



THE FORTNIGHT'S WIND BLEW

ASIF AYON

The Box was a cold place, all the more chilly during the storm. All those who came along with me on this voyage, had already passed on, but here I remained. But every so often however, I could hear a faint melody and that was the sweetest moment of my day – it reminded me of how long I had left.

I would often hear cries and echoes of others beyond the woods I mined in. We came in by the droves at first and while there was excitement in the air when The Box was first opened, all I could smell now was desolation in the air. I came close to that dreary air myself, and if I had known that my fellow voyagers would submit themselves to the cold wind which shrunk The Box from underneath their feet, then I too would have done the same. There wasn't any use with prolonging my demise, I said to myself a hundred times so perhaps, that is why I mined, right at the edge of the

line. But every time the fortnight's wind blew, I ran as far away as I could from the edge. But each time The Box would shrink, and with that the voice would sing more clearly – that particular melody. That was truly the sweetest moment of my day, reminded me of how long I had left.

Days were getting shorter as the storm kept drawing in closer and closer and with each narrow escape from the void, the voice behind the melody started taking shape. It had been a long time since I had heard another human voice so giving meaning to the melody seemed like the only joyous choice. It wasn't a girl or a boy but rather an echo, a far cry of what I had left behind. But the voice was my only friend in The Box, and sometimes I'd sleep underground and let the storm leave me behind, just to hear it all night long. The walks were tough and with each second outside, the quiet cries from yonder would start to sound like deafening shouts. I hadn't ever attempted

to do this but I understood the consciousness of the storm. I would be safe as long as it wasn't nighttime and so, this went on for quite a while. I mined and dined on whatever that was left behind till I heard the willowing sound of the voice again. That's when I knew that, it was either time to run, or the time to hide. But the one thing I was certain of was – it was going to be a good evening or perhaps goodnight.

Rain started pouring one fine evening and I started to understand that my time was surely up. There was nowhere else I could run. This little game I had been playing for so long needed to stop. I had little use of my axe, now that there was no wood left to chop, so I decided to climb to the highest mountain top.

Soon enough the wind rose higher than it ever did before but I had almost made it and this was no time to stop. The voice echoed in and I could hear distinctive cheers, a discernable voice shouting welcome and before I could

understand what was going on, the unthinkable happened. I was met by an apparition as soon as I got to the top. And before I could take one step, I was met with, "This is where you stop."

With that and a shot to the chest, he had sent me tumbling down. All I saw was red and all I heard were loud victory cheers. With that, a once beautiful melody had turned grotesque. I thought to myself – what a sweet way to die.

If there was an afterlife then do you wake up to the sound of sirens screeching deploy? If so, then there I was, jumping back in one more time. I had realised that all of this happened within a fortnight and I will be soon hearing the sound of that familiar voice.

Asif Ayon's favourite colour is a particular shade of ash but he tells everyone that his favourite colour is blue. The alliteration in his name bothers him a lot too. To inquire more about what else keeps him up at night, hit him up at asifayon@live.com