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Guest Editorial

A Date with Wisdom

Ajith Cherian^{1,*}

¹Dept. of Neurology, Sree Chitra Tirunal Institute for Medical Sciences and Technology, Trivandrum, Kerala, India



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That night was quintessential. Just a wee bit icy cold, that when pummeled it gives a tingly goose flesh warmth. It wasn't exactly a full moon night but frolicking in lawns under an open sky has its own fun. It gives you that animalistic touch, if one is fit enough to counter the cold. But a coryza, next day morning in pandemic times, is not a welcome proposition. So I doubted if Coco, my spaniel, would agree though she had enjoyed every moment we had spent there.

The whole domicile had fallen asleep an hour ago. From my balcony I could see a great stretch of the valley. The entire town was fast in slumber. The garden fragrance brought me back to the floret. My botany is too poor to name the flower. In high school it used to be one of those viva questions. How many sepals it has, is it pediculated and so on. Now, can't even name it. Though Coco had to ward off the trespassing neighbor's rooster, maid's intransigence and my obstinacies, she remained pragmatic as ever. In those early years of my canine acquaintance, I had suggested leaving the capon on its own, to ease her pace and improve her peace quotient of life. This she had barkingly brushed aside, saying that I would have to bear the brunt of her stacked up energy if she ever reduced her quantum of work. A drained canine itself is too much to handle- let alone a power packed one.



My hectic work schedule made sure that I emanate as much life as a cadaver does by the end of the day, though it has been drastically changed latterly. Currently, I have been advised a languorous existence for a few days and was idling lazily after my hospital visit. All sorts of exertion were to be avoided to the extent that even speaking loudly invoked angry glances from my obsequious spaniel.

I could hear her soft footsteps on the rosewood staircase; she is careful not to waken her cubs. I've never known a spaniel who would be so fastidious about her collar. She is so particular about the colour and even made sure that her whelps too had the same brand and hue. Couldn't argue with

* Corresponding author.

E-mail address: drAjithcherian@yahoo.com (A. Cherian).

her. She wins easily, every time.

Though I have always condescendingly allowed her to climb all over me, her vanity made her decline anything granted freely to her. All her moves are so deceptive that often, I am taken aback. I have to resist her attempts and then her feral instincts take over and she finally resides on my shoulders, taking an aerial view of all the other inhabitants of our villa including our gold fish, who are snapped out of siesta by her sharp taunting barks. I've always admired her chutzpah. But this time she knew that she had to rein in her instincts.

Yesterday my situation wasn't that cozy. I lay there supine, with taut sinews, and the light's luminance nearly blinded me. I tried searching for an excuse to fend him off for a while, but he refused to be swayed, and approached stealthily. He asked me if I was afraid and I shook my head bravely. With panache and experience, his exploring fingers, found the right place at the first go. He probed deeply and made me shiver; but he was gentle as he had promised he'd be. He looked deeply within my eyes and told me to trust him as he had done this many times before. His cool smile relaxed me and I opened wider to give him more room, for an easy entrance, till it ached. I begged him to hurry, but he cautiously took his time, wanting to cause me as little

agony as possible. As he pressed closer, going deeper, I felt tissue give way. Pain surged throughout my body and I felt the slight trickle of blood as he continued. He looked at me concerned as my eyes filled up with tears, but I shook my head and nodded for him to go on. Then he took the drill and menacingly began going in and out, but by now I was too numb and exhausted to feel anything. After a few moments, I felt something burst within, and he pulled it out, panting and perspiring, glad that it's over.

My dentist looked at me smilingly and told, with a chuckle, that this had been his most excruciating wisdom tooth extraction till date.

Conflict of Interest

None.

Author biography

Ajith Cherian, Associate Professor

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