

3 Puzzle Pieces: Little Boy On The Sand The Mantis and The Flower

DURU ALKAN

The World is once again covered in orange. The sun gently fondled his auburn hair while he sat alone on the sand. Looking at a lonely flower, a bright pink one that managed to pop out of the sand. He stared at the flower while his large eyes told the story. The silent story of a puzzle piece. It was the evening after school. His parents were always late to pick him up. He was used to being the last kid to leave school. He liked the feeling actually. While sitting on the sand all alone, he looked up to the sky and thought how small he was, how small everything was. The problems, the reasons humankind found to be unhappy, and ungrateful. He was lost in his thoughts when a mantis approached him. They looked at each other. Old souls with small hearts. Hearts that are misunderstood, hearts that are aching to fit in, to belong. Little souls waiting to stretch out of their limited bodies show their true colors so that somebody will understand them, realize them, and let them in. A bug and a little boy, what they could change anyway? He thought about today. The puzzle they were making in the class. He remembered the feeling when he looked at the finished puzzle. He looks right in front of him and sees that one piece is left out. It is one of them. Same shape same color. Why wouldn't it fit? He knows pushing it into the finished product would only harm and ruin itself and the others. So what's the point of even trying? But no, he picked up the piece anyway. He tried to fit the piece into the puzzle to get accepted and be useful. It was that moment the puzzle fell. He stunned. It was not the way it was supposed to be. He intended good, pure good. Everyone stared at him fiercely. At that moment he wished to disappear. He was no good.

The shiny teardrop on the pink flower made him see his reflection. He stared at his big foresty eyes and the passion inside them to be discovered. The freckles on his rosy cheeks. He has always been pretty mature for his age despite his playful nature. The mantis, the little boy, and the flower. Different kinds of same minds. Another tear fell just between the mantis and the flower. But this time it wasn't the tears of sadness, they were tears of relief of realization. He counted himself as lucky to find out at such a young age. He knew his peers will suffer until they know. It was the realization of belonging. Belonging didn't mean fitting in the mold. It never did. He thought about the book he read a couple of years earlier. He thought about Wilson and his mindset. Yes, it was different from all the others. But he was right "Being in a minority, even in a minority of one, did not make you mad. There was truth and there was untruth, and if you clung to the truth even against the whole world, you were not mad." He would rather suffer than choose what was against his heart. He had his conscience for eyes and he rather stays that way. It was true that he wouldn't be always on the right path but as long as he felt the thing was right he would eventually lead to the path, the path of people of unique souls. Although he was surrounded by the acceptance of loneliness he knew that there were going to be people that are humans. The special ones who will join his journey. They could be the outcasts together. He thought about today once again. However this time he realized that there was a reason why the piece didn't fit. It wasn't meant to be. There were tons of other puzzle sets there, it was from one of them. And without it, the other set would be great. Just because it didn't fit that set never meant it was worthless, rather it was priceless for another. Despite its potential with being gorgeous with another set, it was also beautiful as it is. And with the right puzzle pieces and connections, he knows the little piece would be even better. He looked back at the pink flower and thought maybe if it was like the others it wouldn't be able to survive and show its beautiful colors to the World. Maybe it would get lost with tons of identical flowers in a valley, And never find a chance to find its true colors. And looked at the mantis. The beauty behind his misunderstood body. While he was wandering through his thoughts, he heard a distant voice calling for him. Back to his childish nature he ran and jumped into the arms of his mother... Leaving the mantis and the flower alone. However, it was certain that the smallest things made the biggest difference.