“anyway the batsman there has gone through consecutive eleven ducks and still his team put him upward and now he is on 48 in 36, & 28 is needed on 6 for the Cup BR 2016, although he is the last hope they have”

“you sure, do they hope? Or they just gonna lieee.. ….. & maximum on the first ball, now 22 needed on 5 & the death stare…...... ”

I jolted awake, my breaths quick and shallow, the leftover of a horrifying dream fresh in my mind. My heart raced as I wrestled with the lingering terror from that twisted nightmare. Desperate for relief, I reached for the bedside lamp, filling the room with its warm glow, and gasped the bottle but couldn’t drink.

It's the 27th of October, 2023, I’m now a teacher at The Palladian-House assigned to English Language & Literature, the tag I never wished for my deathbearer even!

A long holiday of four days ends here, Susmita is on the phone, and a few dead crispy lovely hated arguments abided by love & care still need to get paid off. She is crying over the distance we have, I am bothered by something more important, my job. I have eight regular classes today, and three evening classes, I have to fix up the syllabus dilemma & must submit the half-yearly question papers by Oct 30th.

“I also teach in school, I slept for just four hours last night, and still I get time for you.

But you didn’t get the time to….”

“ Yes, I didn’t.”

……… ……….. …

……….. …

“I always love you, but now I have to leave.

Love you, bye.”

“Nah! Not right now… ”

That’s how my life goes on.