I didn’t want to go to Rajasthan. I didn’t want to spend 5 days in old, crocked up museums or withered castles; sweating buckets in the heat and getting sand stuck in my boxers.

My sister didn’t want to go to Rajasthan. My father didn’t want to go to Rajasthan; Fairly certain even Rajasthanis’ didn’t want to be in Rajasthan. Not my mother though, she loved it there. That’s where she’s from, and that’s where she met daddy dear.

But alas, my sweet father didn’t have it in him to say no to my mother. Especially not now that they’ve finally got back together. He wouldn’t want to blemish their newly reawakened love. She said wanted to visit the place where the first met, which is cool and all, but *damn* why’d they have to meet there.

You know where’s a nice place to meet someone for the first time? Kerala! A houseboat tenderly rocking in the middle of a calm, serene lake, green greenery in the horizon; reading those WEBTOONs I had been saving up for a month whilst floating on an inflatable bed. Maybe going for a swim later, wrestling with my sister in the waters. Oh such fun.

But noo, my parents would rather be driving around in taxis with barely functioning ACs just to go watch to some rusty daggers in a museum.

This was the first summer in a long, long time that we'd all be together. 12 years, to be precise. That was when my parents divorced. I stayed with my father, and my sister Sera, with my mother. We'd barely saw each other, my sister and I, but I'd still love her company whenever we did end up meeting.

I suppose I ought to be happy that we were all back together, and I was, really. It's just, I'd be happier if we were going to Kerala instead, you know?😂

Still, I guess I shouldn't have pestered them so much, trying to change their mind. Sprinkling some sand in the rice we were having for lunch, to give them a taste (literally😂) of what awaited us in Rajasthan was definitely going a bit too far. :P

Anyhow, I was rewarded for my efforts my being banned to discuss our trip ka destination. I should've expected this I guess 😝.

And so I was sitting on the sofa, watching Big Boss, having no knowledge of where we were heading off to the day after, when the doorbell rang.

My sister suddenly emerged from her room and ran to the door with a smile on her face.

"Gir jayegi baba, aaram se", I yelled after her.

"Kaam kar na apna", she seemed unnaturally excited. She came back a few minutes later, with a Myntra ka parcel in her hand. Oh, new clothes. 😝

"Is it for the trip?" I asked.

"Maybe." She turned, holding the parcel in her chest and swinging back and forth.

"Will you just tell me where we're going?"

"Nah", she grinned, "bahut shauk tha na Rajasthan demonstrate karneka, ab bhugad."

"Tell me yaar, just tell me.", I turned to face her.

"Will you fold up all the clothes in my room?" She'd been trying on a bunch of clothes, trying to decide what to pack. Her room was a mess.

"Bhak be, I'll just check Dad ka laptop for emails about hotel reservations."

She knew it would be hard for me to get my hands his laptop at this time, and so was unfazed, and replied "Kar le na fold, I'll tell you riight away.". She was being sweet and pouty, an annoying skill she's developed.

I just looked at her.

She continued in a sing song voice, "bechara John, doesn't even know where he's going."

"No."

"Well, okay then.", she said nonchalantly, shrugging her shoulders, holding her lower lip out, and starting to walk away.

"No wait!" damn, she had grown cuter, "I'll do it."

"Atta-boy!", she exclaimed, grinning like a hyena. Walking over and grabbing me by the arms, she dragged me to her room.

“You’ll have to tell me first. Only then will I help. HELP, mind you. I am not doing it all of it.”

“Tell?”, she said, smirking, “Why tell when I can show? Now come on, don’t be shy.”

Entering, I instantly regretted my decision. Her room looked like it had been hit by a tornado coming straight from an upstate thrift store. Ugh.

I picked a top up.

“What planet is this from?” I asked, half whispering. How would this even fold? She paid no heed to me though, and ran off to her bathroom with her parcel, still just as gleeful as before.

“Can’t you wear normal stuff, huh?” I shouted after her.

She replied by slamming her door. 😂

Oh well, such is life. I got down to business.

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Staring at morning wood