

# ALIYA'S THIRD EYE

BY OGIEVA ERHUN

Aliya was barely ten when the world already made sense to her. She could decipher what adults thought they kept secret, literally held the power to make or break families in her lunchbox. She listened and understood easily; gestures, facial expressions, energy .... All of it. Her parents were grateful for her. No, her gift!

Before 12 she was playing middle man in her broken home. Imagine being the only voice of reason and at such a young age. She had to endure her mother's screams, watch mama cry every time dad verbally abused her. "At least, he doesn't beat me" she would say amidst sobs to a conveniently understanding Aliya. She was too young to be the rock her Arthur's sword of a mother would be attached to.

Her dad was a small time doctor, everytime he lost a patient or got queried at work he'd get drunk and bring the frustration home. Aliya thought he just used those as excuses to drink a lot. She really hated the way he treated his "wife". Mum was no better, she cried but she was never innocent. Mama died of an STD barely 2 years later and dad didn't. Coincidence? I think not.

They were unreligious Muslims. You cover your head or not, papa Aliya didn't care. He was nonchalant with her upbringing, leaving most of the parenting to Aliya herself. Was her being smart a crime? Was it supposed to be a yardstick for abandonment?

She had weird dreams from time to time, some about deaths that actually came true. Whenever one like that happened, she'd cry. she could never talk about it. With who?

Sometimes she'd wake up screaming, sometimes the future was pleasant. Therapy was non-existent but she didn't need it. She'd always find a way to cope.

Five years passed and she left home to live with her maternal grandmother. She purposely applied for a university far from her father and his home town. The less she'd see him, the better. Getting admitted was a piece of cake for someone so blessed with intelligence. It was the people she didn't know if she could cope with. Her past made it so difficult for her to trust or even see the good in the world. All the world was to her was the venue for people's shortcomings, I mean even their Bible said the heart of man's wicked. Aliya was too literal for a person. She had taken on an extra course to bump up her CGPA. She almost admired the lecturer, he too was smart, not as smart as her but smart none the less. Her classmates hardly got his jokes except a certain dude, she'd notice him get even the complex ones and he never showed off. He was always calm, simple looking but a complex person. She could perceive their matching auras. He always sat like he, as cocky as this sounds, knew more than others. She could relate so well.

Why did he not notice her in return though?

She found herself looking forward to seeing him and his opinions in the next class. It was unnatural, she knew the world too much to admit that she might have a thing for 'calm guy' as she called him. She didn't know his name yet.

"Who's he?" she patiently waited for the day he'd have to say his name publicly. She knew somehow he was going to be different. It scared her, not as much as her night terrors but it still did. She still screamed herself awake from time to time, "why are you showing me these things? Why do they come true?" she'd shout after gaining her breath, asking whatever it is that put her through such visions.

Her clear brown skin covered the struggle. At least some of the dreams were good premonitions.

Aliya was very attractive, at least Jared thought so. They both felt the urge to talk, to just be close but fate hadn't given them that "push". Sike.

Aliya was a bit shook as Jared kept getting bigger until he stood right next to her. "Hey, I dunno what it is but I feel we should be friends. I'm Jared. You?" She had to give it to him, he did what's she'd been trying to for the past month like it was nothing. "still here" Jared said after some time, staring down at Aliya. She was going to stutter, she knew it.

He put his hand out and she shook him. It was exactly like she imagined, no bad vibe. Why? What made this one different?

"Can I sit?" His baritone was nothing short of flushing. "Shh.. Ssure" there it was, the stutter she hated so much. "You looked pretty from way over there, I just had to come close" he said pointing at where he normally sat. The conversation unfolded, she found his calmness contagious. He saw the world like she did, a dump. He had a bubble where the air was still clean, he seemed to be inviting her in.

She opened up to him, it was easy to. She really didn't have any friends on campus, same with him, it was almost perfect. Three hours had passed and they were still at it. Aliya sat more comfortably as Jared went on to tease her dad. He was way funnier than she expected.

"I have to go now" he finally said after noticing how much time had passed. She didn't want him to leave but she also didn't want him to know that. "I'll walk you down, where're you headed?" "my apartment, I need a lot of rest, a lot!" he said smiling. He turned to face Aliya "don't worry about it, I'll definitely see you around" "find me, Mr Jared!" she smiled too. He hugged her, he was bigger than she was, she got lost in his mass, in his essence.

What was this feeling?

He kissed her forehead. She didn't know it then but he awoke her ajna.

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“I can bet you like my forehead more than me” Aliya teased the love of her life or the one who understands her the most, as she preferred to call him. “I could stop” he said looking at her from the corner of his eye. “Hell no. I love them! I don’t know what it is but everytime you kiss my forehead it’s like you’re telling me you’ll never hurt me, that you understand me, that you’ll try your best to protect me. It kinda gives me peace, quiets the demons if you know what I mean. Why though?” she asked an admiring Jared. “For someone so smart you’re about to get a lesson” he said smiling smugly. He sat and she put her head on his laps. Slowly stroking her head, he started his tale about the third eye.

“so, there’s the science or let’s say the biological part of it and the spiritual part. Which do you want first?” He asked in a low tone. “Mix it up”. Aliya gave an answer typical of her. “Normally there’s DMT, it’s a hormone in your endocrine system, it only activates in deep sleep or just before death but when the two right people meet it can be activated with a kiss on the third eye.” “third eye?” Aliya turned to face Jared directly, sparks of interest in eyes.

“Yeah, it’s just between your brows” he said, touching her forehead. “For two exceptionally smart people like me and you, all we had to do was meet. I prefer calling it Ajna, like the sanskrit do, sounds more exotic. Select people can see the future with it and that’s even before it’s activated. The passion between the two people strengthens it and brings inner peace and clarity. There’s usually visual prowess too, the dreams get more vivid, specific even. I haven’t told you this before but I think we didn’t meet by mistake. My family being deeply spiritual people and your ancestors being mullahs (Islamic clerics), the foundation was already set for us to have this great bond we do now.”

He didn’t know he was making so much sense to Aliya. They were rare but she still had those dreams...

To be continued...