

## Can we do it?

*Himabindu Chitta*

*T*he subzero temperatures were very unusual for this time of year. The newspapers in the stands screamed “Record Low Temperatures” while we shuddered, our teeth chattering in the cold. Such awful weather, I thought, as the asphalt scrunched under my boots. I was glad I had worn every thread of wool I possessed. So had my companions. The dimly lit stores along the road were packed with people waiting for the gale to die down. It was then that she had a brainwave.

*“Should we really do it? Can we do it?”*

I wasn’t very sure myself. I turned to her - but she was determined as ever. Her expression was firm, her face set and her chin unyielding. It was no use trying to talk sense to her. And he, on the other hand, was quite hopeless for the opposite reason.

“Think of the consequences!” he screamed agitatedly. “What if someone SEES us?” “What will everyone say? They’ll call us crazy - we’ll be the laughing stock of the town! No one will associate with us - we’ll be social outcasts...”

She glared at him. He shut up immediately. He was the worrying kind - had always been that way. She, on the other hand, was the adventurous one. Always wanted to be different, do weird things, have a little fun... ‘Living on the edge,’ so to speak. It was her trademark. “We’re pioneers,” she replied. “And all pioneers were, at one point or another, called fools, lunatics and much worse besides. What are we to do if everyone else is just too cowardly to do it in front of others? Let them not take the risk. No pain, no gain. And the more you stake, the more you win.”

He picked up the courage to speak. “What if we fail? What if we simply cannot go through with it? There’s no guarantee of success, you know. I’m already feeling a bit faint - once I actually have it in my hand, I don’t know *what* I might do...”

She turned to him in disgust. Then, without warning, she took five firm steps into the shop and DID it, *you know actually* did IT, as the people watched in horror and admiration. I needed no more prodding - I went next. He followed reluctantly. All eyes were on us, demanding a reason for this obvious idiocy.

We ignored them completely. We had more important things to do - we put on our gloves, removed the wrappers, and licked our double scoop chocolate ice creams. For once, she had been right. It was worth it.



*mirror, mirror on our world...*

