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Letter to Editor

Amoretto in PPE

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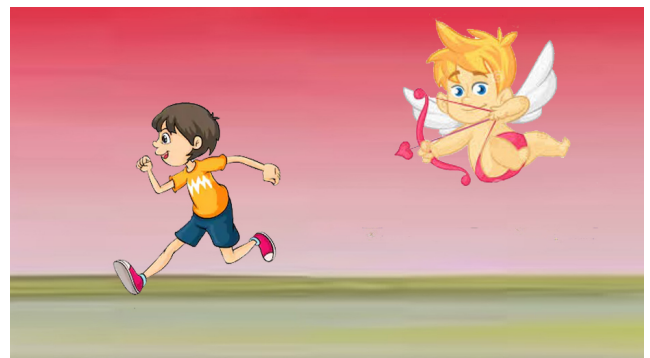
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He always had a crush on her. For an anxious person like him, who would prefer to be in the casket, than doing the eulogy in a funeral, the act of proposing was akin to a nervous breakdown. Though he was academically challenged, on the leftward scale on handsome parameters, he was never short of self-conviction. When he proposed, she said he was the umpteenth. May be, should have advanced more slowly when dealing with a sapiophile like her, by dropping sesquipedalian rodomontade in the first year of med school itself, like a Rahul Dravid test century rather, than in final year like a Chris Gayle T20 storm. But by the time he realised that “coma” means something more than a punctuation mark, she was rabbling about “congenital oculomotor apraxia”. Guys like him perhaps don’t deserve a second chance. It’s like sky diving, if at first you don’t succeed, it isn’t for you.

Life then came to a crashing, screeching halt for both of them. COVID-19 spelt doom and her father lost his job in the middle-East petroleum refinery. She shifted to a studio apartment in his block. Classes were halted and life seemed to be touched by the pause button.

Then he got a SMS from her. “Can you buy some groceries for me?” He who has never been to a grocery shop in his entire life, ventured towards uncharted territory. He took an online crash course on grocery shopping –how to figure out green gram from Bengal gram, courgette from cucumber, tomatoes from persimmons, multigrain atta from

wheat flour, all in an hour. His mom and maid were surprised by this unexpected turn of events. He convinced them by rattling about a master chef show he intended to attend.



With this new found knowledge he proceeded to buy her groceries. Slowly it migrated from provisions to vegetables to even non vegetarian items, all of which he politely obliged; the last mentioned being the ultimate sacrifice for him as he was a strict vegetarian. He agonisingly realised that love is an ocean of emotions entirely surrounded by expenses. He would spend hours maintaining social distance in queues which stretched many furlongs, reminding one of the scenes in front of box-office during a “pre COVID time Khan” movie release.

As months went by, slowly the lock down eased off. He thought the new found affinity needs further reinforcement

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and thought of calling her out for dinner date. He tried her mobile and it gave an out of coverage area or switched off tone. He went to her apartment and found it locked. On enquiring with the neighbours, he realised that she had left without informing anyone around.

Just as everyone complains after a failed relationship, he too did. However in any relationship discretion is the better part of valour. But you'd be surprised; he is now itching to be shot by that cupid arrow again.

Conflict of Interest

None.

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