



GOODBYE

ATEF ABDULLAH

It feels like just yesterday
 When the moonlight streaked in through the window,
 When all that could be heard
 Was the endless hypnotising ticking of the clock,
 Dead silence of the night, only interrupted by her
 voice.
 Her glistening cornea spoke a million words,
 My hand in hers,
 Alternate breaths on my neck.

Tearful swallows making things worse,
 Memories dissolving my insides, burning rather.
 A heavy gasp was just the beginning of it,
 "Goodbye" being the end.
 Did she even care?
 About me, about us?
 It all became a blur.

Goodbye.
 This word not only ended us.
 But also me,
 My dreams, my strength to love.
 Three years on, she walks the hallways of Woodstock.
 Yet every time I close my eyes,
 I see her walking the lanes,
 Lanes of my memory.

The writer is a student of Class VIII at Sunbeams School.

Existence and Other Inconveniences

NUREN IFTEKHAR

Dear Mrs. Reverie,

I regret to inform you that I, the tenant from flat 3B, shall no longer be living at your apartment. I have come upon this decision after many a thought, and no fewer inconveniences.

The reason for my departure could have been a lot of things. It could have been the terrible staircase that you have refused to repair in the span of four long years, a period of time in which many insects live and die and leave behind a hefty amount of generations—a time span in which an adorable infant grows into a miniature walking talking constant source of annoyance. The staircase remains the same as it were four years ago even though I continue to age in a manner so vulgar that refrains me from looking at the mirror.

The reason could have been the leaky pipes that make the sound of a wailing elephant who lost his mother to a bullet from a hunter. An act of greed that surpasses the triviality of empathy and acts as a testament to the fact that the line between right or wrong was a fictitious concept all along. Every time I washed my dishes I was welcomed by this symphony of sadness. It came to such a point where the situation did not sadden me anymore but the absence of it did. I pondered if that elephant had taken its own life and debated the morality of it when one day it did not make a sound anymore. The sound returned the next day and as did the sanity of my life.

The reason also could have been the nameless gentleman that you have accommodated in the household next to mine. He had the muscle mass of a sailor who served 3 years in an 18th century ship, forced to earn his living by pulling on masts that weigh more than the hammer his

blacksmith father used to use, but less than that of expectations that he could never live up to. Common human decency prevented me from making a hefty judgement towards the man, no matter the vulgar tattoo he had on his hand depicting the rotting of a man on a pitchfork. My thoughtfulness was repaid with a scoff of annoyance when I greeted him, a holler of drunken euphoria when I tried to sleep and a shout of profanity when I complained about the noise.

Mrs. Reverie, the reason why I no longer wish to live in your apartment is simply because of the fact that I cannot anymore. My body, or rather the absence of it will make it a rather difficult task. You see, on the eve of last Thursday when the relentless wailing of the small elephant that I perceived to be stuck in the pipelines became too much for me to bear, I decided on taking the matter into my own hands. I put on my favourite coat and headed for my way out to call a plumber fellow. As I began to descend upon the stairs, I bumped into the man with the murderous tattoo. My unfortunate clumsiness was the beginning of my demise. I lost my footing as the man shoved my frail body like a fruit fly and I began my majestic descent down the staircase, the railings of which had been broken for the last 4 years.

I do not remember much else. I remember waking up into this ethereal form, I remember staring at my lifeless husk of a body and I remember searching for a pen and paper, to write you this letter.

So under the above circumstances, I regret to inform you that I shall no longer be living at your apartment. I wish upon you good health and all the things that do not affect me anymore.

Sincerely yours,
 Your Tenant, 3B

