

## My Ex is Sorry?

Rhea comes knocking at my door in the middle of the night, all stressed. Judging by her messy hair, smudged eyeliner, and an overly-sweaty face, it is obvious, she is drunk. This was something out of the blue! The last time I had seen her was around five months back, when I had decided to call it quits with her. Why? Because she was a lying shit-head who wanted the best of both worlds, while all I wanted was her. She had been conveniently cheating on me and that was something I could never tolerate.

She was so heavily drunk; she could barely stand straight. I brought her a chair and made her sit, trying to process the events in action.

‘Is this a dream?’ I asked her.

She began staring at me.

‘Is this a dream?’ I asked myself.

And, that is when my sub-conscious knocked hard at my sluggish brain and I began to panic.

‘You have to take me back Doofus, I am sorry.’ Rhea continued, ‘I never realized how wrong I was.

I know I've hurt you a lot and I am really very sorry about it. Please forgive me!

I was bewildered. Since the day I had called it quits, I had been hoping for a scenario just like this. I always wished that one day she would come to my door and beg on her knees asking for my forgiveness. This was the closure my soul demanded, and I was finally getting it.

But was this for real? Had she finally come to her senses and realized that the guy she had been cheating on me with was nothing but a fuck-boy. Hell! He wasn't even rich; he was a fuck-boy with no money. Basically, he was just 'cheap'.

'Is this a dream?' I asked myself again.

All this while, she was still crying. She looked at me with googly eyes hoping I would say something. I stared back at her. A drunk girl and a sleepy guy, both with messed up eyes, continuously staring at each other. Oh! This was bad.

Just then, my father, who was sleeping in the room next to mine, woke up and shit got real. Rhea, dad, and I, were all now staring at each other. Oh, this was now turning into a nightmare.

To break this never-ending silence, I turned towards my father.

'She's Rhea, the girl I broke up with a few months back,' I said.

'Hi, uncle,' she said.

Well, why? My father hated the guts of her. He

knew that she had made my life miserable and now, she just shows up at our house at freaking twelve am. My father was obviously furious. I have no idea what stuck his sleepy mind but he ran into the kitchen, took a jug of water, and poured it all over my laptop.

‘Look what you made my old man do! Ok, now you owe me a new laptop,’ I yelled, looking fiercely at Rhea.

You see, I belong to a typical Indian family. This means that me living with my parents is a normal thing – a symbol of our glorified culture. So, when I say that now my mom entered the scene, you should know that I am not a dumb-ass who still lives with his parents. Rather, I am just an ass and me living with my parents is a pretty normal thing.

My mom immediately tried to calm my father down but the damage was already done - I had already lost my beloved laptop.

I took Rhea to my room to ask her what had happened between that fuck-boy and her, and she began blabbering at the top of her voice.

Oh, what is it with women? Why do they think that yelling in a high-pitched tone is the only way to prove a point? At twenty past eleven, I had gone to bed with two perfectly functioning ears. Well, not anymore.

She kept blabbering for what seemed like another half an hour. Generally, when women

she speak, it annoys the crap out of men, but here she was, all sorry and depressed, confessing about all her mistakes. Gosh! The more she spoke, the more I went into oblivion. Her words were like beautiful bullets to my now-defunct ears. Nonetheless, I finally asked her to calm down and go home because she was too effing drunk to remember anything that I would have said to her.

'Go home, you're drunk!' I said.

Just then, my mom budged into my room.

'Don't be so rude *beta*, look how drunk she is,' my mother continued, 'You should drop her home.'

Obviously, my mom was spying on us. Moms, you know!

'I drove here,' Rhea said.

And mom and I stared hard at the drunk woman.

'You brought your car?' I questioned.

She nodded.

I firmly held her hand and took her outside.

'I'll drive, I call dibs,' she said.

I stared at her hard. She stared back. I facepalmed.

*\*Pee Pee Pee\**

I turned back to figure out who was honking his car this late and, lo and behold, it was Rhea's mother. She parked behind Rhea's car and began walking towards us.

*\*Sla...\**

Rhea's mother tried to slap me. Hastily, I blocked her hands and turned towards Rhea. She began to giggle.

'Hi mom, don't slap him, he's not the fuck-boy I told you about. He's Doofus,' Rhea plead.

Just then, my father who had been conveniently missing from all the action magically reappeared in front of us, but this time, with his lawyer friend, who also lived in our colony.

'Why? Dad, why?' I murmured.

Things were taking a legal turn now and well, that shit is fucked up. *Anything that goes legal is fucked up.*

Meanwhile, Rhea was busy trying to explain everything to her mother, to calm her down. I must say, despite her shortcomings, she has always been a mature girl. I mean, she was the one who was heavily drunk and yet, I was the one who had no idea how to handle this messed up situation.

I took a deep long breath and turned towards my father.

'It's all under control, let me handle it now. You can ask your lawyer friend to go back home,' I said.

My father looked at me and frowned.

Then, I turned towards Rhea.

'*Saara chutiyapa kisne kiya?*' I asked her. (Who was the fucktard who ruined your life?)

'Fuck-boy,' she murmured.

'*Sachha pyaar kisne kiya?*' I questioned her again.

(Who was the one who truly loved you?)

'Doofus, you!' she said, in a low inaudible voice.

'*Aur tune dil use de diya? Kyun?*' I shouted. (And, yet you gave your heart to Fuck-boy? Why?)

Rhea was silent for she had no answer.

'Call me when you have an answer to this question,' I said.

I then looked at Rhea's mother and asked her to take her daughter home.

These past few hours had been super weird and I was glad that things were finally under control. And, to top that, my soul had finally got the closure it so deserved.

Despite our differences, I glanced at Rhea for one last time and smiled. And, she erupted in a never-ending curve of happiness.

'Nothing should ever happen between the two of you again!' my father said.

I looked at my father and nodded.

'Is this a dream?' I asked him.

My father nodded.

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### **Get the book:**

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## A NOTE TO READERS

Hi all! Writing this book has been a dream project for me. After all, I literally had to sleep and see so many crazy dreams, before I could finalize on the fifteen dreams that I was going to turn into a book. And at times, this has actually made me question reality. For instance, there's a story in my book in which I dream about performing at an open-mic. Two days after I saw that particular dream, I went ahead and performed at my first ever open mic, but when I was done, I literally couldn't differentiate between the one I performed and the one I saw in my dream.

Doofus; the protagonist of the book, is loosely based on me. After all, Doofus is nothing but my sub-conscious, right? Just like Doofus, I used to be very smart in my childhood, but then, life happened, and things took a dumb turn. So, to find peace in this effed-up life, I think my brain created Doofus. So that, at least in my dreams, life is crazy good, for a change.

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**Other Chapters:** The Werewolf, The Girl Who Smiled, Sam – The Ruddhi, Naina's Rahul, Dhongi Baba Mandir, Bhai Ki Shaadi, Award Goes To?, Heart-Ball, Samosa Party, The Cyclone Escape, Stand-Up Comedy, The Plates, Coma Story, Super Child, The Idea [Bonus].

**Narration:** The stories are narrated by Doofus; the protagonist, and revolve around various themes like friendship, love, family, religion, career, society, fantasies, and the world at large. Being the literal transcription of the author's dream, each story goes through bizarre twists and turns, providing the reader with an escape from their monotonous reality.

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