

This is a small extract from a story I wrote for my school magazine. It is an original work.

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“I am your mother”, she said. The very words pierced needles in my heart and vacuumed my whole world into a black hole. They say black holes form where the Lord tried to divide the universe by zero, but they say lies.

A black hole forms when a mother is forced to leave her baby at the doorstep of an orphanage for she can't feed him, nor can she hear his wails or watch him shiver with cold. A black hole forms when the world turns its back to someone's cry of help.