

What happens when you listen too much

by Sushmita Narayana

I feel alone. Tina's constant prattle on her latest achievements has begun to bore me. She's being delusional if she thinks that talking to me all the time will heal my wounds. Her need to be honest with me on everything is the biggest lie I have known, since the time Jai said that he loved me. No, I don't want to know how she finds the neighbour next door, a charming young man. The first time that she had spoken to him on the elevator, she had said that he was the meanest snob she had ever met.

Oh, how I would love to break her heart and tell her that he is only being nice to her now for the lovely time he had with me, of course, while she was away. It's definitely not her pretty face that made him smile so quirkily when she returned in the evening. The smile didn't get her coy, she says, when I prod her for more details. She is a fast learner, alright. Tonight, at dinner with him, I too shall play hard to get. I do wish that he comes by for it.

I'm amazed at how perfect everything has actually turned out for her. She has a beautiful face that is almost angelic. And her lilting voice reminds one of home and comfort. It is the perfect weapon to trick people into doing anything for her, without complaint. They have all done stupid things under her charm. I was one of them. Only Jai was made of steel. He saw through her little veil of deceit. Indeed, she's the reason for him leaving me.

Sweet revenge is just around the corner. I can smell it. I shall call the neighbour over for dinner. I'm sure he would want to help her with that project she's been struggling to complete over the last week. Or fix her iPod. Anyone would fall for her look of desperation,

and I could use that look of hers a lot right now.

After all, it's time to show Tina that men can fall in love with Mummy again.

