Critical Essay

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**It happened so fast**

Words are not sufficient to entail and depict what I am feeling in the waves of present time. I am trying my best not to recall how it happened, and then I inferred that I don’t even know how everything proceeded. It happened so fast.

Today, I have the utmost believe in "hope" because it is a lifeboat leaving behind the severity of outcomes, negating how harsh the results were. It is affirmative that, losing hope is similar to losing identity, because hope shapens existence. An exegetical analysis still stricks me with every passing second because I don’t have a staunch belief, either I'm relying on hope or not. Hope is a code to live, reflecting a new day and a new beginning, but it fades with the contagiousness of situation because it happened so fast.

 Something I haven't got to experience during the past twenty years happened in a few slices of time. It was more like the peak of mesmerization and euphoria, for which words seem worthless. Much like lightning striking clouds, such appealing and attractive things shook the entire base of life because feelings are as fragile as petal void of rock harshness. I never found my self at the verge of such devastation, taking into account the tragic stance of present moment. There is no source to shed off blame because it happened so fast.

 The proceeding was so swift that I could not trace its happening. I find my self leaning on to a false hope rather than losing it because hope beholds identity.