

Friend and Villain

I went to Saturday Accounts class with Ashan and other mates with an ardent desire to see Jace. My legs were weakened and streaks of sweat had started trickling down my backbone when I entered the class. Jace was seated in the second row in the class.

For a butterfly, an encounter with a desirable flower would not cause that much of anxiety. But, to me, this nervousness that I undergo every time I tried to communicate with Jace, was unfathomable. It was more so, as I was a kind of butterfly myself. But, no flower have I ever taken this seriously.

“Hi!” Ashan started a conversation with Jace, sitting in the opposite row to where she was seated. Ashan, my best friend was the only person I could count on to take my errand of love to Jace.

I could gaze at her continuously for hours while she was talking with Ashan. I felt she was truly a unique beauty, whom a man would wish to die for. A sudden desire to be left alone in a remote land and sing a love song with Jace dancing on a beautiful valley crossed my mind. How silly! I laughed at myself for allowing my mind to foster such silly dreams. Compared to Nirmalie the last girl I was dating, Jace was not so dazzlingly attractive. In fact, it was hard to notice the

beauty which lay beneath the cover of simplicity and modesty, unless you looked for details. I secretly admired the curves of her body which were concealed under loose clothes. I imagined her in a white night gown, the way I always looked for her in my dreams, in which her waist-length silky hair falling in a cascade added a sensual appearance to her hidden curves. Nirmalie, would be an ideal candidate for a perfect girlfriend for a teenage lover. But to share life with as husband and wife, I cannot think of a better person than Jace. “She is perfect”,



my low murmur disturbed Ashan and Jace. I came out of my dream world and beckoned Ashan to come to me impatient to listen to the happiest news on earth.

Well, whether you like it or not the writers of some stories choose to give their stories an anti-climactic twist. I felt God has written the script for my life story with an anti-climax.

“Useless, machang, she doesn't like you.” Ashan's words were like poisoned arrows which could kill all my dreams in a fraction of a second.