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The Mystery of the Man

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He was steering the truck, going down the road and enjoying the cool air coming through the windows. The sight of the evergreen trees in the midst of the wood filled his heart with joy and ignited his imagination, “what if the trees were blue, and the sky was green would I enjoy the nature then? If only I could fly in the grassy sky and could see the blue trees and red seas down below. I wonder what color the sun would be. It needs to be bright and brilliant so I think it couldn’t be any other colors but yellow. Wait, white is as luminous and bright as yellow. I paint the sun white. Can white vaporize red, does it matter what color it is to produce rain. What if the clouds were pure black and the snow they shot down were green in color as was the sky, would it cover the blue trees in green again? What if the daylight was black and the night was light. Imagine black clouds in black days. What if...” he had not finished his last sentence than the truck inclined to the edge of the road and broke his figments of imagination. He tried to steer it back and there he figured out he was actually the one behind the wheel. Drops of sweat gathered on his forehead. They had difficulty in flowing down because of his deep wrinkles and when they found their way through, they would get lost in the man’s shaggy thick eyebrows.

He took a deep breath and saw the sun still yellow bright and the trees glowing in leafy green. The nature was in its balance.

No sooner had he entered his realm of imagination again than an animal crossed the road in front of his truck in a twinkling of an eye. It was huge in stature and ruby in color. He pushed the break hard and halted in his track to look around for the animal. The rustling of the wind through the dark wood made him grip by fear. He began stalking the animal. The dense wood made it hard for him to focus on where he was going. Racking his brain about what would that animal be, he found himself in the middle of nowhere encircled by ghastly twisted trees.

A shrieking sound echoed from all directions. He turned his head around searching for the sound to locate it but the flapping of the birds prevented him from deciding correctly. He picked a side on a whim and began walking on that way. Something pushed him through to go on to find what it was there and to quench his curiosity.

Now, the truck was long gone from his sight. He was looking back once in a while to make sure that he still knew how to get back to his truck.

After some times wandering about, he saw acres of wood painted in blue. He remembered figments of his imagination once again. At the edge of green trees merged with the blue ones, a small creature appeared. It was half a white boy and the other half a red animal, with a long black tail flicking in its rear end. The man didn’t know what to call him, boy or animal, but he was more comfortable with the creature being half a boy. A dead silence dominated all the wood, the birds stopped singing and upon seeing that creature the thought of that ruby animal was quite forgotten to the man. The boy was so close now that the man could see him plainly. The man couldn’t believe his eyes what he saw. Suddenly he caught sight of a

paintbrush swinging on the boy's hand while drops of blue color falling from its tip. The boy took a quick glance at the man's eyes and ran headlong into the blue trees. The man ran after him and once he stepped on the blue trees, his whole body began to tremble. It was freezing cold out there. The land was all covered with brown chocolate. He first thought of the brown stuff to be soil but then he noticed that it was actually snow since it melted and made a flowing brown sinuous stream down the lush hill. The surroundings appeared so uncommon to the man that he nearly lost track of the animal-boy.

“What if I am dreaming all of this, hallucinating all the way from the start?” The man thought to himself. He looked around, touched the trees, felt the cold and had the impression that he felt more real than usual and finally he found himself on an open field from which hundreds of those animal-boys were swarmed around a wooden cottage. He quickly lowered himself, crouched and hid behind a big rock as if the rock were placed there to be used as a shelter. Those animals all huddled up as football players do to keep up the morale of the team. The boy whom the man saw pushed through the crowd and disappeared from sight. The man couldn't tell the animal-boys apart. They were all the same in figures; half-animal and half human with their long black tail wagging in the air.

The man explored the area with his eyes, saw elders of the clan basking in the cold playing with one another while their children carrying out their routine household chores. The man never saw so bizarre a clan that he became doubtful about going down there. He decided to go back and return some other times, more prepared and equipped in case those unknown creatures were dangerous. He got to his feet, dusted himself down and walked away. He hadn't quite left the cold behind that a bunch of those creatures ran into him. They shocked the man to death. He made strange sounds on the off chance that they would get away but he didn't know that these very sounds attracted them more. The creatures were the same whom he saw huddling up in the field. They encircled the man. There was no tiny space between them so that the man can run away. He stood still and gazed at them at wonder and remembered his own childhood huddling in the fields with other children to decide who should have played the devil part that day and chased the others. Suddenly one of the animals emptied his position and broke both the circle and the man's sweet memory. A big dark figure was approaching the circle. He was three times bigger than those creatures. The man heard others hollering "Sarok, Sarok, Sarok". He had no idea what it meant but deep in his heart he knew that the big creature was someone important. The cold was biting and his hands were numb. He thought for a moment that the big creature brought more cold with himself but it was the sheer fear that frozen him most. A long lighted stick in the big creature's hand caused the man to worry. As he was making things out for himself, the big creature drew nearer with a long bright sharp sword hanging over his hairy hoof. Sarok was a black bull standing on his feet with a long tail just like others. He was more like Minotaur except he didn't have horn. The man discovered an unexpected kindness in Sarok's eyes despite his horrifying build.

He breathed a sigh of relief and thought to himself “Sarok will come to my help, I am saved. Though he is fearsome, I believe him to be kind.”

The man fixated his eyes on the sword and noticed it was swaying in the Sarok's hoof by a tight strap fastened around it. The man was so drawn to his hooves that he didn't feel the blade cutting through his stomach. The cold was choking him. The chirping of the birds was ringing in his ears and made him feel giddy. He couldn't breathe right. He heaved his head up and saw his truck bumped into a giant tree at the side of the road. He took a heavy breath, fell his head on the broken steering wheel and was happy that Sarok was only a horrifying childish fantasy.