Remember, once I told you that bathrooms are magical places. I wasn’t lying. From that Pandora’s room, today I show you another phenomenon as it unfolds before my eyes right out of the tap.

I have always been a lazy retard. I love sleeping, but much more than that, I love doing nothing. Elsewhere, I might be kicked and put to work against my will. But bathroom? It is my getaway resort. I can’t bathe if there is no water in the bucket, am I supposed to air-bathe? So I get an opportunity to kill time, doing my favorite activity ‘nothing’ as the water fills in oh so slowly, in a small gentle jet that virtually makes no sound.

One quiet morning, I sat there, watching the water fill into the bucket. The jet of water so thin and quiet, and yet it penetrates deep into the surface of water like a blade.

Somewhere in the middle, two bubbles form. The progeny of a wound, inflicted on likes, by the likes. Ah, does it hurt? Does it burn when water cuts water? Then why do the two bubbles cling to the sword that just punctured them out of their element? They are clinging on to their predator and holding on to each other.

Just look at that pair. A pair one of a kind! Dancing around it in a frantic manner, circling it, bubbling around in every dimension, but never leaving the tip of the blade. Hand in hand, they dance. Oh they look so beautiful together! Trapped a few layers below the surface, they dance. Swaying to the rhythms of an unheard, unseen melody playing in the sublime quietness of the morning, they dance like aces, every move orchestrated harmoniously. So much anarchy, yet so much order prevailed. Like a grand ball, with the spotlight focused on this very pair.

Irony, it is just a few seconds fame!

As the dance ends and the two entwine to be one, they rise. How long could a blade pin them down? The two bubbles coalesce into one and rise to the surface. The rest is something my eyes are too naïve to see. I can just watch the bubble disappear. I don’t see it burst; my eyes fail to register the moment when its skin is forced open. I think there is no pain. The two were finally together, one!

But the way they danced makes me crave. As we dance around each other, never withdrawing, but never approaching either, one day we too will unite. One day there will be no one else, just us, under the spotlight.

Someday, it would be *My dance with Destiny!*