

Creative Writing GC 2010

~~Appear~~ ~~Ends~~  
~~Supernatural~~  
~~Hostel~~ ~~Three~~  
~~IT~~ ~~Bombay~~

~~The visitor + the affair + the first~~ + checkmate

(The affair)

'Doorknob'

'You loved her, didn't you?'

It was methodic. A practised hand at work. Slash. Plunge. Slash. Plunge. Three swift movements earlier, she was mouthing ~~it~~ softly into my ear half-intelligible odes to those convulsions of passion that shot across her lips, her sweat-encircled nipples, her skin - oh! her glorious skin. It was beautiful. Three swift movements later, all the afternoons we spent walking through the woods, all the jagged notes we strung together on moonlit nights and let issue from our hoarse throats, all the breaths and sensations we shared and savored, twisted around in eddies of bright crimson. It was... beautiful.

The years never took away the se shock from me. A tiny puncture in the jugular and it all would all fall into a heap of lifeless sand, all traces of the majestic castle it once was, duly obliterated. But it had to be ~~dis~~ contained. Like everything else. The regret, the self-loathing; the powerful deluge of memories of the first time I had fallen in love. It all seeped out - out into the alabaster basin. ~~It~~ It had to be rinsed away.

'You love her, don't you?', the Doorknob repeated.

'Please... not her. Not ~~it~~ this time... please...'

'You say that every time. Ain't that the

beauty of it? We made a deal. You know that, as well as I do. And you also know, there is no escape.

I nodded in silence.

Oh wait! You're probably wondering - did I hear that right? A doorknob? I'm afraid not, dear reader; you're <sup>quite</sup> mistaken. - I had said, if I remember quite clearly, Doorknob. Yes, with a capital D. We all know what doorknobs look are supposed to look like, but what on earth does a Doorknob look like? Sleek and and chrome-~~is~~ plated? Perhaps. Rotund and ornate? Perhaps. Gothic, replete with menacing gargoyles? That too, perhaps. For you see, the Doorknob was more than a mere ~~an~~ assembly of cogs and wheels you have to negotiate to get a door to open. It was an abstraction, an equivalence class of <sup>all</sup> doorknob-ish objects, if I may. Perhaps, ~~It was~~ <sup>is was</sup> a resident of an alternate reality, or perhaps (how I abuse that word!) It is a product of my own mind, after all. ~~It~~

In any case, I still retain vivid memories of ~~the~~ ~~the~~ recollections, almost as if it were yesterday, of the first time It spoke to me. It was the spring of 2010. It was still at the University then, and madly in love with this girl I had met a few months back. One night, ~~unwarranted until then~~, we sneaked into a deserted room in the basement and gaily <sup>tossed</sup> away to the winds of change, our clothes and virginity, that unwanted souvenir of a barren adolescence, only to find ~~hours~~ ourselves, ~~hours later~~, to be ~~locked in the bowels of the great edifice. That hours later, that we were~~ ~~tray~~ ourselves, trapped <sup>a while later,</sup>

in the bowels of the great edifice. Hours seemed to stretch to eternity as we both, <sup>frightfully</sup> hollered to our last breath, at the top of our lungs, ~~at~~ ~~to~~ ~~no~~ ~~avail~~ when it spake. I was made an offer and I made my choice. Minutes later, I emerged, hands bloodied, soul wrested away, through the doorway into a frighteningly new course of events wherein I ~~to~~ would have to consummate my end of the deal ~~again~~ <sup>over</sup> and again. How could I have known then, oh how could I? I turned to leave.

THE POINT. → Cold metal. Numb and mute now, as I let my hand rest upon it. I turned the doorknob, ~~I~~ stepped out, <sup>of the restroom</sup> into the vestibule to find Veronika immersed in a sexually-charged Dali. I drew her attention.

'Well, it's nine already. Must be getting late for you, I guess I should be dropping you off at ~~a~~ place.' your place.'

She registered consent.

The ~~near~~ nonchalant neon <sup>flew past</sup> ~~passed by~~ an uneventful ride to her apartment, ~~we~~ ~~an~~ unusual only in its silence. ~~We were~~ exchanging goodbyes We exchanged a kiss.

'Good night, Veronika, it ~~to~~ was a wonderful evening.'

She held back. I knew. It ~~had to happen~~ was inevitable.

'Mephistopheles...'

'Yes?'

'We have known each other for quite some time now... and... and I think, we really ought to be taking it... further. You... ~~for us~~  
You understand, right?'

She squeezed my ~~4~~ hand in hers. I ~~gazed at her for a while before leaning over to face~~  
~~it was a beautiful face.~~ I gazed at her for a while before leaning over to meet her lips for the last time.

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