

A Warrior's Reverie

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He didn't know how to fly before.

Yet, he was flying, speeding across the band of stars, basking in the moonlight, above a place that was born straight out of a child's blissful fairytale. He was flying above a world that he had fallen in love with in an instant.

He didn't know how to fly before because he didn't have the necessary equipment. But now, he had wings like that of a big healthy bird's, feathery and whole. He could see them from the corners of his eyes, and hence he came to the conclusion that he was a bird, a creature that he used to adore.

He didn't mind being a bird at all, but he felt as though he did not deserve to be one. He couldn't remember anything from the past, anything at all that had happened to him, except for the fact that the place he was from was chaotic and cruel. And that he too, used to be one of the creatures that lurked below on the ground.

He thought he had hated those creatures. But now, he had fallen in love with them too.

They were different from what he used to know them being. They never set boundaries between their lands. They would travel from one land to another at ease, without stealing each other's property or causing ruckus. They loved one another to the fullest. They were kind and brave and worked as a team in defending themselves from natural disasters. They did not know how to make enemies; they only knew how to make friends.

They were kind to the other creatures coexisting with them. They treated them as equals and never hurt them.

There was no rich or poor. Everyone was the same. There was no bloodshed. There was no killing. In fact, there was no existence of such concepts.

No matter where he flew, he saw those creatures were happy and at peace. The world was an impossible place where nothing but the good existed.

But such a perfect world could only exist in dreams, and he was right. He knew it as soon as he felt his feathers turning into ashes.

In a split second, his body of a bird was crushed to bits. His past form started recreating itself, and as soon as he was brought to true consciousness, he felt a terrible pang of pain in his chest. He could sense blood gushing out of wounds here and there.

"HEY!" someone shouted, "Are you daydreaming? Wake up! This is no time to space out. Fight the enemies!"

That's right. He was a warrior, not some innocent bird. His blood-stained sword lay beside him.

He grabbed it and charged on.

For the sake of his dream.

The writer, aged 17, is a student of Viqarunnisa Noon College, Dhaka.



Emotions



FAIZA HAYAT

Kelly was crying her heart out. Her dress got soaked in tears as she watched pools of blood flood the room. Half of the crowbar she had used was dented in the middle, the other half remained buried in Mrs. Grace's mutilated skull. Spangled bodies of the students in her class lay in awkward positions - on the desks, slung over the table, propped up against the wall. Kelly could not remember when the principal had entered the room, nor could she remember how she had gotten that ruler through the flesh of his neck.

"Well now, well now!" she heard a smooth voice say from behind. She whipped her head around, blonde hair sticking to her tear-stained face and neck. "Who are you?" she asked, raising her hands in a protective stance. They were stained red.

There stood a boy - probably no older than seventeen, with ebony hair and green eyes, a wicked smile and evil intentions. "Allow me to introduce myself," he said in a chillingly smooth voice, "You humans have decided to name me Envy." His pupils dilated and contracted at a scarily rapid pace. Kelly backed up against the only wall that did not have corpses against it. "Oh dear," he said, "Backing away from your own work?" Kelly gasped, "Stay away from me!"

"But this is all your doing, is it not?" Envy continued, "Your feelings for all these people have resulted in this. I only helped." Kelly screamed at the mysterious figure. It was his fault, she said. Envy laughed, replying almost immediately. It was her fault. He told her to join him and be the human beings called Bitter. Kelly swung the crowbar handle at his head. A throbbing pain in her skull overcame her and she fell to her knees.

"How naïve," he teased, "I just told you I am Envy. I did not want to say this but I am your Envy. Yes, yours." Envy proceeded to point out the things she hated about all the other people, or corpses, rather. The things she hated about all the rich people in this rich school where she was only a scholarship student. "I am a figment of your imagination. An entity which you have created with your overwhelming enviousness," he smiled widely.

He held out his hand, "Come on, Miss Bitter. Or would you like to be Malice? It does not matter." Kelly looked at her bloodstained hands. If she stayed here, she would be executed sooner or later for what she had done. If she went with this... person who was apparently a part of her mind, she would at least be safe. Moreover she had seen firsthand how any damage he took transferred to her. Kelly took his hand, shivering at how cold and lifeless it felt. "I will be going with you," she gulped, "Envy."

To this day, Envy and Malice, haunt the lives and minds of humans along with acquaintances such as the burly man Hatred, the boy Greed and the lady Conceit, among others.

The writer is a student of Mastermind School.