He was calling me.

February 3, 2013 at 3:27pm

'Oi, put that down, it’s not yours!'

I was just holding the glass to my lips; I was too distracted to drink. Rohit was sitting right beside me and was pissing the bartender off again, and the exchange of obscene comments was about to start.

'Are you *deaf?* I said it's *not yours!*'

But that was not what distracted me. It was him, sitting in that booth with his new friends. They were playing truth and dare. Sick. He just dared one of his friends to do something, I didn't catch what. But they were definitely having a good laugh about it. Coincidentally, he was facing my direction, and I felt something burning in my chest as I saw his smile. How come I didn't feel warm and cheery watching him smile, *watching him laugh?* Come to think of it, I don't even remember the last time I really felt anything at all apart from the occasional burning.

My phone vibrated. The text said - "Did u tek ur meds yet?"

*Concern?* Was that really for me?

'Excuse me miss, but I really need you to take your friend home. He's too drunk.'

'Who're you calling “friend”? I'm her *boyfriend!*'

The burning sensation was creeping up to my head, I could feel it. I slowly dismantled my phone, carefully took out the SIM card and dropped it into my drink and stirred it with my finger. Here, I'm taking my "meds"!

'And I am NOT drunk!'

A punch landed on the bartender's face. Before I could touch my glass of "meds" to my lips, I found myself knocked off the barstool and on the floor. I could hear more obscenities as Rohit landed right beside me.

My "meds" was lying on the floor, and I could see tiny pieces of glass poking out of my blood-stained right palm. But I couldn't let him see me. I took a quick look towards his booth, good, *he wasn't there*. So I pulled the hood over my head again and struggled to get on my feet. I could hear Rohit calling me, asking me to wait, the bartender, asking me to take Rohit with me and I just couldn't care less.

The fresh smell of rain hit me hard as I got outside. I didn't have time to stand and reminisce. I didn't realize I was running, until I heard him.

'*Rohit?! Really?*'

It felt like I just ran into a wall. I couldn't move as I heard him running up to me, until he grabbed my upper arm and turned me towards him.

'What the hell were you thinking? Are you-?'

Then he saw my face. I don't know what was making him stare for so long, maybe because I wasn't wearing any makeup or maybe it was the dark blue-gray circles around my eyes or the cheekbones which had recently grown out of my shrunk face.

'What has happened to you?' *Concern*. *Oh, not again*.

I looked his chest and answered him, 'The last time I checked I am an insomniac and people have started calling me a psychopath. Surely, you must have heard, I mean, I am quite famous nowadays.'

I could feel his eyes on my face, and his hand still grabbing my arm. I could see the blood dropping from my palm make weird shapes in the puddle on the pavement. I continued.

'However, strangely, it seems Rohit is the only person who would talk to me.'

A group of friends just came out, laughing. I didn't realize the burning had stopped until it started again in my head. Was it the rain, or was my vision... pulsating?

'Are you on any medication?' Was there a hint of fear somewhere?

'You shouldn't care so much.' I smiled.

He opened his mouth to say my name, I couldn't bear hearing that.

*'NO! You do not say my name! You do not get to show all this sympathy now!*'

My head throbbed violently, but it seemed as though I was waiting for something. And so was he. I exploded.

'You lost all your right to care for me, or even talk to me like this the moment you left me in the hospital. *You left us!* We were all there, your mom, dad, sister, doctor. Even I was there sitting right beside your bed day and night, but you didn't even open your eyes and *look at me*! Do you have any idea what a heartless selfish person you are?!'

I wrenched my arm free and ran. But something made me stop to check if he was still there or not. But *he wasn't*. The moment I realized this, I was greeted with a really loud horn and blinding white light.

I heard him too! He was calling out to me! Gosh, he was so loud, but it felt so good to hear him.

I don't think I should be lying in the middle of the street, should I? Oh, there's Rohit, he's running towards me. There's something wet rolling down my head and I don't like it. Rohit is slapping my cheeks now and asking me to do something. Why can't he just leave me alone? But I don't want to get up, or move, or do anything. I could hear his voice still ringing in my ears, so I shut my eyes. I decided to forgive him for everything. I wanted to hear him more clearly. *Yes, he was calling me*.