



GREENTEXT

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What she never told me and I only found out yesterday, and it was far too late to find out news as important as this, was her strange inclination to electro swing. Little details can have profound impact on intense moments, and when her hand slid across the table on top of mine as she passed me the papers, I saw her smile and fully expected the moment to finally arrive. How it got ruined is a story I must tell.

We've been friends for a long time and when I went to her house last night to borrow her chemistry notes so I could copy them, I won't say I didn't foresee what was about to happen. This was a girl who was smart, funny, and open minded; when I told her that someone who's gotten ill from studying biology should be called *bio-rogi*, and she actually laughed, I felt myself positively swoon. So of course, one day (exactly 100 days since her last break up), I suggested with an air of incredulousness how absurd it'd be if we dated, "We'd probably only talk about disgusting things and share terrible stories, we'd be the worst couple ever! Hahaha."

I observed her response very closely and was satisfied that she didn't think it would be too absurd. Ever since that exchange, we started to meet more and more regularly, far more on her behest than mine, and she started sharing emotional details with me that I'm certain she didn't share with anybody else. It'd be very weird if she did.

So, her hand slid across mine and she told me she had a pizza in the oven and I should stick around. My brain did the quick calculation where it added melted cheese with the presence of a girl I fancied and the sum it supplied out of my mouth was something along the lines of

"Oh gosh darn it, I don't have a lot of time, but I'll have one slice if you're insisting!"

Diplomacy in romantic pursuits is as important as diplomacy in international relations, if not more. Or so I assumed, I didn't really have enough experience with women to say for sure. What I was sure about, was that something quite extraordinary would be happening very soon. The pizza she got me was burnt around the edges, but such a trivial matter could hardly put a dent on what was certainly the best moment-to-be in my young life. When she set the pizza down beside me and walked over to put on some music on her iPod, I noticed her walk and took a moment to appreciate her grace. She was wearing quite a plain, long salwar kameez, the colour of which can best be described as the green that leaves take on right after it rains. It trailed behind her like one of those streams which has been turned green with planktons, that you're likely to come across if you ever visit the countryside.

I was quite lost in her presence and generally glad to simply watch her move when a sound pierced the air that I knew only too well. It created two reactions within me, one physical and one mental, both instantaneous. My mind was shrouded in terror when my head started to bob left and

right, and within seconds, my shoulders caught on to the wretched beats of electro swing. They did a sort of up and down movement that for the lack of a better word, I am forced to call jerking. My hands started shadow boxing, all in accordance to the beats of a certain Caravan Palace. "Why Caravan Palace?!" I thought, panic stricken. I could've controlled myself if it was some good ol' Parov Stelar but Caravan Palace was just too much for me.

Just as I noticed she was about to turn around, I made the decision that I could not let her see me like this, unable to control my body and by all means, unstable. I made a run for the door to the room as she turned around, shouting, "SEE YOU LATER GOTTA GO!" and disappeared out of view, out the front door, but not before knocking down an expensive looking umbrella stand while attempting an involuntary click of my heels when the beat dropped.

Now that I have had time to think and write about it, I must admit none of this was her fault. The fault was all mine, only I can be blamed for being vulnerable to music that can induce dance in the best of us. I do wish she had told me before, that way I could have ended this pursuit before it started. One knows better than to mess with music and dance.