

## LIFE OF A NOBODY - AS A VILLAIN

### Chapter 2 Nobody's Morning

#### 2.1 Nightmare's of a nobody

Today is a good day. A sunny morning after yesterday's late night heavy rain. Everyone is happy for the weather and thanking the gods as they make their way for their jobs seeing the rays of sunlight passing through the clouds .

In a small dilapidated room whose floor was filled with messy clothes and packets of snacks that were half finished. One glance around the room and you could tell that the person living inside wasn't normal. On a medium metal bed, a man in his late twenties was currently sleeping. His face was covered with beads of sweat and as the light of sun shines on his face through the glass window you could see some tear stains near his eyes, telling you about the nightmare that he was currently going through. And with a sudden scream he opened his eyes.

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**\*\* Shiva's POV**

Ahhhhhhhhh

I woke up screaming from my sleep again, I opened my eyes slowly and with that the tears which were stuck in my eyes behind eyelids, slid down my cheeks. I closed my eyes again with a sigh and went to wash my face.

Watching my face in the somewhat clean mirror I couldn't help but sigh. There were dark circles forming near my eyes. Proof that I couldn't get a wink of sleep last night.

I took the pack of cigarettes from under my pillow and started smoking while looking out the window.

No matter how hard I try to sleep or how I try to forget - from time to time the same nightmare has haunted me for a long time. This was the reason why I started smoking and pulling out all nighters reading books and writing stories.

I thought if my body is tired enough my brain won't have the capacity to remind me of those memories. And guess what it worked pretty well.

I stopped having nightmares , though it would haunt me every now and then , on some special days or when something related to the nightmare surfaced in front of me but I could still control that and not go insane.

But it's been roughly a week since my nightmares started again and now it feels just like the time when I first had my sleepless nights. Hell I feel that it became even more clear and somehow real.

The nightmares I have are none of some ghosts or monsters or any other atrocities. No the nightmares I have are the memories I have of the person I loved the most and how by my own mistake I lost them.

My train of thoughts was stopped by the small heat that was trying to burn my fingers . I crushed the cigarette butt and went to take a bath so I could go to work again. At least that would take my brain away from all these messy thoughts.

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ONLY THAT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT GOING OUT OF MY ROOM THAT DAY WAS THE BIGGEST MISTAKE OF MY LIFE , ONE WHICH I WOULD SOON START TO REGRET.

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## 2.2 Nobody's neighbor

As I was walking I couldn't help but remember my past and that soured my mood. Sighing I went to the nearest stall to get something to eat cause I knew after going to work I wouldn't get a single moment of rest.magic

After crossing the road I stood in line for some time waiting for my turn. As I always come here, the aunt working here didn't need to ask about my order.

She looked at me for a couple of seconds. As I stared back at her I couldn't help but remember the first time I met her when she opened this shop, 3 years ago.

I was still looking for a job back then and this stall on the roadside was cheapest around so you could always find me here.

In the beginning she didn't have a lot of customers so me being a regular here, she would always come and talk with me.

She's around 40 years old . She takes care of this shop alone in the morning. while in the evening her husband comes to help too .

By the way her husband works in a glass factory during the day so there's that.

Looking at the crowd that had formed near the shop I would've advised her to hire a helper normally but I wasn't in the right mood to talk to anyone today so I just stared at her as she started preparing my usual breakfast - toast and some scrambled eggs.

She used to live in the village but after her son got the job in the police station as a driver. She and her husband sold all the property they had in the village and came to the city.

It was only one year after that , that their son moved out to government quarters and left them alone to take care of themselves. She says that her son still sends her money but I doubt that.

Breaking me out of my thoughts was her voice. "here and take this too. You look like you could just die any moment now. Seriously you should take care of yourself better. It's been so long now and you should \_ " she was talking while handing me a cup of coffee with my packed breakfast.

"Thanks Aaya\*ย่น " - I said while cutting her off as I wasn't in the mood to have the conversation with her again today and started walking back to the side, to sit and eat on a chair.

Aaya looked at me with pity in her eyes and opened her mouth to say something but I had already walked quite far to hear whatever advice she had for me today.

She is one of the very few people who still talks to me normally despite my odd behavior everyday.

It's not like I don't know what's wrong with me but it's just I don't find any point in changing myself. I have simply become what you could call an emotionless machine at this point.

I was simply just living my life for the sake of only living or maybe cause I just didn't have the guts to end it all. I don't know.

A/N :- 1.Aaya means aunt, for those who don't understand..