Lying idly here on the bed, even my bones had started to crackle now. On the door of the almirah, a poster gifted by one of my friends reads aloud to my eyes, ‘The secret of success is getting started’. The clock’s ticking, thought passes along with the moment. Let’s make another effort to get up and out of bed.

The moment I pull the curtains, I realize that just like myself, Uncle ‘Sunny’ is also sleeping draped in the fluffy feathery clouds. Or maybe, he’s out for a morning stroll with his ‘sunshine’. And here’s me, snuggling in the tight cocoon of the warm quilt.

Uncle Sunny should be in his mid day quarter sky according to the time table, but he’s absconding. I can’t see him. From somewhere behind the murky clouds, a faint light shout out for an instant, proclaiming ‘Oh he’s here, your Uncle is here, present Sir!’. Where? Liar! I gotcha uncle! Today I have caught your proxy. Now would you please explain yourself? What is the punishment? What reasons do you have? No mediums of commuting today? What is that seven horse chariot for? Talk of horse power huh? Caught in the cloudy traffic, hmm?

While me and my ‘Self’ were engrossed looking at every aspect of this case, determined to give a fair judgment, there was a knock on the door. Astounded, I wondered, ‘this can’t be uncle Sunny, not this time and that too with a knock on the door? I haven’t even passed my decree yet.’ Who could it be? If I get out of the bed, then I basically loose the ‘bed’ feeling, and if I don’t open the door, well an opportunity that might have decided to knock on my door might just fly away. Time’s slipping from my hand, and so is the quilt. Perplexed, I shift my gaze back to the skies.

How much time has passed after that knock on the door? Whoever it was, he might have returned, believing me to be fast asleep. No sooner I tried to pay attention to the trial at hand, there was a knock, again. Now I got jitters. I looked at my mobile phone, nope, no messages from the classroom. Could the knock be from an ambassador from the admin, just to have the pleasure of telling me the bad news and watch my face go white? Is it possible that my…?

No, no, that isn’t possible. I did not ask anybody to do it. But then, I have made real good friends here, caring friends. They live by the word ‘friendship’, no matter it is the eternally boring lectures or the doomsday at the examination hall. They just lighten up the whole scenario. A horde of questions just bombarded my numbing mind, ‘Should I call out once to ask who it is spoiling my blissful moments?’, ‘Should I ask what errands he’s running?’, ‘Tell him to eff off?’ Maybe he’s some friend who might be dropping in to check out noticing my absence from the classroom. But what if? If he’s really the ambassador from admin? What if… my proxy was caught?

Now am in a mess. There I was, being the good judge, going to do justice to Uncle Sunny single handedly, and here I am now, stuck in a similar situation, thrown at the mercy of some other judge.

The rush of blood to my face and ears brought me back from the numbness I was experiencing. The warmth of the quilt then took over as the rational mind starting cajoling the petrified mind with reason. The mobile inbox is empty, whosoever is on the other side of the door hasn’t called out to me even once, there is no noise or hustle in around the hostel, which means, nobody has returned from the lectures yet. That means that the person on the other side is probably another pal, missing in action at the lectures and is gracing the occasion by his unwanted presence right mow. He might be looking for my practical file, or maybe the bucket.

Now I was starting to feel a little better, and mind started racing again, the same mind that was literally limping moments ago. The decision was quick. No one is opening the door, no one’s answering to any calls made from the other side of the door. As long as the door is closed securely, no bad news can penetrate to spoil the mood of the morning. This is my morning, and I ain’t allowing anybody to take it from me. Case solved, file close!

Mood had changed to soft and mellow by now and the clouds were bearing a tinge of black. I felt a soft corner for Uncle Sunny now; I think he had sent his defendant in the form of doubt to fight for him in my court.

Decision’s made, he’s being let off with a minor rebuke. I am going back into feeling the warmth of the cocoon I had built up overnight, and the court is adjourned.