THE UNENDING MAZE

Because Finding Your Way Out Has Never Been More Difficult

Vidushi Gupta
While I was writing this book, I had absolutely no idea about even what would be on the next page. The names, the characters, the situations depicted in this are all intuitional. I think I wrote this book as a reader, like what I would want to read in a book, what makes a book unputdownable for me. Because if I cannot read my own book, why will anyone else?

This book talks about love and relationships, the power they hold and the darkness and light hidden within all of us. This book is targeted towards the young adults of the new urban and semi urban India so that they see love and relationships in the light they deserve.

So now, I would let you go and unveil The Unending Maze.
PROLOUGE

She dreamt of him, every night.
She dreamt him smiling, every night.
She dreamt about loving him, every night.
She dreamt him coming back, every night.
She dreamt him screaming, every night.
She dreamt him drowning, every night.
She dreamt him dying, every night.
She dreamt killing him, every night.
She dreamt so much,
that she dreamt of not dreaming at all
every night.

They say that some dreams can turn into reality. But what should one do when one’s worst reality turns into daily nightmares?
It was raining heavily since last two days, which was rather surprising, even unusual in the month of February in the town of kalimpong, a small but beautiful town in the northern east India, in the lap of the mighty Himalayas. Amaya was feeling feverish; her head was hurting so much that she wanted to just bang it into the wall. Last night had been rough, just like every other night: same dream, same faces, same starting and the same ending, sleep coming to her more as drowsiness sometimes, and as a slumber the other times. She held her head in her hands. Tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock. She heard every ticking sound of the wall clock, which agitated her even more. She got up from her bed, wore her slippers and made her way out of the bedroom. Eleven thirty. She was startled; almost shocked that she’d slept in almost till noon. She made her way to the kitchen and made herself a cup of coffee. It was still drizzling outside. Agastya loved this weather, he loved everything about it. He would’ve played some of his favorite vintage classic music, would’ve cooked some of the typical Indian oily food, and would’ve asked her to open all the windows of their home, had he been here at this very moment. He just loved rains, Indian rains at that. He used to complain about the lack of pleasant Indian mud rain smell when they were in States. She missed him. And in this ambience, she missed him even more.

The door bell rang. Amaya peeped out of the window, it was her neighbor. Amaya opened the front door, and
the chilly rainy winds hit her body hard. She wished she had wrapped her shawl.

“Good morning Amaya”. Mrs. Dutta greeted her jovially, coming inside the house, without an invitation, to which Amaya really wanted to tell her that she hated the morning, but well, anyway.

“Oh my God, are you sick?” Mrs. Dutta looked worried at the sight of Amaya, touching her forehead instantly.

“You have fever my child, and your eyes are so red. Did you sleep alright last night?”

“No... I mean yes... Mrs. Dutta.” Amaya stuttered, like she had been caught doing something which she shouldn’t have been doing, “It’s just the changing weather I guess, nothing serious.”

“Do you want me to call a doctor?”

“No.” Amaya shook her head, “It’s just fever Mrs. Dutta, I’m sure I’ll be okay, but thanks for asking.” Amaya replied smillingly, genuinely grateful. Not everyone gets a good neighbor.

“Okay. Oh yes, Sudha called. She asked me to tell you that it would take almost two to three days more for the workers to clear the landslide area.” Sudha Roy, Amaya’s mother-in law, and Mrs. Dutta’s best friend.

“Is she fine Mrs. Dutta? She doesn’t even have her blood pressure medicines there, how will she manage some more days?” Amaya was worried.

“Don’t worry Amaya, locals there are taking care of them all. And yes, she tried calling your phone, why is it switched off? She was so worried. She asked me to give you this number. Call her, okay?”
“Definitely, Mrs. Dutta.” If only Amaya could tell that she smashed her phone into pieces two days back.

“Okay Amaya, I’ll leave now, you take care, and do call Sudha.”

“I will Mrs. Dutta, and thank you.”

Mrs. Dutta left.

Amaya came back inside, and went to the kitchen. Her half finished coffee had turned ice cold. She took the mug, and threw it hard, breaking it into thousand tiny pieces. Breaking things gave her relief, and she couldn’t understand why. She sat down on the icy floor and cried for numerous hours, and fell unconscious there itself.

It was raining heavily again.

Maa, are you okay there?”

“Yes Amaya, I’m fine. But what’s wrong with your phone? I’ve been trying your number constantly and it’s not reachable.” Amaya’s mother-in-law was probably more concerned for Amaya.

“Aaaa... actually Maa, my phone slipped into the aquarium, it’s not working, and the landline is dead.” Amaya lied.

“You should have called me using Meera’s number Amaya. I was so worried about you.” Mrs. Sudha was genuinely concerned.

“I know Maa; I’m fine, really, but what about your medicines?”

“The local people here are really good. They’ve opened their homes to us. Food, medicines, shelter,
clothes, they’re providing us everything. They’re really making us feel at home.”

“That’s really a relief Maa.” Amaya was relieved, “So what’s the situation there?”

“Beta, it should take at-least 3-4 days to clear all the rocks and stones, also the rain is just not stopping, but people here are saying that everything would be fine within a week.” Maa reassured Amaya.

“Okay Maa, I’ll keep calling you on this number, is that okay?”

“Yes, sure, I’m staying with this Dixit family, really nice people, you can call anytime. Okay Listen Amu, other people are also waiting, so I’ll have to hang up the phone. You take care, okay beta.”

“Hmm Maa, you too.”

The call was disconnected.

Amaya was staring at the phone. HIS phone. Agastya’s phone. She was using it after two years. After that night. She wouldn’t have had used it today also if it wouldn’t have been an emergency. She kept the phone there for further charging, and went back to the drawer she had kept his things neatly in: his pen, his calculator, his extra pair of glasses, his handkerchief, his perfume, his wallet, his watch, his personal diary. HIS DIARY. AGASTYA’S DIARY.

It was thundering outside.
29<sup>th</sup> April, 2010

"Dear Diary,

Ever since I was a child, I always thought writing was so beautiful, but whenever I tried it, I always ruined the words off their beauty. I am good with colors, but not words, but today when I saw you in that store, I just wasn’t able to leave without making you mine. It felt like you belonged with me, and that I can share my secrets with you, that you’ll understand my emotions, and not judge me by the quality of my words.

Dear Diary, my name is Agastya Roy, and I love colors. I am just a man who has grown up staring at rainbows and butterflies, and I swear I have seen colors I don’t even have a name for. I am just an ordinary man, who loves to dream, who loves to paint smiles everywhere, who loves the smell of wet soil, and the drops of rain, who loves to hear the sound of frogs on a silent night! But often I feel that there is something missing, something that is essential to feel complete. I am a happy man, but I feel I’m an incomplete man too. Sounds strange, right?

Therefore dear Diary, from today onwards, can we be best friends, please? Because somehow I’ve this feeling that you’ve this very important character to play in my voyage of life and completeness.

And probably, after my life too.”

It had finally stopped raining.
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The Maze Lyrics.

[Verse 1] Oh, if I listen to my heart Will it lead me through the dark like a compass? And if I listen to my heart Will it bring a little spark to this cold blood? [Pre-Chorus] Oh, ohh Yeah Iâ€™m lost, lost Oh, ohh But I wonâ€™t stop, no I wonâ€™t stop, no no. [Chorus] Oh, I will find my place Yeah, I will fight my way Through the maze, through the maze, through the maze These walls are filled with rage But I will fight my way Through the maze, through the maze, through the maze. The Maze is a null security DED rated site found through exploration. The maze contains a large number of acceleration gates. In each room one gate takes you deeper into the complex while the rest of the lead back to the first pocket. The gate is unlocked and the rats do not need to be killed. But you will most likely have to fly through this pocket many times so thinning out the rats is recommended. See more of The Maze on Facebook. Log In. or. Create New Account. See more of The Maze on Facebook. Log In. Forgotten account? Contact The Maze on Messenger. www.winterrowd.com. Games/toys. Page transparencySee More. Facebook is showing information to help you better understand the purpose of a Page. See actions taken by the people who manage and post content. Page created â€“ 2 September 2008. People.