

## MemorY

I thought I would always remember this, but over time, it has become blurred. It wasn't that long ago, a little over two years to be precise.

I am a little off when it comes to this, recalling incidents that happened in the past.

Sometimes when I am with friends and they start talking about daily news or politics or sports, I switch off. Now, during these discussions the guys get so worked up and stay awake all night arguing about things. So, when in the heat of the argument, someone asks me what I think, I close my eyes and pretend like I am thinking, finding it hard to put my thoughts into words, before someone would take advantage of the silence and jump in.

But these are general discussions, politics, sports and stuff and here I am trying to remember the day I lost my virginity. I am sure she was wearing red panties because that was her favourite color, and she would always buy a pair of them every time we went shopping, even though I told her countless times that red didn't suit her.

And it was in the afternoon, as I remember that she was a little tipsy that day, and she drank only beer, that too not at night, some weird tradition she had been following since childhood, drilled into her by her Jewish mother.

But what I can't remember is how we ended up on the couch, that worn out one in the back room, where me and my roommate used to have jamming sessions. He would call over a few of his hipster friends, and we would have some meat chips, beer and some dope while we made music, the soft rock kind, not the head-banging hard rock which I hated.

Anyways all I can piece together is that I was hot and bothered and trying to get my mouth on whichever part of her body I could, while she was trying to remove my boxers with her hands. I think even I was desperate to get them off because I had waited a long time to do this, twenty one years before her, and three months with her.

That was the main reason why I had put up with her for all those time, because truth be told she was a manipulative bitch. I had planned to break up with her after rounding off the bases. Naturally I was quite eager to slide home and in my eagerness might have finished off the game a bit too quickly for her liking, something which she keeps reminding me till this day, but I don't believe her because the events that day are quite blurry in my mind.

However, the one thing that I clearly remember is that I didn't use a condom that day as a result of which you were born nine months later, my dear son. I looked down at my little boy. He seemed to be fast asleep

I looked out through the window. The sun will be going down soon, and she'll return from the store, the drug store she owns downtown where they sell medicines, tinned food and condoms. And when she comes in, I'll slice her some fruit and we'll eat it on the balcony together.

