

Shades of Simplicity

- Rosaline Jamir

Written as reminders as to how simple experiences shade our lives with simple joys; the choice of sharing these shades of simplicities is ours, to joy another life...

Hasty Tasty

Two months back, I relocated from my hometown to another city which offered me a better job prospect. Missing home food, I called up mum and requested her to roast some meat, pickle and parcel it. Mum prepared, the meat roast pickle and sent it by Overnite Express Couriers. The overnight express stretched to five overnights, when finally the package reached me (the travel distance is actually, only an overnight journey). My son and I excitedly un-wrapped the pack (Only those who have had the experience of receiving home-food packs will understand the child-like thrill that surges). But lo! We noticed a hole in the pack?? A hole sized by rats! Rats had dared a taste in haste! Never mind, we dumped our disappointment plus the pack straight into the bin; 'cause there was nothing we could do, to the wee Rat-a-tats who could even un-net the mighty elephant!

A fortnight or so after this Rat-a-tat incident, my brother called up, informing that he had posted two SIM cards for us. He said "extras for emergencies since networks are forever over-busy". My son instantly blurred out, "I hope, this time the SIM cards aren't tasty, for the rats to be hasty!" When we did receive the pack, this time it was intact. I mused.. had there been a cell-phone in one of the packages in transit thru' the Couriers, those Rat-a-tats would have definitely sneaked it out and tested the cards too!.....Phoned a friend? Hello! Hello!.....Fifty-fifty?.....*A Shade of Simplicity!*

Pill Popping

She were tossing and turning in bed. It was midnight and I could sense that she was still wide awake. I could understand why? Another frosty flight at 7am dawn.

A forth night ago, my friend and I had flown to a city, because I was to appear in an interview. We boarded the Air India flight after a delay of almost three hours. In fact that particular day, some flights were cancelled, most delayed all over the country, the reason being ascribed to visible-invisibility. The flight would be an hour, to our destination. Up in the air, about fifteen minutes or so later, the cloudy-clouds became chivalric and started dramatizing. The screams, the prayers, but loudest were the human-heartbeats! Looking around, we could see only FREEZE! (Donne's *Death, be not proud* didn't make any sense then). Hands held, my friend and I re-vowed, (unlike the wed-vows: 'till death do us part') that just in case there was a crash-landing, 'even death could ne'er us, part. The world would find us, hands held in harmony.' Those

who have experienced frosty-flight will understand the need, to de-vow and re-vow. Anyway, we did land safe, but the trauma! I appeared the interview the next day, and was happy to receive the appointment letter simultaneously, notifying to join within a week. We were thrilled, but that was short-lived; flying back home was a bugging fearsome thought. I had my fears, but I didn't assert that my friend was so extremely terrified, in her unusual silence.

The D-dawned; baggage checked we, settled us in the boarding lounge, squatting in silence. Moments later, I noticed my friend popping in a tiny pill. Out of concern I queried whether she was feeling unwell? She casually replied that the fear of flying was so terrifying, that she had just popped in a sleeping pill, so that she would doze off during the flight till destination. Air bound my friend sat tensed, her face grimaced, sleep never sweeping over her and if at all she was more than awake. We did land safe again, and in a cab, we headed from the airport towards the city, in steely silence. I turned around to talk to my friend, and Lo! She was in deep slumber all across the backseat. The sleeping pill was finally in effect, just when she didn't need it most! Frosty-flying was a co-operate affair but I was not prepared for the solo weight-lifting of our baggage and my sleeping Amigo. Life is risible! At one destination I was a Mentor, at the other end I was a Mule.*Another Shade of Simplicity!*

