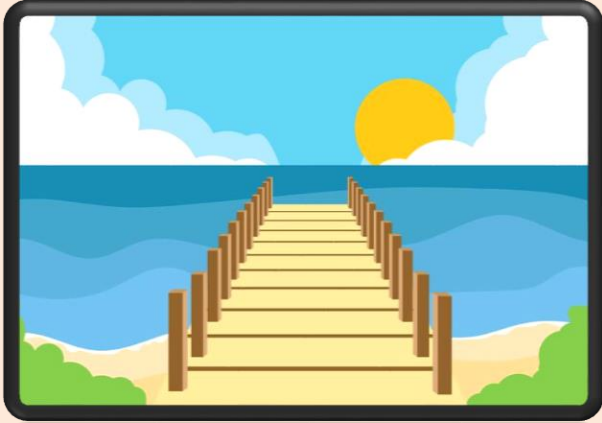


THE BREAKER - THE SAME DREAM EVERY NIGHT...



The only difference: It becomes more real every time. My dream is not one of those where I wake up with a start just before my life has concluded in my dreams. It's always the same: I am walking down a sandy boardwalk, enjoying the pleasant atmosphere around me. The breeze is heavy with the common smell of sea salt. The view that my dream gives me is always of the morning heat with the beach lovers gazing intently at the upcoming wave that could take some more of their thoughts, off their minds. I see people around me—surfers, adults, sun bathers, children and the usual rush.

I suddenly realised that I was constantly eyeing a little girl with blonde wavy hair for quite some time but for no good reason. After sometime, that little girl started walking in the direction just where I was standing; however, there were too many

people around me to know whether she was approaching me or someone else in the surrounding crowd. My thoughts and confusions were rendered to the waves when I saw that little diminutive, unthreatening little creature mingle with the crowd just behind me. I turned back to look for her even though I knew I had no business at all. To my astonishment, that girl was looking back at me. She wasn't just looking, she was staring at me; her grey stormy eyes almost pierced my narrow brown ones. Her eyes expressed urgency. She finally came up to me and spoke something under her breath that I could hear very clearly. She said—"Turn around girl...the serpent's rage is out of control and you are alone- all alone... Go home lady!". A lady, I expected to be her mother pulled her back into the crowd. Confused, I continued my boardwalk.

Suddenly, all signs of human souls in the beach seemed to fade away and I felt alone in the wind, the wind that had now become very harsh and cold. A bit too many abandoned shops passed away, until I had finally reached the end of the boardwalk. There were grey wooden planks buried in the sand pointing towards the huge chunks of rocks serving as barriers for the Pacific waves. Low clouds hovered over the rocks.

The long walk had given me great satisfaction indeed but however that girl's wearisome actions bothered me a bit. I kept my feet going and finally reached the top of a rock barrier. I had many wary questions popping into my mind and I decided to go about them; but however, I was distracted. My eyes fell on something glinting on the sand. I pulled my hand out to find what it was but before I could reach that shiny object, my shoulder started searing with great pain which brought me to my knees. The pain increased and I fell flat on the ground with my back touching the sand; I realised that I should have paid at least some heed to the little girl's advice. Towering above me was a creature with huge fangs and a scaly reptilian body. The serpent, possibly a Basilisk, tried to attack me again. The snake targeted my shoulder and dozed me off with its poisonous fangs penetrating into my bones. The last thing I saw in my dream were the snake's dreary red eyes. The dream was over and I woke up screaming! I inspected my shoulders and found nothing that could mark serpent bites. I pulled myself together and rolled out of the bed. Half an hour later, I was at the beach again trying to relax myself. I suddenly bumped into a young woman. "Excuse me", I said. The little girl turned around, pushed her hair out of her red eyes. "Turn around girl" was all she said, before I could realise what she meant....

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