

The End

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Once upon a time in life it was such a time where the night was still young and ample number of people gathered there in grand attire. Everything sparkled and stars were no exception to it. It was a magnificent mansion owned by Mr. Mitchell. In his party, there was an odd man out and he looked old and pale. He was all alone standing in one corner and had none to welcome him. At that time a girl in red attire arrived. She was an eye catcher. People started admiring her from top to toe. An absolute stunning angel she was. Her eyes had a story to tell and her red painted lips also had a story to tell. Her fragrance bounded the whole mansion, to some extent it is safe to say it bounded even the universe itself. She did not escape from the vision of old man. He had laid his eyes on her. He made his move by slowly finding a place next to her. The girl did notice but then beauty left unnoticed is of no value thought the lady. Old man took this as an opportunity and held her hands. The girl sensed a shiver, she really did like his touch. She very well knew it was no mortal touch because it exported her to imaginary places which she dreamt in her childhood. All those exotic and dreamy places flashed in her mind, the romantic novels and the heroes in it whom she longed for were smiling at her in her vision. Back to her senses she examined the old man because she was sure he was not a commoner. Though the man was old his eyes had a message to convey and it did convey to the woman in red. At that instance, Mr. Mitchell interfered and warned the girl not to get any closer to him. When the girl asked for the reason he said that he will reveal it to her probably the next day. The party ended and everyone dispatched themselves. The girl decided to meet him in order to know the reason for she made her mind that age was not a degrading factor to avoid falling in love. Mr. Mitchell said "I'll tell you a story and then you can decide it for yourself" and the girl agreed to him.

Ages back there lived an orphan named Viasco. He lived not by begging but the people of that place loved him so much so they gave him food and clothes. People who saw him never took him as a beggar or an orphan because of his charming nature and washed clothes. This boy was fascinated by the sculptor's work. He admired those works. He would go to their places and would sit all day watching them work. This habit turned out to be a passion. So out of passion he learnt that art and even excelled in it. There was a competition announced in a faraway place and participants were invited all over the world.

Viasco decided to go to Paris to show his artistic talent. He has read somewhere that Paris is a 'land of love' so planning to get the best of both worlds he travelled carrying his heart and few clothes. The place was needless to say much welcoming and he received positive vibes. He happily participated and won. After that he roamed the city and met a girl named Quintina. It was love at first sight but Quintina never wanted a relationship and so

never hoped for anything serious. Viasco proposed but she was not in a position to accept it. Finally, she revealed that she was a castrato. In those days, it was a popular culture and they were never afraid to admit about castration. Viasco's world twirled around him. Everything became topsy turvy. His heart never wanted to follow the footsteps of mind. He never believed her in fact he didn't want to believe her. She tried to prove it but then Viasco lost his patience. Cardinals at that time held the upper hand and nothing was left unnoticed by them. They saw Viasco holding a gun and chasing her. The cardinals also ran behind them. Suddenly a gun shot was heard and the birds flew in despair, children who were playing started crying. Women who were present there screamed their lungs out. Viasco was shot by the Cardinals who wanted to save the situation.

The girl in red felt that the tale was interesting but then there was one point she didn't understand. The connection of the story narrated and the old man and what it had to do with her. Mr. Mitchell added "Every ending is a new beginning ". She was confused. Mitchell asked "So you did not get it huh?" and for which she said "No I don't get the point ". He gave a mischievous smile replying "It was Viasco you saw previous night" and the girl was absolutely shocked and spellbound.. In the mirror which hung on the wall she saw the reflection of Viasco standing behind her and smirking. "Hello Quintina" smirked Viasco and now the woman's world began to spin. Every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end.