

An Oasis under a Sprawling Tree

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The temperature in the room reached a high point. The once cool room, emitted heat, and the ceiling fan was circulating a warm breeze. It was as if my room had absorbed the warmth from outside. I clutched a plastic chair and made my way to a sprawling mango tree where I settled down with my favorite text, flipping through the pages to find the folded page where I had left off. The rustling of leaves filled the air, creating a soothing melody and a sense of nostalgia; I had not nestled myself under such a sprawling tree in a long time. A gust of breeze periodically brushed my face, wiping away the beads of sweat on my forehead, and whispering in my ears. It was soothing and delicate, like an ethereal lullaby. It was as though it carried nature's message, enveloped by the wind's gentle caress of my skin, filling my senses with tranquility and serenity.

My eyes wandered into the distance, taking in the environment and the cars that streaked along the distant road. The oasis became chaotic when the clouds took a different appearance, forming different patterns that chased after one another in the dark blue sky. The rays of the sun that filtered through the foliage gradually faded away and the atmosphere held a cold breeze that seemed to cause goosebumps. At first, I doubted the feasibility of this rain and remained in my haven, relishing the peacefulness. I bolted from this peaceful and serene part of the world that provided me solace from the hustle and bustle of the day when the patter of rain rose to its peak. It was indeed a moment that needed to make its way into my diary.

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