

~~Rahul Ajmera~~
~~Hostel 4~~

The Prophecy

My deep thoughts were rattled by my brother's loud shrieks. ~~There was~~ It was futile to calm him down, especially when my own heart pounded furiously. I saw it coming. I knew ~~it~~ that our hiding location had been compromised. The beauty of life, the happiest moments seem to get over too soon, just to be relived in slow-motion just before death blows the last trumpet.

What was I doing here? Who is this retard? Why do I feel so numb? It was my call to take this job. Journalism in war-torn areas is a wallet filling job. Especially when the war is between US and Taliban. Taking it up was a no-brainer for me, especially after the woman ~~was~~ whom I was engaged to, died in a copter crash last month. I hoped it would take my mind off Emily and hell yeah, it did. As for the retard, he's my older brother Craig. Yup, he's your usual autistic guy, you'd find ~~in~~ playing in the park. Blessed with exceptionally poor learning skills, not to mention the mobility issues, he wasn't ^{quite} the Dustin Hoffman from 'Rainman'. This is real life & yes, he is a retard.

Since morning he had been talking about this guy in a black gown, coming to get him. You know, the usual Grim Reaper Nightmare, we all have it at somepoint in our lives, but Craig was different. He had a gift. There was this one time when he was mumbling about "Bad sport. Bad game". ~~when~~ ~~I~~ Next day, I was involved in one of the worst rugby accidents in recent times. I did 8 weeks at the County Hospital. I didnt even notice this "gift" until last month when he started crying about some fire in the sky. Emily's demise made it clear that it was no co-incidence.

I looked at Craig. His eyes were fixed on the door. "He's coming! Black man is coming!", he mumbled. I gulped. All this wasn't worth the money. The ~~prophecy~~ of prophecy of doom are the most exciting, yet most feared prophecies. The wonders of nature are mind boggling. You cripple a man mentally & physically & bestow upon him a gift that he cant even understand, but which is yet so powerful & dangerous. I ~~I~~ held her hands tightly, looked up to the wooden ceiling & closed my eyes. The final destination awaited me, and I fell into the deep, dark abyss.

{Last Paragraph}

I could see the newspapers reporting this, the next day. Every detail so clear, so vivid. Is war worth it? Besides, I just reported what I saw & heard. I didn't even kill anyone. Too bad, my ~~other~~ brother had to share my fate. It seemed so ironical that I promised my dying mother that I would keep him safe & out of danger at all times. When the end is near, the sands of time slow down, but they don't stop. The leaves outside the cabin rustled to the hoards of footsteps. Bright lights shone outside the window highlighting the shadows of the guns over their shoulders. My ears were my eyes, I imagined everything I heard. Finally & inevitably, the door knob creaked & turned.

X
