

The Dark Memories (Short story)

The vase smashed on the ground, shattered into pieces, on my ears it felt like somebody ruptured my eardrums. He was furious, my eyes were bulging out with surprise and fear.

**Dark memories always introduces us
to the brightest lights in our lives**

— Minakshi



I was standing in the corner of a small room. War was going on in the same room, the other room was not so big as well but the rage occupying this room made me feel these two will be one soon. I was making sure he doesn't see me. Now, he looked around to find something else that he can smash on the ground and break, I took the advantage and tried to run away or at least get out of the room. While running towards the door, I saw a pale woman sobbing, lying helplessly on the floor, that woman was my biological mother. She smells nothing but crack. She was nothing like mothers I used to witness around me or even see today. She was the one.

It was May 1998, I was small enough to care for anything or look at dangerous creatures right into the eyes but I saw a lot, enough to make me strong like an old experienced man who has fought destructive battles all his life or who has traveled around the world all his life and now tells the tales of his journey. I cared for her just like one human does for another. I was alone as a kid or alone when I needed someone, to guide me, the most. After I left the house, I was born once again so naïve, so small and not knowing the world. The world seemed so big to me. I was very afraid, you know. Alright back to where I was, you must be wondering who that man was.

The man yelling, shouting and smashing things was not my father, um I am not sure. He was nothing like a father... same as my mother, I still am finding any father like him, roaring smashing things around, but I always find a lot better than him. He was the one.

My mother died just like that, that night. I never tried to find out what killed her, neither I was interested. I was more interested in running away from that battlefield. My mother was a crack... you can fill up the rest. My mother was not a conventional mother she was her own example. I still remember when she used to be the only one in my life which made me somehow attached to her, she did matter but not really did. I was just used to her existence around me. She never showed any attachment towards me. She was more concerned about her drugs supply and ease. I remember when I was only 5 years old, I accidentally opened the door when it rang violently, even being prohibited of opening the door, I opened the door! The man standing outside seemed to be the man version of my mom, addict, not properly

dressed, unsettled hair, and only concerned by his own interests because he directly asked for my mom when I opened the door. I, being innocent, started asking him questions about his business with my mom and vice versa. I remember my mom coming from my back like a raging storm and threw me on the floor with one blow of her hand. As a 5-year-old kid I was scared for my life. I recovered myself from that hard blow and stood the ground and without a second thought ran to the other room.

I ran, I almost forgot how to walk after running continuously for 2 days.

Those two days were very happening or maybe I was moving fast through time. As I ran through the streets people were looking at me, gazing and trying to understand the hurry I am in. I do not understand it now what the hurry was. No one was coming for me. Nobody cared for me. I was alone in this world.

While roaming on the streets. I met a group of street children who were very friendly and invited me to their group and told me about the man whose yard they used to sleep every night. They were 5-6 children and told me the story of that man where they found him and why he allowed them to use his yard. Those children turned out to be my childhood fellows, I have found them very opposite from my parents or whoever those two were with whom I used to live when I was small. I found out my looks were very much like Asians. I had no idea what that mean but everybody looked at me that way and that look defined completely when one boy asked me, "Hey boy! Are you Asian?" I did not answer or did not know what to answer, then he said, " Yes you are you have brown complexion and black hair." To me I was a child who was sleek, tall from his age, had black circles around his eyes, and wearing dirty clothes, but I never saw this Asian quality in myself before or never noticed I was different from other street children until then.

The night when I finally got out of the war, is still my nightmare and a relief at once.

I still witness that look whenever I walk or drive around the city. I grew up on the streets, which added up to my experiences. A man, whose yard we all used to sleep was a generous man, I think he was generous, none of the boys there liked him much but they all needed a place to sleep so they just endured his rudeness, he allowed us to sleep in his yard despite the potential he sees in one or two of us. He used to look at us with so much love, but he was a miser in showing it. He always talked to us like a strict supervisor and with high tone because of which we all were afraid of him, but who else can tell the different look in his eyes better than me that he used to have when he looked at us while we all fell asleep. I used to fake my sleep just to have a look at that loving sight he had on us. I learnt driving from him, which turned out to be my only way of earning.

Now sitting here in one of the cheap bars in Vegas, I am waiting for my call.