

The Forlorn Man

His dull, sullen face hid from the blazing sheen of the lustrous sun, a mask of his excruciating pain and suffering. The ragged, threadbare clothes he wore embraced him with warmth, though flooding with filth and grime. His visage was enspelled by his depression and despondency, as his inner conflict raged into irate infernos of vexation and sorrow and nostalgic desires of the unforgiving past. He was the mystery man of the colony he lived in; the despondent villain who scared away children; the loafing forsaken alcoholic who sat in his pigsty-like house embracing his leftover time.

He would go to the factory everyday for his work, to be greeted with joy by his manager, shining like a scintillating diamond amidst other jealous gems which envied him. He never missed any day for work. The factory was his temple, his church, his sanctum. He invested his heart and soul in the factory work. He worked himself harder each day, working and working as if he was praying in his holy sanctuary to escape from his perpetual sadness, and macabre past.

His past a tumultuous hurricane of melancholy; a story that would bring pity. His exuberant sister always jumped around with joy, her eyes gleaming with a euphoric shine, the sun couldn't replicate. His mother and father though strict, loved and cherished him with all their love. One they headed for a trip. They were going to leave the boy behind. He gazed at his mother, father, and sister, as the little girl chimed innocently of bringing back ice cream for her brother. The boy could do nothing but smile with awe and adoration. But, that would be the last time he saw his beloved, precious family, and heard his sister's innocent, loving voice. While they were driving back home, they had to shield themselves from the torrential rain that obscured their way. Abruptly, a speedy car came quickly, looking like it was to crash into them. As they tried manoeuvring

through the narrow cornice of the cliff, they tumbled down the mountain to their untimely deaths.

His despondent lifestyle continues, drowning in his forlorn past, peppered by the nostalgic flails of tsunamis and pulled away from his happiness by raging hurricanes and ripping currents. But, he is building himself back together. A dog had crashed into a motorcycle. A stray that ate the man's leftover food, cherishing it with an innocent, misunderstood love. He took it to the vet to help it, and its wounds were all amended. It smiled with happiness. Though he was reluctant to take it, he did. At first it was an exasperating journey, but his love has intertwined with the dog. Then again he stood up for it, advocating for its position in the colony. Many people think he will climb out of his endless pit of agony. The dog has now embraced him and sculpted him into a human being with emotion. Just yesterday I saw on his dog's neck a symbol of acceptance, a symbol of connection, a symbol of love; a collar, and on it was a name etched into it: Charlie.