

# SILENCE

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*Akhand Singh*

# Author's Corner

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## About Me:

I am an engineer craving to be to a writer and an artist trying to get his work on your mind.

Born in a middle class family where you don't have much money but plenty of emotions, I grabbed the pen when I was quiet young. Diaries and notebooks were my partners and since then the words begin to flow as soon as I get my hands on something to write, be it the old school way of pen and paper or the new age way of PDF's, MS word or Google docs.

Writing is more than a hobby for me, I write most of the times and even when I am doing other things I will keep thinking about "what next to write".

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## Message:

"You have only life, grab the pen and write about it. Write about everything you dream and everything you see. Someday your story would be heard and read louder than you would ever imagine. May be it will give hope to someone, may be it will scare someone and may be it will spread love."

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# Chapter 1- Strong Believe

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*Strongly believing in something doesn't necessarily means that "it is right" but then it might definitely lead you to think that it is.*

Wondering about future I always think that I might forget the past but have I really forgotten about the past or am I trying to forget it? The answer is hiding somewhere inside me, haunting me like a red ghost, every single day and night. Am I afraid? I guess I am, but then I would still believe that I am not. What is in the past? What is it, that I don't want to forget, doing want to let go and don't want it to fade? The question brings me in a state of confusion, few perplexing images, some futile efforts and a scary fact. Am I going insane and writing rubbish or there is actually a sense out of all this?

I think about it the entire night, blanket covering my bare chest and feet, at least gives me some warmth than the cold thoughts, as the silence grows darker with the night I can almost hear my heart beats. With nobody around, not even the squirrel that used to scratch the glass of my window every night. Eyes try so hard to find someone in the dark, but the efforts doesn't bring anything other than a depressed face and the knowledge of unending loneliness. The night passes by and as the sun rises I sit beside the window, eyes deprived of sleep, and lips dry conveying messages to brain, demanding that I should grab the glass with water from the table and take a sip to quench the thirst. Ears trying to listen to something else, it's been too much of the songs of past (Death, heart-break, poverty, struggle and much more).

I know somewhere I have decided to believe that I am not alone anymore, there isn't an unending loneliness and that I am going to survive.

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*Strongly believing in something doesn't necessarily means that "it is right" but then it might definitely lead you to think that it is and that's the only thing that matters.*

**Past: Present: Future** read about them in school but never realized that life will teach in a better way. Sometimes it would be hard but then the other times it would just all be fun.

# Chapter 2- Torn Shoes

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*Wearing torn shoes doesn't make me poor, it only makes me feel being poor when I realize that I am wearing torn shoes.*

Sleep doesn't show any sign of its presence, it's been three days in a row. Eyes accompanied by dark circles, lousy and swollen. Lips dry, cracked around the corners just like the cheeks, skin pale and dull, hair losing the shine. I try getting out of the bed, but fell on the ground, realized that I haven't had any food too. For few moments I kept my head down on my knees, trying so hard to stop my eyes from shedding any more drop of tears. Slowly I lift my head and try to seek some support from the chair lying on the carpet. I pull myself up and with some cracking noise of my bones I stand on my feet. Slowly as I step towards the bathroom, the cracking of my bones appears to be serious, loud and painful but somehow I manage to reach and hold the white marble basin that now appears to be yellowish and then try to stand in front of the mirror for a while.

The stare at the mirror holds my breath. What have had happen to me? Eyes, skin, hair, and lips everything is pale, dry and dead. Was I supposed to be like this? Am I dying? Or am I already dead? With so many questions and concerns the burden shoves my shoulders, it's too heavy, it hurts and the pain kills me. I am a torn shoe, am I not? Sooner the burden take over and push me to fall, as I fall I hit my head with the wall. Drops of blood find their way to my shirt through my face. My heart beats raises, I am aware of the fact that I am scared; the fear is trying to take over. The loneliness frightens me, how could I lose him? How could this ever happen? The emotional outburst brings tears to the sand like eyes. After few minutes of lying there I realize that the blood doesn't clot, gathering the energy left in my rotting body I try to stand up very slowly making sure that I grabbed the door for the support. I look into the mirror, the mirror looks at me. No words are shared not even a single one, just a stare on the wound and on the blood. I open the drawer, took out some cotton and put it on my wound, within seconds the cotton was soaked red.

Scared! I move to kitchen and took some ice cubes out from the refrigerator and put them on the wound. Ice melts quickly because of my body temperature, so I put more and more until the bleeding stops. I come back to the bathroom and I look into the mirror again. Am I trying to find someone? Someone whom I can talk to? Can I really find someone in the mirror? I stare at me inside the mirror, I am a torn shoe, shredded, rubbed, threads pulled out, no comfort, no warmth, no life, and just nothing left in it.

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*Mind plays tricks every moment of your life, makes you restless, nostalgic, and crazy and I guess that's when they start calling you a freak.*

# Chapter 3-Cause of Pain

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*Dark prevails on each and every corner where you cannot let the light to scratch. Pain will survive and suffice.*

The stare at the mirror, a pause!

Water is still flowing from the valves, makes a strange sound, I guess that might be the sound of life. Eyes seem so burdened and so heavy, the more I try to open them the more they shut down on me. With a brief breath I take some water on my hand and hit it on my face, it hurts and the pain is unendurable, my face is swollen like I've got the beat down. Learnt from my mistake now I splash some more water on my face but slowly and slowly taking my time.

Moments later I came back to my room and lay down on my bed. My stomach makes all kind of weird noises, I know I need some food, I am hungry. I force myself to stand up, weakness is killing me. But I know I can't die now, I know that can never be an option for me, and he wouldn't have wanted this for me. I step up and drag myself to the kitchen.

Did I clean my refrigerator? I don't even remember when the last time I actually cleaned it. It stinks, fungus on bread, chicken so smelly and spinach is turned shaggy. I can't eat it, I can't eat anything.

What have I become so broken and in such a despair?

I search through the drawers and luckily finds a packet of pretzels, then move back to my room, later I switch on my laptop and logs in to Facebook. The news of his death is all over my wall; everybody is consoling and expressing their sorrows. "RIP" is what I see everywhere.

My heart is bleeding, I can't hold my tears, and not anymore I can try to be strong. I stare at the picture, the picture of four of us together for the last time, so many memories and so many moments I have had with them, but now when he is gone, he took what he tried so hard to imbibe on us. I stare at the faces, everybody telling their story moreover sharing it from other's eyes.

Deep down inside I know. I know I have to move on, grab the life at least what is left, not just for me but for us.

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*Emotions have their seasons but the favorite of them is Pain*

# Chapter 4- Death Is A Mere Fiction

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*For every pain there is a relief, there is an end to it and there is a cure*

After days and nights of struggle, mourning and depression I decide to go out of my house. A walk might just bring me back to life I guessed. It's still dark; sun is sleeping somewhere, hiding behind the clouds waiting to show some light. I close the door and climb up the stairs to get out of the apartment. As I step out the main door I realize that I haven't locked my apartment. I run back inside and lock the door, days like this I miss my roommate because if he is there I never have to lock my door.

The first step out on the road makes me feel like I am alive, but at the same time it realizes me that my body has grown weak in last couple of days. My leg still shivers, but the mind remain strong and push me to walk. As I start walking, the silence inside me stares at everything around, although eyes feel a little pain but they seem happy to capture the difference between darkness and the fading one. There is no more tears but still a sense of loneliness and complain. I walk for a while, its quiet chilly looks like winter is here, I am sure it is going to knock on my door sooner than I would realize. A little breeze touches my skin and I feel the sensation, I finally feel something different from the silence that was killing me for so long. I walk till the main road and as I step on it I just start running. I can feel that my breaths are becoming short but I don't stop feels like I can't stop. I keep running. People pass by, birds flew over me, and squirrels are busy looking for food as the sun smiles from far away. I run towards the sun, I can feel the warmth; I can see it smiling on me. My legs keep moving to and fro, they don't stop and slowly the weakness vanishes, they feel no pain just the pleasure that arouses from the sweat and the wind. Hairs try and try again to grab some of the breeze but they fail every time and surrender to the swiftness and agility of wind. For a while I run and then I stop, tears roll out of my eyes, the heavy heart just screams out loud, it cries hard. I decide to sit on the park that was on the way and so wiping my tears I walk towards it. The park is empty, nobody is around at least for few moments, but sooner it would be crowded. I sit on the bench and watch the sun rising up to the sky, singing and smiling to me. As the darkness fades everything seems so clear, mind seems light and mesmerized by the beauty of nature.

My eyes scroll to the sky, to the ground, and then I notice a graveyard not very far from the park, my mind insists to go there but heart seems so broken and afraid. For a moment I think and then for an unknown reason my legs start moving towards the graveyard. Something in me assures that its ok, tells me that I'll find the cure and motivation to live again. I walk for a while and then the next moment I stand inside the graveyard. The thought that I was not there for his funeral did not kill me anymore, seemed that I found an answer to that question I had been asking for last couple of days; my heart doesn't feel the guilt anymore. I was there standing beside somebody's grave thinking that he could have been here just as he was somewhere else in the world, I realize that his true grave is not anywhere else in the world but in my heart and my mind.

I look around; I kept looking until my eyes found the glimpse they have waited for. There it was shining with sun rise, old white stone that had witness decades of outbursts. I walk towards it. Every step lightens my weight,

lighten the heaviness of my heart and let me loosen the rope of guilt and regret. Tears rolls out of my eyes in an outburst and I sit down next to the grave. It felt like it's his grave; its him whom I am sitting beside. For hours I sit there staring at the old white head stone, picturing him and slipping in and out of nostalgia.

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*“Don't cry in my memory; remember the time we spent smiling together. Let them tell you that I love you and I care for you.”*

The inscription was just the thing he would say to me if I could have a chance to meet him the one last time. Beside this old white headstone there was another headstone. The inscription on that said:

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*“I kept my promise, I come to you”.*

There was no guilt and regret any more I close my eyes and didn't realize when the sleep caught my eyes. Hours later I woke up with the murmurings of the people gathered around me. They were talking about something, pointing downwards on the grave probably. I turned around and couldn't hide my happiness when I saw him standing right there. I jumped over him and hugged him. We walked away from there, together teasing and playing once again.

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*Death is a mere fiction; it's a myth for it's not an end, not a cure. It's just a beginning.*

**The End ...**