

Jane

I reckon a time when I was around fourteen or fifteen years old, the time when we, the Young Guns, drifted along with the wind of puzzled emotions. All concepts of the strongest force in the world was becoming clear to us. Love. We walked with our heads up high, powerful, as if we had figured out what even the wisest saints couldn't. Ha-ha! But now I realize the beauty of its deceit...

I recall this particular morning, when I woke up to a sound of a thud on the window. I rose from the bed yawning, sluggishly moving to the window to peer who it was. There she was, a short figure in a pair of wrinkled khaki shorts right down to the knees, kept hanging together with patches of cloth and sewing and a loose muck ridden denim shirt with one side tucked out and sleeves rolled up to the elbows. She had a small, fair face with a cute little nose and thin, pink lips with drops of perspiration on it. She had big, round green eyes beaming and reflecting with life and sunlight. Her name was Jane.

"Come on Jack! Wash that greasy old face and come on down!" she exclaimed. Her voice had a rash high pitch but a sweet gripping tone. My mind ticked with sparks and I was up. Suddenly, I washed away the lethargies in my body and rushed to the washroom to wade my weary face with sizzling cold water, finished my morning formalities and went right down to meet her. "Hey Jane! Isn't it very early to raise the dead from their Graves?"

"No, because lazy sleazes like you need a little more than just "raising" and a kick back there to drop straight out here." She always sliced my humor with her sharp tongue. She continued "I mean it is THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY OF OUR LIVES, and you're here joking around."

"Apologies mi 'lady." I joked again.

"Aaargh! You want to do this or not?" She asked irritably. I replied "First thing is that you need to breathe a bit Jane, I've got the music covered and everything is set. Joe must be waiting in the community hall with the jukebox."

"Ok then, let's go."

I still think of her adorable, uptight and tense idiosyncrasies. She was perfect with imperfections, and those imperfect antics were the ones I cherished. She was always so anxious of what would go wrong, but somehow she knew that I was there and that everything will be alright.

We ran up to the hall which was four blocks away from my place. I jogged but she bolted with short legs and paced at such a speed as if she was to grow a pair of wings and fly into the blue sky itself where birds like her belonged. “Hey Jane! Wait up!” She looked back with pinched eyes and a thin grin on her face and mocked me “What’s up Grandpa, can’t you run?”

She crossed the line now...I sprinted up to her, winked at her as I passed by, and there I was at the gate of the hall, at the finish line. She followed by. “Oh you really took it hard didn’t you? By the way, warm up is done.”
SHE....WAS...SMART.

Jane called out “Hey Joe! How are ya?!” Joe replied with his absent thoughts “Huh?! Ugh...fine... I am Fine.”

“So, where is my music and everything?”

“Yeah...it’s all set and everything.”

“OK ZOMBIE, what are you waiting for?! Play it!”

Joe set his hands on the jukebox and selected No.58, an Otis, ‘Willie and the Hand Jive’. The sounds of the drums and the infectious beat which reverberated throughout the hall caught her as if the Music was her enchanting lover. She caught hold of him and she danced hand in hand with him, in perfect sync. I got jealous and I jumped in, shaking and twisting my appendages as competently as I could to match her autonomous grace, although I knew I was just baltering. She looked at me with a confused expression trying to process what I was doing...or perhaps...trying to do. But right at that moment, I slipped my hands on her shoulders and waist and let her control my movements. We were one. Our feet tapped and glided through the floors while the music echoed through our minds.

I saw her face in the middle of the flash motion of the dance and it shone with the same light which I saw in the morning.

Word Count- 760