Our young writer - Rhea Desai's article in Kloud9 magazine

Rhea Desai, who is passionate about writing, is a student of Class XI C at TOS. She shares her thoughts with the readers of Kloud9 Magazine once again. Here is a glimpse of her article "Running to the end".

RUNNING TO THE END

er fingers make their way through her dishevelled hair as she frantically looks around searching for a place to run. An unconscious habit that she pays no mind to. Everything

she is today brings her nothing but a heap of bad memories.

She runs.

Her breathing gets heavier by the minute. She begins to gasp for air. But that little voice inside her head only tells her to go on.

She runs more.

Her heart clenches inside her chest, giving her immense pain and making her want to break down right there. Just for one moment. Just one.

But she still runs.

A tear escapes her eye and rolls down her cheek. She loses balance and she feels her knees touch the ground. Everything stops around her. The birds stop singing, the cicadas stop screeching. She finds her voice and releases a scream of mixed emotions. Frustration, loneliness, fear and sadness. The only thing that can be heard is her slow breathing. The only thing that can be seen are the blurry leaves up high on the trees. And the only thing that can be felt is not the soil beneath



but the pain.

A sigh of release escapes her mouth as the final thought pops into her head.

"I don't have to run anymore."

Vol. 1 • Issue 9 • January 2017

Our young writer Rhea, expressed her thoughts about "life's struggles" through an article which got published in Kloud9 magazine earlier in November 2016 as well.

Rhea passes on this message to young readers that: "Life is a repetitive cycle-falling down and getting back up. I wrote to Kloud9 to show people this fact of life and due to its repetitiveness, it has become so familiar to us. Hence, we call it the familiar struggle."

Rhea, you are a proved fighter and your positive attitude towards life will definitely help you lead a successful life! Best wishes to you.

Please scroll down to read her earlier article "The familiar struggle of life ".

» RAY OF HOPE THE FAMILIAR STRUGGLE OF LIFE



he world is crumbling around you. No. Not. the world, but your world. YOUR part of the world; it's stumbling, falling and breaking. You look around, not sure where to go. Taking a shaky step forward, you squint your eyes trying to make out your surroundings. But all you see is darkness. You look to your left-darkness. Your rightdarkness. It's terrifying, but at the same time, it isn't. Finally, as your eyes manage to make out something, you find yourself in a long, vast tunnel. The darkness is consuming you, nevertheless, you push forward. As you look around, your eyes catch something bright. A tiny beam of light in all this dark—like a ray of hope in all the gloom. Your hand is reaching out to it. Your legs, they're jogging, running and then sprinting. But in all its glory, little did you realize it was a trep.

And then there was no ground beneath your feet.

You were falling.

THUD. Your body aches with the impact. Relieved to be finally in contact with the ground, you open your eyes, only to see a cage. What was trapped inside it? You. Letting. out a sigh of frustration that you had become so familiar with, your head hangs low in defeat. Something silver keeps flashing light into your eyes and it turns out to be a key. You laugh to yourself, a sound that you rarely hear. Sometimes, what you're looking for can be right under your pretty nose. Picking it up, you unlock the door. That little beam of light? That's where I run. Only to be falling once more.

Will this over end? ...



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