

# The kite - A short story



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The man suddenly stopped. The boy, oblivious of direction and surroundings, was heading straight towards him pretty fast. Like an arrow his black body came straight even before the sun could set aglow his bare back with sunshine. The man, was trotting unmindfully, his gazes were just grazing the ground; he didn't pay attention to any of his surroundings. Anybody looking up from the ground level would realize those eyes lack passion; two indifferent eyes were merely touching the velvety ground. Perhaps he could realize through

when that bewildering incident happened! His two feet froze naturally; his body came to a standstill.

The boy flexed his agile body and ran past him in a second. He saw wonderful gymnastics! How quickly the body of a nimble boy bended; what an instantaneous re-assembly of footsteps! Friskily both of them could avoid a hard collision against each other and the boy would be hurt more. He could not resist redemption. 'What?' he meant for what are you running like mad? The boy didn't hear him clearly. He was still running tirelessly. He could only realize that the man

The man then became little bemused. Next moment his eyes searched for a cut-off kite in the sky and could trace one after searching a little while. The green-white mixed colored kite was slowly descending in a relaxed manner floating its lazy body in the sunshine of an afternoon Sun. A while ago the rival kite has defeated it, and sent it in this thread-torn exile, yet the whole body of the kite, instead of showing a defeated look, is bright with the glow of happy landing.

Following the boy he observed that from every side of the field countless teenage boys are rushing there making a huge noise.

middle of many soft-flesh, raised hands which are eager to catch it.

He observed the faces of the boys are full of thrill, eyes filled with excitement; the slender bodies of the teenage boys are upright with intense desire. The kingly kite that was descending in an invisible craft carried by the wind, was swaying this way or that by the pull of the wind. The movement of the waiting boys is also swaying from this end to that of the large ground following the kite, one stumbling against the other.

He was astounded; his whole life got a jolt. He could not imagine that

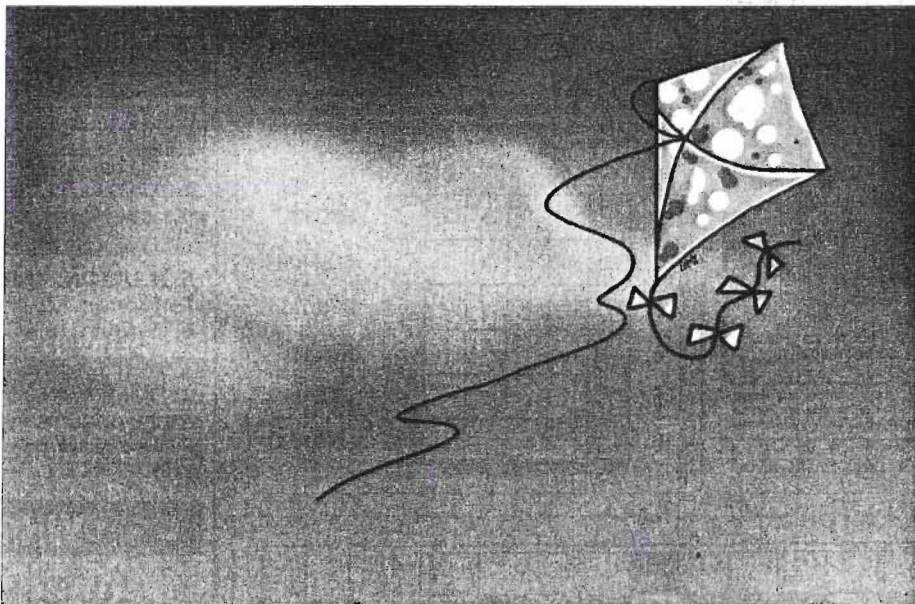
Throughout his life countless opportunities peeped, feeling rejected they left him after showing their promising faces. He never felt the urge to hold anything eagerly, the pleasure of grabbing something. He never ran!

A Little while ago he crossed the busy, sparkling streets of the city, the moving tide of human traffic was around him, beautiful women were going to rendezvous decorating themselves like flower gardens, many new buildings with eye-catching architecture have raised their towering heads in the town, he didn't observe anything with curiosity, he didn't feel any excitement or pleasure in anything. An inexplicable indifference, an apathy covered his heart all these days. In his life he didn't feel intense desire for anything, he never made a run.

His whole life got a jerk; his values received a heavy shock. When he turned back and started running with the boys, even he himself could not tell.

Seeing a grown up man running with them the assembly of boys was puzzled. Those who stopped for a wheeze, asked the question in unison. 'What?' Without stopping his run and gasping for a breath, he threw the answer in the air, 'the kite!'

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SECOND

his sixth sense that something was heading towards him, and hardly had he raised his eyes

has expressed discontent. While running and gasping for breath he threw his answer in the air, 'the kite.'

Many of them are carrying narrow bamboo poles or jute-stalks in their hands. The kite was landing in the

such an intense attraction; such a life-and-death chase could take place for such an insignificant thing.

