

Memories



It was an alluring evening scene. The vast sky was a chromatic symphony of blue tainted with faint pink, warm orange and subtle yellow. The billowy clouds drifted motionlessly in the dome of the fathomless sky. It could not have been a flawless evening to spend time with my childhood friend, Sophia.

I set out to her house on my antiquated bicycle, which did not even bare a shock absorber or gears. All my friends, except a few, belonged to the middle-class. We all were content with our possessions. We were not one of those people who had everything, but still kept rummaging for something that would fulfil their desires.

As I kept riding down the street on my bicycle, I saw a few friends trying to jump over a water conduct pipe without landing flat on their faces. Then I saw three girls gathered up in each other's embrace as though it could be an eternity until they next saw each other. Seeing that deep warmth between the kids, I recalled the days of yore when I experienced those adulations with my friends.

I distinctly remember the time when our best friend Lizzie had to leave Ethiopia to go to New York as her father attained a contract job over there. Too bade farewell, all of us had had gathered outside her house with a gargantuan bouquet of daisies, her favourite flower, and Lizzies best-loved box of chocolates. We then stood there hugging each other for perpetuity. It was until Aunt Cora, Lizzie's mother, called after her. We broke our hug, said our final good-byes and saw her leaving in her father's blue Corvair. It was our last since she never came back. I figured her dad found a well-paying job in NY and decided for his family to live there.

All my archaic memories occupied my mind, and I barely realised that I had reached Sophia's house. We had not seen each other for a hiatues. I felt exhilarated to meet her. But I also felt slightly vexed since I could not enjoy the scenic beauty of the aesthetic evening sky. Then I got off my obsolete cycle, parked it on the gravel path under a pink cherry blossom tree and opened the old, rusty iron gates leading to Sophia's house. The gates creaked unpleasantly as I pushed them open.

Unlike the rest of my friends and me, Sophia was a reserved and inhibited girl. She had a lissom personality with a slender face. She usually looked like a porcelain doll except from the times when she was tanned. The sun affected her real bad. Her huge black eyes always had a confused look in them. I had never seen her laugh so heartily apart from the times when one of us were told off by our teacher, Ms Cole, for sneaking food into the class. We all were friends from a long time. So we perceived Sophia's emotions and thoughts without her having to express them.

Then Sophia's voice broke into thoughts and dragged me out to the present. Then she said "Hey, Alexei! Long-time no see!" and jumped into my arms. I was perplexed to see her being so explicit and jovial. She had changed a lot overtime. I was curious to find the reason behind the change in her disposition. So we went inside and survived our memories, this time together, over supper.