

BLUR

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He looked on in the distance with an empty stare. There was nothing particular those soulless pair of eyes were looking at. He did not care about what he was looking at. His mind could not fathom whatever was going on around him. Quite honestly, he wasn't even aware of where he was sitting.

He was seated on a large pile of bricks beside the road. Bricks ready for the construction of the house right behind him.

Suddenly, he snapped out of his daze and looked around. "How did I get here?" he asked himself. Of course, it was pointless to ask himself that question though. He knew he wouldn't be able to recall what happened even in the slightest. He couldn't exactly make out his surroundings. He squinted, but it didn't help. His vision was impaired for some reason.

"I thought I was going home. Why am I sitting on a pile of bricks?" he asked himself.

Yet, he couldn't get an answer out of himself. Though it wasn't anything surprising anymore. He had been feeling like his brain had been rotting for the past few months. Slowly deteriorating, taking away all the beautiful memories of his happiest moments and triumphant achievements.

He struggled to get back on his feet. His body felt like he had a large load of bricks on his shoulders. His shoulders were free of course, but for some reason, his legs couldn't muster the strength to get up. Worse still, he started feeling all sick inside. As if his guts were melting from the inside.

Shuddering, he finally managed to get back on his feet. His vision was still all messed up. He

couldn't make out where he was walking towards. After a long while, he looked down to check on what felt like a bug bite.

"Oh God!" was all he could say. There was a straight-cut wound on his right forearm. Judging from the long gash, he could tell that his arm had scraped something sharp. Very sharp. It was a clean, long cut. Luckily, the wound wasn't deep. But the size of the gash had caught him by surprise. He was so surprised that he hadn't yet noticed the dilapidated state of his clothes. He had also grown a long, dirty beard and his hair had grown way out the shape, also full of dirt.

Karim stumbled to the wall at his right at the sight of the wound. He kept asking himself how he could not remember himself getting that wound. He was desperate. Karim could not tell what was happening at all. No matter how much he would think, he could not fathom any of the things that were happening to him right now.

Oddly enough though, he could still remember that he had been a wonderful student when he was younger. Though he wasn't exactly very studious, he was just very good at cheating his way through. Sleight of hand, unthinkable hiding spots of cheat sheets, you name it. He knew it all. And not once had he been caught.

Karim suddenly fell into a nostalgic trance for some reason. Was it something he's looking at what has triggered his nostalgia or was it just his head starting to do its little torture sessions? It didn't matter. This was something different. As if he had seen the building on the opposite side of the wall he was leaning against several times. It felt soothing to him to finally be able to remember

something.

For a brief moment, he had his hopes up. And then it all just disappeared. His desperation crept up to him again. Nothing made sense, and the memories only hurt him more when he remembered the state he is in now. A young man in his mid-20s once beloved by everyone around him was now a forgotten homeless man with lice in his beard and memories that he could not recollect as to what made him fall into this state.

Karim broke out of his trance. He was panicking now. As if he was abruptly awakened from a dream that had become a nightmare. He suddenly burst into a straight mad dash for something he didn't know he wanted. He could suddenly feel the buzz in his head again.

"I must get home. Where am I?" he muttered under desperation. He started feeling a small buzz in his head. It was getting louder. His running turned into a limp and weak traipse again. The buzzing slowly turned into painful jabs in his brain. His desperation suddenly turned into laborious terror.

His vision became blurrier. He can't think. He can't walk. He can't hope. All he wanted was the pain to go away. Karim suddenly collapsed.

No, the bum nobody cared about collapsed in the middle of the sidewalk. There was now an eager crowd around him, worried by the dirty-looking man that fell flat on his face with a violent thud.

Aka is a tiny bleep on the world's radar, and he finds peace in knowing it. Ruin his peace by poking him on akaaraf@hotmail.com

