

A Boy Released

A Short Story by Oisín Mullet

Having only one life's dream, to communicate was the most important hope in the mind of a child not able to find a way to represent notions of a daunting existence, trapped in a silent world that came to be recognised as normal by many who knew him.

Many lonely nights passed in fractured moments of desire to have a life that brought the ingredient normality to a life designed for confinement to a destiny attaining nothing but finding personal turmoil in each endless moment.

Happiness was not found in the life of a boy not able to express the manifesting consequences of a most crippling autism diagnosis. Nothingness was the strong intense emotion attached to feelings of horrendous grief. Destiny had mapped out a life completely different to the black images painted in the mind of a tested child that connected the aspect of neverending notions of a long life in frustrated silence, to the belief of his family never connecting to finding a successful form of communication to unlock his most crucial insightful thoughts.

Time crept slowly. Committed to trying to accept his awful faith was the only road accessible to him. He suffered in silence. Attributing to his pain was the knowledge that his intelligence might never be realised by any human. More realistic pressures that made intense impact on his life were more obvious challenges that he notoriously battled connected to a body responding to only it's own dance, affected by the environment at any given moment.

Bolting lightning struck near his happy home in the form of a miracle designed to change his complicated life. Nothing could have prepared his close knit family for the amazing turn of events. Having designed a most loyal bond to his Creator in times of tremendous mental torture was his only consolation. Now the prayers that he constantly repeated to protect his sanity had been answered in an unexpected way. Having freedom to express his deepest emotions was his newfound strength. His dream to communicate was now reality.

Nothing that he became from that day forward mirrored devastating ideas that had formed a plantation in his troubled mind. He felt happiness beyond anything he could ever imagine. The door to his most personal thoughts was unlocked. The prison cell where his thoughts were trapped had dispersed into tiny fragments of insignificant powerless rubble. The boy had no idea how his life would unfold from that day. In the boundaries of a previous life, the unfamiliar acknowledgement of his ability was something he was petrified about.

Notions that now filled his mind were new hopes for a future connected to having a unique life, where dreams can come true.

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