

FABLE FACTORY

Moon's Demise

SYED NABIL AHSAN

They say the moon yearns to see the sun,
 For the night misses its stars,
 And before the wind kisses your face,
 Take my hand, and walk in my embrace?

The ink today writes the saddest lines,
 And the paper grieves for mercy,
 For grief bled for being loved once again,
 While the remnants of our love become condemned.

Tonight, the cricket cries with the dead,
 As the cloud parted in defeat,
 To announce that the moon has breathed her last.

However, in your eyes I seek comfort,
 For my hand yearns for yours,
 Let our universes collide,
 And let the sun and moon's love finally confide.



THE AUTHOR

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We live in a world in which we are born with a timer engraved on our wrist. A countdown to the exact moment a person meets his/her soulmate. The person who was born to be ours. This has always led me to picture my life like a novel. The chapters have already been inscribed and my faith has been surrendered to the author's whim.

It's a kind of blissful existence, with the thought of our destiny already decided. I can't BEGIN to imagine the pressure of writing my own fate. It seems tiring. Now, we know we are exactly where we are supposed to be, doing exactly what we are supposed to be doing. All the time.

I was born with my timer at 18 years:4 days:15 hours:11 minutes:6 seconds. Right now, it is at 6 hours:15 minutes:32 seconds.

Only one other person in the world has the same countdown as me. I've been waiting for this day. I'm about to meet my person.

My mother says it's okay to be nervous. When she was about to meet dad her pulse went up so high, she had to be rushed to the hospital. And there he was! Dad, his charming self, coincidentally being a doctor there. Mother says they clicked the very second the timer struck zero. Their eyes met across the hall, and they knew.

I'm wearing my favourite red dress. It has polka dots. The Chinese believe that

red is a lucky colour. Although I don't think I need any "luck" today. My parents' story reassures me that things will go right. No matter what.

I try to imagine what he might be like. Will he have hazel brown eyes complementing his dark smooth hair? Will he be rugged and unbothered, or boyish and shy? Will his eyes sparkle when he laughs like the way I imagine they would?

I double check myself in the mirror before heading out.

30 MINUTES:20 SECONDS

Frankly, I don't know where I'm supposed to be right now. What if there is a small ripple in the grand perfect scheme of the

universe and I don't get to the right place at the right time. No, that can't happen. Follow your guts, it's never wrong.

I start walking to my favourite spot in the city. A small park. I also have a favourite bench there. I imagine the two of us sitting there someday, hand in hand, talking about the mundane details of our day. Old and wrinkly. The thought spreads a smile across my face.

2 MINUTES:5 SECONDS

It's almost time! My heart might leap out of my body with the pace it is beating right now.

As I'm about to cross the street, I see him. I KNOW it's him, even though he looks nothing like I imagined. He looks like what love would look like. I thought I saw a stranger I knew very well.

0 MINS:30 SECS

He looks up at me. We exchange a warm, knowing smile. As if we can already see the years ahead. Together. As if he's not a stranger at all, but a soul that parted with mine long ago, and is now being reunited. This is my person.

He starts crossing the street to get to me. What happened next will always be a blurry nightmare. I saw the speeding car coming towards him, everything seemed to slow down, and then the car hit him. He reached his hand out to grab mine. We were inches from each other but a lifetime apart.

There it was. His lifeless body in a pool of red.

0 MINS:0 SECONDS

This wasn't supposed to happen. My knees got weak as I looked at my destined future, completely undone. It felt like the pavement under my feet cracked and the Earth was swallowing me whole. The author will continue my story for the rest of my miserable life, but our chapter is over before it could begin. For the first time, I wished I was the one holding the pen.



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