

*One Story From:*

***Our Particular  
Shadows***

***By***

***Radhika Mukherjee***

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## ***About Radhika Mukherjee***

Radhika Mukherjee is a writer and editor, striving to be a photographer and environmentalist. She writes poetry, flash fiction and is working on her first full-length book of YA fantasy fiction: *Rackety and the Beauty Spell*. Every day she listens for words. Every day is a leap into the abyss for the better-told story.

Read more of her fiction and non-fiction at: [RadhikaMukherjee.com](http://RadhikaMukherjee.com) and poetry, photography, etc. at [Light Under Shadow](#).

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## *Introduction to Our Particular Shadows*

*Our Particular Shadows* represents some of my earliest, discrete works. These are very short stories – Shadow Stories – which I characterize as micro-fiction, between 400 to 1200 words, of an abstract and experimental nature. They were written to experience the human condition more fully, to processes pain and desperation and happiness through the self, distil them and write about them in the truest manner possible. These stories still represent for me, my truest, deepest voice.

I envisaged that anyone, from anywhere should be able to read these stories; without any filter of gender, class, or nationality and get directly connected to the emotional chaos that lies at the core of these stories. Just dive in and the words will take you into your very core.

Our selves, our deepest consciousness are not always coherent, do not always speak in complete sentences, so in my quest to portray the internal dialogue of my narrators, to bring you their unfiltered story, I have had to evolve my very own style of writing stories. Each of these stories is a raw cry of pain. My hope is that I have been able to bring you a tactile sense of the world of these wounded souls and that reading the stories will be a cathartic experience for you.

**Suggestion:** Take a breather between reading one story and the next. You'll pick up on the voice and voice-change better.

**Disclaimer:** These are not autobiographical stories. However, they are informed by my thoughts, observations and experiences.

Happy soulful reading!

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## *longing*

I stretched out my hand. Did you know that?

Did you know, that one night; one moonless, clear, shining night; with the shadowy silhouettes of trees crisp against the star-filled sky – I, on the high, level terrace of my flat, stretched out my hand!

Against all odds and possibilities of unbelief and grief.

In a life of searchings, discontent, and a nagging sense of unreality... I have always had a spider-web intuition of a spread-out, intricate illusion that wilfully withheld the truth from me.

My arm. An imperfect, angled arc, was thrown towards the heavens in a dare. The sky is after all our proof...

Cries resounded in my voice and mind, 'Hast thou forsaken me? Did I wait all my lifetimes to be deserted thus? Have I not suffered enough, not longed enough, not loved enough? When will you be satisfied?' Tears welled and streamed away, my heart tore in pain. Bled. The sky looked on, in patchworks of light and shadow. Silent. Glowing. Black holes.

I was stretched out on the terrace, bare and pale; and it seemed as though I was drowning in sky. Infinity stood a single shadow away. And the chasm of ideas. One small link from my world to *that* – eluded me. But the night, the night almost spoke; it whispered soft, that – it had to be this night and no other. Truth would not visit me again. There wasn't another chance.

And this night, it seemed, quite tangibly to me, that reaching out; the shadows of my fingers could have easily caressed the cold point of that too-bright star there. That one, that twinkled long – fiercely – just for me.

Diamonds breathed on with something softer, smokier. Embedded in soft, sensual black velvet. If I *ran* towards it? Fast! Faster than anything before! Would I reach? Would I fly?

Would I be embraced? Gentled?

Cradled? By that Mother?

'Where are you Goddess? Where?

'I remember times of delight, when I heard your laughter everywhere. When it rained, and in the wind. In sunshine, in young green and new-eyed kitten. You were everywhere, and I a child. Young! And I thought – This felicity is *forever!*

Then why was it not? Why? Why did you go away?

'Why am I now, wrung-out and burnt and begging? Why wasn't innocence enough?

'Look, I am weeping, but my tears have run out. Is this what you want for me, for this whole screaming world?

'One word, one touch? Show me that you are there!

'I am but one point on this earth, and the shroud-cloud of my belief – those slim moments of sustenance – blown by some force, turns the other way, in slow motion, away from me. Oh, happy innocence! The certainty of a life newborn – in protection. How sublime. How deadly!

'So much has gone, too much has THIS of yours taken away—'

—And as I was lost, in loud grief and lamentation; there was a touch upon my outstretched hand. A whisper of a caress. And through my fingers seeped soft starlight, blinking in the dark.

I turned my hand, and there was a firefly there. It sat, staring down at me. Intently.

I was stilled for that whole eternity.

The stars faded but I and my friend smiled. We spoke of *wondrous* worlds! And sealed pacts that only the spirit will ever know.

My soul returned — a deep peace...

With one last glimmer, my friend flew away and twinkled once from a distance. Melted into the stars—

And it was enough.

For all my eternities.

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***Liked 'longing'? There are more stories waiting for you in Our Particular Shadows!***

Buy *Our Particular Shadows* from: [Amazon](#) (\$0.99/INR 49)

Add on: [Goodreads](#)

Thank you!