I don’t generally miss anybody. Seldom do I think of home. Ma is always miffed at this peculiar behavior of mine. I try to reason with her, I put forward my defense, ‘Calling everyday just to say I am fine? Mother I can’t do that, it’s boring.’ But I have to eventually succumb to the frailty of a mother’s heart.

But then I wonder, when I don’t remember anybody, why should anyone remember me? She tells me that she misses me often, and I ask baffled and perplexed, why? And how? I can think of two reasons. First, the emotion called ‘missing’ was not programmed into me. Second, I don’t exactly know how to miss, which means that even if I am missing someone, I don’t exactly know that I am missing them. Whatever may be the truth, I am unaware of it and this becomes the reason of my discomfort. They miss me, mulling over this thought over and over again, I start thinking about them.

Lost in this train of thought, I wonder what had come to pass last time we met. Had there been an unanswered question that She had posed and I had failed to answer? Or had I said something too rude while I was lost in my reverie? What possibly could I have done? Was there some flaw in my dress up that might be a source of mirth for her? Trying to find the answers I try to re-run the tape of that conversation again and again, and try to find the figment, the spark that she might have carried away and now is the cause of this missing phenomenon.

Then I mildly slap myself on the back of my head and smile a little. Let’s give some credit to her. I might be the jerk I am, but she is different, she’s good in fact. It is her goodness and congeniality that she thought of me at leisure. This satisfies the pervading questions of my troubled mind and I eagerly look forward for the next opportunity when we meet again. And secretly I smile, at least I remembered her, if not missed her.