



00:59

HIMANGI NAIR

Copyright © 2020, Himangi Nair
All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording or any information storage and retrieval system now known or to be invented, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who wishes to quote brief passages in connection with a review written for inclusion in a magazine, newspaper or broadcast.

Published in India by Prowess Publishing,
YRK Towers, Thadikara Swamy Koil St, Alandur,
Chennai, Tamil Nadu 600016

ISBN: 978-81-945987-3-2
eBook: 978-81-946729-8-2

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication

Contents

Foreword

6:00:00

6:00:01 Los Angeles

6:00:02 Sydney

6:00:03 Seychelles

6:00:04 Buenos Aires

6:00:05 Chicago

6:00:06 Palghar

6:00:07 Montreal

6:00:08 Cape Town

6:00:09 London

6:00:10 Hyderabad

6:00:11 Las Vegas

6:00:12 Washington DC

6:00:13 Sikkim

6:00:14 Kollam

6:00:15 Manchester
6:00:16 Dahanu
6:00:17 Mexico
6:00:18 Dublin
6:00:19 Porto
6:00:20 Lucknow
6:00:21 Singapore
6:00:22 Pennsylvania
6:00:23 Munich
6:00:24 Monaco
6:00:25 Bangalore
6:00:26 Moscow
6:00:27 Noida
6:00:28 Vienna
6:00:29 Dubai
6:00:30 Birmingham
6:00:31 Vadodara
6:00:32 Riyadh
6:00:33 Pune
6:00:34 Toronto
6:00:35 Tel Aviv

6:00:36 Nuh
6:00:37 Vasai
6:00:38 Jodhpur
6:00:39 Daharan
6:00:40 Berlin
6:00:41 Philadelphia
6:00:42 Barcelona
6:00:43 Chennai
6:00:44 Tokyo
6:00:45 Mumbai
6:00:46 Gandhinagar
6:00:47 Melbourne
6:00:48 Jeddah
6:00:49 Kalina
6:00:50 Noida
6:00:51 Dubai
6:00:52 Indore
6:00:53 Kyiv
6:00:54 Istanbul
6:00:55 Copenhagen
6:00:56 New York

6:00:57 Kolkata

6:00:58 Khobar

6:00:59 Udaipur

6:00:60 Somewhere near Mt Olympus, Mars



She puts her pen down—but it wasn't only her who was giving up. She was being accompanied by an entire other being—a being whose life had meaning, purpose and fire, but that fire turned out to do more harm than good.

She, too, is a mother. And no one would ever be able to find a mother as kind, compassionate, protective and selfless as her.

Just like this other being, the one who put down her pen closed her eyes—just for a minute.

What could happen in a minute? Nothing, right?

Or so they thought.

Los Angeles



One second past 6. One second late. All I had to do was cross the finish line a second early. I looked at the crowd rise, cheering for the winner. I had dreamt of this exact scenario, except I was the one receiving all the applause. I had repeated this scene—this very scene—again and again in my head.

One second is all it took to visualize my dreams falling apart. The tears in my eyes were taken aback by the hatred I was feeling, the anger surging through my veins, forcing my body to move around, and limiting my mind's focus to this sudden energy in me.

I had never thought of myself as a violent person up until then. I knew what I was about to do would have severe consequences—I did it anyway.

Now that I look at the blood dripping from my clenched fists, I feel so many emotions that my eyes feel blinded: pain, fear, anger, sorrow and disappointment.

I never knew I could feel so much in one second.

I look at myself. Then, I hear a deafening sound—like a bomb had exploded right beside me.

Sydney



Everything was okay a second ago.

It was a normal fair in a small town, filled with normal people who had little ambition. There was a huge Ferris wheel, a few cotton candy sellers and many more lovesick teenagers who shyly locked eyes every few seconds.

Then, there was that sound—as if a trumpet that had grown in me went off inside my ears.

There was some confusion, but now everyone's looking at the sky. The otherwise blue sky turns a shade of white; the kind of white that a bride wears at her wedding, showing off her glow and joy.

Maybe this is a unison of beauty and destruction. Or maybe it isn't. Maybe this is just another after—effect of humankind and man's undying thirst for endless power and ambition. Maybe this is how our planet has its first alien invasion.

The people's faces witness an exclaiming change from horror to wonder.

What is going on?

Seychelles



I looked down from the terrace. “This is it. This is how it ends.” I emphasized on the “ends”. I took a deep breath. I looked down again.

Now, I’m looking at the sky. No, I didn’t jump. I look at the sky as it morphs from blue to white, the way each human morphs from what society expects them to be to what they want to be. It seems like nature herself is showing her true colors—first that scary sound, and now this.

I notice how there are no clouds in the sky anymore. The white is all over the sky, and it seems like it is mourning for the loss of....the loss of....humanity, I guess. Or maybe just reality.

How am I supposed to know?

Just a few seconds ago, I was about to mix with the soil; but I am alive, witnessing what probably will be a mystery for the rest of my life.

Is it worth it?

Does it matter?

Buenos Aires



Growing up, I never thought I would be able to give birth to another human being. I always thought I would die heirless and alone.

The second this human came out of me, I felt my body elate, as if the universe was lauding me for my underappreciated feat.

Now, as I look into her eyes, I realize that I will die heirless; but at least I helped some strangers have a family of their own. When she came out of my body, I felt alienated. When I'm holding her, I feel special. Now that I realize she is not mine and that I probably will never see her again, I find it difficult to remind myself that some things are simply out of my control.

I look outside my window, only to see the strange, white sky. It feels like I'm staring into the abyss—it is beautiful. Maybe this is the birth of something bigger than us.

I really hope it is—these tears aren't for nothing, right?

You've Just Finished your Free Sample

Enjoyed the preview?

Buy: <http://www.ebooks2go.com>