

ANTMAN'S DIARY

MUSTAFID RAIYAN KHAN

Day 969. After spending nearly 32 months in shrinkage, I've had an epiphany.

There is a distinct and strange kind of pleasure in observing humans go about their daily business, completely oblivious to my existence. It seems stranger to do so from my miniature perspective where everything is wildly magnified, from the sweet swells and smells of perfume and, erm, places *wink wink*, to the rancid street corners where random garbage accumulates untouched.

I can hear your heartbeat race when you knock your crush a "hi :D" on Facebook, and I hear it crash and burn when she replies with a "hey bro". Heck, I even silently judge you when I see every bead of sweat that trickles down your face as you rush to clear your browser history (Incognito mode bro, how amateur). Point is, every sensation is heightened.

It's not my first entry in this diary so God knows why I'm randomly painting pictures for an invisible audience. I suppose I'm just lonely in my experience. A lot about nature and humanity becomes apparent when you have a little-big view of the world. When I'm not too busy kicking bad-guys I look for answers to the questions that have befuddled entire generations, like whether Donald Trump's hair is actually hair, where IS this person Justin Bieber needs, is the whip/neigh-neigh actually a song about horse abuse and of course, what love is. Well the answer to that last one is- love is an unquantifiable entity that forms the basis of humanity. Family can be love, food can be love, friends fiends can be love; heck even taking a really satisfying dump can be love.

Randomly musing again. I'm just depressed by the form society has taken really- oversensitive to matters of

little importance, insensitive to things that do, and frankly plain naïve. You could call me judgmental, random invisible audience, and normally I'd just brush it off like dirt (dried off human skin is much grosser up close) cause, aren't we all essentially judgmental? People judge people- the good, the bad and the wacky, forming love/hate/meh relationships in the process. As long as we're not vocal about the more negative opinions, it's perfectly alright to be judgemental. Go one step further and say something positive to someone. Post an "I love Antman status" with a #Sowise. #Please.

sigh I've come to the conclusion that there's too much hate propagated around the world, by greedy men of power who play on our fears to turn us against each other. Society is flawed. Evil makes no sense- things like fighting and murder. Yet it exists, and we're forced to accept it. Greed is very apparent in nature too- countless times I've observed the average mosquito sucking on the average human- like really sucking in its greed- and then finally ending up too bloated to fly, just sitting away someplace waiting to be squished/fried. But then I've also seen ant societies, whose thousands of tiny members work seamlessly work together as a unit under Queen Ants, taking care of their own and flourishing.

That's the cycle of destruction every human is thrown into; the dilemma he/she must face. Do they bend the rules or outright break them to feed their greed just because others have? Or should they strive to be better than what society deems acceptable, to work with and for each other? I've realized the change starts within us. Take responsibility, be a positive force. Don't leave the commode messy and unflushed. Wipe that damn commode spotless, spray a few puffs of perfume and place a nice pink welcome mat in front of it for yourself and for everyone else!

Ugh, this is too complicated. To hell with being a superhero, I'm going to be an ant. If that's what the next movie's about, don't say I didn't warn ya folks.

When not attending fashion shows, Mustafid Raiyan Khan pretends to be a banana in a hard plastic case while writing poems in Hindi.

FOOTSTEPS

SABAH RAHMAN

The footsteps were moving away. She sat in her corner, knees tucked into her chest, waiting and wishing for them to never turn around. She never wanted to see the owner of those feet whose near-silent thuds she could hear. She shuddered. Imagining wasn't a very good thing to do when she was trapped in a dark corner of her closet. The soft padding of the footsteps walked until she couldn't hear them anymore. Had the person left? She almost let out a sigh of relief. No, the footsteps began again. Pacing to and fro across her room. Every time they reached the closet, she tried in vain to curl up smaller than she already had. Every time they reached the closet, she held her breath and squeezed her eyes shut. But none of the times had the door opened. What were this person's intentions? Her closet door had no lock. There was nothing to prevent them from barging in at any moment. Maybe they were a polite murderer coming 'round for a spot o' tea and a chat. She giggled at this thought and immediately slapped a hand over her mouth for betray-

ing her. Maybe they didn't know that she was in there. If so, there was nothing stopping them from checking either. The footsteps stopped for a moment. Then started toward the closet again.

"This is it," she thought, "Now I'm a goner."

The handle turned and creaked slightly open. There was a sliver of light illuminating a strip of the floor. She backed into the corner even farther and didn't dare make a move.

Then the person slammed open the door completely and flipped on the lights. *Oh brother.*

"I found you." She buried her face in her arms. "Now it's time to come out, darling."

She didn't want to look up. She might never reach her home again. She didn't want to-

"Please, sweetie? You're going to miss the bus."

Bit anticlimactic? Yeah, tell that to my mum.

The writer is a grade 6 student of Sunbeams School.

