Samidare (the midsummer rain)

They say everybody has emotional scars; they can be caused by anything ranging from a loss of a loved one to the abuse of a friend. Some scars occur over night when one moment changes all emotions in one’s soul, and causes one to become a husk of what one was, but my tale is not as gentle. They say the Lord has the power to do much, even create pain in those who could feel none.

A few years prior to the beginning of my end; I had forsaken all emotions and had lived a life of peace, but a certain girl awakened my emotions (which at first I felt a gift and later realized to be a curse in disguise: a Trojan horse sent for Loki’s amusement).

 I was blessed in many ways, a private room (on the top floor with a t.v), I had access to cars and drivers, my uncles, aunts and grandparents were all living in the same house (well my grandmother was ill that year in India, but she had been miraculously recovering and was sent home from the hospital).

I was not fully happy that year; it was the beginning of my GCSEs, and the only girl I had ever loved had left me; she had almost vanished overnight; she had gone back to the land from whence she came, and I had not the courage nor confidence to tell her how I had felt about her; I had two years to do it, and yet I never did. This was painful for me, and what made it worse was the fact that when she left they had a farewell party for her, and I did not qualify to be on the guest list; I was neither important enough nor loved enough to be called. That moment hurt me, deeply, but I was able to move past it as most of my thoughts were with my grandmother.

My grandmother was the one person in the family I could seek refuge with. My parents were never able to understand me, and my grandfather was not very loving, but my grandmother was in a sense a haven for the weary and the weak, and for a boy of my age, she was more of a Utopian sanctuary than anything else. I still remember running to her arms in tears whenever I felt alone, and for a boy with few friends, that feeling that someone cares is one worth treasuring. A sight I could not bear was watching her sit ill suffering; she asked me not to see her in that way, and I said with a heavy heart “Don’t worry grandma, I’ll see you soon, and you will be back to normal”; I wish I had known of the lies I had spoken that day (after all none would want to lie to the ones they loved).

School was about to start; it was the ending week of the month of Ramadan. I had woken up to fast, with the most frightening dream; I saw the death of my grandmother. I had always been intuitive, and my dreams were often true, and I felt strong that if I had prayed she would be safe, but I was tired that day; so believing that it was no more than a dream, I went to sleep. When I awoke post-sunrise I saw the house empty, not a single soul in sight; I looked around my empty nest until the cleaner appeared. I asked him with a fearful thought, “Where is everyone in the house?” and he informed me that my grandmother had passed away; this was baffling to the doctors for her health had just recently taken a turn for the better. The guilt of a murderous devil filled my heart (my already broken heart), this level of guilt could not be carried for a heart as fragile as mine; my muscles were no longer able to handle the weight of all this guilt. I fell to the ground in tears at my loss - my salvation from loneliness and insanity which I myself had taken away (and for what? An extra hour’s sleep!?). This was the second cut to the same wound (torn up before a scar could even form). Was this suffering enough to quench the thirst of Hades? Nay! For that would be far too merciful.

 A few days later school started, and I had begun to feel loved again by the friends who surrounded me and the family who stayed with me. What I had not known at the time was the fact that such visions of perfection are no more than illusions and it is only a moment of time before all such illusions are revealed to the light; the same light which shone on Romeo and kept him away from his beloved. I had begun to see the truth behind the lies my “friends” spoke. Although they claimed to be the ones I could trust, my best friend of the time was in reality the deceitful Serpent in human form, and I had been blind to this. The Serpent had been influencing the souls of Eve’s trusting children, and whispering lies into their impressionable hearts (thus forcing me back into an abyss of loneliness), and what was worse was that the same had been occurring for me at the place I almost called home.

A ruthless war raged through the house, between the now separate families which resided in its walls; screaming, shouting, fighting, neither side willing to budge. They say that the world wars occurred due to many years of unresolved tension finally reaching a trigger point; I had just born witness to that event. When the smoke cleared and the war ended, the ones who were left defeated were my family alone. We were sent into the streets with no place to call home; we were forced to take shelter with any relative who would have us. We eventually found ourselves a small place to live (our family became stronger and closer) and although I had lost most of my other relations (I was banned from seeing my young cousins who had always looked up to me, and had become some of the few people who gave me a reason to live on), I still kept my smile; I did not want the demon king to have the satisfaction of breaking me. This was another blow to an almost closed wound (will the bleeding ever stop? How much more blood can remain in such a fragile heart?).

At that point in time all I had to call family were the few friends I had made, and I had taken happiness in believing that those people were in fact my friends, but I soon found out that I was never called out to be with them when they gathered, as the Serpent had convinced them all to shun me, and when I returned in tears to what I had foolishly believed to be my home, my father struck me with a question (which still haunts me at night) “Why is it that you have no friends? What is wrong with you? Everyone else goes out with their friends, and you come home,” was this not the place where I could reside in peace, rest from the pains of loneliness, the one place where I could turn to for escape? Perhaps the luxury of escape is only permitted for those who succumb to the temptations of drugs, and alcohol! Each night I returned home fearing for my safety, as these words grew louder and louder, and the eyes of those who fooled me began to blur my vision, until one day my vision turned a darkened red, and I saw myself in pain, falling and crying as all others began to laugh.

The idea that my death would bring happiness more than sadness was all that filled my shattered heart. Words of the evil ones deafened me, “no one likes you, just die, you’re useless, unwanted, unneeded”; I had lost the control of my body, as each one I had trusted with a part of my heart had tossed it aside like an old piece of unwanted cloth, and what was left had fallen onto the ground shattering into a million pieces and dissolving with the sands of time. I saw myself fighting inside a cage of solitude which I felt as if I myself had created. The blood from my unclosed wounds were dripping on to the ground (so thick it would have made the devil sick of sins), and yet I struggled for freedom; visions of those I believed I was destined to help began to appear in front of me; They appeared dim but I still fought hard to reach it. My eyes soon burst open, shattering the locks placed upon them, and I looked down slowly to find myself holding a large knife near my neck; With no memory of ever entering the kitchen, and so I placed that knife slowly onto the kitchen table and walked away whilst realizing that no other soul was there to save mine but my own. Those moments defined me. They gave me a will to live. My heart was gone, shattered into pieces I could not restore, and my scar never fully formed for every moment it began to close, pawns of darkness struck them once more, and thus I was left with an ever open wound, bleeding so strong it repelled any who wished to approach me.

I knew I could not allow the beasts such victory, so I forged myself a mask; not that of the ones used by mere mortals, this was too deep for such simple structures of lies. My mask was forged from the darkest depths of hell where even the loneliest devils feared to tread, for only masks filled with such lies and deceit could hide and protect what was left of my soul. I knew a life with no trust could never be fully lived, so I trust all, but now I expect to be betrayed and thus I am always ready for such times. To this day I laugh a realistic laugh, never revealing my disfigured wound. I live on knowing all friends I meet could leave me soon, and I brace myself for that inevitable day, and yet I live on hoping that when I find the one whom my heart truly belongs to, perhaps she can restore it, and save me from my wretched curse.