

Vishwa Bhatt – Creative Writing Excerpts

My Dream

While the plane was recovering from the speed of the descent and my fellow passengers were gathering their personal belongings, I heard the optimistic captain speak three words over the intercom, three words that would change the life I knew in Florida for the past five years forever: Welcome to Chicago! My mother and I exchanged brief, momentary looks so as to not let anyone but each other know we were feeling loss, sadness, preparation, anticipation, confusion--everything one feels when moving away from five years of paradise. The journey to my new home did not make it any better, for in replacement of the palm trees, lakes, deer, fields of grass dyed in vibrant greens, and raptors encircling the sunny sky, I gazed upon graffiti, litter, pizza places, and traffic. The dramatic change in scenery shocked me. The only thing I was capable of doing was falling asleep. The next morning I woke up happier, for I knew that within this city, there lied opportunities and chances for success that Florida could never offer me. In order to be able to live in paradise for the rest of my life, I needed to be successful in the city. This has kept me awake and helped me sleep at night--my dream.

Happy Birthday

Unlike most days, where my alarm would have forced open my eyes and a chilling sensation, generated from shock would have pervaded my body, I awoke a few minutes earlier than my alarm, most likely out of excitement. I laid awake to analyze my thoughts from the night before. The night before I had decided that when the alarm rang, I was to leap out of bed and leave who I was yesterday behind. There is no need to describe who I was yesterday. I chose to abandon that in the past. Who I was then was rotting about like a cadaver on a battlefield left for the vultures to consume it and rid it from this Earth. The alarm that was to ring in ten seconds was to me, the starting line of a race for the rest of my life. I felt the anticipation and the sensation of winged creatures soaring within my stomach until...The alarm did not go off, I forgot to set it. No matter, my mind was ready for the transition. I felt free, as if I had been resurrected by God and slowly descended back down to Earth through the whitest, fluffiest clouds that could stick to my hand. When in reality, I had just leapt out of bed and put on my slippers. Walking to the bathroom felt as if I had never landed on solid ground but instead paused my descent to Earth to see the angels in the clouds and was walking on the clouds to approach the stage they played their golden harps on. Washing my face was as if God had extracted water droplets from within the clouds and poured it on my countenance. My journey to Earth had been complete when I had descended the warm, wooden stairs and in replacement of the angels and their harps, my family approached me with a chocolate cake singing Happy Birthday.