

Short Stories and Descriptive Pieces

The Old House:

A towering house stands alone in the middle of an alienated desert-like valley that is filled with cacti and dried bushes. The sun overshadows the valley with full glory.

The house stays lamentably in the valley. Its walls that were once a symbol of strength, filled with cracks. The bright peach paint that covered the glorious walls for hundreds of years, was slowly dwindling off, and the remaining paint was lifeless. It reflected darkness even in strong sunlight. The lintel on the windows was visible and reeked of strong algae and the red bricks underneath were exposed.

The antique French windows rattled heavily, and insinuated that they were on the verge of breaking down. The huge iron doors, filigreed with gold, covered the front side of the house. It creaked open loudly and revealed the centuries old furniture.

Two 18th century old oak bergere sat atop of a fancy Persian rug, in the open hall, facing the decaying windows. Behind the bergere, a wooden vitrine rested against the walls, which showcased an hourglass clock and a few Indian jade cups. Right above the vitrine, hung a wooden pendulum clock which was ticking in the silent hall, alone. Above the bergere, a golden chandelier hung, which shone like a laser beam at day time, clanking spontaneously.

The walls were covered with portraits of the houses' owners, as well as other abstract art. Famous paintings of Napoleon Crossing the Alps by Jaucuis-Louis David and The Last Supper by Leonardo Di Vinci hung conspicuously.

The 'house' had several rooms, each designed in the same generic style. The master bedroom had a gold galvanized divan against the walls, and a heavy polished almorie, containing jewelry. The heavy furnishing made the house clustered and as a result, even with lights, the house seemed darker than usual.

"As the Boat got closer.."

As the boat got closer, I recognised his face. He was exactly like I was informed. Strong jawline, trimmed hair, thick black eyebrows and keen eyes like a hawk. He wore a Hawaiian style shirt with white shorts and beach slippers. This man had been all over the news for the past 6 months after a horrible incident occurred in the middle of a busy metropolitan area, where two armed men attacked a policeman with a hammer and vanished into the thin air. The policeman died 5 minutes later. Greg Hansen was the prime suspect for the attack, whose identity was revealed after a video capturing the attack on the policeman exposed him. Since then, he has been missing. But now, he was right in front of me.

The boat was more like a cruise — 3 stories tall and 1,000 feet long. It was called The Savior of the Sea, and at first, it didn't seem that big; however, when it got close to the deck, its shadow covered the deck entirely. The boat had just come back from Hawaii, where a bunch of rich folks spent their time tanning. Our man Greg Hansen stood near the edge of the boat and looked at the ocean for 5 minutes before coming down. He seemed upset about this. Maybe the luxurious standards of the boat spoiled him. It was pretty clear from the background checks on Greg that he was a middle-class father, working as a small-time con artist. Where did this man get all the money to go from being a con artist to spending vacation in Hawaii? Well, there are no coincidences. Greg was paid by someone to attack a police man. With the intention to create fear in public.

We let Greg leave the port first before arresting him. Making an arrest in a public spot could cause disturbance and spike attention. So, we let him go around the corner and then immediately put him on the ground and put the cuffs on.

"You're under arrest for killing a police officer. We have a warrant on Greg Hansen on behalf of the Supreme Court."

"You're mistaken, sir. I am not who you think I am!" said Greg Hansen in a shaking voice.

"I'm Dr. Benjamin Wright. A-and I work as a dentist at my clinic. I-it's called Wright Teeth Care, just a few blocks away from here. I promise!"

"We have a profile that you match perfectly, sir. I am afraid, but it can't be helped without proving your identity." I told him that calmly and expected nothing further, but shockingly, he agreed to show his identity card. And sure enough, it did say Benjamin Wright there.

"I am extremely sorry Mr. Benjamin. We were looking for someone and you matched the profile quite well. But it could be a darning mistake. You're allowed to leave."

"It's alright officer; you're just doing your job."

And with that, the doctor waddled off.

I stood there wondering where the investigation went wrong. Was the profile unclear? Can't be, it was clear. There is no way it was faulty. It matched the video perfectly. There is no way the profile was wrong, unless the so-called doctor was fake. But he presented an ID card with the name and his picture.

I went around the block, looking for the guy again but didn't find him anywhere. So I checked a pharmacy store and asked where the Wright Tooth Care dental clinic was and he told me that there was no such a clinic around.

And that's how I almost caught my first target as a Police officer. One thing I learned from that case was how deceptive some people can be. Who knew having a fake ID card around could

save you from the bitterest trouble. Surely any new officer would have fallen for it. Especially if the person doing it is an expert con artist

The Ruined Castle:

A castle resided in the midst of a rich jungle. It was a tall and fascinating palace, made up of strong white concrete and touched the skies at its peak. It was, however, an erratic piece of architecture, because it was so out of place and unnatural. Looking at the castle alone would raise several questions about its origin and history.

It was surrounded by the crystal clear rivers and breathtaking waterfalls. The lush green forests and plants were a home to countless animals that all roamed around freely, without the fear of humans. Thick oak trees covered the entire jungle, their bodies wrapped with lime algae, standing arrogant and conspicuous. Their branches spread out to the never-ending jungle and dominate the sky.

The sky itself was humid and gloomy. It felt cold and breezy, the clouds were dark and signalled a sepulchral atmosphere. The croaking of frogs and toads could be heard at night, and chattering of monkeys at the day.

The castle had thick and strong walls in history, but now, all that could be seen was deep cracks and unflattering algae, that snatched the white colour off, and painted the greenness in.

The most prominent aspect of the castle was probably its gigantic windows that could very well be noticed from miles away. It had mullioned iron bars that reminds of prison cells.

The View from the Window was more intriguing than the window itself. Acres of lush trees and fresh fog were visible, the bright moon that shone in the middle of night and waterfalls that constantly made the splashing noises.

What was more intriguing was the mountains at the far end of the horizon that could be seen. Mountains with snowy peaks and green bodies. Spots of bright orange lights were visible that spread sporadically. These bright dots were the lanterns used by the local tribes.

In the middle of two mountains, on the basins, a vast urban city could be noticed. Its huge skyscrapers and the billboards glittered with vibrant colors. The noises of the traffic could also be heard at times. The display of the city was more apparent at night when its lights outshone the tribes' lanterns.

One could spend their lifetime standing at the window, admiring the view. It makes sense all of the sudden as to why someone would make a castle in a remote and distant jungle. The paragon of beauty rested right there. The diverse environments all different from one another, sat together in perfect harmony to be glazed at, and be fascinated.

Titanic:

It was a drizzly night. The sun was hiding behind the dark clouds, who dominated the sky. The blackness of the clouds overshadowed the usual turquoise ocean. The cacophony of the clouds clashing together innated massive lightning blasts — blinding everyone. The ship sailed in a discombobulating atmosphere, with nothing to be seen, except the sporadic lightning busts. The waves maneuvered berately — trying its best to flip the ship.

Our ship was a gigantic beast, capable of withholding titanic golems. It sailed high with 17 floors, challenging the brute force of nature. It slashed through the constantly raising waves, showing dominance of the man. Poseidon himself would have to appear in order to stop it. As the time passed, the storm grew stronger and aggressive. The tiny droplets speared through our bodies with great projectory. Nature was beginning to show its power. Even within the plain darkness, you could notice the raging waves. They grew massive and sharper. Suddenly, it alluded that maybe man wasn't so strong. Tonnes of pure iron and steel were impressive for the weak bodies of the man, but for nature, it was an irritating bug, buzzing in its ear. We could hear the uproar of the ever growing waves screeching and warning us to return.

The pride and honour of the man vanished at that moment, and all that remained was the relentless fury of nature, standing tall and challenging man's flaunted creation. We were nothing but a dust particle waiting to be flickered, an insignificant junk waiting to be crucified, a nagging waste of space asking to die. As the wave came closer, the lower decks of the ship shivered and creaked. The ship began to shake and malfunction. The floor trembled and caused people to collapse down. Screams of people were overwhelmed by the destructive whopping waves. The hour was upon them. Nature brought them to their knees.

The single second felt like a decade. All hope was lost, and people awaited their demise. With the constant thunderstorm and devastating rain, the signals to the outerworld vanished, and they were left alone to face the smirking wave that came closer to consume them alive. It suddenly made sense as to why the characters like Cthulhu hide within the depths of the ocean. The beast is not the man, but the ocean is. During the last few minutes of the chaos, the fish rained upon us from the dark sky. It was a final sign of hope of survival. The psychologically terminating instances drive us towards irrational thoughts, where we desperately swarm around anything that might save us. The fish were not a sign of hope, but a sign of annihilation. The dribbling of the droplets increased and it was apparent that the mighty wave was upon us.

Windows shattered with the monstrous wind and infested onto the inworks of the ship. The prideful objects such as modern art pieces that were worth millions were all snatched by the wind. The opulent furniture of all sorts: oak-made bergeries, sparkling gold chandeliers, the immovable dining tables all crumpled. Power systems along with the backup generators gave up.

As the people rushed towards the life jackets, stomped onto one another, the ship started riding the wave. With the sudden change in direction, a plethora of people fell and slid at the

end of the ship that was now the bottom. The panic and uncertainty within the individuals caused an aggrandized chaos. The situation was a paragon of moral absence.

As the ship took its last breaths, the people grasped the floor and the walls. Some were taken in by the wind while the others screamed prayers. Couples held tight onto each other and closed their eyes. Parents covered their children, with teary eyes, promising that it's going to be alright.

And then, it hit. The wave took the ship like a toy and fiddled with it. Within seconds, the ship was in the ocean.. Its pieces were torn by the strong pressure of the wave. The debris floated, signalling the grave of it. This was the demise of perhaps the most well known marine tragedy to ever exist. The Titanic.

The Heat was On:

On a blistering Sunday noon, when the sun was dominating the sky, I had the amazing idea of getting some heat at my local park despite there being a heatwave. To make matters worse, I dared wearing full-sleeve V-necks, made from virgin wool, along with a black pure-leather jacket, on top of dark blue trousers that suffocated my legs.

As soon as I stepped out of my apartment building, the ferocious sunrays blinded me entirely. A cacophony of blurry yellow and white colours appeared in front of my eyes. For a single instance, it seemed that I was teleported in a psychedelic dimension. The light and calmful road buzzed like an angry swarm of honeybees in my mind. I stumbled and fumbled around for a few good seconds, before assembling myself. Somehow, I managed to enter the local park, and decided to rest on an empty bench.

It was an unamusing park, which was filled with lonely and sad trees at the sides of the park. From afar, they seemed evergreen, but the presence of dead and crumpled yellow leaves under them indicated that they were deciduous. However, the depressing and sombre 'leaves-carpet' was overshadowed by heavenly green leaves. Diverse nests combed the thick branches and birches alike. Sounds of birds twittering, chirping and singing could be heard from the other side of the park. The smooth-sounding melodies that they sang filled the nauseous silence of the park. It was perhaps the only part of the garden which hid from the wrath of the ablaze sun.

With dangling feet and blinded eyes from the heat, I luckily came across a bench. A feeling of euphoria swept through my body, and I immediately jumped onto it, as if it was Black Friday and the bench was the only remaining iPhone. Unfortunately, the bench was an aluminium-plated one — packed with blazening heat. One could say, it was the Throne of Hell. So, I jumped again screaming and cursing at the bench. I noticed from a distance that a bunch of children, no more than twelve, were laughing at me. There were five of them, playing along swings, with complete disregards towards the heat and the intense humidity. Two brown-haired boys with matching cyan kurtas, who seemed like brothers, were smirking at my embarrassment. While the two girls that I could not see properly because of the intense heatwave, were swinging on the see-saw. Another kid, slightly younger than the rest, was enjoying his slide.

Other than the children, the park appeared to be a dystopian wasteland. Not a single family was there, and for a very valid reason. The sun was continuously getting brighter, the surroundings were getting paler from the heat, and my legs were getting immensely unstable from the blindness. It was clear that the heat was on.

By kneeling my head down and following the greyish bricked path, I found a round table with benches surrounding it. It was a wooden-based set with a greenish appearance. Small flakes of the paint on the table were chipped off, and making the asymmetrical silhouettes visible black inner color was visible. The benches were dusty and one of them had a hardened clay footprint on its backside. I quickly hurried to the bench and sat down. A sigh of relief left my mouth as my eyes opened fully once again. I noticed that it had a ceiling with criss-crossed wooden design at the top. The remaining space was covered with palm leaves in a traditional Pakistani style. The palm leaves rattled with wind occasionally.

With my eyes glittering again, I was able to appreciate the beauty of the park. Along with the greyish pathway, a continuous stream of bushes laid on the fertile, wet soil. These bushes were filled with a plethora of plumpy dahlia flowers, which spread vibrance and life in the otherwise melancholic park. A minuscule amount of red pentas flowers were also present which further elevated the mood. A couple of bees buzzed over the flowers. The stream of dahlias covered both sides of the pathway and followed it ubiquitously.

The hut where I was sitting had four thick columns made out of oak wood. The designs on the columns were Arabian inspired. The polish on the column was impressively shiny, enough to shy the sun itself.