



ADOLESCENT MISTAKE

BY

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THE NIGHT THE TEEN-AGED boy ran away from home was a trickster. As if nature had a mind of its own, it played several weather tricks on the foolish lad. When he first opened his window to test the weather, he judged it to be a calm night. Half an hour after walking away from home, swearing that he would never return, the weather raged. Sandstorms attacked the persistent lad as he shielded his face and carried on, fighting the weather as if it was his real foe; the reason why he left home. The second trick the night played on him came in the form of casting illusions. He could've sworn that he had all his routes mapped out. But now, it appears to him that he had lost his way. However, he did not panic nor turn back. He continued venturing into the unknown. Fields of grass gradually transformed into a yellower area with tall grass, then once again transformed into a vast wasteland. Before he knew it, he was in a land not at all familiar to him. Grass died out by every step he took, until he was surrounded by nothing but rocks and stones. Rocks and stones in all sizes, from miniature pebbles, to gigantic boulders. By now the sky and atmosphere seemed to grow more foggier and hazier, limiting his sight dangerously. His rebellious heart started to pound a bit faster, but his pace stabilized, until he came altogether to a sudden stop. *A cry was heard.*

A cry was heard. It was of a teen-aged girl, he was certain of it. He started looking around him, attempting to locate the source that sent the sweet signal. Her voice, he figured, could not but belong to a beautiful maiden in distress. Then he heard it again. Now, not only his head was moving, but his entire entity, body and soul. He insisted on finding her, and before long he did. He could see but little of her, but knew that she was in need of help. She was hidden behind a barrier of a boulder. He went round it, only to discover that she was a bird of a rocky cell. Like the hero in his mind, he struggled with the smallest of the boulders in a failed attempt of lifting it. They were heavy, he came to realize, and were organized in an unnatural manner. They had not fallen, he concluded, but were placed there by someone much stronger. Regardless of how frightened he was, he managed to gather enough strength to budge the boulder to one side, resulting in its fall. Only when it was removed was he able to see the face of the girl. He judged it to be the most beautiful he had ever come across since the day he drew his first breath. An enchantress stunner; a generous beaut. *He immediately asked for her name.*

He immediately asked for her name. To his great surprise, she replied in a foreign language, one that he did not know. He asked her if she understood him, but when she went on talking gibberish, he knew that language was not a medium they could use. Although words were not conveyed, feelings were. He saw clearly

that she was sick; she appeared too weak to even hold a smiling face. From they was she rolled her fearful eyes around, he deducted that the sandstorm was probably the cause of her suffocation. By nodding his head with determination, he promised to get her out and to safety. He gave her his hand and drew her out of her small cage carefully. Just as she was freed, both of them tilted their head towards a stampeding noise. It was loud, fast and headed in their direction. When it got close enough to appear through the mist, the boy's eyes fell upon a charging goliath. An enormous leviathan; a monstrous colossus. Because of the sandstorm, his entire entity was yet to be completely revealed, but the yellow bright eyes, which seemed to promise danger if not death, were enough to make the young savior worried. From his horrifying charge and his mean look that meant to kill, the boy grabbed the girl's hand and ran in the opposite direction. The girl, although still sick and exhausted, sprinted along. Withal, that wasn't enough to escape his dreadful presence. *He dashed after them.*

He dashed after them. Due to the size of their chaser, the two managed to escape unseen into one of the cracks between the rocks. There they decided to rest until their stalker would disappear from the scene. They kept quiet as they rested, not only because they feared he would hear them, but because they both knew that language was of no use. Seeing the scared look on her face, he figured that the beast of a human was the one who had set the rocks up to imprison this angel of a human. Right there he swore to himself that he would rather forfeit life than see her come to harm. With the death of ten minutes, the boy peeked out of the crack, scanning for his suitor's gatekeeper. The sand remained in the air, and in the infinite mist he could not judge if it was night or dawn. When he failed to find the titanic troublemaker, he told himself that they've lost him and then helped her out. Guiding her carefully through a delicate holding, the two moved away from the rocky terrain and towards a more natural, green world. Not only would the grass be good for her, he believed, but the air would be breathable to her once again. The more they walked, the clearer the air appeared to be; the more energized she appeared to get. Her worried look died into a hopeful one; her trembling mouth became a growing smile. She was no longer dragging her feet, but marching on her own. Her gentle grasp to the boy's hand grew tenacious and strong. *She was getting better.*

She was getting better. Taken with her bright appearance, the boy let his guard down, and that was when the one they thought they've escaped jumped them. With the girl in his arms and the boy dashing towards him, the man knew that this was one boy who would not surrender. The man also knew that one strike to the boy would be sufficient to inflict enough damage that would prevent him from interfering, he did not touch him. With what he desired carried over his shoulder, the man turned his shoulder and left in direction of where it all began. He did not harm the boy even though the boy jumped at him several times, attacking him in any and every place he could. He even picked up rocks to throw on him. All was futile. The boy tried standing in his face, shouting at the top of his lungs that he would not allow him to take her. The man replied in a foreign language, one that might've been the same tongue of the girl's. The boy did not know what his intentions were, but guessed that he was taking her back to the stone shrine to

restore her as the center of the heavy pillars once again. Not wanting to lose her, he made his way to the top of a huge rocky hill and pushed down a boulder. Like a rushing river, the boulder rolled down the hill with insane speed that the man had no time to dodge. It went straight onto the man's head, encountering it through brutal force. *He fell on the ground.*

He fell on the ground. The boy made his way down again and rushed to free the girl. While the man's head was bleeding, the girl was not harmed. It puzzled him briefly, but shook that thought away, telling himself that they were lucky the man's head was in the boulder's path. He helped her get up to her feet, then continued their way off the rocky scene. Neither one of them cared to examine the man and see if he had survived. The man was in fact dead, and there was no one else to stop them from departing off the cursed grounds. Only then, when they've left it and reentered the natural world, did the boy realize his grave mistake. Only then, when the dark mist seemed somehow perpetual, as if the sun would never shine through again, did he wish to have believed the other party. Once she was out, the girl seemed to have restored all of her energy. Now, it did not require much for her to deviously project upon the boy her sinister smile, nor did she have a reason to conceal her true agenda. Just then the adolescent boy understood that the man was a guardian who gave his life to keep Pandora's box closed, and the naïve boy, by helping the girl restore her full power and killing the only one who could restrain her, had condemned the world into eternal darkness.

[2011]

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