**LAZY-ISM.**

I always wondered how it’d be to do nothing for a long time. What I mean is, I was always fascinated by retired folk, unemployed rich kids and stay-at-home aunties. They led ‘the’ life I thought. Happy, lazy mornings, blissfull walks, hours of television, evening chai on the porch and not to mention,’no work’.

Well, little did I know, I would come to think differently of it, in the near future.

I’m a multitasker. Have always been. I can’t give my attention to a single thing for a period of time, let alone spend time doing nothing. So, I need to have my work cut out for me, even if I were on a vacation!I adore being lazy, but keeping myself busy keeps me aware of things going on in my life.

After a semester of college, I returned home with thoughts of numerous things to do, already prioritized and set aside to be completed. First I had to do that, then this, oh if this isn’t done in a month it’ll be bad..yada yada. For the first 3 days, I was on a break. Like, complete freedom-ish break. Woke up at 12, slept at 3 etc. The most laziest days of my life with breakfast -in -bed sort of rituals. After the much needed break, I set out to fulfill my destiny. I bit of a giggle there I hear.

Well yeah, the next 3-4 days, I was like a monk. Woke up at 8, slept at 12. Who the hell does that during vacations? Anyway I did, and started all my work with full zeal. I didn’t even meet up with friends for a while. I was THAT busy.

With progress going well, I decided to give myself another break on the 4th day. I had an entire month anyway. After that, there was no looking back. I became the laziest thing on the planet. I didn’t even go back to my table to have a look at what I had to do the following days. For the next one month, I led the life of my retired grandfather. Ofcourse my parents were well aware of this and didn’t want to intervene. They were actually glad I gave myself some breathing time.

For the next 3 weeks,I don’t know what I did, but I know I didn’t do ANYTHING. I know I woke up at 10, sometimes 11 am, had breakfast, read the newspaper,watched television or a random romcom or chikfick, then lunch at 2, slept, read some random books or magazines, had my daily dose of facebook, had ‘chai’ on the front porch with another magazine, then probably went out with family or friends, again television, dinner and sleep. It was bliss. You won’t believe how much I enjoyed doing all this, with absolutely no random pangs of guilt I used to experience earlier. I had conveniently settled down in life. Before I had even started earning!

After that period of ‘hibernation’ I happened to look at my ‘plan-book’. I had no words. A whole month. An entire month of nothing! There was momentary remorse, but then that was me on a break. Away from my daily nonsense. I needed it. More importantly, it made me realize how worthless it would be if I were to lead life that way. Off track, accomplishing nothing. It would mean life coming to a standstill, and I never want that to happen again.