actions by shaking our hands with his appreciation. He told us to meet the manager but as our look become more stupefy, he got us.

"Do you know what i can do right now?" he threaten us.

"What?" spoke Tom.

"I can easily kill you both but if you come to meet our manager, she will.....i don't know, maybe send you to your own way!"

"What?" said i, swiftly.

"Just come or join the fight!" raged that chubby guy.

We did what we had to do; we started running and didn't look back. The only esperance was to take our car and head to the bridge so that we could take a turn and go back to college. The only hindrance which was coming our way was the people who surrounded the car, they were watching the fight like any play in a theater but what if they are the critics and you give them a bad enjoyment by swinging their mood in between? They won't like it and of course they won't like the play which they were previously enjoying. Now is

that frustration justified? Of course, it's not. It is the creativity of the mind that decides to attract what is going in front of you and if it's interesting then it's going to blow everybody's mind and if somebody's interrupting in between, it's going to sabotage you. Either way i and Tom didn't plan to sabotage anybody but it was obligated for us to take our car and go, a long long way.

We were hiding in a toilet, "I don't know if it's a bad thing to say but i dig all the holes here!" whispered Tom.

"It would be kind of an honor if i die here in a toilet!" he continued.

"Shut up and think!" i responded.

"Yes!" retorted Tom.

"I have a trimmer!" said he.

"So?" i asked.

"The only way to get rid of all this is ...we have to shave our heads and also my beard!" he answered.

"Fuck! is it charged?" i uttered.

"I think so. I charged it when the sun was bright." Tom replied.

"Oh god! okay! let's do this!" i spoke.

Tom shaved his head but our pumping reached the peak level and blows the sirens of our heart when somebody started knocking our door. The knock-knock sound was very light at first but when the guy insinuated that he is a 'regular', 'let him do his thing', the knock-knock sound started playing a drumroll and the way he was banging the door of the toilet made him more angry and it also created some heavy noises. "Do it fast!" Tom fumed but how could i do it if the battery had lost its power? the long hair and half shaved head of mine looked bizarre like an old jigsaw puzzle but this was not all, the taste of a male saliva in my mouth resulted in something so sickening and off-putting that i didn't react, i call it the most disgusting moment of my life. This happened when that 'regular' guy whose life is short shattered the door completely and resulted in Tom kissing like right on my lips, it wasn't even like he was pretending it, it was more like he was doing it and this is what seems right in the nightmare and not in real life. Maybe he thought it

was his last day. “You dumb faggots!” shouted the ‘regular’ guy. He took his hand back with a powerful motion to hurt us with that forceful punch but in between the motion Tom had some leftover hair at his hand, he threw the hair at his face without looking and the ‘regular’ lost the motion. He inhaled some of the hairs which caused him to sneeze and at the same time a proper loo was not needed to release his satisfactions, his grey pajamas were all colorful and his face was all abominable and appalling, decorated with our hairs. We ran again.

## 13

Tim’s lower self was always like a little girl, it didn’t paid any attention to his higher self who was a big rowdy daddy. Every time when that little girl cried, big rowdy daddy got emotional and that little girl got what she always wanted. As Tim grew to be an adult, the little girl inside him remained the same, she got bored of the simplistic style of his and thought that the whole game is too easy but as the time goes through the way we breathe and make noises, big rowdy daddy got smarter and his emotional threshold got some stability. Whenever it can, rowdy daddy had the perfect bait for the little girl, to make her hyper active to grease the whole mechanism to work properly. Both the little girl and big rowdy daddy developed an understanding through time but it only worked when the daddy presented that little girl with some bait. They understood what craved Tim to be Tim and his love for a gutter. ‘Yucks!’ is the phrase that comes in the minds of the people who are rational when they hear the word ‘gutter’ but Tim too is rational, his unevenly tugged white shirt and his greasily shoes didn’t describe that he is odd, he thinks it’s fascinating to be around a gutter and see a whole different world there, ‘the truth’ as he says. Tim realized ‘the truth’ when he was coming to his home and saw his mom who was jumping around the sofa with an older dude, naked. She was a top paid hooker with a nice curve body. She did well financially and awful emotionally when it came to his son. Tim is a nice guy with a shrewd mildness, he understands the different worlds. He knows what works for him and what doesn’t.

Tim was only thirteen when he got ditched by the circumstances and fetched to the ambiguous environment where he got dragged into the adulthood of dealing things with the individuals, who had sex with his mother. It was hard for him to digest the whole matter, whenever he can, while going to school,

he used to see the gutter which was in proximity to his house. One day he found something wiggly and small, he thought he is not alone. He knew, there are different beings everywhere but inside a gutter, it seemed precious. He caught that wiggly thing with his hands and on a closer look he found out that it's a fish but how a fish could live inside a gutter? was the question he was going to ask his mother. He went home desperately with a thirst but the thirst was not important, it was the fish that was precious which he had kept inside his water bottle to keep him alive.

"Mom! ....mom! ...look! see this thing!"

"Wow, it's so wonderful" replied Tim's mom.

"Yeah mom...mom can we keep the fish in our house?"

"Yes, of course honey!"

"Thank you so much"

The connection in the air which ties the vibrations was not right. Everybody furphies about the bad things but the bad things are not that bad, if we add someone's gaze to it, the difference between bad and good things changes and it was the change that Tim needed when he wanted to sleep but couldn't because the sex noises was too loud for him and unbearable when he imagined the whole scenario. The bottle which was cut in half was safe and secured for the fish. As he continued to avoid the live inevitable nightmare, he had enough. Tim went downstairs and saw his mother's face covered with what a Kama sutra book doesn't denotes, it says have fun but with integrity, and the integrity to the one whom you love. It doesn't tell you to love anyone, just anyone with money unless it's an art. He looked at her mother's face covered all over with semen and eating it made it more disgusting for him. Tim saw it all, he saw and understood the didactic gesture of the adulterated ambiguous environment. "Where's the fish?" shouted he when he looked at the table and couldn't find neither the fish nor the bottle. "I was thirsty!" spoke the guy who was holding his dick which was still stiff. It was hard for Tim to channel the anger, he shouted to his mother "If the fish can live inside a gutter and adjust, then why don't you?". He smashed the door and walked, and walked without looking and just feeling. He also understood the different levels of having a financial free life.

When Tim looked at his tie in front of a mirror, the blue tie was covered with

a tiny white spot. The tie represented something for him. It includes the chivalry in it to allow him to get past the day with an iconic symbol. He wanted to get rid of that white spot which was made when he was drinking his coconut milk. It also reminded him of that night when he saw his mom and other unknown fellow in between the ejaculation process. His jaws got tighten and he looked himself again in the mirror, this time with his head high, knowing that he is free. He walked out of his new home in 50<sup>th</sup> globe in the 'CutsVille' street with something on his mind that he wanted to figure out when he saw that black mask on his bedroom.

## 14

'Simpatico relationships' comes in the story line but what does these two words has to do with the story when the only thing you have to do is to kill somebody? "You are a serious piece of shit!" shouted Harley, going dander with the joystick and getting himself killed while shooting somebody in the game. Looking at the ceiling and observing the room got Harley into his silent mode. He tried again but this time with full focus through all his gaming instinct. The ginger tea was about to be served on a table gingerly for Roney but the war which was going on Harley's room was different and strategic, it was a playful art where your loses are intolerable but can be fully appreciable when it comes to victories, no matter how many times you die. The hotness of tea with sharp and spicy vapors made the tea more special and the nostrils more dabbled. But when the tea sprinkled on the floor showing more gingeriness to the floor than to Roney due to the fake rodomontade self-control and lack of patience by Harley on the war, the tea fall like it was the reign of terror. It caused a hurtful projecting on Martha's eyes. She took the stairs with only one thing on her mind and that is to explode on Harley and cause the war to stop because it was spreading everywhere. "What the hell are you doing Harley!?" Martha fulminated, looking right in Harley's eyes. "Game is over mom!" said Harley. His joystick was all wrecked into pieces but there was something which got wrecked at first, concluded in dishonoring the reliance and trust of her sister who gave Martha that designed cup, the one and only, through which she was serving her dear husband Roney. The best favorite cup of her got all nuked in between the war.

It was all in the midst of revamp, to convey Martha that it was not over. The acquaintances she saw in her aunt's house was something of a spectacular,

the silent glaring of those iconic things were hard for her to digest at first but when that cup swept the sensitive heart of hers, the wounds which were left opened got attached with the wounds of that cup that didn't had any pair along with the pairs of cups. She felt alone when she saw that cup, she thought if she can take that cup then 'her' and the cup will become a pair. Martha's sister who was a year older than her was talking to her aunt and watching her sister looking at that cup as if it's love at first sight. The world seemed blunt and short for answers but as the multitudinous things presented on the glass shelf stole the heart of Martha, the discussion came to an end. Her deep receptors was keeping her persuasion to be resistant but it's always the first step that requires more thinking but it doesn't go the way we plan it, we cherish it for its uncertainty. For Martha, that small little cup became some kind of an amusement like an addictive obsession with the little things. Her day had only one focus but that focus didn't claim anything, the day itself was about to be over in about three minutes. The black morning had its spell when her sister asked Martha to close her eyes and feel that touch. The smile was back on when she felt it. "Happy birthday" said her sister. "Where did you get that cup?" asked Martha, "From our aunt..." answered her sister. This hurtful projection in the eyes of Martha occurred again when she realized that it was just the joystick that caused the demise of an irreplaceable cup, the one and only.

If someone provides you with a silence as an answer, you don't know how to look at that person, it's just shuns you down. When Martha exploded fastidiously, after a minute, there was a pause and the silence was changing her. That silence created a sudden sense of calmness in her and Harley understood what he had done. He didn't bother to mingle with his mind to carefully elaborate an awesome comeback the moment she exploded. The silence of her was dominating everything. She stood there for five minutes, looking at Harley's face. Harley who understood what he had done complemented Martha's silence by showing her a guilty gesture. He understood everything that what he did today was inadmissible and what he was doing for the last four years. He remembered what Agushti has reminded him of four years ago. He looked at Martha and took that black mask from the table where he usually keeps his vintage CDs and went outside with a silence.



Everything up in the air, satellite in bulk, internet everywhere, servers infinite but still over complication in job had made Abby look cool in her social circle but when it came to her finances, the world was not with her. All the kibitzer had their influence on Abby when she decided to quit her job, they were throwing their opinions like it was the bazar of parliament. Actually, the finances were good but the trust hobbled and dismantled her when the watch stopped working. There was no one that had more influence on Abby than her friend Lee when she first met him. Lee is the name that everyone recalls it when they see his face but Abby didn't know that the same face will cover her shadow for such a long time. They were good pals when they were in college and Lee, who belonged to the wealthy hierarchy, gets to reach the Everest in short time than to fight in jungle, as Abby remembers it 'Lee had a money advantage'. When the dots started to connect through the long devoted kindness by both delighted human beings, the connection was already established. She saw him and saw that charismatic face which provided her the bag of tossed away memories that she could now cherish with a special bonus of nostalgia in it. The only limitation for Abby was that this special bonus with memories only lasted for about three minutes and five seconds. And Tim who saw Abby seated while waiting for her turn to be in this over complicated job created an unending fighting between his logical and soft sided brain. The deliberate kindness was yet again got proven that seemed to be lost almost a decade ago, may be it's the unparalleled life that Abby got to live and seeing the unexpected return of Lee in an antique way was something that got her twisted.

As the time got multiplied to stretch its longevity through the parallel universe, there was nothing more tiring than Abby's brain that became rusted when the department's pile of dust started to rotten the naked iron that she was building throughout the years with her kindness and cleverness. Time had its watch over everyone and the sassy puzzle that it had plotted against the department of digital supplies made Lee think twice about the decisions that he was about to take. The blueprint had its fault and to replenish the digital supplies with enough care so that it could reach 'The Fondness' in time is the job that requires more thinking and it was the thinking that kept Abby and Lee late at night to check whether the blueprint is capable of proper execution or not.

Smart houses became a shade when it got dumped by the electric houses

which is just a fancy name for solar houses all across the thirty two streets in 'The Fondness'. The word 'electric' started appearing to be used in a sense that solar was the power that was unlimited and real unless other fuels which had its saturated points, means they can be used for a period of time. Our sun who started the race of light by giving us colors always knew that he is going to be the last one to finish the race. He took the first step. And the sub step was taken by the world government who had the plan to circulate the world in a proper way. Abby was in it, in fact she was working with them which was making her job cool in her social circle. She was the head of marketing department for the world government. The main problem that she and Lee was indulge into was the trends that gets electrified on the boards of every home. Every home in every globe had a big board in their hallway which states the common things that people do in a day. It is believed that if the collective vibrations of the people are somewhat same then it can bring peace, what it does is, it creates a positive energy field all across the earth which help everybody to be in peace with present. All the world wars got it's sparked via negative energy field, people wanted war, they got it and instead of witnessing their thoughts and emotions, they reacted and it was the cause, in fact it was the collective cause. But no more of that, their blueprint of achievements was already imprinted in the future, and Abby and Lee can see that because they were working on it.

Department of digital supplies blueprint was creating a massive hindrance to 'balance indicator'. This indicator is mainly based on assumptions and it tells the volume of collective energy field of the earth just like the litmus paper. If the indicator is red like maroon red then it means negative energy field which is rare and if the indicator is blue then it means positive energy field. The world government's aim is to achieve the deep blue color, technically known as royal blue. But the indicator is above the positive energy field line, canary yellow color. 'Balance indicator' is called the pumping heart of the earth. It's the ether for the human species to connect us to the south pole of our human body to awaken the consciousness of hope. Wide consciousness is the key to the soul of our earth and disturbing that soul can lead to the doomsday which for the long time has been carried in the mind of ours as an idea or an opinion without any sufficient proof and thinking. And thinking is the part of us that allows us to be the center of the universe or may be the universes and also the portal of our continuation. Hence, it was very difficult for Abby to tell Lee that interfering to the common things of the people can lead to the premised

‘Balance indicator’, the previously achieved positive energy field.

An overlap, crease, rubbing, folding and again overlaps of lines in a paper makes a particular line different to follow against the different lines which are coming it’s way, passing through it, leaving scars, depressions, confusion and sometimes leads to a new way and the line keeps on going unless you rub them or play with them by making a paper airplane. This is the way alchemy works in the universe and how an emotional layer is created and it is created by us. This is how we live, just like creasy rubby lines of the paper. And the emotional layer is like the good radiation which cannot be seen by us but it just causes the reaction to stay within us innocuously like it didn’t even affecting us. Emotional layer is our super structure invention, it is a structure to our paper and is compounded so hard and strong that to be inside it, we didn’t even realize that we were creating dogmas and superstition in it, dividing ourselves into these achievable short term groups that have only one purpose and it was creating a burden to humanity. Emotional layer is also an invention because the top layers constitutes of an alive variable that helps to create the positive energy field across the earth which also helps the ‘balance indicator’ to determine the magnitude of each layers impact. Manipulating the electrified boards on every home can correct a ‘balance indicator’ but it’s also against the rule to interfere with the common things, the common trends of the people. It’s like telling people indirectly what they do not like but has to follow it because it’s just the way it is.

“But can’t you just listen?” told Abby, explaining things to Lee.

“I understand what you are trying to implement but we are talking about people here. When these trend things or these common things came, i thought it was bullshit. Just like when your grandmother thought that i was joking when i was telling her you can read your news feed at the palm of your hand with just a few fingers touching the screen. I remember that day and i could see you how happy you were when i was teaching your grandmother about new mobile phones compact with literally everything. And remember how we laughed when we were eating at a restaurant when we heard ‘going with heart thing’ involving in a metrics of an organization, we laughed so hard and now it’s all over us. Who could have thought that we will predict the next big violence scene with the use of vibration and balance indicator? positive energy? negative energy?, i thought all this was bullshit and now we are working on it, in fact we are enhancing these things... plus taking care of

nature! and you are telling me to hack the boards of their hallway?" addressed Lee.

"Yes, you heard me right. If we change the electrified boards and display a wrong message then we can bring balance indicator back to the balanced mode. That means neither too red nor too blue. When people will see the wrong message displaying on their hallway and of course on their board, it will create a collective illusion in their mind and the 'canary' yellow 'balance indicator' will come to its normal form and at the same time will keep the violence rate at low, if things work that way." answered Abby with a firm belief.

"Okay. I understood that already but what about our thinner wrist watch who checks our desire level and satisfaction level? don't you thing the government will know about our dissatisfaction level when we manipulate the boards? it will create a huge guilt, may be you won't feel it Abby but i guess i will!"

"You were talking about people here, Lee. It is our duty to maintain the 'balance indicator' and it's for the betterment of the people. It is for them. And if anything goes wrong, it's me who conveyed you this idea!" added Abby.

"Don't shit me!.... hacking the board is a nice possibility but if goes wrong then we have to take the blame!" spoke Lee.

It's not hacking when you are taking this peradventure with you and you know that it won't affect you unless everything goes wrong. It was not hard for Lee to go to the infinite servers location and change the trends to get back the previous energy field because he was the in charge of it. He carries the digital supplies department along with different heads. Lee was worried, he was paralogizing, giving himself all this weird reasons that he did not have the evidence for and whenever this weird reasons come to hinder his decision about changing the trends, his mind was giving him such soothing satisfaction telling him that if he didn't do this then he won't be in jeopardy. His paralogizing was getting an unknown support from his thinking but he was backed away by Abby who gave him the stalwart attitude to think for all. He went to the 'people section' where people's lives were recorded in those infinite servers. There he took the 'all boards' server and logged in, access denied was not a problem for him. He just edited the trends which are going to display tomorrow on the electrified boards of every home.

Lee, who was the head of department, took Abby's advice really well. He didn't want his affection to come together with his kindness which by the way was on another level with Abby. Lee wanted a different meaning for kindness and a different meaning for affection, for him their kindness with actual meaning grew to be like the melted metal and their outer product was their combine creativity which was making their bond stronger. He was impressed how Abby who used to be left alone is now thinking for someone else, she is thinking for everybody. The view was the same for Abby, she was happy that the abundance of money did not make Lee a lazy person as he was once. Both thanked time because both realized that the difference between their past job and their present job was to stop thinking excessively to win the rat race. They both were sitting and trembling in their office with sore spot of taking this risk which can have a huge impact on everybody's life. When frustration hits the bottom, crime rates can go up but Lee who didn't want to think all of that at the time couldn't be more proud of Abby, telling her that maybe it's the right thing to do, again paralogizing with a doubt of 'might'. He hugged her and shook her hand, it was already twelve o'clock, still early, and most of their concentration seemed to be snatched away by that blueprint. He touched her again but this time he touched where he wasn't supposed to, looking right at her brown eyes, also calling his tossed away memories which were lost back then. Was the meaning of affection dominating the meaning of kindness?? he did not know. Or was he again paralogizing? making illogical conclusions with certain assumptions? he didn't know and don't want to know this ever. Abby who could see 'the past' inside his black darkish eyes was enjoying what Lee was doing. But Lee who was closely touching her had a massive boner. She desperately wanted to do the same because she was dying inside and knowing by the touch of him, she knew how much she wants him. But as the moment of pause made the hands of Lee get back to his pocket because of Abby's opposed demeanor, Abby realized that the seed was already inside her and her ovary had already crowned the marathon champion and now it's very late for her to broke that vow which she promised a few weeks ago when she gave her soul to her husband.

The silent cry inside the walls of bathroom was like the dew on a dusty leaves, pouring down and clearing the dusty path with a better remark which made Abby look below her white tiles watching the dirty tears which were pure once when they came out from her eyes but got infected when produced with combine creativity. She knew that if she saw her watch again then she

will burst out and she don't want to do that while seating on a toilet seat to disturb her beloved daughter, Agatha. It was the perfect place for Abby to cry. The combine creativity which she produced with Lee had its dust on her face, the work dust contained from the populated environment that she was on. 'Once your watch is off, you're off from your duties' is the quote that is very popular when you work for the world government. Like thinner watches, the world government also have 'watches' and if someone's watch stops working then it is a very polite way to say that you're fired. And Abby's watch was not working. She tried to call Lee but he did not pick up his phone which meant only one thing for Abby and that he was still in his office, probably working.

The silent cry was over with a thunderous whirlpool in Abby's life accompanied by a wasteful tiny whirlpool to deceive her daughter Agatha that mommy had a bad stomach. She flushed twice and the second time she let go of her earrings given by Lee to sail where it had belonged. She sprung again when she cleared the dust of her past, thinking that sometimes it's better to flush things. The window which had its door open was also breathing to ventilate the house so that it can surmount itself with the bad air and bring back the new air, new beginning and new thinking.

After two hours, Lee tried to call Abby several times but each call had a deeper remark and a deeper burst with a lot of anger on Abby's side. She was standing near the basin of her kitchen, watching the watch as if some kind of vicious machine but it was not the disabled watch that made Abby to dip her hands with her emotions, it was the broken trust that Lee was building over the last two years, she thought. She now knows how to have a walnut protection so that her naked strong iron mind won't get zined but what now? she insinuated herself with that steady motion while holding a plate in her left hand. Then she started washing her plate instead of using the dish washer. The watch which was still tied to the right hand of Abby was receiving a shower from the tap which was having a little bit zinc on it. It seemed that the environment of her home also wanted the watch to get zined but the 'knock-knock' sound of a door provided Abby with that emotional drive as if her ship is wrecked and she is about to sink in that deep ocean. Abby approached the door and by seeing the shadow of a tall man, she knew it was Lee.

"What do you want?" shouted she.

“I just wanna know why you are not returning my calls?” asked Lee.

“You gotta be kidding me?” spoke Abby.

“Are you upset with me or something?” inquired Lee.

“Yes!.... just don’t talk to me, you’re a cruel person!” answered Abby.

“But what have i done?” asked Lee.

“You know it what you have done Lee!”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about” Lee replied.

“Then go Lee, i don’t wanna see your face”

“Just tell me what happened!?” Lee questioned.

“My watch is not working!” stressed Abby.

“Oh god! seriously?....the government is disabling everyone’s watches so that they can replace it with updated watches. Don’t you watch news? it is happening to everybody. Shit! ...you must be thinking that i blamed you for the ‘balance indicator’ thing? do you know that the false displaying of message worked and now the earth have a positive energy field? you were the one who gave me that idea and now you are the one who is creating this negative drama here?” Lee responded.

When Lee’s phone hit him with a beep, he continued “Don’t tell me that you told your friends that you are losing this job... i’m not that man anymore! why do you even think that i will betray you?”

The reactions from Lee made Abby’s vocal cords to meet with the speed of ignorance that allowed her to be in the muteness of light embarrassment. She opened the door and said “because i’m a silly person i guess!”

## 16

Having a zaftig body was not a problem for Agatha but giving someone a value is, for her a value is like an old rogue whiffler, it just can’t remain stable. The absence of a male member at her home always played a significant role in her life. As a matter of fact, this was the only problem that puts everybody in the same criteria because everyone is the same for her except her brother Agushti who just day dreams to be in a cocoon where his

dreams are wrapped around like a spiral protection who fights the reality, which indicates that he easily gets the feeling of boredom because he is just thirteen years old. The most problematic and not systematic stage of life is when you come across your sweet sixteen. The mind of yours gets open, it takes things that are not equivalent to you at all and delivers it in a most dumbest way possible, it makes you feel weird and embarrassed of course but this is the basic foundation of how a teenager gets attracted by the soothing admiration of their seniors who are adults now. This is the stage where their onions which is their body starts to peel and they discover their weirdness in a unique way. Agatha welcomed her weirdness with a lot of pimple on her face and two or three at her bum which sometimes was hard for her when she used to sit in her class but she felt delighted when other boys used to stare at her due to her figure, also discovering their weirdness.

The class was going forever for Ajay, he was shaking his legs constantly and enjoying the goodness of something happening all over his crotch area, it was giving him some kind of excitement with pleasure. It looked as if he was shagging himself with the art of using his legs in a sub rosa way. The ramifications further went when he turned his face and looked at Agatha wearing a skirt. 'Why don't we wear skirts?', he thought. He looked at Agatha with a smile but her eyes were on the teacher. The teacher was less of a teacher and more of a panjandrum for him. This occurred when the teacher asked him to stop the earthquake with his bench that he was making, putting a halt at his weirdness. He made a curious expression. This time his legs were still. "Now what?" said the teacher, looking at him.

"I thought you were my mother!" answered Ajay.

The class laughed with an open heart but Agatha who now was looking at him, which he noticed, was not laughing. She was smiling. Ajay looked at her for just two seconds, giving his response with a much brighter smile, then he looked at her teacher and said "I was enjoying myself when i was shaking the bench. My mommy also teaches me stuffs but she never disturbs me in between when i am focusing on more important stuffs. She told me that the teacher is same so i thought you are also my mother"

"Your mother is right Ajay but school mother's expect a bit more discipline and a bit more concentration. Don't you think?"

"Hell with discipline and especially with concentration. There are more



important things that i would like to concentrate on!” he thought.

“Now what?” asked the teacher again when she saw Ajay lost in his peppy mind.

“Yes! yes! i will keep that in mind” he answered.

As soon as the lecture ended, the recess was waiting. But the peppy mind of Ajay only took one thing from the class for which he seemed to be lost somewhere. The burning desire to think about someone also seemed appropriate but who can forget the smile that brightened Ajay for the rest of his day. The recess was going and he was thinking about Agatha. When the bell rang, the recess was over and he galumphed through the hallway to attend his social science lecture in an auditorium. There he suddenly barged with Agatha who saw his face, this time very closely. “Hey i’m Ajay!” said his inner voice but the confused transposition between his mouth and mind made him say “Hey u smiled!”, this spoonerism made him giddy with awkwardness and then he spoke “What i mean is, i am sorry and you’re smile is really nice”. The earlier stage of adolescent was creating a memorable moment in Agatha’s life and for Ajay, this adolescent thing was becoming a pure magic.

Agatha’s conception of world was changing with a changed perception. She thought that we all are here to live like some kind of a mechanism, like being robust and at the same time compact with certain rules in a particular system. She thought it’s the other phase of nature and she has been born at a wrong time just like the situation of her ‘mother finances’ which are unable to comprehend in a diversified environment. She knows this because her mother always throws some words in the air like diversification, time, stock, funds, bullshit which have remained stable in her unstable mind. ‘Why don’t she talk love? why always love with numbers?’ sometimes she thinks but none of that matters now because these conditioned things has been erased by such a small tool in her life which signaled her that everything is just created by somebody and now out of nowhere this tool had made her dumbfounded in some way. The tool is the smile of Ajay which tells her that she can live now, not as a machine but as life.

The burning desire to be with someone was keeping Agatha late at night. ‘Why am i thinking about him? why this is happening to me?’ were the questions that were popping inside her head. The happiness was completed

with the pursuit of satisfaction in her life. The mean inner voices of her which tells her every morning that life is not perfect was now just a cipher, it didn't have any impact on her. There is no weakness, there is no power, there is just happiness, is now the mean inner voices are saying to Agatha with the joyous anticipation of seeing Ajay tomorrow in her class. Her routine which was stagnant for the past year got beautifully dismantled and she adored that. The boring night was turned into an interesting sleepless night and it was just the waiting and the heavy seconds of the clock.

Ajay's heavy seconds were accompanied by his music playlist. His imagination and the reality he pursue were at the same page today. The songs which were on repeat for the tenth consecutive time were telling Ajay different stories whenever he thought himself with Agatha in his imagination. Every song had a different theme and a different message for him. Whenever he opened his eyes, he laughed. Whenever he closed his eyes, he laughed. He had every reason to think and make assumptions. He thought of texting Agatha but it didn't seem right. 'I have her number but she doesn't know that. What if i send 'hey'? or what if i disturbed her? or what if none of that happened?', Ajay's way of over analyzation was nothing but how the nature wants it to be. It is a freedom that nature still gives it today. And nature is the third party who witnesses everything along with love, including this old phenomenon that Agatha and Ajay are experiencing.

Morning rituals looked like a waste of time, even the breakfast felt spoony. Everything was in a hurry and Ajay who left his home half an hour earlier was now stuck in traffic because of the construction of more roads. This is done by some individual who is big. He is an overall magnet and a philanthropist who wants to create eudemonic mind for everyone because he is now sick and tired of the theft that has kept the humanity blindfolded for a long time. This big guy thinks that the world is not a reality; it is just a state of mind. "Who is that fella dad?" asked Ajay who was sitting beside his dad. Before his dad got to say anything, a random car struck the left side of his dad's car. The left rear door was a little bit damaged and Ajay's dad who was quite pissed understood the inevitable mistake of the other person who hit him. The other person who was in the awe of a complete different insight got confused when he saw Ajay's dad smiling. "I don't understand this neutral and uncollision road? don't you think the same?", the flabbergasted other person did not know whether he should sincerely apologize to him or answer

his question. He surely did not want to answer his question because he is the one that is going to further engineer the dynamics and possibilities of these roads. He is just there to have a future view.

The eagerness and the waiting were keeping Ajay out of control. He got tired of being introduced with the uninvited noble guy who was literally telling his dad how he and his team are constructing these roads. He thought when someone messes with your car, you just give them a black eye but this unexpected thing occurred when he expected more. 'Agatha! Agatha! Agatha!' was the words shouting his brain every time he looked at his watch. The more he looked at his watch, the more he became out of control. Silence seemed evil and the school seemed nice. He shouted "Dad! we have to go!", "One more minute" said his dad. He knew 'one minute' is 'half hour' long when you get old. The attacks of time looked like an abyss, with a thirst of meeting Agatha and seeing her in a classroom with a smile. The sweat that was caused by the wanting of persuasion got the hold of Ajay's dad who was lost in the words of that uninvited terrible guest who was indirectly stopping Ajay to meet Agatha or at least being in her presence.

The car keys unlocked the keys for his happiness when Ajay's dad gave his car keys to Ajay. He went lofty with the dopamine released by his brain due to which he felt satisfied at first but the motivation kept him going because he didn't meet Agatha yet. When the teacher was going all gobbledygook back in the days, he didn't pay any attention what she was teaching and what she meant when she referred 'adolescent' technically. He did not care, his parents did not care, though his parents experienced that thing but they didn't care what his son is going through, how is he approaching life rather than filling in society's role. They did not know where his son's consciousness lied in respective of his satirical concentration which every parent's give emphasis on but really did not know how to concentrate on a particular thing but remain distracted by the collective phantasm of society. It feels good just like when dopamine gets released but the main thing here is that it just keeps you on the same level, it's a dream killer machine. Ajay was just on the first level, experience was telling him the desire to be with someone and at the same time peeling his body layers, again adolescent by experience was taking place. The traffic got lose and the space in between the cars on the road looked like an opportunity to see Agatha faster and earlier. But the dilemma these soon to be neutral and uncollision roads put him through made him

more frustrated because he was late half an hour to his class. But he saw Agatha, his mission was achieved.

Agatha saw Ajay from the class door's window, their eyes made contact for just few seconds but it was not enough. Unfortunately, he has to miss the first lecture because he was late. The first lecture which seemed interesting at first without the presence of Ajay was now making time a delusion for Agatha because now for her the lecture was going forever. She didn't know him at all except his name and his smile. Similarly, Ajay didn't know her at all except her smile and her name. The bell rang, everything in front of her eyes flourished as if the time is stuck but it is running faster and faster which is creating the world upside down for her. The heart rising to the top, world looking alone, body going crazies with the self-reactions and finally seeing Ajay made Agatha's heart stop. She now knows that everything she thought stupid was becoming real and it was that real, she didn't imagine.

'What's the point of saying hey if i don't even know him, oh god! he is coming! he is coming! what should i do? what should i do?' screamed Agatha's mind. The focus was on one thing and this is where the mind literally stops thinking like literally and whatever the mind is thinking, it will be always about the person that you want to see. In Agatha's mind palace, her mouth did not have any role to play. "Hey, how are you?" said Ajay. The colorless schedule of school was looking so much interesting like the depth of field where the focus of Agatha connected with the focus of Ajay and the background, where the other students were walking and chatting became blurred. Ajay's subject was Agatha and Agatha's subject was Ajay, the background didn't even exist. 'Oh gosh! i don't have to say hi now but what should i do next?' her mind screamed again. "I'm good! how are you?" answered Agatha. After each sentences from their mouth, there was a gap in between for forty to fifty seconds where there was no talking, no screaming but just seeing and calculating!, calculating the depth of their eyes when they looked at each other. The inner screeches were very tough for Agatha to control. Her mind focus got even segregated. This time it was focusing on his lips when he answered Agatha "I'm good. Thanks!". Agatha's overall structure didn't have a clue how to handle any of this, she wished if there's a manual. She grabbed the railing of a staircase where they both were talking. "Can we go together after the school?" asked Ajay. 'Holyshit! of course i will, are you crazy?' her mind yelled again. "Okay" said she from her mouth,

smiling. “Well, see you then!” spoke Ajay. His mind made this sentence to look shady and unfair to him because his old patterns made him commit to do this shady thing which of course he did not want to do. ‘You fool! you could have talked to her properly! just three fucking sentences? that’s all you’re gonna say to her?’ screamed Ajay’s mind this time. Ajay realized that Agatha was just standing 0.4 meters away from her. Now the cursed math was giving him powers but the vicinity of Agatha was nearly going to be lost in his radar. ‘Wait!’ said his mind. “Wait!” said his mouth, not very loudly. ‘Wait!’ said the school bell when the school bell ringing sound collided with the sound of his ‘wait’ where his ‘wait’ sound could not emerge victorious with the sound of the bell. “Shit!” said his mind and mouth together.

‘Oh god! What did i do? i should have talked more!’ mocked the consciousness of Agatha who was playing a role with the consciousness of Ajay where both their awareness’s seem to mingle and generate the same thought, ‘Oh god! what did i do? i should have talk to her, more!’ repeated Ajay’s mind counter intuitively, ironically their concentration was on something rather than being on everything. This is how the concentration feels. It is not being taught but it should be taught but how it really should be taught, no one really knows. If everybody knew how to concentrate and how it really feels, we would not be aware of the word ‘society’. What Agatha felt for Ajay was a deep concentration, a rare one. She did not know that she would become so still and stable with peace that her past and future won’t even have a clue that it existed. The desire which wants to get fulfilled every second with the means of different communication was being played by the most influencing part of the body where if you are being observed thoroughly, you don’t have to press any charges because you like being observed. It’s not a crime, it’s just eyes playing hide and seek. Agatha and Ajay were doing exactly that and the lecture was going forever, this time they liked it. Sometimes the eye lashes of Ajay used to become a camera shutter, whenever it opened it stored the different senses of Agatha which only he can feel in his memories, may be this is the reason some memories lasts forever.

Everything becoming blue is like redesigning your body to feel temporary how heaven feels, this is exactly how Ajay was feeling and thinking. Becoming blue and watching blue was new for Agatha. She didn’t have any faith in blue before. When she was small, she was in a presence of blue when she and her mother used to sit together and talk for hours, each telling their

stories along with the adventures that came with it. But after she turned thirteen, the hours became shorter and shorter, maybe Lee had something to do with it or it can be her stock market thing. That productive jungle had a profound effect on Abby's brain. The emotional drive was too heavy for her that she has to consult a doctor. And on the top of that, the meds which her mom needed to work for the world government with efficiency was causing inefficiency in her relationship. The blue environment disappeared just like when you snap to wake somebody up, sometimes also to wake ourselves up. Each time you snap, you realize that the years of your life just went like that as if you were born yesterday. The approach of Agatha was in a similar fashion. The savor life became savorless 'just like that'. Maybe blue was not blue, perhaps it was just a dream, the dream which was real at first but when the eyes opened, it became diverted into a different road. The desultory road was harsh, tired, very long indeed but was also very independent to teach Agatha that blue is easy, it comes with practice and repetition.

The hide and seek of eyes was over and it was the perfect time for Ajay to ask Agatha to come with him for a walk after the school. 'But wait! i already asked her!' spoke his mind. The quality of blue environment is that it allows the mind to be hyperactive and most of the time the mouth shut, 'I have to take action now!' shouted his guts. What Ajay did was something that everyone does, he waited. 'Ahh! what is he doing? i have to do something now!' her mind huffed.

"What are you doing?" spoke Agatha.

"We were supposed to go together after school right?" she continued.

"Yeah!" replied Ajay. The class was empty and they were the only one standing there. They went outside and started walking.

With a bit of advancement, walking was just the mean for loosing calories for Agatha and contrariwise walking seemed cumbersome sometimes. Yet it didn't make sense because the bag weight which was heavy felt light when Agatha walked with Ajay. The bag was filled with on the spot food, in case if they need it, she thought. May be the consciousness was on something different, perhaps it was on the heat of closeness of their hands. Ajay, who was looking in the sky slightly touched the hands of Agatha as if giving her a electric shock with a bit of possessed kittenish tantrums unleashed by his fingers who were uncontrollable in some way. The bits of electric shock were

the pills of hypnotism for Agatha which understood the kittenish tantrum behavior of Ajay's fingers. She wasn't aware of this power nor does Ajay, it was just automated like the nature who is still kind and writes these chapters of unknown. Agatha who is looking at the sky now, purposely but slightly touched the hands of Ajay, he did feel the electric shocks of her and the power in it but he kept his hands that way, this was the time his left hand along with his fingers who was possessed became super curious for the serendipity that was going to happen. But when Agatha's coquettish tantrum fingers connected with his unfurled fingers, she let his hands slip around her whole hand until she could feel the warmth of his hand. Ajay was feeling her and she was feeling Ajay. They both looked at the sky but they didn't look at each other, neither they talked. They connected with the blue environment as a whole and it was telling them why love is God.

The world started to look small when the walking came to an end, "I have to go now. Same time tomorrow?" told Ajay. "Yeah sure" answered Agatha, this was the only conversation that occurred during their whole half an hour walk. Ajay was glad that his car keys have become a talisman today, a luck given by his dad that he won't forget. He again went to the school and then went to the parking lot to take his car back to the road. He didn't want Agatha to see him that he came a long way just to say goodbye to her so what he did was he went to the nearby shop to have a hot chocolate in a hot summer, kind of odd, thought he, not about the hot chocolate but about the car keys that his dad gave him today, perhaps again the blue environment had its magic or it can be the talk that his dad was having with that other fellow who was taking the initiative to make the neutral and uncollision roads. Ajay didn't care about any of the things, what was stuck is his mind was how that other fellow was talking to his dad with the peculiarity of the inexplicable serious expressions on his face. This worried Ajay a little bit while he was driving which made him think about these roads again that are going to blossom in a couple of days. Construction takes times but when you are different, in case of Ajay, everything is relatable, even the damn roads which he doesn't care about was becoming an involuntary distortion and ultimately a big problem to see Agatha in the morning, whether he will be able to meet her or be late.

The jargon that Ajay's mommy makes with her mouth is another way of shouting at Ajay's dad, Wicky that he is jobless and still need to find a job that is authentic and does not involve any misdeeds. The jargon that she was

portraying with her mouth was acquired by her job and that job was in Wicks arnals but now that company has gone bankrupt for selling people insecure bonds in a safe way, creating a good flow of money in the company which got vaporized in the long run and put Wicky's ass back to his home with a dignity of finding another job or a business. Ajay's mother was not married with Wicky when his company cloaked inside a garment, the garment looked amazing when the people started to buy it but as the bubble burst in an unexpected manner, the same garment which the people wore felt like a schmatte, an old garment. That's what happened to his bonds, it became a schmatte, an old garment. The company was digging so deep that Wicky became a multimillionaire who got crashed by the flames of his own righteousness. He thought that he was right, his assumptions were right but any of this didn't matter because his overall structure was weak but he thought it was rigid. Difficulty in adapting took his whole firm and introducing those toxic bonds was just the wrong way of compounding and adding value to the firm. It was the one percent doing of the firm, means it was just the small toxic which got injected to the overall genuine operations of the Wick's company. Harsha, his wife now and Ajay's mother warned him before but his board members told him that everything is in control which in fact wasn't. Everything was calculated, everything was measured but when everyone took a bump on the same road, at the same place, it didn't make sense and his company Wicks arnals ltd. went bankrupt.

"You don't get to say that!" shouted Harsha.

"All because i'm jobless?" Wicky retorted.

"Since a year Wick!" spoke Harsha.

"I know. You know my highs and lows. Don't you?" added Wicky.

"I know but your board members didn't know that. Still, they are all millionaires and you are not. Tell me, why is that?" asked Harsha.

"Because i am a fucking genius Harsha!"

"You're too emotional, that's what you are! you don't even have a clue what bonds your company was giving? why me the field work, merger and acquisition, learning discipline, giving expert testimonies??"

"I got it. Don't give me fill in the blanks. Don't repeat these defined terms again and all that legal jerk. I know you investigate people and their money. I



understand you provide the sufficient digital evidence and all the things. I get it! okay!? you don't need to through all this things just to show to me that you are a digital forensic accountant! i know you're cool, that's why i hired you and married you when i was at my low!" responded Wicky.

"That's a nice way to express your frustration in a polite manner but i'm bringing the money to our home. I'm the supply and you are just a recession who can't get enough! are you gonna do something about it?" addressed Harsha.

"Yeah, i am doing it!" shouted Wicky.

"You are doing what? driving Ajay to school?" replied Harsha.

"Yeah. You know what ...that's what i am doing. I appreciate how you excoriating me to bring my ass back to where it left but trust me i know what am doing." spoke Wicky.

"Well Wick, you better know!"

The heat which Harsha demonstrated is based on continual basis that Wicky gets every time when his wife thinks he is just back away from the actions. She don't want him to make the same small mistakes that drove him to sink his whole ship. She knows every broken ships takes time to recover but sometimes it just hits the bottom and never comes back and she don't want Wicky to hit the bottom. Every time she sees Wicky, she sees the same Wicky and not the lazy chameleons that used to work with him. Lazy chameleons are the people who use tactics to get the most important things from people and eliminate them when they are feeble, when they are figuring out the new stuffs. The art and science here involves the mastery of broken loyalties and the kingdom of cheap gates. They know how to convert something that attracts people, even if it's awful. The mastery don't includes the values of course, even the most important ones, the mastery tells them how to interchange a 'false perception' to 'loyalty' and it's basically a fear of losing that drives them to do such things. The fear of losing is what Harsha wanted for Wicky when the company went to grounds. She wanted to see the real him and the real him was the same, a nice courageous man with some cheap friends with a bottle of Champaign with a verbal toxic in it.

On the different chapter, Wicky who is just thinking for a year opened his numinous mind where the unspoken wisdom took the note of urging him

immediately about the gentleman that spoke about the coming roads when his car took a huge dent. In a minute of silence, he understood the heat which has been indirectly played all around him by his wife. He knew that sudden catch of thought about the new roads didn't make any sense but it just got struck as if it's going to change something. He was standing in his kitchen, playing with the chopper and the knife when the thinking of his kindled the engine to process itself. His own style of making sandwiches was something that he developed through the absence of working at his office. He calls his sandwiches 'the starve hunt' because it's very delicious, he thinks that way but not his son, who took a shot without knowing that his dad is making something. He opened the fridge just to taste the 'karmic sin' chocolate cake made by his mother but he heard the knifing sound. "Oh god" said Ajay. "Go on son! don't hesitate", He knew Harsha whipped his ass in the art of making food too, his own labeled sandwiches made him worse.

"If you're tasting that cake, left a piece or two for me! or else i will kill you! and by the way i will drive you every day"

"Morning and afternoon?" asked Ajay.

"You say?" asked his father.

"Well! morning will be fine" answered Ajay.

He knew that his dad will make him wake up early in the morning which means reaching school fast and seeing Agatha fast with a traffic free highway along with the construction which won't hamper him now because he will be early.

The age where the children discover the discovery channel that their parents at all did not want them to discover, it's actually where the control over them is lost, not externally where the pretentiousness is going on to maintain the ethics but internally where they want that thing which they have never told before. It's all natural and it always goes that way. Ajay was ten when he discovered his discovery channel. The game got paused as he remembers it, when he received the text message from a friend of his dad which read 'Best lesbo', where he clicked the link and saw something which he liked but at the same time not looked appropriate, "how can a women be on top with another women?", "that doesn't make sense" he thought. He had heard it from his classmates but hasn't seen in real life. Ajay went to his dad, giving his tab.

He knew what Wicky's friend has sent is very appropriate to discuss with his friends and very inappropriate to discuss with his father. He deleted the text before giving his dad's tab back to his dad. The bed was the same as before and he was over it, stretching his legs to get the thing going. The thinking of the video that had just slicked the process of masturbating was just pure magic for Ajay, 'magic' as he again remembers it was the word that involved a higher level of significance when his friend who was nine reminded Ajay that he founded the 'magic' near his lower abdominal area, it's the bolder pen which if you shake it well, it releases a white thing much like a whitener but it's strange how girls don't have that but at the same time they are involve in it somehow, not at the moment but somewhere. Thinking about the last five years which involved the 'best lesbo' video delivered by Wicky's friend and the incident of 'magic' struck in Ajay's head. Ajay, sixteen now, was over his bed, the bed was the same as usual and he was over it stretching his legs to get more flexibility, holding his dick harder than ever before. It was much faster but this time the nerves of his brain was so rapid, so creative, so engrossed in creating the imagination a reality that he felt complete, whole as if Agatha is in front of him.

The same empty road that used to be alone was supported by Wicky's car early in the morning. In about thirty or forty minutes the road was going to be completely filled by the cars in abundance. The lonely road that used to be alone for a long time is now greasing its asphalt with the cars as if never before, perhaps the time has a way of giving it's kudos to everyone for its patience, whether it's a living or dead, doesn't matter. The car was at its average speed but the smooth ride had its ending point in the middle of a highway where 'that other person' was standing. Ajay looked at his dad and spoke "You gotta be kidding me!"

"His name is Anton" added Wicky.

"He broke your car dad! how can you be so nice? even from the start?" stressed Ajay.

"I'm just curious son. I have to talk to him. You take the keys and just drive! and don't tell Harsha!" explained Wicky.

"But how you will go home?" asked Ajay.

"In his car. He has a lovely car!" replied Wicky.

“Well, i can see that!” responded Ajay.

“Don’t worry Ajay. Just go!” spoke Wicky.

The speed of the car was maintained by the anticipation of seeing Agatha, at this time there was no average speed. His six year old second hand car was all shimmy in the parking lot of the school. Ajay was half an hour earlier and was also accompanied by the big heart of his, which at any time was about to explode because the waiting seemed so desperate and real that it allowed him at a point of time to count his breath till he see Agatha, so that he can tell her the number of breaths he has taken since he has arrived. It may be weird but he wants to tell and also wants to discover his weirdness in some way. He waited and waited but this time Agatha was half an hour late. His anticipation was assassinated by the first lecture. The monotonous schedule of the school continued in an interesting way.

The depth of theirs which blurs the background in an iconic way is what triggers Agatha. The sip of a black coffee also tasted sugary in the blue environment. She knew everything is cool and calm but titillating. The anticipation of seeing Ajay is smooth for her. The order in which he sets his hair with his right hand, the softness in his voice which is like a hot chocolate and the mole near his pinky finger is what creates the awkward reactions in Agatha’s body, sudden occurrence of good sourness in her when she sees him. When these thoughts entered her mind the calmness felt so good that the time cheated in ways that made her half an hour late for her class. Agatha’s anticipation was assassinated by the time but she blames the nicety of the black coffee that she was having early in the morning. Being in accordance with that, she was late and saw Ajay through the class door.

The number one thing in the last lecture was the good gracious school bell who still remains victorious over Ajay’s expectations last time when he wanted to talk more to Agatha but this time he hopes that his intuition will allied with time in order to create a dealing with the blue environment so that as soon as possible he can go freely with Agatha and have a walk. But the programmed moralistic silly school bell who is corrupted by the monotonous schedule of the school is tearing down their patience very enjoyably. The school bell wants to increase the intellectual level of the students, that’s why it is set between a forty five minutes gap. In between the gap students learn good things, they learn education but is there a talk about emotions? if our

intellectual level is a titanic ship then our emotions is the titanic ship made up of a paper that can easily be wrecked just by the waves of the wind. One structure is adamant and the other one is wimpy like an infant. This is very harmful for the people. What mentors do while they are teaching is that they generalize the students, they know in some part of their mind that they all are unique but what they do is they judge on their intellectual level, forgetting the emotions, forgetting that they are following the same thing which they followed once. But the blue environment who is gracious in dealing with these kinds of things takes care of the emotions that's why the blue created a sad feeling, a hurtful feeling, a feeling of defeat, a feeling of failure, a feeling of wanting someone, a feeling of getting rid of someone, a feeling of loss so that when you lift everything, you lift the weight higher with enough strength. Just like Agatha and Ajay who blurs out the background to meet their depth, same way other students do the same thing in their own way, lifting themselves up but sometimes it won't be attraction, it may be the attraction with playing video games or doing video game commentating or may be playing a cool sport or just sitting in their home playing with the time. In all universal it is contagiously called 'wasting time' but the unique fact is, this is wrong. This fact depends on every individual and how they look at it. This sometimes the mentor won't understand, that the availability of uniqueness and weirdness is vast and it is in abundance. There is no compulsion in meeting with the intellect when they are all over the place. This is how the blessing works which is the element of the blue environment along with the other elements.

The bell rang knowingly that it had fulfilled its duties. Agatha and Ajay who are indirectly thanking the blessings of the blue environment are standing looking at each other with some awkwardness in relation to their approach. 'Should i ask?' were the questions that were revolving around Agatha's and Ajay's head. The true emphasis was the change of sudden seconds in which 'how' got changed into an 'action' which made both of them to behave like a magnet talking to each other as if everything was planned and was happening smoothly. But why we ask 'how?' when we know that if the deadline is in front of you, 'how' doesn't matter, it just gets converted into an action. An action that everybody feels when they know that they have dived too hard that there is no other way around. Being together was so good for Agatha and Ajay that the illusion of time didn't matter, deadlines didn't matter, involuntary actions of the body did not matter, even the teacher standing in

front of them didn't matter. Their body felt like the half puzzle, it could only be completed when it is joined by other suitable puzzle to make the picture whole again.

The expulsion of foreign air rushing through the medium of vocal cords was just a fake cough illustrated by the teacher who was very kind enough to remember Agatha and Ajay that there are three people present in the room, not just two. The teacher face looked as if across the generation his pecuniary had remained stagnant, not just for him but for all the effortful teachers where some forget to chase the finance and there are some who only just chase finance. The gap is wide just like the forty five minutes gap of the silly school bell whose not only curious to find the patience of the students but also the patience of the teacher which sometimes creates an irony to decide whether the teacher is finance stagnant or just chasing finance. The much present flecks of grey hair was outweighing the flecks of black hair over his face, if dashing and dapper are put together in an image and then in real life, the teacher's beard looked the same but nevertheless it depicted that the teacher was in favor of both, the finance and of course the efforts. But finance has nothing to do with Agatha and Ajay now, just for the time being. They are leaving the class to keep the teacher alone to keep his grey beard classy with the time and his small bit of black beard fading, changing its color to go sullen.

The day felt like the long continuation when Ajay and Agatha took the same road after the school. It was the same chapter that they were continuing which was written yesterday when both of them were walking holding their hands. The two day's hours which together made forty eight hours had deduced itself in a manner that the holding hands of yesterday's hours can only be bridge with the hours of today to remember and to be in the exact moment of complete wholeness again but this time with a little more conversation.

"How are you?" asked Ajay.

"Just feeling the heat" replied Agatha.

"Heat of what?" spoke Ajay.

"Heat of your hand" answered Agatha with a bit of blush that made Ajay's cheeks shy and made him smile like his favorite cartoon character which he thought it exists but didn't know that he will imitate him.

“So who’s your best friend?” said Ajay.

“Never had one until now” responded Agatha again with the same blush that now made Ajay screech his inner voices.

“What about you?” asked Agatha.

“Actually i never thought like that. I thought everybody was my best friend but now i realize that you are the one who is behaving like it.” replied Ajay.

Agatha didn’t answer anything this time but her smile was enough. The smile she had used to had when she was four. She never thought that smile had variations. The good moments and the good smiles that she used to have with her mother, Abby was something that created a real happiness in her life. Smiles don’t know any variations, it is just one that creates happiness, not the imposters that creates variations. This was the smile that Agatha felt as if it’s melting and filling the droughts that her body had missed for the last years.

The smile that was melting Agatha from inside, the healing of her droughts was producing a world of eternity that can be only operated by her body which is connected by the body of Ajay, their two different worlds. No matter how boastful the sun is, the fog and frost of the eternal world have the power to overshadow the sun. The sun thinks twice to dare touch or even enter that world because it already has its suns and that is their heart. Every pump rejuvenates the trees like never before to keep the roots tight like never before so that it makes us alive each second like never before. The eternal world, if woke up correctly, can change the worlds because this is what we aspire for: the eternity. And this was the eternity that was connected by just holding hands, a key. A key that is on a reminder list to lock itself in a constant transition of bliss, even if the sun is physically making an eye contact with you, you don’t feel a thing. Ajay and Agatha didn’t feel anything while walking and being the victim of sun’s eyes because the portal of their eternal world got just open and the world was united. The world sound travels faster than anything and Ajay’s world conveyed something to Agatha’s world because there are languages of emotions but here there are no emotional layers. When Agatha’s body spoke the same emotions to Ajay’s body, she uttered from her mouth “Your lips”, “My lips?” repeated Ajay. The physical realm wanted something more, something if connects can magnify the purity of first experiences. It was the need from both the sides, they knew what they wanted but the saying always takes time. Again for Ajay the inner screeches

were dying to meet for that in a second anytime imminent moment. “You know what? i....” spoke Ajay, before he get to say anything, he felt that soporific thing, ‘weirdness’ from someone, from his lips which stopped his mind like it was not working at all. The realization of other trees inside his body, the world of eternity, was in fact delve it’s root to the other trees, the eternal world of Agatha, to make the internal realm a better place when her lips touched his lips. Their hearts turned into a nirvana so does their world, the heart shaped like a heart shape.

The one minute kiss looked as if it’s larger than Ajay’s life. It healed him from minute of the minute’s embarrassments of his life. A woman can make him or break him; well this is where it starts. The paradigm of this power is immeasurable, a women is that powerful. It is how the world runs, it the fuel that remarkably tell us that we came from her, we didn’t come from him. Agatha whose inner screeches were uncontrollable once was now in order all because of his lips and the breaths that were conversing the language of emotions and connecting their inner worlds, the eternity. The about to begin journey on that same road came to an end.

“Same time tomorrow?” Agatha asked.

“What are you gonna do now?” she continued.

“Well, i am gonna drink my hot chocolate and take my car and go back home!” answered Ajay.

“Hot chocolate in a hot summer!?” she exclaimed. “Why!?” she added.

“Because i’m weird. What you’re gonna do?” Ajay asked.

“Will go home. Lay in my bed and think about you!” she replied.

“Why!?” said Ajay.

“Because i’m weird! ....well, this is what people do when they feel special...” spoke she.

The hot chocolate felt a little less hot when he could see the back of Agatha going far away from him. The shop that he was in was just another branch of store that he gets in his school. Be it for the overall stand up or be it for some part of independence for students, the stores in school are pretty lucrative for the parents and also for the school as a business. The stores were first introduced to involve food as a subject, it should be called cooking but



people just call it food. The different types of food stores are there to educate students how to cook and prepare a proper meal. This course is mandatory for primary section and optional for secondary section. When kids start to learn alphabets, the learning of making variety of foods also starts without a knife and in accordance with just hands. The artistic integrity has increased to have a much larger impact on everybody lives because it eliminates the bad habits and bad habits are the home of modern day cocaine and quidnuncs. It's always easy to say that bad circumstances create bad things but what if the bad circumstances are already controlled through good habits? learning food was just the one aspect that enlightened kids to take care of their body and it killed the about to indulge in bad habits in the future for most of them. This glorious and a very meritorious approach changed the look for every school but the school still had its fragrance of generalizing people.

A hot chocolate in a hot summer keep the breeze going with every new customer trying to explore what they had come up with, learning something and compounding the learning without knowing. Well, the art of food proved quite delicious for everybody and Ajay who was a part of it enjoyed every sip of it. His eyes watched Agatha till she disappeared with the anonymous wind. Being far away keeps the energy low sometimes but it thrills you for the waiting of every next meeting. Ajay took his car back from school and headed back to home. The magnificent view which the road was emerging itself into deludes the fact that 'the other person' was not wrong about it, "Oh Anton!" said Ajay when he saw the enormous mega structure of the neutral and uncollision road. He immediately got to know why his dad was interested to meet Anton. All he knows is that Anton's team is constructing these mega roads but what's the purpose behind it, here the alacrity seems gorgeous but there's a good look of future in it. The future of the division of cars that is based on some more rules and some more attention, perhaps this is the start of simplicity because simplicity created 'The fondness' and other countries on count or perhaps this is the modern evolution just like the evolution of ourselves from the so lived monkeys.

The car was relieved from its responsibilities when Ajay reached his home. The only aim of his was to find his dad and to ask him about the roads. The way he entered the home with an amazement that his eyes captured was telling him something about the start, the start that can only be felt without the need of evidence because now he could see that it's about the change and

he felt that tomorrow came quite early. He went to the kitchen where his dad was making his sandwiches 'the starve hunt', Ajay took one and asked about those mega roads.

"So what's with Anton?" asked Ajay.

"He is good." replied Wicky.

"I mean what about the roads? what's going on?" Ajay inquired.

"Oh that! they are doing these things to create a simple path for everybody." responded Wicky.

"What?" Ajay asked.

"They are doing this so that there will be no more traffic, ever in future, that's why it's big. They are also gonna construct some more roads, but now they are focusing on just two roads - neutral and uncollision roads!" explained Wicky.

"I heard that in news dad but what's with these two roads?"

"I don't know son."

"Didn't Anton, your buddy, tell you this?" spoke Ajay.

"He just told me that they are gonna divide the different cars based on their performance and he also said something about solar power."

"That's all?" said Ajay.

"Yeah, that's all." answered his dad.

"Why suddenly are you in this?" asked Wicky.

"I don't know dad. I'm just curious."

Ajay went to his room and took his mobile out to message Agatha. Whenever he closed his eyes, he could see that his introspection was properly aligned with the introspection of Agatha because he could only see her face. He did this for a minute with a mobile in his right hand to send Agatha a text. The worries were on the same side because Agatha was doing and thinking the same. She had the betrayal black coffee on her side and Ajay had the non-delicious 'stave hunt' sandwiches in his left hand. The collective introspection of their world in which the different roots were delving was producing a stout attraction of coincidence. Agatha was worried that Ajay

didn't have her number and Ajay was worried that Agatha didn't have his number. But the mingling of roots of their world were telling them to just text each other because their world knew that the night will go faster and morning will just prepare them to wait for the school to end for that blissful moment.

"Do you have a minute son?" barged Ajay's dad without sliding his door.

"Fuck! i'm sending the message!"

"What?...what message son?"

"No no no...i was just...i am..ah...nothing"

"Is it a girl? Ajay?"

"Yeah but not like that dad..."

"If it's a girlfriend then that's very cool..."

"She is just a friend dad."

"What's her name?"

"Agatha!"

"Lovely name..." said Wicky.

"You know Anton?" Wicky continued.

"No! i don't know him that much. I just know that he broke your car, a little dent!" answered Ajay.

"Yeah a little dent. Now just hear me for a minute. I'm just discussing this with you and only you." spoke Wicky.

"Oh where do i start? where do i start? i have to tell him in other words, am i venting or explaining? guess i have to do both" murmured Wicky to himself but he has to say it because he finds that same element in his son that he sees in himself. "You know last year my company went bankrupt and now Harsha, your mom is taking care of everything.....i mean financially. When i saw those roads constructing and when i inevitably met Anton, i saw an opportunity. We both just connected instantly. He didn't have much time in his schedule but the dent in car that day made our current conversations polite and my opportunity big. Big because he said something that's very valuable to me. He said they are gonna build a solar zone highway where cars will have an optimum speed and he and his team are gonna design the solar tiles

for the road. These tiles are huge, one tile can cover a few kilometers but here the most interesting thing is they are gonna cover the tile with some kind of rigid plastic, kinda thick but in that they are gonna compromise in the quality because the people who are gonna fit the plastic on those huge solar tile are demanding more money because it's risky and it's very time consuming. Little bit here and there in design can lead to faster construction but overall quality isn't compromised, he mean it that way. So what i am gonna do in this is that i am gonna create a pool. I am gonna create a pool for retail investors. These inventors can't eat the whole pie, just remember that for a time being. I'm just gonna take their money by creating a big bag where i will keep all the money legally and i will invest in a way so that i can have a bigger pie. What do you say Ajay?"

"Construction and eating pie dad? i think i don't understand that." replied Ajay.

"Just remember that everybody bet on something, whether it's weather or water, doesn't matter. To invest on a higher level, to a higher table, you need authorization and in order to do that you should have big bucks in your pockets. If you don't have big bucks, i mean big big bucks that means you are just a retail investor. So if i collectively collect their money, i will have a chance to play in the big table and play against them and the profits i will give it back. All this thing will have me reestablish my company and an overall start." explained Wicky.

"But dad who will give the authorization?"

"Anton! he has all the things that will allow me to play in the big table because he is already a player in the market. He thinks that there will be no boom in construction but odds are against him. This is what i interpreted from the conversation i had with him today. He seemed interested though."

"Okay! Okay! are you sure all this is legal dad?"

"I have learned my lessons son! just believe me and don't tell anybody about this."

"Okay dad but still many of the things went over my head and pie thing looked delicious, maybe i'm hungry?"

"But you just ate my stave hunt sandwich."

“It was just one piece dad!”

“Okay! leave all this. Do you wanna go outside?”

“It’s just afternoon and i have to message!”

“Message?....that just friend girl?”

“We can go outside dad if you want to...”

“Yeah, that’s fine. Have fun son. We can go sometimes later!”

Ajay was very vague about whatever his father was talking. He thought he is overly presuming his previous factotum company responsibilities. It can be a possibility that Wicky didn’t realize that he had hit the bottom or he has to start from the bottom or think from the bottom. Perhaps the vision is stuck or it can bring the company back with a new Wicky. Maybe Harsha had made him that way because he is in the middlescence of life transition where the role of women of making him or breaking him had a most influential effect. Ajay is about to start this process but Wicky who can be an effete sometimes deeply appreciates what her wife, Harsha had done for him. It made him, conceivably to see opportunities that lie where the average person didn’t want to go and look for it. For them the standard is maintained but for Wicky standard needs a complete evaluation every time when there’s feel of guilt – the same guilt trap. The kind of work that Wicky used to do was the work that needed a BFF (best friend forever). A bff that can do rendezvous with Wicky every time when there is something to thrive. This bff or rather bff’s are the emotions that needs a permanent psychiatrist, in this the psychiatrist is the same person that releases this ‘emotions’ and understand them. An average person can’t live without emotions; Wicky sometimes have to live without them just like he did when he made those bonds that were so poisonous that it destroyed many lives. He knew that deep inside but didn’t do anything about it, may be the vision that time got stuck with money and it can be the same vision that is having its aftermath.

Ajay thought Wicky is again playing the game by just seeing the big money. Ajay’s surety was not getting along with his dad even though he had a little knowledge or no knowledge about it. The dent on the car always reminded Ajay of ‘that other person’ Anton. By the looks of him, Ajay dislikes him. He could smell the statecraft when he saw him having the view of those mega roads from the highway when his dad and he were talking. If all of this is put

aside to a magic carpet to vamoose everything then ‘how could Wicky know about the construction sector of ‘the fondness’ that is going to fall down and how he could foresee from all of that when he met Anton just yesterday?’, these types of perplex questions were coming and going from Ajay’s brain as if switching on and off the bulb continuously. He was already worried but this whole thing worried him more.

The un-bridged time when he doesn’t think about Agatha, he thinks about his dad. If a day had 24 hours, the 3/4<sup>th</sup> time goes into thinking about Agatha in which to be a perfect lotus eater, his previous happy moments with Agatha gets connected with the projector that tells him the future about how he is going to meet her mom and her dad, how he will carry the relationship or how Agatha’s mother will be good friends of his mother. The other 1/4<sup>th</sup> time goes about what his dad does, he just work on his sandwiches but now he is going to meet with Anton, Ajay know a little about him. The judgments can be killing sometimes but this is how it works, here the intuition can be a key player or everything can be wrong from the start. Ajay just needs to figure out what his dad talking is real or just an excuse to just do anything. The power of belief in his dad still remains a questionable quest to get stuck where the first step always seems hard.

When every day is a different day, it enlightens matter as if providing a chance to do anything they want. Morning enlighten Ajay to take Wicky’s car by himself. The last thing Ajay wanted was his dad to be in the presence of someone who just talks money because he thinks that it can be an infective disease sometimes. He didn’t want his dad to be infected when he is overdosed by this already. Love is the cure he needs. First love then money because Ajay understands how valuable the first one is. He took out the car, very saddened because now everyone has a self-drive solar car and his dad’s car is a ‘petroleum burden’ car, that’s what people say nowadays when they see a car that operates on petrol. People think it’s a disgrace to earth, which is kind of funny because people think a lot of things but what’s the point of thinking if you have lost that thing, taking things granted is fun but the same fun never comes back. Ajay saw those mega roads taking over when he took the car to flyover where he slowed his car down to have a nice look of what the poster of future is saying and convincing about the beyond. He could see the workers working in the cloud house and thought about Anton and again thought what he did today was not right. He could be wrong about

everything. He thought of going back to his home but if he did this then he will not be able to go to school. No school, no Agatha and that's where his breath starts to slip.

Ajay reached the school on time but the time in which the adolescent starts to peel not just the body but those emerging feelings that are so whimsical that it hijacks the base of a particular person. It creates self-consciousness and it hits very hard. When the first period started the guy with a loose nose who was seating besides Ajay started to poke him about Agatha. This is where the first hit took its flight. "How he knows it?" thought Ajay. He ignored him but the feelings and the so called emotions, first time for someone, didn't have the ability of being ignored. "Tell me? me and other guys are thinking how you got that girl? look at you and look at her! you're very lucky!" spoke the guy with a loose nose. His name was Seth and he likes every girl that he puts his mind to as if to stravage just in thoughts due to the lack of courage or due to the loose nose that keeps him as a funny element in talk when girls talk. This is how Seth is creating his base. He doesn't like it but he remains that way. He thinks everybody is thinking of him especially the girls, not in a good way; but always in a bad way, this is what he thinks every night when he goes to sleep. He thinks why his nose is so odd and loose but he don't realize that everybody is in a war with self-consciousness, it hurts when someone is not behaving according to someone and that someone is not behaving according to the other someone. The power of ignorance is what the feelings of self-consciousness crave for but doesn't get. Ajay needs ignorance to ease with Agatha who is seating three benches away from him.

The recess starts after three lectures and here comes Agatha with a eudemonic sign to just hug Ajay and to dumbstruck the people who were talking about them. She wants to feel her world which is already united with him. She didn't give that kind of authority to anybody before, not even Abby, her mother who just nowadays always remains tensed. But Agatha don't care anymore, she respects that Abby has her back but it just feels like an obligation and mostly now a burden in her mother's eye. She hugged Ajay for six minutes and simultaneously was thinking again about the smile that she used to had with her mother when she was younger but she didn't know that the smile will fade away soon and will itself get replaced. This was Agatha's weirdness that got stuck with the thinking that there is really someone special outside when she hugged Ajay.

When Ajay speaks with Agatha, their focus gets connected and the background where the other students talk becomes blurred but now it's getting distorted according to Ajay because he doesn't want anybody to know that he likes Agatha. And Agatha wants everybody to know that she doesn't care. This analogy is different for everyone. One might not be aligned with other people's values, he may like it but she won't, she may like it but he won't, here the understanding plays an important role. Ajay needs understanding, it can be an attraction but knowing someone you like plays an important part. If you don't know someone and you're getting attracted to them and after everything you don't really know that person well is how the ego starts to raise itself and has a nice growth. You like the person but at the same time you're separated and trying on other person to fit your match, you consciously know that who you should be with. Separation and attraction allows a person to be in excess jealous and this is where the ego gets its fuel. It really should be a subject but it's just becomes an autodidact for every individual.

The other kind of teaching looked more imperative than institutional teaching. When things turn the other way round, exploring subjects in school becomes the studying subjects where the experience always becomes the remembrance of exploring subjects. Agatha was all chatoyant with her brown eyes. She didn't know what to do or where Ajay was taking her after the school. Whenever she saw his face, she always go through some chemical reactions on her mind that she can't even explain and this time her thoughts went crazy when she saw his luciferous smile. "Is it love?" she thought but when she closed her eyes she saw her mother's face not Ajay's. She again closed her eyes while holding his hands tightly, she saw nothing but the eternity which was signaling her and at the same time was recording the experience that was getting established to be in her memory and when she will be old, she will remember this moment and she will know that she had a choice, a choice of happiness. Agatha smiled thinking that and it sure was giving her happiness. A smile with happiness has a weight to it which can't be measured, it is always in infinity, and it's pure. Ajay who saw Agatha's luciferous smile can't resist the fact that the five minutes' walk is really small than anything else in the world when you're excited with someone. He took her to the 'Rayday' shop where he usually for the past three years used to have a hot chocolate, alone. But now he is with another world that has the same similarities to his.



“Hey! are you gonna say something or what?” spoke Agatha.

“Do you like it?” asked Ajay.

“I like it but i don’t like the idea of having a hot chocolate in summer.” replied Agatha. Ajay smiled but the penetralia of his body was indicating the amorous feeling that he was getting which made him quiet for some time. His cheeks became red and Agatha noticed that he wants to say something but can’t say it.

“Do you wanna go?” asked Agatha.

“Where?” said he.

“Just outside!” she answered.

She took him by her side and went secretly to the ‘Rayday’ storage room. Without saying anything she kissed him. She took out his t-shirt and he took out hers. They both were nude from the upper body. His right hand slid to her left boob. She hugged him tightly and whispered ‘i also used to come around this place, alone’. The dim dark room was lit by their love. Ajay was holding her hands across the walls rigidly. When her jeans became half-opened, Agatha’s brown eyes kept on staring at him. She knew that their roots had achieved their demands and the only thing is left was the introduction of themselves because he is the one and only.

The pain was more than pleasure when the realism hit the ground. Ajay prepared himself when he saw a bit of blood over his jean fly button area. The gloomy red mark was the product of fantasies. The mark that he had on his jeans kept on distracting him when he was driving to his home. The enjoyable disdain and guilt made him think that everything he did was not just in the moment thing, it was his choice too. It was all the thinking that was shaping his expectations about the first time which created the pain. It was the pain in head and a normal thing when he again thought about losing his virginity. It reminded him of the circle that his friends used to create when he was small, the group of friends which they call the circle was not that great but thinking about it and telling them to others felt good and sometimes amusing. Ten minutes ago, he experienced something like that with Agatha. He bleed a bit which he wasn’t aware of and she didn’t bleed. The grip of her hand made Ajay think that she may be into sports or gym because at first the way she slid her hands back to grab his butt made him more submissive to

her. The amalgams of things has changed, you can now expect anything in affection.

Ajay kept on rubbing his jeans. His bladder was telling him to stop the car and release himself like a heart-whole person. He took the same flyover where he wanted to see those roads. The concentration was on the roads and he decided that he will pee when he will reach his home. He again slowed down his car and the flyover which was all free was covered by a huge shadow. The shine of the huge solar tiles looked like the shine of diamonds, radiant as it gets and strong as it shows. The innovation can't have peeks, it is not limited, if something is invented, it just lifts the human to the new reach and so on. Ajay again thought that what he did today to Wicky can't be more justified, it can be an unhygienic stabbing to his opportunities that nobody has the qualification to judge even if someone is all the time wrong and Wicky was wrong just one time. He had destroyed families but the wound of that still have a wider gap in his heart, knowing everyday that he killed somebody and if the world is a court of finance, he knows that he played by their rules and got a garbage pardon.

The wetness after some time became cold but still the wetness was not all gone. Agatha went to the bathroom and took out her white panties. She looked at it. The semen was not all dried and the blood was all mixed up with semen, not her but Ajay's. She took a detergent and with a help of a tap water she rubbed it so hard that some threads of her panties broke loose and looked as if it's about to torn. The sweat over her forehead was intense and the hot breeze was evaporating the heat. There were tiny bit splashes of water on her naked legs and on her t-shirt while washing but as she washed she blushed and closed her eyes. She knew that he ejaculated near her lower abdomen and the drops of it touched her panties when it was down to her thighs. She knew it that how strong Ajay is from outside but he is too innocent from inside to be strong.

Being strong was not the quality that bites to Wicky's gut every time. He was being aware since the day Ajay was born that whenever he did something wrong he will regret it by the end of the day. But it was not the end of the day, it was the eagerness to know why his son did such kind of thing. It was not that important but it was the trust that got hung the other way for his son. Wicky thought if he would have kept a direct approach, his son could have trusted him the simple way like father and son but it was always presupposed

as a businessman and son. Wicky also knew that by the end of the day if he did something wrong to his son he will regret it because it's the similarities, the element, that he sees in him. When he was in his bathroom, shaving, the power was all aligned when he was thinking about his son and he felt after one minute thirty one seconds a heavy thing that was becoming so heavy that it didn't want to go. Wicky felt attached to it like if this heavy thing is just one that wanted to stay with him forever. He forgot how to react but he definitely reacted when he heard a bell that hit his mind if the heavy thing is in front of his door, standing.

Capricious and demure together made Agatha as elegant as it gets at a dinner table with Abby and her colleague, Matt. The intense conversation of society's values indirectly laid down by her mother's gum was the same values game that many of the people still plays which say getting stable is the new craving. The fork and the spoon today enjoyed a different kind of dancing in respect to other days where the fork and the spoon are always in war whether which one is perfect and which one got more use. The light smile that was playing with them was the constant thinking of those four hour gone flashbacks with Ajay. Whatever the topic was at the dinner table, the sincerity was put to active mode but it was nothing but the pretending character that Agatha portrays whenever someone is with her mom. And now the pretending character can't pretend because being genuine is what taking over her, she don't want it but she wants to get used to it, she likes how fun is the breath, each breath is depicting something and the breath of her that collided with a different breath today is the thing that her inner self wants to brag about. She just wants to close her eyes and feel the enjoyable flames that were keeping the light smile on the table with a fork and a spoon, depicting a nonverbal rhetorical questioning of itself via the unknown knot which has been tied with Ajay, it's the bridge that deduce their time, getting rid of the moment such as right now and adjusting it with those moments that creates the memory. At present she is eating her dinner but mentally, she is on the walk over a bridge that is so big that it is hard enough to see the other end, the cimmerician of certain beliefs were covering more than half of the bridge that can only be uncover by taking just a few steps. Being a landloper is what anybody can become, you just have to be more irenic internally because the internal love is the fundamental that stays immortal, finding that requires more digging and digging sometimes to a wrong hole is like if all the guesses are right and you think everything with your life is going perfectly fine.

Mistaking something for someone sure gives a nice experience but it also creates a false assumption first. The eyes of Abby and her colleague sure had some false assumptions by seeing the random smile of Agatha but playing with a folk and a spoon created a vast judgment. Who could have understood the random mysteries in her heart and the bridge of lasting memories which has been made just a few days ago? nobody, she thought.

Last night had some implications that Abby didn't expect that it would happen to Agatha. The morals were not the same and it was still continuing when Abby made a black coffee for her daughter. Black coffee brought the morning to a different anticipated start. Neither Abby had any clue why she was doing that nor Agatha. She just wants to see her daughter independent but not the way she behaved last night. She knows she can't control it but she can neutralize her daughter's mind showing that the valedictions can go the wrong way if not taken care well. She was the victim of it once but she don't want her daughter to suffer the same in the end. Agatha being the opposite of neutral was getting the pretending character of her mother that she once giving her. In the world of love, naysayers are not alive, which Agatha gets and she knows that her mother mischievousness only deserve a silence because in the world of love, giving someone a silence is too much.

Reaching the school only to find out that the most excited thing which keeps the heart at an optimum level is missing and to fulfill this fighting with the time is only option. When the fuel which keeps your desire running is missing, things don't affect you even if everybody is talking about you because the background is blur and it's the jungle, it gets only passed when you know exactly what you are doing. Being in a jungle is just an excuse, of course it teaches you how to survive but when in the journey with desire and faith, every goal you peruse will be different from every individual. Missing feels like 'wants to be together but you can't be together' just like the islands of the world which once were together can't be together no more. When the school was over, things went in the same order but this time Agatha wanted to drink a hot chocolate in a hot summer. It's the similarities that are aligning and ending their choices to land on a peculiarity of nature, it's the interaction with it that defines the other level of comportment. Being in Rayday store and demanding a hot chocolate sure reminds Agatha the overdose of nostalgia but watching Ajay's dad through the window of a store reversed the course not because he was there but the way he was staring at her holding a

phone.

The black solar phone in his left hand is designed to handle the loose grip but the loose grip didn't matter as the store's door opened. The nimiety of things seemed too loud for his body to bear. The white shirt had its creases which were once imitating the creases of his life when he lost his job. As soon as the store's door closed, the sound of it suddenly reminded him about the time when he used to sleep alone and look out the crackles on his ceiling but those crackles has now become a part of his life where the nature tends to pay him back. He walked slowly with all the shiver he could possess and asked "Are you Agatha?"

"Yes! how can i help?" she replied.

"This is Ajay's phone. He forgot to carry his phone.....yesterday... i....i looked it up but.....just...saw the name...he wanted to send you a message but .....couldn't send."

"What's the matter? why your voice is shaking?" asked Agatha.

"I'm just afraid that you will never be able to meet him"

"Why?" she cried, the redness and the heat didn't know how to fathom what she heard. Her eyes kept on looking at that hot chocolate which now looked mild. She was sure that it was a different anticipated start after all. She could remember the dream that she wanted to share where she smiled all the time and was very affable towards everybody. In that moment, her unknown father's probity was so elegant as of her that she had forgotten the deliberate questioning of her mom. The only thing she gazed upon was that beautiful face, if she could remind it, if she could express her thoughts by seeing him in that beatific way while his and her family were having dinner, it could seem that they, Agatha and Ajay, were lost in the offing of a magnificent ocean.....their world where they were building their home. She wanted to tell Wicky that but her lips couldn't say it, it could just taste her sour life. She knew now she could feel Ajay but only in eternity, not after the school.

## 17

The car exhaled all its clogged mucus out of the engine when the uncouth locality needed its immediate valediction. The strange sound the car made angered me with such agility that the short temperedness of mine couldn't be

more appropriate in delivering the mental exhaustion by verbally killing Tom. He didn't say anything. The loss of his grey long hair that made the whole persona of Tom was much of a shock to him where the adventure of his threatened longevity beat him hard to digest what just happened. He touched the steering wheel just as though he missed the gone experiences that he used to had without being effective and efficient as the trends goes by these days. He scratched his back due to the itchiness caused by the left over hairs that somehow always gets trap inside the ins and outs of the cloths. Tom raised his brows, asking me to check if the 3d printer at his back seat is working or not. I didn't want to argue. The sticky small hairs in our body were giving an absurd kind of pressure that made me want new cloths. If it could have been the previous digital era, the hope of printing books manually would still be considered gobsmacked. If Tom would have been there, he would considered to be a perfect wayzgoose, the once who often celebrates the end of summer and the start of winter to provide the workers to feel more warm as in the case of Tom. He would nail that role. Perhaps this is how the mind reacts when the body feels awkward. My thinking of him as a wayzgoose sure told me that our cloths needed a good changing.

The scarcity of our cloths was about to be filled by that cheap 3d printer at the back seat of Tom's car since the occurrence of our incident to be in the neutral road. It also reminded me about the other scarcity of being creative. It got fixed later on and the fulfillment of scarcity sure improved the quality of life but finding the new jobs with new creativity got to do something. The previous problems are being appreciated now and finding the new role becomes the repetitive problem. I hope being a 'regular' may not come in the 'previous problems' in years to come. The 'regular' guy who wants to punch us could have gotten us in the toilet if he was not a 'regular'. I still feel pity not because of his apathy of being a 'regular' but the strong odor in which the smell of an alcohol were roaming through his pores. The bad habits, you may call it that adds up to be the moment of rue. It hurts real bad. The car went on to taste the delicate solar plates on the road which has never been replaced. There are now uncollission road and the other roads. Neutral road is not being used in 'The fondness' since six years. It is just left alone like a lonely dessert whereas uncollission is the most conceptual enabled road. When the government started building these two roads, both roads, uncollission and the neutral road had a different concept. Uncollission road was like a transparent tunnel, much like an oval transparent tunnel which had a first floor compact

with other cars utilities. The people who used to drive couldn't see the first floor, they could just see the different globes through the transparent tunnel. For them, their view was what's outside like a natural environment. But for the people working at the first floor, for them the tunnel is not transparent, it's like an office with a garage. If anything happens in the tunnel, the people seating on the first floor has to take care of any contretemps. It was like this at first but the uncollision road has developed a lot. On the other hand, neutral road had a 'wide variety' concept which means that roads should be wide, so wide that there were many fragments on the road. Each fragment was for the people to buy it which means they can have their own road. But not everybody can afford it and there were also restrictions laid down by the sky policy because the neutral road was built in the sky. It was violating the other roads that used to connect other islands. When neutral road got closed, some routes were reconnected to uncollision road so that people can drive on the ground as well as in the sky. Some robust part of the neutral road remained the same. Fragments got mixed up, again some got connected to the uncollision and some were just there broken and filled with clouds. They are still there somehow. Some say that these unfinished roads are there as a mark and it's related to the stock market crash that happened six years ago and it is ultimately a road where frustrations are released physically rather than by the law of love created by the world government where there are several ways to release frustration without engaging in any physical violation. This law is similar to love metrics implemented by organizations.

I still didn't have any idea how Tom got us to the neutral road. Perhaps it's the mixed fragments of the neutral road that somehow allowed us to jump from uncollision to neutral road, or maybe it was all because of the wrong downloaded programs of our car that corrupted the satellite surveillance on the uncollision road. If that would be the case then our car could be shown as unwanted which is a rare exception and a possibility. But now we were on the uncollision road, our speed was at 90kmph which is not right. The average speed starts from 110kmph. We could end up in the interrogative section of the uncollision road. But as long as what happened to us this morning, we laughed on the way and we were sure that college was not on the priority list because it was already afternoon. We could not even set the reach timing because of the invalid speed gap. You can set your destination timings, at what time you want to reach according to the different speeds which are available within 110 to 310kmph. It was transpicuous for me that Mr.

Mathew would be pissed and would be more pissed seeing me half bald and half head sprinkled with some full hair tomorrow. May be he will get some idea about “Which part am i playing?”. Everything becomes just the finding of things. I hope next time when i will meet the tall guy i will get to know everything through the shitty artificial logic. But till then this world has become a little place where big things happen and in that Tom asked me to check if there’s an artificial tuna left in the glove box. We didn’t care what condition the food was into, as far as the starvation considered due to the unplanned journey we had, feeding anything to our tummies was enough. Tom still had to put much attention to the steering wheel because it wasn’t a self-drive car and self-drive cars drive on uncollission road. I had to feed him that tuna and it was not nice. Right that time i couldn’t go to Harley because i’m nineteen and i’m living there for months now. The only thing where my presence is not needed is my home where last time if i recall it i was kicked out from my home, verbally. It wasn’t the best Christmas for me. Was being high is now the crime? i’m not aware of it. This is not of much importance to me because my body feels the same, same as in same the last time of my visit from Lila.

Crack! .....Tom couldn’t see it but sure was aware of the fact that why my presence had such consequences that he wasn’t aware of. The so called tranquility at my house was over. I think the tight slap through the left hand of my mother was for my unknown ignorance that she thinks are causing me to behave in such a manner. I don’t understand what those manners are because i’m the same, i think. She was the one who kicked me out through the assistance from my sister, verbally. Producing a crack on the face thrice with such exponential aggression got me thinking that she is doing it because maybe i’m half bald or probably because she missed me. I looked at Tom, the blinks and grimaces on my face made him look like a code-switching guy where his uxoriousness was gone and what was left was his cute bald face injected with some kind of disease.

“Tell me what the hell happened to your head?” shouted my mom.

“It’s a long story...” i spoke.

“I wanna hear it then!” she again shouted.

“We were in the neutral road and.....”



“For nature’s sake Agushti! you know what happens there!” Abby interrupted.

“I didn’t know but now i know...” i responded.

“You are so into yourself!” she fumed.

“May be that’s a right thing that i love myself, not like you who just wants to know everything. Why you are suddenly becoming a caring mother? you never cared when i and Agatha were in school!” i retorted.

“You don’t get to say that!” she blurted.

“Yeah i can say that because i’m your son and i always behaved that way!”

“I know it sounds the same but you don’t understand how i was carrying myself and the others...” said Abby.

The inner self of ours identify us with such admiration that the quality of being the best is present everywhere but a look on the mirror differentiates the outer self and hence everybody. Tom’s inner and outer self kind of got jammed because the jimjams he was getting and what he thought about his looks previously, the inner self and outer self, was same once but now it has a whole another point of view. Standing behind me, he felt weird thinking that he came here to coze up a bit and irrespective to that he now gets the same boring drama performed by various families. If he wouldn’t lose those long hairs, he could have changed the situation.

But someone did change the situation, it was not Tom of course but a hand that holds the black mask. Whenever i see the black mask, for a sec, i don’t think, i just be in the ‘now’, the presence, where something beyond than my soul had a reach and i don’t even know if that’s a place or even there’s something. Telling someone something like this would create a mental picture of a cloud or something white or vapors but ‘now’ is being ‘being’. Black mask is simply a mask in black color where someone could create a mental picture of a thief who wants to steal something or murder someone which is rare nowadays. But here the black mask is just like a paper slip to enter a state where very few gets the entry. “Why am i thinking like that? is it me or the imaginary person that i have created?” comes back the mind commenting. “Being is not a superpower, it is just being”, my mind commenting always crashes when i don’t want to remember anything. Harley looked vulpine holding that black mask when he suddenly appeared in front

of the door. He was standing behind Tom.

“Harley!” my mom shouted.

“What a great time to be here? you too with them?” she continued.

“I’m pissed at him!” raged Harley.

“What?” spoke Abby.

“Do you know he supposed to be with me? he is not coming to my place since one month?” replied Harley.

“What??? now don’t tell me Agushti that you have become a ‘regular’?”

“Mom! i’m not a ‘regular’ and as far as it is concerned, i can only drink a beer!.....you don’t have to worry about that!”

“So what did you do?” asked Abby.

“I was working....i was with Tom. We both were working in ‘The bob centre’”

“Where did you get your sleep?” she inquired.

“Yes! where did you get your sleep?” Harley repeated.

I wasn’t getting enough sleep. I didn’t even sleep that much since the time when Tom got laid with Bambi’s cousin. I just wanted to vent things out, things like Lila, tall guy, having some feelings for Pearl or the energies or forces inside me. It is not the energies that are keeping me to feel wonderful or do any abnormal stuff. It just that i can’t digest thinking that it is just there, and i can’t do anything about it to use them. I looked at my mother and then at Harley and said “in a car!”

“Wow in a car! when did you learn to sleep in a car Agushti?”

“Mom...don’t....can we just end all this?”

“No! no! no! you can’t end anything like that Agushti!” shouted Harley.

“What about this black mask that you left?” spoke he.

My eyes going wide is not common, it just that Harley never saw it. He didn’t expect why would i stand still just like her mother, Martha who always gets upset whenever she hears silly platitudes of today’s generation. Fear is one of the aspect that clouds her mind. I stared at that mask thinking what if this is a

physical fear which i can grab and throw it away. What if i landed beside the guardians in Lila where all the answers go off my head, it will be the good thing to escape this net of argument. “Where is the off button? why the wire is upside down without a direct link?” spoke my constant thinking. I like the fact that the guardians in Lila have someone like me and simultaneously i’m just random. If they want, they could choose Tom or even Abby if they want randoms at their home. I would really enjoy that if Abby could be the random. If she would be the random then i wouldn’t have to explain all these things to her that i’m explaining right now. If one could change the villainous overcast in the sky by wearing a sublime suit is the one that can change everything including me by stopping me from answering Harley’s answer. Tim came wearing indirect money with that shiny suit. He was now standing behind Harley.

“Damn! Damn! Damn! what in the right hell am i missing?.....oh god! you!” exclaimed Tim.

“Mom you know him?” i asked.

“I know him Agushti but not the way you’re thinking. I met him last time on the main ‘BundsVille’ bar” answered Agatha.

“So you’re a ‘regular’ now mom?” i inquired.

“No Agushti! ah! i can only drink a bear just like you!”

“haha!” Tim laughed while Harley and Tom looked at him.

“But how do you exactly know Tim?” said i.

“As i said we met at a bar.....then our friends introduced us.....we were dancing and that’s all...and seriously that’s all!” answered Abby.

“You dance lovely!” Tim gushed.

“Will you shut up?” i told Tim.

“Don’t forget i gave you my home!” Tim added.

“You were at his home?” spoke my mom as if she was there too.

“You too were at his home?” i asked.

“NO!” the way this word came from Abby’s mouth kinda sounded ‘yes’ to my ears to which i said “Don’t he live in ‘CutsVille’?”

“You ask questions as if you’re the world government! yes we were dancing! and we had a bit fun! i have two three houses ...i mean globes here in the ‘BundsVille’. Where were you when i was telling you that i like increasing my assets? you’re a grown ass man! grow up! don’t ask your mother so many questions. It’s appalling! gosh!” responded Tim.

“You don’t know who asks many questions. Why are you even here Tim?” i added.

“I have this black mask in my pocket. I never had seen this type of material anywhere, not to my knowledge. Is it yours?”

My eyes going wide is common for Tim and i’m glad that he didn’t ask me about the disappearance from his room the morning when my celebration of Christmas had its draconian effects which landed me to my classroom. It’s draconian for me because if i think about it too much it just allows me to watch my emotions but isn’t that what we need, watching the emotions? being the observer? it’s so tough, so immense just like seeing the black mask. Of course it’s a gateway or may be a thought but if you look at it as a black hole connecting through other dimension, the essence of it is large, very large. I feel that when i see a black mask every freaking time. It’s like taking a shower and closing your eyes and imagining that you are in deep inside an ocean but you can’t get out from it, the water looks a bit green and you’re inside it looking for help and you can’t see things properly, you can feel your body but can’t operate it just like sleep paralysis and the second you feel that somebody is behind you, you just can’t move in that deep ocean where the only thing that your mind can grasp for help is the dim light of the sun throwing it’s enlightenment wherever it’s possible. How can i say this to Tim or express this to my mother?

“I wanna be a thief. A good thief that can do imperfect things. Everything is so smooth nowadays. You don’t have accidents. You can’t enjoy cars like the way you all used to do back in the days. Travelling in uncollission road is same as travelling in a train but with a two seater. I’m happy that i and Tom were in a neutral road. At least, we got to know what happened there since its termination. Everything we thought happened but the wave is too high and i wanna be imperfect in that. I like that, that’s why the mask.....can i get back those...?” said i.

Tom was standing behind me and behind Tom, Harley was there and behind

him Tim was standing, only to be interrupted by Agatha and Beth. They came through the door together only to be the uninvited participants in the argument that we all were having. Beth looked at me. I was looking at Tim showing my hand in vain to get that black mask. My head was out of ideas that why Beth is with my sister. I continued “What is going on?... Beth, you know my sister?”

“She told me to keep an eye on you...” Beth answered.

“Why?” i looked at Agatha.

“Because you are my brother. Last time i saw you in Christmas and you were not at all good. I was kinda worried. So i happen to know Beth.” spoke Agatha.

“First mom kicked me out! ...when i was at home on Christmas eve, you freaking kicked me out. I didn’t expect this caring thing suddenly? .....and Beth how do you know Agatha exactly?” i told.

“When you came home on Christmas eve, that night i was sitting beside Pearl. You kept on looking at her. When the whole show ended after the incident and you being outside the house that night, i was quite worried. I and your sister started our friendship that night. She told me to look after you...” explained Beth.

“Look after me! seriously?” i stressed.

“You were not coming to college!” Beth added.

“You were not going to college Agushti?” Abby repeated.

“All these checks that i have been sending!” she continued.

“Ahhhh, it’s not like that mom. I didn’t want your money that’s why i was working at ‘The bob centre’...”

“I don’t understand you Agushti!” shouted Abby.

“Mom! can we just end all this? can we sit and talk? i’m very hungry! i know you’re mad but this time don’t kick me out. If you’re planning to kick me out then can i and Tom first eat? then you can kick us out...” i replied.

“I’m hungry too though...” said Harley.

Abby looked at us in awe, beginning to think that i was taking things lightly

and the people are too much to be served. They all can fit the dining table but she had to cook more food now or she can just take out the frozen artificial meat which is quite cheap. Real meats are very expensive and they are banned in most of the places. Artificial meats are the same but some people, very few, are palatable to real meat like Tim who can't adjust to eating artificial meat which is the same but it's the psychology that displays same things differently. Artificial meats are not banned because the people need protein that's why 'bob centre's' role come in play to provide their synthetic meat in a protein power pack. Thinking about the 'bob centre' also allowed me to think more about reaching the 'break-even point' on time where the 'bob centre' is located. I looked at my mother who was serving us in a very ungentle way. We were all sitting together because in mannerism we all are wired the same. After eating enough to satisfy my hunger i asked Tim and Harley if i can get back the black mask to feel imperfect again. They gave me the mask and when i touched it, nobody see that coming. I stood up and this is what came out from my mouth. "We just gets vanquish like a thin air as if thousands of years was just for fun because someone knows that everything starts from the scratch. In this millennium, people can feel things, externally and internally also. We know that some part of our brain starts this emotions creating phenomenon but who really starts this uniqueness? who creates every one different?, these were the questions that were asked to the generation changing robot who said 'Complexity!'. Robots are nice but they use us to determine our patter and our habits of the past, for which they predict our future. But no matter how efficient and effective a robot can be, it will always lack one quality and that is to be a super human. We think superhuman were the people that used to fly high in the sky. They had the ability to talk to animals. Had the nuclear power just placed right in their hands and this was just thousands of years ago. Some people believe it while some people don't. But what they miss is, they also have superhuman power and that is to change themselves in a moment, it doesn't even take a nano sec. It is that powerful. When robots will take most of our activities, they will rely on our past but what if we forget our past and just dived into the future? like the elites do. This moment, the moment, our moment, happens when we just think this is it! no more of that! just keep giving me this and i will prosper like never before. This moment changes the way we think, the way we approach, the way we look into our past. This energy amounts to the infinite and is considered as a super power which everyone knows but do not really

knows. A robot wonderfully lacks this quality. A robot will know how to update an outdated software to the perpetuity but it will be the same software. It's like if Henry Ford is a robot, he will know that how to produce a best horse but he won't know how to produce a car. If we proceed to thousand years from now, some people will control every people. This is where everything changes. This is where people will look back at us and will think that we had superhuman abilities. This is where the permanency of past will start because the basic foundation will be based on this due to the technological changes by the robots who determines our habits based on our past experiences. The robots will proceed with the monotonous pattern in an efficient and effective way which will trap the human beings in their far exaggerated comfort zone. This comfort zone will be their ultimate dream where everything will be perfect, everything will be up to date and new inventions will be illusions just like the limited universe because we know it's expanding like an ocean which gives home to the new ones as they come and accept the invitation and preserve the old one but it's still limited and desperate for the connection with the other dimensions, that's why they are the anti-matter and this is how the knot is tied. We don't want people to live in their past and especially we don't want people to forget their superhuman power to know that they can do things and can break their pattern anywhere they want.....i don't know what i just said....".

Knowing yourself feels like one kind of suffering but this game of Lila where i have been there a few times purposely did not prepare me for this kind of uncertain words coming out from my mouth. Black mask allowed me to say whatever deep inside me was buried but it was uncertain. Maybe it's the genie that is reacting.

## 18

The reason for creating the off button of our body is important because the noises that keep hitting the alarm all the time is creating our lives miserable. First the outcome is being the miserable bastard but eventually the paradoxical nature of every individual tends to get everything. They understand everything and understanding is cool but it is not the priority, the ending is the priority which most of the individuals never focus on. This is where the off button of the body is set; you just have to press that button really hard. There's a time in life when everything looks wrong and it feels

like it just happening to you. Why there life is so perfect and mine's not? , conceivably this is why my paradoxical nature was not getting everything for anything. Tim looked at me if i knew some answers. His car looked like a billionaire's dream. Whenever i looked at his gadgets, the only thing coming in my mind was money. It was looking good on him, though money is not the priority today that much. But he insisted me if i know something. From inside his car it appeared as if i was seeing a movie. His car would probably be a gimcrack for him or maybe not. The consistency of the speed was maintained at 305kmph on uncollission road but if you have done something wrong or if there is a problem in a car then the car just gets 'paused' and speed just gets slow till the car stops, these are the advances made to uncollission road. The solar plates on the road measure the car size and lift the car up to the roof of the tunnel. The roof gets open according to the car size and you're in the 'interrogative section' where some bunch of people asks you questions that you may not like, the usual way.

Many people freak out when their car gets 'paused'. I was freaking out too. There are usually few people that surround the car to check if everything's alright. I thought everything was alright with the car but i guess the people who were standing outside the car didn't. There are robots usually. It just depends on a day to day basis. The place looked like a corporate office with a few cabins as it should be. If they did find something unusual with the car then the car gets lifted to an another roof where the car's brand takes care of things but instead of that i get to meet my mom. She was standing with another man dressed in casuals. They looked at me if they knew where i was going. I looked at the cabin first and within minutes my mind was searching for an exit. A larruping good talk, this is how my mother falls into a deep conversation but the other thing will be that i don't have to attach any emotions in it because she will catch me if i am lying. This is what i did. The man in casuals was going to seal Tim's hand with the rare metal. If he did that, there won't be any exits for us. Through the listening capabilities of Abby i could see that my talk was going to be just a fanfaronade for her. Anymore delaying in that, i would be home and Tim would be in another island. I started running and couldn't found the exit. In a fear, my survival instincts could only see the other car when i entered the other room. There were cabins too but not that much. The car was going to be down on the uncollission road any minute. Suddenly Tim shouted, he was behind me and told me to shove those people so that we can be on the road. We did exactly



that and we were on the road.

They can usually use their zettaflops software to stop us easily but if they 'pause' us after the correction then they have to 'pause' everybody because a car can't stop a second time and 'pausing' everybody will need a solid reason which my mother can't afford. She is just a head of digital department. She has links but still the links have huge gaps which she has to fill with kindness induced with cleverness. The car that we were into was not a billionaire's dream. Our speed was set to 205kmph, much less than the previous car. There is nothing we could do about the speed. By looking at Tim's eyes i could see that he was missing his non self-drive days with a normal car. The comfortness provided by the road was putting us in jeopardy. The only hope for us was to reach 'CutsVille' street in time. The road ends when the globes on the different streets start. We were on the 50<sup>th</sup> globe where 21<sup>st</sup> was his house.

The house looked polished. The home smell was kind of different. It was filled with sweetness but it was hitting my nostrils with some deviated pungent smell which was intruding the sweet fragrance in between. I didn't like it. We went to the main hall. There Tim gave me an apple, a real one not the artificial. Again, both are the same but again the phycology, it differs. I looked at him. "Now what?" said i. He told me that Abby could come at any time. The state of rush though my body could not understand why Tim was silent. He stood up and went to the room where i spend my last Christmas. That time i slept thinking what might be a regular night. When you get really tired, sleep knocks your mind to give you a reminder that why it is important. The normal life was looking so interesting, so amazing that i wanted to be a part of it, i wanted to sacrifice my sleep. When you get injured, you see your siblings and you understand how accurately their body is functioning. They are injury free. You see their lives so good that you want to be a part of it. It creates a new perception and also allows you to look to the other end. You also think when you will be injury free. Life looks pathetic with that. The sensation of desultory illusion made me pathetic that night and when it occurred the feeling was so interesting, so amazing just like when you wake up and listen to songs, you feel like you understand the world. You go to the peak of your level before you realize that you are injured.

The tongue went all cloying when my foot fingers touched the crease of the room. We went to the room. Tim still stood quite. He wanted me to say

something. My eyes glanced off the bed. If it was the eyes of an old i could have enjoyed it but it was not the eyes of an old person. It was just eyes which didn't have the plausible explanation of all the things it has already seen. The flakes were all over the bed. Through few glimpses it appeared like a woodchips but it was more like a skinchips of my skin. I was standing in front of a door. Tim took out his mobile and then took a single skin flake from the bed. He scanned it by putting the flake on the screen of his mobile and then he again looked at me. I told him that i was in coma. I didn't know what else i could have said. I sure as hell didn't want Lila in his mind. I had the shock but this time the normal shock looked tantalizing when Tim said he knew me before the coma. He said he was the one that put me into a good night sleep.

"The hell?" i shouted.

"Don't worry. Let me put into a context! calm down!" spoke Tim.

"How can i calm down to this?" i seethed.

"See...i didn't know you were Abby's son. I know your mother a long time ago and i still know her but that day you were under our bed. Your mom told me to grab something and i grabbed a shoe but the shoe was really hard, hard enough to get you. Instead of seeing you, i just saw your head and i hit you very badly. When Abby got to know that it was you. We took you to the hospital and it was not an accident or something..."

"What the fuck that supposed to mean? and you hit me with a shoe? while fucking my mom? what is going on? and why are we running away then? this is so hard to digest!" i rasped.

"Because when you got hit. Your mother and i of course took you to the hospital but i returned fast. I was wondering what you were doing inside our bed." said Tim.

"But i don't know what i was doing inside my mom's bed..." i added.

"But that's not the point. The point is that i looked under the bed and there were some flakes but not that much as of right now. I scanned it that time and your level was very low as of compared to now..." Tim replied.

"I work at the factory in break even, Allis. I think maybe that's why the body level is high..." i informed.

“See, i do these kinds of things. Just tell me the last time you slept heavily?” asked Tim.

“Heavily?” i stressed.

“Like when you sleep when there’s only you in the world. What i intend is a good sleep! did you get some?” said Tim.

“No, i don’t remember that much...” i told.

“Well! this might be a good answer...” Tim replied.

“You are sedated by your mother. I know because i know her.” he added.

As much i did not want to believe him, Tim got me to the point where telling him about Lila seemed right. But there was still a hesitation on my side which was telling me not to support my instinct. I should have backed my instinct with enough will power. The inner voices of mine were all confused. I felt my brain is going to blow at any time when Tim told me things, the other things with his own kind of insinuations. May be i projected it as insinuations to understand the truth as it was already controlled by the dust particles of the space that travels the whole universe to give us the minute properties of everything. There are higher powers that created these particles so that the universe works as a system of alchemy. Tim told me that we are the product of every planet. This is the reason why we change our bodies completely after few months. The old things get replaced with the new ones and the new ones are usually these particles that travel the whole universe. The world government saw these particles as a signal to understand the nature for its present form, to basically understand the golden rule. The government took these particles as sculpting the dynamics of the earth. Through this, the government started wiring the islands which they had blown up for the good. They were wiring mentally. The compounding of ignorance was greater than the humanity where the population of good ones were low. Nature just had thrown the light through the golden rule with the world war three. The different islands were wired through the mechanism which is originated by using the brain neurons.

The buildup of a powerful house can only happen if the architecture is in its place. Neurons react in a particular pattern. Sometimes this pattern is so strong that it stays with us for the rest of our lives. This pattern is like a quality that we develop through our own experiences. There are billions of

neurons. Anyone could start developing the different pattern through practice and repetition, for them the life is unlocked through their pattern. The patterns are like the lightning thunder in the sky. Whenever the lightning occurs, the one who see it sees the different lines on the blue fire in the sky but we can repeat this line through repetition and practice in the brain. Belief also plays a good part in shaping that. Countries like The fondness, The dearness, The tenderness and many others are based on beliefs which are shaping the people through their own kind of wiring, indirectly creating the pattern which is becoming stronger day by day. There are billions of neurons which mean there are billions of ways to wire these particular islands. Names like The fondness, The dearness, The tenderness don't depict it's literal meaning but the ideology behind it. The islands are forming and going on a regular basis. The world government is wiring the people's psychology by creating nueronical pattern reaction on different islands so that everybody can stay without any harm.

Balance indicator comes when neurons react in a manner. If balance indicator goes with the negative energy field all around the world, it states some people's lower self is still activate and it allows them to be in wrong activities. Government officials find those people and try to change their pattern without even knowing that they are creating the nueronical reactions in their brain. One such activity involves playing a video game for two years. The game is built in such a manner that it lures the mind, breaks the old nueronical patterns which was creating the negative energy field and creates the new pattern in similarities to the islands you belong. It is same as physical therapy where you reposition the joint to get rid of the pain so that it functions properly.

Every small islands as countries are being kept on the evolution radar so the human can feel as a human according to the human in different islands. Evolution radar is a part which involves all these neurons, wiring, balance indicator and love metrics in organizations. Every island interacts but if an individual wants to go to the other island for a long time or forever, certain training is required to prevent some mental diseases. It also includes playing a game but a different kind of game which don't take a year. It's like you are

born and brought up in one place but suddenly have to go to other country and live there forever, in this case adapting the environment is required which comes naturally but today adapting is much worse. It doesn't come naturally. Everything is so much decided and presented in a way that looks natural. This is the way how every countries based on the synonyms of love are being preserved for a long time because some day these islands as countries are going to have its last day. They also got some age. 'The Fondness' is sixty four and an half years old and is expected to live more ninety years. All this is cool but my years didn't have any changes, i thought, when Tim was explaining all these things to me. Tim checked it but it can be due to my visit in Lila which Tim didn't have any clue. He thinks i am sedated by my own mother but i think am just in the middle of nowhere. I had three minutes twenty five seconds to left Tim's home with him but the question was where the hell should we go? by the look of his face, he wanted me to go to every home where i used to live so that he can check if there's any skinchips of my skin, kind of weird. By all the homes, he means going to Harley's home and also mine where we can't go.

Tim went to his neighbors and took their car. The music in the car wasn't lacking any plugins. It was up to date. We easily disconnected the satellite connection. It was wonderful how we could feel like flying with that lightness. "Alienation" was an ability for Tim when he first experienced it because nobody for a long time has ever experienced a feeling of alienation. When he jumped to another island, he ended up in 'The fondness' where he ended up being with my mother. It was much more than code-switching, it felt like meeting another species which looked the same. Nobody caught him because it was just an experiment performed by an organization that works to check evolution radar. They wanted to see if Tim can develop some mental disease so that they can enhance the program to train people so that they can easily go to different countries for a long time when the time on that island is over. It looks the same if you go for a year or two to another country but as nueronical reactions which react in a chain can cause the person to get infected mentally, again the adaptability which was stronger years ago has been stopped by the nature i guess. A chain of nueronical reaction in a particular pattern in every country is different. In the long run one cannot stay there. When Tim came to 'The fondness', he met Abby and she also knew that he was just an experiment. When the years went by, Tim grew quite wealthy. The whole story was good for my ears when the car was going

smoothly but the strong aversion was the part where he had sex with my mother after seven years when he met her day before yesterday at a bar. Our car talk took the widdershins when we were not at Harley's house. He was taking me to my college.

Tim was angry at me. He thought i didn't trust him. He was going to meet with the overall mensch person of our college. I was happy that Mr. Mathew was not teaching. He was reading a book when we met him in the garden under a tree. The prime focus of his own thoughts, Mr. Mathew's thoughts got distracted when he saw me, especially my hair. He didn't say anything. His vainglorious grey eyebrows were enough. He got up and closed his book. He told us to follow him to his office. I and Tim were following his tail. To alleviate the distraction i wore a black skull cap which i took from the car to hide my head. The minute walk landed us in his office. The first question he asked me was about Tim. Tim wanted to introduce himself with his bellwether approach.

"I'm Tim and i just buy homes you know...."

"Yeah, i can see that on your suit. Just tell me what happened?" said Mr. Mathew.

"We are in a trouble. His mom is finding us. He brought me here." replied Tim.

"Oh! i don't know what to do..." told Mr. Mathew.

"You asked me which part am i playing? i don't know what part i am playing" i addressed.

"So that brought you here Agushti Hoffman?" asked Mr. Mathew.

"Yeah! i thought you knew something!" i spoke.

"I always think you know something but you don't know shit!" Tim exasperated at me.

"See Mathew... can i call you just Mathew? see....if you have something then tell us or else we are going!" said Tim.

"How's the 'alienation' going on?" asked Mr. Mathew.

Tim was going and i was going too, i still presume. When he said 'alienation' Tim stopped. But the door banged with three knocks. We all thought that it

was some teacher but when she shouted “It’s Beth!”, Tim and i looked at each other.

“What is she doing here?” Tim yelped.

“She studies here!” i added in a low voice.

“Why you didn’t tell me that before?” asked Tim.

“Because you didn’t ask...” i answered.

“Hello Mr. Mathew? are you there?” said Beth while knocking the door.

“Fuck! what the hell Agushti?” Tim stressed.

“I’m meditating Beth! will see you after college!” spoke Mr. Mathew.

“Shit! ...thank you Mathew...” reposed Tim, exhaling his breath deeply.

“You said something about ‘alienation’?” Tim continued.

“Oh! yes yes! i did. I can read that in your body...” replied Mr. Mathew.

“Tell me exactly what you know. I don’t have a time. I have to figure out something...” Tim hastened.

“I know who you are. Everybody knows about wealthy people once but now everybody knows about some wealthy people. At my age, wealth was like a magnet. It attracted people whether they like you or dislikes you, the attraction was there but now it don’t have that kind of value. When you fall, i was not aware that the government was making experiments on adults. Don’t worry, you should feel proud because my son was the one who first got ‘alienated’. You didn’t suffer any mental disease but he did. It infected his whole brain. He was the victim of the negative energy field. Officials tried to change his patterns but he was taking too long so they again decided to take him as an experiment to solve some adaptability issues. He was thirty eight. It’s surprising that they now pretend that they don’t know you.”

“Fuck! I’m so sorry! i get that the government is doing something good with the expansion of the brain. But the government do know me, at least one person!” conveyed Tim.

“Who?” asked Mr. Mathew.

“His mother Abby!” answered Tim.

“I didn’t know what i did before. The whole thing was blank when i jumped. When i was in fondness, the ‘alienation’ thing as i said before started taking everything. I wasn’t naked or something when i touched the ground. My other senses were very active as if they have never sensed these kinds of things. I felt different taking in the atmosphere. I was an adult. I didn’t know what i did before jumping, what my identity was or what i did. As soon as i started walking, i was healthy, ripped and with good cloths. I worked in factories. My employer liked my work and as you know love is the main metrics nowadays, you gotta show love and be in love with everything. I don’t wanna tell all that struggle and shit! ....i seriously was in love with everything. Struggle became love. I got promoted and soon became wealthy. When i rescued Agushti at the dinner table when he said something about the superpower or robots... i know that his brain was overworked but i didn’t know the cause. I still don’t know but the most possible thing can be that he is sedated by his mother. If it’s true then i don’t know the reason!” Tim continued.

“You don’t remember anything before jumping? anything?” asked Mr. Mathew.

“I just remember that my mother is a hooker or was a hooker. Childhood says that i liked fish in a gutter!” replied Tim.

“That’s all you remember?” asked Mr. Mathew.

“Yeah!” spoke Tim.

“When i asked Agushti ‘What part he is playing?’, i knew that he was already sedated. I don’t wanna panic him. As you already know every electrified home comes with satellite protection. With the aid of balance indicator, every negative energy that comes close to your house can easily be gone. Thanks to the protection provided by these houses and the awareness provided by infinite satellites. All the theft has been vanished. Wiring the different islands through nueronical reactions was great but it surpassed the old values. I remember the old values. It was great. Whatever you do, your mother will feel secure as long as you have anything electric with you. It can be your mobile, your watch, your earphones or whatever the company has given you for work. Whatever you do, it just gets recorded and stored in infinite servers. You may even have your own satellite. Privacy is an illusion now. The whole earth or blue silver lining is wired with different wires...let’s say earth is a



brain and it can only operate with awareness. Imagine awareness as unlimited or infinite satellites playing around the orbit, keeping everybody's awareness at a basic level which travels from country to country. The fondness, the tenderness, the dearness...all these countries or islands are the subject of awareness (infinite satellites) of the mind (earth). Every county has a different focus but they all are interlinked via satellites and if one has to travel physically to some special islands or countries for a long time then a training is required and it's not normal. The sense of separation creates 'alienation'. Exceptions can be made if you work for the world government and getting a job there is like a high life. As i told you before about the 'Hoax of spiritual lullaby' which included global warming and war by nature....the effects were very high at first. It had its span and today also it somehow has its effects. There is violence of course like brutal violence. There are some places where people make you eat shit literally. Don't you think i know where you got that haircut Agushti? first i pretended when i looked at you in the garden but the uncouth locality is savage. The false boom in the construction industry gave birth to uncouth locality. People need frustration and blood. It is a hub or hubs now on a neutral road which don't function anymore. If i conclude of the saying, perfection is imperfect. I really don't know which part you are playing. I said that because i wanted to distract you. You are an experiment. If you're sedated by your mother then you are identified with your mind."

The rebarbative gesture got Tim to the point where his real vaunting shot Mr. Mathew thrice in the head when he heard him saying 'identification'. Tim again looked at me. I couldn't get out. I didn't react. There were no emotions. The present felt really heavy. I was concentrating. Mr. Mathew was gone just like that into a thin air. I felt like my body is stuck and my problems are more deranged now than ever before. Tim grabbed my collar and dragged me against off the wall. He said "Can you now feel the energies or forces inside you?"

"Don't you get?? I'm in your fucking mind you fucker!"

"What are you...talking about?" i gasped.

"You dumb dumb! you are identified with your mind. If you could have been way beyond it, i wouldn't have to come here. I didn't know your mother would be so rude inside your mind." responded Tim.

If he had said all this before killing Mr. Mathew, i would be amazed and thought of it as a good story but as it's not possible now, i did my thinking because i know that it's the only weapon i can use. In Mr. Mathew's desk, i could see the rare metal but i need to seal it to Tim's hand. A larruping good talk can easily do such wonders; i just need to dis-attach emotions to it. I started talking about what he just said. It didn't make sense to me and i had to make sense to him. I could smell his compathy with Abby from just a little distance away. I just had to walk slowly to take out the drawer to make a good shot at his hands. He said something about the problems that he created to get here. Our talk got some insecurities, if i could have made the wrong move, i knew that i would be in the wrong side. I took out the rare metal when he was describing me about the problems. Tim was engaged in his talking and was going to the peak level with his talking just like my mother. I did not hear him. My focus was waiting him to get his both hands within the proximity. As he did, he was sealed properly. He was intentionally silent. And i ran.

## 19

The paintings had its color on in the sky. I just had to imagine myself on it to experience the essence of living in this world. The coming minute always seems better; if it's bitter then it becomes a learning. I was learning too. It was all a different kind of learning for me in a most heuristic way. It felt like all the problems are thrown at me at once, i just have to pick one problem and solve it. As i looked at the sky outside the window, Tom asked me if i am coping up with everything. All i could see was the suffering when i felt the essence of living in this world. The unexpected friend was now a close friend. Tom's house on the 20<sup>th</sup> globe on the 'BundsVille' street was going to be missed if i hadn't run on time. Tom not being gracious and i who was not on the verge of being pugnacious when Tim killed Mr. Mathew shows that something is lacking. Tom's ears were all in. His hearing sensation kind of pinched in making a conclusion that i'm Tom's last hope. He understood that i hesitated. I had to go all around the way to answer his questions about my sudden absence after that afternoon when we all were dining. Tom thought that i was being controlled. I wasn't being controlled. I conveyed the entire thing without thinking that afternoon when i touched the black mask. When i got to know that Abby was making some calls, i went to take a dump. The

toilet was cleaned, much better than before. There i tried to put on the black mask and thought that i will now get to meet the tall guy and maybe end up in Lila. None of that happened. I left my phone in the toilet on the voice command so that whoever came to see me can easily be tricked by my voice because phone voices answers all your questions in your voice. I had mine in a toilet mode. Tim already knew about the plan because he messaged me to get ready. When everybody was standing outside the toilet to get me out, i was already out with Tim's car on the way.

The concern of me enlarged when Tom tried to digest what i just said. He again asked me questions on me leaving with Tim as he thinks that Tim is a cocky guy and can be a problem. I already told him why i left the house as i also didn't want Dr. Kellie and Dr. John in my house again giving me some medicines, i also told Tom that but i didn't tell him about Lila. The prowess level of grasping abnormal matters becomes high in that matter which Tom likes it and sometimes this lets the cat out of his bag. I don't want that thing right now. Being oppressed, this is how i feel somewhere. I want to tell things. It hurts when it comes out from your mouth and nobody has any idea what is it. They don't know and they give you a doctor. My mother gave me a doctor. I met them once then i never saw them. The way Tom was looking at me, he also thought perhaps i needed some treatment. His wobbly knees were paining standing in just one place listening to me. He sat with a soothing relaxation. His pithy got expanded but i didn't have a time. Now my mother or Tim can come at any time or they will eventually find me. It can be an assumption, a solid one to carry along the way.

Zeroth was making sense. I looked at Tom and Tom looked me back. He was searching for my answers too. The closest thing about Lila is that she knows that it is just a canard. I'm talking about my sister here, Agatha. I tried to tell her once about the energies or forces inside me but she took it in another way. It was kind of a depressing shit but it somehow asseverated me. I think this positive thing need to be in action and this action can now be taken smoothly but with enough alertness, watching the now. I stopped Tom to brainstorm his head because the better idea was to meet Agatha. He asked if she is on a search for me but i didn't give a care's ass. She could be with Beth but most positively she is attending her important college. I changed my attire wearing a cap because a fancy hair is easily recognized. Tom was the same, usual as bald but he wore my skull cap. He told me to wait for a couple of

minutes. His shagging was his top priority because his baldness couldn't bring any girls and it was just day's gap since his baldness. He cleaned up and looked dizzy. We took the same car that we took the neutral road and nature's forbid, it at last had its proper software on. We changed the car color and headed to her home on the 1<sup>st</sup> globe of the 'BundsVille' street where 2<sup>nd</sup> was Agatha's house. She goes there sometimes but right now it's the safest place for me.

The roads are divergent. The other roads which are built according to the level of cars are hectic. It indicates that we are not on the uncollision road. Our car was at 100kmph. I was not accustomed to this speed though i drove at 90kmph when i was with Tim which is weird. I rarely drive on this road, the Panagem road, this was the second time i was driving on this road. The sick pop music which was coming into my brain like a splash of liquid metal was rotting my brain constantly. It was not a show to my anxiety but i think it's the anxiety that is causing this, this fatal fate; Tom is just kind enough to ride with me. I looked outside the car's window, trying to change the suffering. The road was same as other roads, maybe it has teraflop software in it. I felt itchy at the tip of my index finger. I scratched the tip of my finger with the button that changes song. Tom's face didn't look better when i did that. I preferred jazz. I hate that genre but now it just accepts me.

The activation set a very peculiar environment in her home. You can even set an automatic environment if you want. I heard that when it was in development. The thing is that you just have to pay more unless you have your own home. This is the special thing about globes. The mind needs an extraordinary attraction, some globes do that but again you have to pay more. I didn't know how my sister affords it. When we set our foot in her yard, our body cells depicted a common fragrance of a situation. The yard which was clear as a sky turned pinkish at first then white as if heavens are back again then blank like the murky sky in Lila. I thought what a feature. It was a visible dynamic change provided by the satellite, it was the one of the feature of satellite protection. We rang the bell twice. Nobody checked. Then i entered the pin, the door got unlocked with her phone's password which i knew.

The ecstatic moans which kept on increasing led us to her room. The pleasure provided by her hand stopped when she saw Tom's glancing with a desperate mood. She freaked out. As she disconnected with the bed like the launch of a

rocket, Tom knew that he is going to get hit. But it was our plan that we discussed in a hurry as we came inside her house. The moment her loaded shit of thoughts tried to smooch itself accompanied by her furiousness, Agatha saw me. But the only solution was the black mask on her face. The first thing it can do is to jam her loaded shit of thoughts which now for that moment escaped but the other accusation would be that of a kidnapping by her own brother. That could only happen if the magic don't work. It clearly was not working. I kept the hold. She tried to utter something about the yard. I thought her furiousness changed the channel and is now on me. She was desperate to get out of the hold and at the same time shock was killing her. I think after the properly channeled furiousness, the false avarice of Tim had got into me like a flu. It got dispersed with a smack by something heavy. I didn't know what happened after that. "Is it the same guy or the imaginative person that is commenting right now in me?" i thought.

The world was resting but i wasn't. For me it was like a double shift. The water tunnel in the shape of a ring surrounded me. I couldn't touch the water. It was very infuriated like the spark of a fire. But i tried to touch it because i wanted to get out of it. The water speed was just increasing with my touch. Then i looked down, i saw a black hole. I was going there and probably fading. Every ending felt like a starting. I looked above myself and saw the battle ground over the years. The blood, the flesh... all kinds of souls were there. There was something more that i wanted to see but the mental picture was not coming in my mind. I was dreaded to look down. My eyes were up all the way. Then a star showed up above the battle ground. It was not that bright. But in few minutes, it became bright. It was swallowing the battle ground like it was nothing. After all that, i saw my ship. It was wrecked in two pieces above the sky. The speed of the water around me got so fast that it was taking and making my body into smithereens. I could see the fire in water and in the sky the dance of that fired star was cooling down the earth. I was going down and down thinking is this what i came for?

Everything changed to another slot. Agatha was looking at me for help because everything was melting literally. She told me it was all because of me. I looked outside the window and saw that the clouds were rigid and grey. The snow that was falling was melting away everything. I had never seen such kind of snow. The black color of it intrigued me. The speed of the snow increased and eventually the snow got turned into a heavy black rain. The

fear of all three of us combined was getting tormented like if someone was playing with us. Tom was crying, keeping his hands over his eyes. Agatha looked at me. The roof evaporated, the one drop of that black water turned her skin if the grave has been set for immortality. She told me to take care of her. 'No' was my shouting but she couldn't hear me. She could see me but her vision was dying. I wanted to cry but the drop of that black water didn't want any kind of sympathy. When the rain swallowed me, i was in a dark room. Then a light fall over me just like if i'm about to sing in front of everyone in a theater but it was not a theater, it was just dark at its purest form. I asked myself if i am beyond my mind but can i ask myself that? The light that was falling over me became so white that my eyes can't handle it. I thought that now it is my calling and i am going up. The light burst all over me as if it was soaking me. My mind was free and the connection was set. The connection received the message which said 'go with the artificial logic'. I understood everything with my mind. It was relaxing while conversing. Tall guy had an interesting way to show up. He conveyed me through artificial logic that i have to wake up. Then just then, i woke up. My eyelashes rolled up like the curtain of a theater where my play was being the worst lackluster. I heard some words which felt amazing.

"You fucking asshole! you tried to choke up your own sister! fuck you!" shouted Agatha.

"I was trying something. I didn't mean to strangle you or anything!" spoke i.

"I wasn't able to breath. You are a sick bastard!" she fumed.

My overflow of sanity couldn't dive into the possible explanation of Lila. How could i explain the other side of me which has been set to an off dimension? but the irony was in the difficult, the difficulty of knowing her all those years strong in the physical realm but got separated when it came to another kind of understanding. I think she is my lovely sinister in the off dimension which can't align things in this world. Knowing is not important but feeling with knowing can make things simple. I closed my eyes and grabbed her hand, feeling the knowing. Then it hit me, it was always that simple. Agatha smiled at me. She understood everything through the artificial logic. I didn't know how that came, perhaps it was the blessing provided by the tall guy. It was all a kerfuffle for Tom. The same thing i can't do with Tom, it may be smattering to him. He was the one who hit me with a shoe

when i was putting black mask on Agatha. It was a hard shoe. When the meaning got instilled with Agatha, the yard struck with two flashes. We all looked at the yard through the window. Agatha thought that our artificial logic has delivered a fault to the automated environment feature. But when someone rung the bell, she told me to be careful. It can be Abby or Tim.

Tom went to the door in a most insouciant way possible. His vastness to observe things put him in a disgruntled mode which made him look dumber but when he saw someone standing in front of a door with a black mask on, he couldn't resist but to call me and Agatha. We both came but the scent was familiar. The scent felt very close as if it has been a part of my life. We looked at her. She couldn't answer. It looked as if someone is doing the same thing as i did to my sister, and that is forcefully fitting the black mask. All she could do was to shake her head as though flexibility has been taken away from her. We untied her hands. Her legs had some marks. It was not that intense but the intensity on my part gave me those chemical reactions again that have been depressed like a bound down scars. Pearl hugged me as she saw her visibility. The duct tape was still on her lips with a message which stated "you repel me" with an addition that said "Jealousy!". It didn't make sense then and it didn't make sense now. Her hyperventilating said to me that she was sleeping and gained her consciousness when she had the mask on; it also said Pearl needed a glass of water to relax her senses. I patted her back, trying to cool her down.

The couch was all lit with Pearl cuddling with me. Her kiss felt jammy but her question was all the way drastic. She asked me if i could join her in a dinner at her home. She looked at me with the drastic reaction on my face. She didn't say anything, she kissed me. Agatha was in kitchen and Tom was in bathroom, probably staring himself in a mirror. Pearl started taking my jeans off. I asked her if she is being serious about dinner. All she wanted was to calm her parents because they don't know that how long she has been out of their reach before the black mask on her face. Pearl kept her hand at the left side of my face, her answer was accompanied by her texting which solves that she was with me all the time and now i and her are ready for dinner at her place. I tried to explain this to Agatha but she denied me telling me that Pearl is out of her mind. After all this, i didn't want to argue. I went to her yard. I wanted to see birds singing, trees dancing and the air of love all around me. Conversing in words seemed tired, stretched and boring. The peace in trees,

sky and the ground that was holding me made me look at them in a meaningful way. I wanted to be them but they didn't want to be me. They like to observe. What if the tall guy is observing me from them right now? i mean what's the purpose behind it?

I didn't know if the affections can be that long lasting that can allow me to act so weirdly or somehow stupid. Some logic was set in me that was telling me to carry myself to a dinner tonight at Pearl's home. If my mind can cooperate, i surely will enjoy the supper because right now i don't have enough answers. It's funny that when i tried to soak in the positivity, the yard didn't change that much. The automated environment was the same. The world which is wired now is just a complexity in itself. I say complexity because Pearl just wants her parents to feel safe. She didn't know what happened to her but she just wants her parents to imagine something that's not true. She knows that and i'm saying it because i am feeling this way. Everybody knows what is going on with them but they try to follow so called structured pattern that they have been given since they are born. I don't like being born that way.

The shadow of Agatha on me while passing me the manuscript that she is writing about teenagers 'It's not that simple' kind of took me to the opposite wave. We all four were sitting. Pearl had her eyes on me. Tom was wondering why he is there. And Agatha was just thinking. The clue was in the middle of the page where Agatha had written something. It said "Just stay here". I took a minute silence. But the minute silence had its own story. Is it bad to make our past home? Because i remember that some guy once came to our school to remind us about the importance of degree. He was making us feel ashamed by asking us questions that we didn't think are of related to our daily lives. It was asked according to his uniqueness but ours were different. It was not about the degree but the amount of poison that he was getting out of his mouth that was scarring us but that scarring needed a false push and to believe in it is just harming the civilization. Small things take huge steps. The nature did that in a way. Global warming, when this term came up, it was just tossed in the air like a general knowledge question. It didn't have that real push but the reality push, we needed that. And war, actually it's not a war, it's just consequences that has taken huge steps. I wonder if the love today is even a real push or just a general agenda which is just a necessity to keep reminding us that happiness is needed. Is it true? i don't know but on the



other side of a dimension, if i were in Lila and if i was with the tall guy, things would have been perfect or am i allowed to think that way by the guardians? i don't know but again i thought that in a minute silence. The flashbacks which are not important but are there to sometimes fill the gap where it is not needed just keeps me more complex. It again tells me or asks me "Is it me or is it the imaginative person that i have created?". This all gets turned away like a chapter of your life, a past thing which just gets revisited again in your mind in your favor. Agatha gave me the look and i gave her the manuscript back. I and Pearl were scheduled to be at her home at 9 p.m. It was already 8: 11; i was ready by 8:29 p.m.

When we got out of the house, the yard was grey like the dream about the black rain. Pearl wanted to drive Tom's car. She liked Tom's pop music. Her conversation took another mile with her driving, i didn't know which was going fast. It was amazing for her that she was feeling like driving. I was glad that Tom had made the car self-drive. It was also amazing to feel the heat of her hands. It somehow made me feel whole. It also somehow made me look the other way because the pittance of food on my plate served by her mother when we reached made me ask myself as if i'm being disrespectful. Pearl's father was not there. I don't understand all the dad's urgency of being late from work. Does that little bit of work pay something off to have a plausible excuse to stay away from the family? i know this is easy to say but now he, Pearl's dad, had to show a little bit of love to get the raise if he is seriously working overtime. I wonder if that love is genuine to excuse the family. I know that it's the emotions, an inner pull, that is talking. The kindness of her mother, Anna, was great. We three finished the meal but Pearl had to say something. She said she was sorry. She didn't know how it happened. Her mother went to her room and another two people entered the dining hall.

I could feel the thread of trust broken and the wholeness went somewhere else and got replaced with inner reactions that took the engine down so hard that it got hurt. The bits and pieces of the engine were the tears in my eyes. Pearl was sitting right next to my mother and Tim was sitting beside me. My mom told me to stop crying but i was loud enough to bang my fist on the table to get rid of the inner pull and to channel that pull through the dining table. Moment of silence barged me again but this time it filled the gap in an appropriate way. It reminded me of the tall guy who told me once that 'your brain produces vibrations which are connected to a common thread called

ether and this ether creates all the creativity and innovations in the universe through matter and energy', then i thought may be i am thinking about them that's why i am in front of them. I think, through the same vibrations i channeled my anger towards my mother through the table which did hurt my hand but the anger got send back to the ether. It's the earth that provides change in every way possible, you just have to look through it. May be all these years earth collected all the negative energies through ether and used the golden rule to shock us. The minute silence got passed. It was my mother's turn to say something.

"What is going on with you Agushti?" spoke she.

"I don't know you tell me? why are you following me and arresting Tim?" i responded. Then i looked at Tim and assured "It doesn't bother me now if you do anything with him!"

"I just want to speak with you. Just you." Abby added.

"Don't listen to her. She is just playing you in your way...." interrupted Tim.

"You shut up!" i shouted.

"Don't forget about Lila!" spoke Tim.

"Oh god! you are such an asshole! Agushti don't listen to him...." cried Abby.

"Agushti, Lila is just a word that you came across when you were reading a book! it doesn't depict anything other than that. It is just a word and nothing else and i was not following you. I was searching for you when you escaped with him. I was just calling the doctors to see if you were alright and to check your condition." explained Abby.

"Don't forget!" spoke Tim.

"You fucker! you should be ashamed of yourself! you are taking advantage of my son and his condition!" cried Abby.

"My condition mom?" i exclaimed.

"I wasn't following you Agushti! i just wanted you to be with me. I love you...i love you...."

"MOM! tell me? if you really love me then why you kicked me out? just tell me straight to my face!"

“Doctors ...they just thought that you think too much and in order to solve that, you must face the real things so that’s the reason i kicked you out because i wanted you to face what is happening outside. If you don’t believe me then ask your Agatha. She must be here!” Abby cried and cried but the war of words continued. She tried to call Agatha. Agatha came but she didn’t say anything. Tim took out his gun and put it on the table and said:

“I came in the house, then i lit a cigarette and after that i walked here in the dining table leaving the cigarette in the sink. With all of that, my mind was thinking. I was dealing with something all the time in those five minutes, that’s a disease. I was being unconscious of my thinking most of the time, that’s a disease. I’m in your mind because i have been sent here through the problems created in your mind. We all are in your mind and your mother is the villain. She is listening to me carefully but not doing anything just to show you that it’s all bullshit but it’s not. She is in full control of your emotions because you are conditioned that way. I know i am looking like a bad guy now but do you wanna know what are your energies or forces inside you are telling you? they are telling you to listen to the world that has created you. They have been sending you messages like ‘jealousy’ or ‘you repel me’ in the physical realm. Don’t you get the game? i know that they have sent you this message after Christmas and when you met Pearl. There are six universes. Earth is just one and it is the common portal which goes through six universes. There is war on every universes. I came here just to see from my eyes if all the six universes have the potential to eliminate those horsemen. Those are jealousy, superstition, hatred, selfishness, greed, envy and ignorance. Every universes have these combine qualities but the major vibe is constituent of one. Killing them will enable infinite intelligence. Don’t forget about the automated powers. The noise is too much, you have to set the off button now because i don’t want you to suffer no more. People are controlled by their mind. I want you to go way beyond it, to the present. Trust me i’m a friend of another tall guy!”

“Agushti for the love of god ...can you please keep the gun aside? i’m just sick of playing your game and BELIEVING YOUR SO CALLED FRINEDS THAT DON’T EVEN EXISTS!...just don’t create something out of reality that is an imaginative expansion of experience. Do you even have any idea what is going on with you? you say you have been seeing things? do you know that most of the time you just spend your day in your room? you have a

disorder... called schizophrenia... and Agatha is dead! she is dead... why are you calling her out?" cried my mom.

"But mom i can see her! she is standing beside you!"

"Don't listen to her!" shouted Tim.

"She is just in your brain!" he continued.

"Agushti just put the gun aside...okay sweetheart? Dr. Kellie is coming? i know you know her..." said my mom.

I had so many choices. I looked at my mother and then Agatha. "Ajay was a good guy..." was my words to her. Before they could do anything, i looked at Pearl and i shot myself to see if i'm really in a present.

I didn't know that the aftermath would be so bad. I woke up astonishingly this morning with a lot of headache. I saw a television in front of my bedroom wall just beside my room door. I was shocked. The windows were closed which was unusual and the sensation that i felt this morning was different. It was a slugabed morning for me. The most tantalizing thing for me was that someone was sleeping on my couch covered with a black mask on his face. I felt tremulous and went for looking out for my gun. As soon as i reached my drawing room i saw him looking at my face with an innocent look unraveling his mask. He had jet black eyes with a withered face, lush eye brows and a pale body. He asked me with a magnanimous gesture "Do you remember me now?"

"Why the most remarkable thing happens at the end? or is this the beginning? i just came so close to just see myself?" i thought.

I again asked me with a magnanimous gesture "do you remember me now? giving you the t.v?"

"What's the t.v?" i asked me.

"Don't you get it? you are under a spell!" the other me answered.

"Which spell?" i gasped.

"The spell of Maya!" replied the other me.

"What's that?" i exclaimed.

"It means you are inside a t.v!" responded the other me.

“What?”

“You are just like one of the shows in the t.v!” the other me added.

“Just tell me what is going on?”

“The world you are living in is just a stage. You are in Lila. Don’t categorize it, it’s uncertain. You assume that everything is real in Lila that’s why it’s an illusion. You are under a spell of a Maya. You are just playing a game like one of those out there. It’s just a different show. Hence, t.v!, t.v is the universe. Hence, so many t.v’s , so many universes.” spoke the other me.

“So is this the present?” i asked me.

“You are too much into shows just like them!” told the other me.

“So are you ready to go to the unmanifested?” the other me continued.

“What is that? why am i talking to you who look like me?” i inquired me.

“I’m just from the different shows. I’m one of you. I’m just here to guide you because i’m dead and you are gonna meet us, everyone!... one way or another. That’s what unmanifested means.....see you were just a fucking glitch in a computer! just relax and enjoy the ride!” replied the other me.

I ended up being in the top of the building where i could see the whole world. I could see people continuing their normal lives or shows. I could see the sky being blue as ever or just a different channel on the t.v. Standing at the top of the building felt good. Everything was good. Then the thing i did to join the unmanifested where everybody meets and belongs was that i jumped off the building. I jumped and started flying, i could see that my eyes were surrounded by an energy that was so destructive, so reactive that my eyes became violet. I could see past the people who had put a deep scar to this world. They are laughing at me thinking that mortality is a disease. My valediction to them is just contentment to their hearts to continue this show. Getting fired from the show was just an opportunity to see a formless world. My flying was getting attracted to the ground because when i saw those people i became an obese but as soon as i ignored those people i became malnourished, almost about to die as if it was important for me to stuck as a slave in a system. There and then i realized that when there is no god, you realize god. When i thought that, from obese to malnourished, i started gaining some muscles, i started gaining some healthy weight. I realized that

my flying was fast and peaceful. I became ripped. The people who thought mortality is a disease tried to touch me by deceiving themselves and also me by wearing some very colorful ties but they couldn't touch me because their beam of light didn't surpass my body. Actually it didn't affect me. It just went as if it's nothing. I couldn't feel them so they decided to just go. When they left me, remember i was still flying all around the world, so when they left me i could hear all the white noises at once, it was the song of our earth. You can enjoy that as long as you like but not forever. When the positiveness touches you, it teaches you how to be in control. I was flying so fast to go to the next level that i had to adjust the speed with the engine that has positivity in it as a fuel. I soon surpassed all the wonders of the earth and finally was out in space where my speed indeed was in next level. It was a different kind of murky sky where infinite golden opportunities were there. They all were shining. May be next time i will end up there but right that time i was greater than the speed of light. I could see the shows all lit up. I started laughing at those shows that was just a stage? are we just there to hustle and enjoy? to find each other? i think and i guess that it's true. But as the body matures as we age, the one thing that remains stable is our spirit that is our inner self. If you're seven or eighty years old, the way you feel inside doesn't get old or never ages to die with you physically. It never dies actually. Everybody meets in the unmanifested because it's the non-physical world. You can just feel that energy or forces inside you since you are born. But before being born and after you die while performing in a stage, you have to past the different suns to see different colors. I did that as i was flying. When i was inside that vicious world i realized the third eye. As soon i saw the third eye, it was then i met the greens, i met the reds, i met the blacks, i met the purples. Then i entered a realm where my flying body was gone and i knew that time that i was again going to land somewhere doing a show on a t.v but if i meet the whites then the whole journey was complete and i finally met the whites who were the greens, the reds, the blacks, the purples but together and formless. I knew that i have finally reached.

## 20

Seeing the splash of blood all over the floor took the cop into a state of an anoesis for a second, it appeared that way. He came outside the room. To him it looked like a suicide. He asked "So schizophrenia did this?", Abby didn't reply, to her it looked like a psychological homicide.

“Ma’am?...I’m so sorry about what ever happened to you... i know you need your silence right now to heel temporary.....fuck!.....but... what occupation did you had before working for the government?” said the cop.

“I was a prostitute....” spoke Abby.

“So how...”

“I was at the same time seeking education with that money....”

Seeing my own splash of blood didn’t intrigue me or did anything. My eyes went wide, it felt like a déjà vu. I was sad seeing my mother like that. It looked as if i’m watching a show in a t.v. I regretted the way she was programmed or the way her script was coded and written. “Damn! this is how fate works!”, i thought. I was in two different Lila after all but this is where i actually belong. This was my glitch. This was my simulation blunder.